Want Ads.

FOUND

Ring of keys found.—This office.

TO LET

To Let—Pasture for cattle. Apply Geo. Kirktown, 4th of Holland.

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Teacher Wanted—Protestant, for S. S. No. 16, Euphrasia, Grey County. Duties commence Sept. 1st. Please state salary, experience and qualification. Apply to Samuel Wiley, Sec.-Treas. Markdale, R. 2. 55-7*

Single copies of The Standard 3 cents.

Late Lieut. Thurston was a Brave Officer.

Would Have Been Promoted Had He Survived Last Engagement.

Mr. W. H. Thurston, editor of the Advance, Flesherton, has received the following letters from Brigadier-General E. W. B. Morrison, of the Canadian Field Artillery, and Lieut.-Colonel Rev. W. Beattie, senior chaplain, regarding the death of his son, Lieut. A. M. Thurston:

Gen. Morrison's letter is as follows:

"It is my sad duty to notify you of the death of your gallant son, Lieut. A. M. Thurston, who was killed in action last evening. He was killed by a shell in the front line while supervising the fire effort of the French mortar battery he commanded.

"Assure you that it is not in the formal terms of condolence of the dead that I write when I state that your son was one of the bravest, most devoted, and capable officers in my command. Not only was he liked by everyone, but admired and respected by all ranks for his cool courage and absolute forgetfulness of self in his devotion to duty. It was my intention to recommend him had he survived the [illegible] now in progress.

"As far as consolation from a stricken man can be in assuaging grief you have a heartfelt condolence, but I can some measure soften the blow to have an assurance that your son's commanding officer [illegible] he died the death of a soldier fearlessly and efficiently, performing his duty in an exposed and dangerous post.

"It is not in the [illegible] generation to see that even in these days when we are all slaughtering wholesale and apparently in the [illegible] death; that [illegible] has fallen [illegible] was felt as a personal loss to the whole Second Division.

"The letter from Col. Beattie reads as follows:

"Before this reaches you the sad news of your son's death will have been cabled. I [illegible] to tell you of his burial in the pretty little military cemetery at Bonninghelst, Belgium, five miles behind the line where he fell. [illegible] one more to the many [illegible] sacrifices that will make the world richer but the eyes from which they came poorer.

"It would [illegible] sad hearts that could [illegible] his officers and the men of his Company the mark of their [illegible] and of the respect in which he was held. A cross is being placed by the engineers and his grave will be sodded and cared for by the [illegible] caretakers of the cemetery.

"May the God of all comfort [illegible] grace, comfort and keep you all in your great sorrow. I can't say but think of our Saviour's words, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' To free Belgium and the rest of the world from the curse of the Hun, he has given his all.

"The locality of the grave is registered by 'The Commission of Graves Registration and Enquiry, 1 R.E.P.,' and from those you may learn at any time anything you desire. If I can be of any further service to you please call on me."—Daily Star.

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THE WESTERN FAIR

September 8th to 16th.

London's Popular Exhibition promises to be better patronized than ever, this year. The management is planning larger and better things for Sept. next than have ever been undertaken before. The new Process Building promises to be a hive of industries and considerable space is already taken. A new system of admission at the gates will be adopted by means of new coin turnstyles. Change booths will take place of ticket booths and the public will be admitted by depositing twenty-five cents at the turnstyles. Children and those holding tickets will be admitted through a special gate for the purpose. If space of any kind is required application should be made to the Secretary at once. Prize Lists, and all information on application to the Secretary, A.M. Hunt, London, Ontario.

They Can't See Themselves.

Judging from the way people talk there's always something wrong with the weather. When it's hot, it's too hot; when it's cold, it's too cold. If it rains, the country is going to be drowned out, and after a few dry days everything is parched and if rain does not come ruin is inevitable. What a lot of discontented mortals we are; how prone we are to rebel, and yet how feeble to alter the condition of things. Not only about the weather, but about everything else, do the grumblers find fault. It gets on a person's nerves to listen to them, and if by chance, they make a pleasant remark, the antithesis of their nature comes like a shock and the down dead. To talk to such people only makes them worse; they are beyond redemption; they're fools and they don't know it, and yet the funny thing about it is the shock they would feel if they saw others doing the foolish things they do.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.
It was frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.
What airs in gait and dress wad lea us
And e'en devotion.—Burns.

—Exchange.

Putting up Summer Fruit

Jelly-making and preserving without the proper tools is hard work. Try to have all the utensils ready before the task is undertaken. Be sure to have a plentiful supply of new rubbers for the jars, and the jars well scalded before the fruit is put into them.

