



Markdale Standard.

G. W. Rutledge, Proprietor.

MARKDALE, JULY 30, 1891.

Goring.

Burying is the order of the day. Haying is in full blast and the weather is all that could be desired for the benefit of the haymakers.

Mr. Thor O'rmby has returned from a two weeks tour through Holland Trip in apple tree business. Success Tom.

Rev. Mr. Philip Sparling and daughter of Christian Island were visiting friends in this locality last week.

The pingling of wedding bells can be heard at the distance. We guess the bachelor on the side road is getting tired of bacheloring.

BILL NYE.

KIMBERLEY.

The Rev. Mr. Tonge, of Flesherton, preached here last Sunday to a full church. He was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Haskerville, of Manitoulin, formerly of this part. Mr. B. spoke highly of the improvements of Kimberley and vicinity.

The barn of Samuel Martin, lot 82, con. 4, Artesian, was destroyed by fire last Friday night. It is supposed to have been struck by lightning. I understand there is an insurance.

The cattle buyers here—of whom there is not a few—found markets so far in Toronto that one of them purchased a stock load and brought them home to feed.

Hay and fall wheat is nearly all cut. Both are light.

The school boy is enjoying his vacation by fishing and picking raspberries. The latter appears to be the most plentiful as they catch most of them.

TRAVERSTON.

The hamlet and country has been going to ruin of late. Cause—We've got no writing.

Will Edwards feels lonesome. There's a certain little school Miss down the country.

There was a fearful racket in the village last Saturday night. The most of it was found to be made by the Linistone scribbler auctioning off his ton of potato bugs.

Miss Aggie Robson came up from Toronto last week and will stay at home two months.

From the city came Miss Annie McFarlane looking bright and graceful. She will remain at home for some time. Some of the fighting boys didn't like our last bear story and are going to do some fancy work. We're prepared. Behind the door is a barrel of lime and a score of rusty eggs, while the fire-shovel is loaded.

It was Monday forenoon. The air was cool, the wind fresh, the heaviest red arm in a newly weeded field pair went with a pair to the berry patch. By noon there was a heap on that ten-quart pail. The happy ones rambled off to the side next to the blazing buildings, trails having been cleared from the earth, an eager band of workers freely volunteered to haul the water up two flights of stairs to the roof top, whose names, worthy to be recorded, are—

Hiram Benelli, Seymour Campbell, Richard Henry Olmstead and William Isaac Stearck. These brave young men kept in a constant flooding of the roof during at least a couple of hours, which was doubtless a great means of saving the place. Fortunately what wind there was, it was not much, was blowing away from the side of the building exposed, or all endeavor might have been vain.

Among the willing band of workers were a number of females whose assistance, in the self-imposing task, was greater than that of the men, notably Mrs. Win. Dayman exerted herself to such a degree, that for fear of injury, her friends got her pursued to desist. Mrs. Thos. Campbell, though crippled with rheumatism, bravely mounted the stairs, a pair of water in each hand. She did not take two steps at a time going up, but once coming down she missed her foot, and came steps at a time.

The scene at the height of the fire presented a grandly picturesque, but melancholy spectacle. The towering flames of the three blazing buildings cast a lurid glow on surrounding objects, and caused the human figures flitting hither and thither, to look like spectres in some fearful dream.

A mute, but ineffective assistant in the fierce struggle waged with the devouring elements was a large maple with spreading branches, that stood directly between the factory and the burning planing mill, at which intersected greatly the sparks and intense heat issuing from it, absorbing them as it were. Some even aver that had not that tree happened to be there, the factory would have gone.

Shortly after the collapse of the burning buildings, an alinement of the fire began to be perceptible, the numruman through the crowd. "Perhaps the factory is saved." As time wore on this assurance became a joyful reality; and the gallant band of wearied workers were permitted to relax their efforts.

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But by words and example he encouraged the workers, inspiring them with the cheering hope of ultimate success.

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The scorching and blackened appearance they presented when it was over, attest the remarkable nature of their efforts.

"The indefatigable Secretary" whose couch under fire is rather remarkable that he always got along best in the winter time; Neil McFarlane confessed that the girl in Normandy had the inside track; Bill Will grumbled something about being left on the cold; his neighbor Jim, confessed he was afraid he would get cheated if he settled down; Tom Smith of the 6th braced up against a post and said, "I'm going to get her if I can." Will Edwards told him that he was hustling, and then the meeting closed to meet August 15th.

Civic Excursion.

Markdale's civic holiday, Wednesday the 21st, was honored generally by our citizens and the excursion to Owen Sound literally packed. The special train was almost packed in and in 60 minutes landed the party in the Capital, where the Oldfellows were met by their brethren and all marched to their headquarters headed by the Markdale brass band. The C. S. Oldfellows gave the visiting folks a hearty welcome and lunch at their Hall after which they scattered in order to "see" the town. Our band accepted an invitation to the Johnson House where they enjoyed the convivialities of Mr. Johnson, the proprietor and his wife and were treated to an excellent meal and their coffee replenished by a Y ledger. The principal attraction in the sheet of sports was the match game between the Owen Sound and Markdale ball teams which resulted in 3 to 2 in favor of the visiting team. The Baltic went out for a couple of hours on the bay and the majority of the inlanders enjoyed the sail thoroughly. All who took in the excursion sang high of the enjoyment of the day's outing while the band and Oldfellows are exultant in their pride of the treatment they received.