The enameled ware or porcelain lined kettles should be used rather than tin, because of the action of the acids on the tin.

Have at hand all necessary spoons; silver forks for lifting the larger fruit; a large and a smaller funnel; plenty of cheese cloth for jelly bags; a colander, a gravy strainer and a wire seive. Measures and a good scale are also necessary if the work is to be done properly. Then with plenty of sugar, spices, vinegar and ripe unspoiled fruit, the putting up of summer fruit should be a pleasure and a success.

LIST OF PRESERVES.

I always keep in my kitchen an up-to-date list of all my preserves, pickles, jellies, etc. I revise this list whenever I add anything to my preserve closet, and check off each jar or bottle as it is used.

This plan saves many a trip to the cellar to take account of stock or select the kind we had better use next.

BLACKBERRY PIE.

Pick the berries clean, rinse in cold water take up the berries by the handful, sorting out all stems. Line a buttered pie tin with a pie paste, put in the berries one inch deep, sprinkle with sugar, using about a ½ cup of brown sugar, sprinkle with flour, a salt spoon of salt and a little nutmeg. Put on top paste, pressing the two crusts together around the edge, trim, cut the top for steam to escape and bake in a quick oven for 30 to 45 minutes.

BLACKBERRY PUDDING

Three cups flour, 1 cup molasses ½ cup of milk, 1 teaspoon salt, a little cloves and cinnamon, teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little of the milk, stir in a quart of Blackberries (floured) boil in a well buttered mould for two hours Serve with brandy sauce.

CANNED BLUEBERRIES.

The berries should first be thoroughly picked over and washed, then placed in a kettle with one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water to each quart of the berries. Cook until each berry is done, then turn into hot jars and seal at once.

CURRANT JELLY

Gather the fruit before it is too ripe. The first of the season rather than the last, is the time to make currant or for that matter any jelly. Strip from the stems, removing all imperfect fruit. Wash and put over the fire in a porcelain kettle that will fit inside of another kettle full of boiling water, like a double boiler. Let them cook in this way until the skin of each currant has broken, stirring now and then. Pour into a jelly bag and allow it to drain over night. In the morning, if the day is fine, put the juice on to boil, at the same time put the sugar, ten pounds to a gallon of juice, in a pan in the oven to heat, watching it closely that it does not burn, and stirring that it may heat through. As soon as the juice is boiling briskly add the hot sugar, being careful that the former does not boil over when the sugar is added. The juice should be skimmed carefully from the beginning and allowed to boil about twenty minutes after the sugar is added. As soon as it will congeal on a spoon when held in the air, remove it from the fire and pour it into hot glasses. Do not seal until jelly is cold.

AN IDEA FOR THE JELLY SEASON.

When straining jelly turn a kitchen chair bottom up on the edge of the table, then tie a piece of cheese cloth, doubled, on each leg of the chair. Do not alow too much fullness or sag. Place a dish big enough to hold the juice under the bag, on the chair seat; pour the hot fruit into the bag; cover with a thin cloth, and leave all night to drain.

Preserving Fruit Without Sugar.

The fruit is prepared in the ordinary way, the jars are cleaned and scalded while the rubbers and tops are boiling. The fruit is then placed in the jars, in which COLD water is placed. When the jars have been sealed air-tight they are placed in a boiler filled with cold water and brought to the boiling point. Berries will do if removed when the boiling point is reached, while large fruits, such as peaches, cherries, plums and apricots, should get 20 to 30 minutes boiling. Keep cover of wash boiler on tight.

A Few Good Recipes.

GOOSEBERRIES.

Their delicious tart flavor has many uses. As the Fruit Bulletin says they are now ready. We have prepared a number of tested recipes for the use of our subscribers.

Spiced Gooseberries.

To be eaten with cold meat: 3 lbs. of gooseberries, 2½ lbs. sugar, ½ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoonful cloves, ½ teaspoonful allspice, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon. Boil until thick.

Gooseberry Pie.

After having washed and picked over the berries, stew them well in a little water, just enough to cover them, when they burst open and become soft, sweeten them with plenty of sugar, mash them smooth, (some prefer them not mashed) line your pieplate with thin puff paste, fill them and lay strips of paste across the top. Bake in a moderate oven.

Gooseberry Trifle.

One quart of gooseberries, sugar to taste, one pint of custard, a plateful of whipped cream. Put the gooseberries into a jar with sufficient moist sugar to sweeten them, and boil them until reduced to a pulp. Put this pulp at the bottom of a trifle dish, pour over it a pint of custard, and when cold cover with whipped cream. This dish may be garnished as fancy dictates.