A Dangerous Lunatic.

KINCARDINE, July 28.—A lunatic named John Campbell, of the 18th con. Ashfield attempted to brain one McCormick with a ax when a well-directed blow with a stick by Mr. Boyd knocked him insensible. He was at one time wild, with ropes and a portable seat for. He has since been sent to Guelph, and is now in the care of Dr. McCann.

The "Conflagration" at Walter's Falls.

At about 10 minutes to 12 o'clock on Thursday night the saw mill owned by Mr. R. Olmstead was discovered to be on fire. The first alarm was given by Mr. John Walters who lives on the hill across the creek, their house being the nearest one to the mill. She happened to be up at the time, and immediately awoke Mr. Walters who had retired for the night. They both ran out as speedily as possible, Mr. Walters proceeded in the direction of the mills, while Mrs. Walters made the best of her way up to the village to arouse the sleeping inhabitants. She succeeded with difficulty in doing so, as all were wrapped in the first deep slumber of the night. In the meantime Mr. Walters had reached the wooden factory, where he met Mr. David Brown, the proprietor, who had run down at the first alarm. The factory is only about 4 rods from where Mr. Olmstead's planing mill was, which had now also caught and was burning rapidly. Indeed it was already evident that there was no hope of saving any of Mr. Olmstead's buildings, as no one could go near them. The two then entered the factory and got up through a sky light on the roof with two pails of water which were thrown over it, but seemed not to have the least effect, the pipes were hot. They did not abandon all hope however, but waited some minutes, which appeared to them like hours, for help to come. At last some of the villagers appeared, having ran at full speed all the way, then others, then more followed, until a good crowd had collected. The saw mill, planing mill and large shed at the end, for storing lumber, in were by this time enveloped in flames. Convinced there was no hope in that direction, the crowd's attention was then turned to the endeavor to save the wooden factory, which had not yet caught but was monetarily in danger. Quicker than it can be told blankets and webs of cloth from the shop were unrolled, dipped in the creek, and by strong arms carried up to the roof and spread on the side next to the blazing buildings. Trails having been cleared from the earth, an eager band of workers freely volunteered to haul the water up two flights of stairs to the roof top, whose names, worthy to be recorded, are—

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Sir John Macdonald's Will.

The following are substantially the contents of Sir John Macdonald's will: He appoints his son Hugh John Macdonald, the Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Frederick White and Joseph Pope his executors, and his surviving wife, together with Lady Macdonald, to be the guardians of his daughter. He leaves his Ottawa residence, Bessborough, to Lady Macdonald for life; and in the event of her death to sell it, to be sold and the proceeds thereof invested, she to receive the income therefrom during her life. In event of her death before that of his daughter, he leaves the estate to his son Hugh John Macdonald, to whom he also leaves his residence at Bessborough, to Lady Macdonald for life, and in the event of her death to sell it, to be sold and the proceeds thereof invested, she to receive the income therefrom during her life. In event of her death before that of his son, he leaves the estate to his son Hugh John Macdonald, to whom he also leaves his residence at Bessborough, to Lady Macdonald for life, and in the event of her death to sell it, to be sold and the proceeds thereof invested, she to receive the income therefrom during her life.

The central telephone office at Victoria was destroyed by fire on Saturday, the 18th.

Richardson's saw mill at Riverview was destroyed by fire on Saturday, the 18th.

Joseph Rogers, of Whinipeg, has fallen heir to \$21,000 by the death of a relative.

The protest against the return of Mr. Taylor, Conservative M. P. for South Leeds, has been abandoned.

Premier Mercier was given an enthusiastic welcome last Thursday night by the Canadian Association in Montreal.

Owing to the promising outlook for crops in Manitoba and the Northwest, the C. P. R. has ordered 50 new locomotives and 1,500 box cars to move the grain.

At the end of the ride tournament at Bisley recently, the Marchioness of Salisbrough presented the prizes to the winners. The Canadians received an evocation, taking £351.

A newly married man, Wm. Marling of Millbank, hearing that ho was to be made to pay for his personal estate to his wife, and that he must leave Canada, sold his estate and came to England.

He gave certain directions as to the mode in which investments should be made, and concluded with the following clause: "I desire that I be buried in the Kingston cemetery near the grave of my mother, as I promised her I should be buried there."

The will is dated, 4th September, 1890.

The value of the estate bequeathed, apart from personal effects, is between \$90,000 and \$100,000.

HAMILTON SPECTATOR.—A large dog was lost in the city on the 10th inst., at the home of the City treasurer's office.

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