Gooseberry Fool.

Stew a quart of ripe gooseberries in just enough water to cover them; when soft rub them through a colander to remove the skins and seeds; while hot stir into them a tablespoonful of melted butter and a cupful of sugar. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add that. Whip all together light. Fill a large glass dish and spread on the top the beaten whites mixed with three tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Gooseberry Jam.

Pick the gooseberries just as they begin to turn. Stem, wash and weigh. To four pounds of fruit add half a teacupful of water; boil until soft and add four pounds of sugar and boil until clear. If picked at the right stage the jam will be amber colored and firm, and very much nicer than if the fruit is preserved when ripe.

Gooseberry Catsup.

Ten pounds of fruit gathered just before ripening, five pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground pepper, allspice and cinnamon. Boil the fruit in vinegar until reduced to a pulp, then add sugar and other seasoning. Seal it hot.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION Aug. 26 Sept. 11

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Toronto, Aug. 26 to Sept. 11

The French Outlook.

If the French-Canadian has no love for his Motherland, France, and no sense of gratitude to his foster Motherland, England, one would think that he might have sufficient love for his native land, Canada, to take his place in the ranks of the allies' army, and do his share towards the defence of this Dominion.

French-Canadians may think that this country is not in danger. Perhaps it is not in serious jeopardy because of the sacrifices that Frenchmen and Englishmen are making to destroy the power of Germany. But if the Kaiser had succeeded in his designs, Canada would have become a German possession in just as short a time as might have been necessary to arrange affairs in Europe and send a force across the ocean.

There is not a particle of doubt but that the German rulers have had their eyes upon Canada for some time. The tremendous natural resources of this country are sufficient to excite the cupidity of men obsessed with the idea of dominating the world. Therefore, the Canadians who join the army and go to France and Belgium to resist the Germans are really fighting for Canada. That is all plain to the English-speaking element of this country. But apparently it has not yet entered into the minds of the French-Canadians. Would they fight for Canada if the Germans attacked it? Let us assume that they would. What chance could they possibly have had in succeeding if Germany had once accomplished her designs in Europe? The independence and liberty of Canada must be protected upon the fields of Flanders. Those who are waiting until the invader makes his appearance have a poor idea of the possibilities of their defence in such an emergency.

We quite believe that the French-Canadians would do some kind of fighting to preserve Quebec but unfortunately their loyalty does not extend beyond its boundaries. They have an entirely different outlook to the English-speaking Canadians. They are looking forward to the creation of a French Republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The British element in this country contemplate the forging of stronger bonds between the Dominion and the Mother Country, and that we shall always remain a portion of the great unified British Empire.

For short-sightedness, for ingratitude, and for disregard of the land from which they sprung, the French-Canadians of Quebec have given a demonstration quite unequalled in the history of any virile people.—The Sentinel.

Gaoler Miller.

(Continued from Page 1.)

out with a week's provisions on their backs and returned again on Saturday. They then built a serviceable log shanty and (by means of oxen moved the family and their effects to Markdale, a journey which is now taken in an hour, but which then occupied four days. As there was not a stick chopped around Markdale then and no indications of civilization other than the surveyor's stakes, the men were forced to cut down trees in order to penetrate the woods and even though the family started out with between sixty and seventy-five pounds of flour there was a bread famine for three days during which time bacon, cow cabbage, fat ground hogs and partridges which being tame and plentiful were easily killed with sticks, made up the bill of fare. The trials and hardships of pioneer life, were then entered into with a zest until 1854 when the County of Grey being struck off from the union of counties, the Miller family returned to what is now known as the county town.

Going back a little but it is interesting to recall that at the time of the arrival of the Millers in Owen Sound there was not a pound of flour in the district. The voyageurs though had brought six barrels of the white just from Penetang and on presenting a letter of recommendation to the late John Frost who was in business here, the latter welcomed them and borrowed two barrels until such time as the next boat should land its cargo. As Neewash the place that is now called Brooke was filled with Indians in those days until 1857 when they surrendered this whole peninsula to the Government and went down to Cape Croker, a few of the red skinned warriors were sent down to the landing place at Boyd's wharf where McQuay's tannery now stands and brought back the flour which Mr. Frost doled out carefully from five to fifteen pounds being given to each family according to the number of its members. The nearest post office was at Devines' Corners, now Chatsworth and it cost one and sixpence to get a letter from Montreal it is a foregone conclusive that daily love missives were about as scarce as hen's teeth—probably a little more so.

It was about this time that John the present gaoler who was then a boy of thirteen came into prominence for on the removal of the family to Owen Sound he remained on the farm to tend to crops and helped to build the first schoolhouse down that way on the Artemesia side of the road. In 1853 the construction of the county gaol at Owen Sound was started and on its completion in 1854 Mr. Edward Miller was appointed gaoler with Mr. Snider the land agent at Dundalk as his first sheriff. Young John then inhibited his "book larnin" at the old Union School on the site of the present town hall, where Messrs. William and Thomas Plunkett held the distinction of being the first teachers in the district. For a time following his "graduation" he worked at his trade as a carpenter and then went to Toronto where he put in three years at the business. In 1861 he joined the county's first company of volunteers here under Captain Brodie and started out on a trip through the States. The American Civil War was then in full swing and serious thoughts of "going to the front" taking possession of him, young Miller returned to Owen Sound to bid farewell to his relations. As his father was sick on his return he was persuaded not to go and on the death of his father a month later, John Miller was appointed gaoler on the first of October 1862.

When John Miller accepted the position the gaol was full and it has been empty once since—for about an hour—in all that time. During that time over 8,300 prisoners passed through his hands, the population of the Dog building ranging at times from one to a hundred. In giving an account of his stewardship, Mr. Miller replied in his usual droll manner with the usual twinkle in his optic, "Well I came into gaol in 1862 and I haven't been out since. I never killed any person and no person has ever killed me. That's all." It is the big Governor's nature to make light of such matters but at the same time he has come in contact with some of the worst prisoners in the county, he having guarded the three members of the notorious Rutledge gang, the members of which it will be remembered shot Constable Boyd; for which one was hanged, the other escaped by throwing himself to death over the railing in Toronto.

Only last summer two desperadoes Ryan and Turner, were committed to his care, and in spite of their efforts to escape, the Governor was always on the job and held them secure.

Despite it all however the Governor has successfully weathered the storm the only mark of injury noticeable being on the index finger of his left hand the base of which finger he lost when a refractory prisoner on being taken to his cell sunk his teeth deeply into the digit, which for a time was so badly affected with blood poisoning that it was feared the whole left hand would have to go. It was not, in Mr. Miller's nature though to bully or take revenge for such an injury and it is a well known fact that his success as a gaoler has been due in great part to his ability to handle and lolly along those whose safe keeping he was entrusted.

For a time the local gaol was the house of sorrow for the whole Algoma district and it was also a lunatic asylum, seventeen lunatics being numbered among the inmates at one time. Several daring attempts to escape were made by digging through the walls and through the bars but in each case the attempt was discovered and when a man did manage to break away, he was generally caught before he was out an hour. With such a record then as this to his credit and with never an investigation in the course of his whole career, Mr. John Miller the Governor of the castle which bears his name, can well lay down the burden and accept the Well-Done Thou-Good-and-Faithful tribute of his townsmen.

As a citizen and a sportsman Mr. Miller's career is just as eventful and honorable as has been his term as gaoler. For ten years he served as a member of the Board of Education, eight years of which were spent as chairman of the school property committee, but in that decade of educational work, he went through only one election as he was four successive times placed in office by acclamation, his retirement at the end of that decade being due to his innate sense of honor which prompted him to give other men a chance. Of his prowess as an oarsman and an amateur yachtsman, Mr. Miller was for many years the leader of the yachting and rowing fleet here and he also held the championship of Georgian Bay. He built all his own boats and in the regattas on the bay with forty or more boats from all parts took part, he was frequent winner of prizes. He owned the fastest skiff that was ever seen here and in rowing skiff and sailing craft could trim anything that came in sight.

During his fishing and hunting excursions Mr. Miller covered the length of this part of the country. In those days it was not necessary to go to the North Shore for deer, the animals right in town were to be had on the spot. "You did not have to go away in those days to get deer" added Mr. Miller, "for they were plentiful all around here. In fact it was considered an awful distance when a trip was made to Lion's Head." Miller indulged a great deal in shooting ducks but besides this he had other large and important interests which he still maintains. One is fishing and the other telling stories. Although he does not necessarily go in for fishing Mr. Miller is a born fisherman and twins as a story teller. Those who know their best state emphatically that he has fully mastered the art, science, gift, benefit or whatever it is, of catching fish and that he could pull them out of the middle of an asphalt pavement if he set his mind to it. Now telling stories is a gift, an