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CREDITORS

Surrogate Court of
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RT & RAALIM,
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LEPOPE

" absolutely cures Deaf-
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It only costs $1.00, and
at any price.
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DARTFORD, Kent.

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THOUGHTS BY THE WAY

THE SHAMROCK

Written for The Ontario by "Wayfarer."

There's a dear little plant that grows
on our isle;
'Twas St. Patrick, himself, sure, that
set it,
And the sun on his labor with
pleasure did smile,
And with dews from his eyes oft did
wet it.

It thrives ahrough the bog, thro' the
brake, thro' the mireland,
And he called it the dear little Sham-
rock of Ireland;
Th sweet little Shamrock, the dear
little Shrawrock,
The sweet little, green little, Sham-
rock of Ireland.

"Shure, don't you know what it is?" asked the little Old Lady. "It can't be that you don't know." She lifted the sprig of green-ness to her nose and sniffed it, as if looking for an half-imaginary, wholly delightful fragrance. "Why, it's a bit of Shamrock from the auld country. 'Tis on it the farries are dancing this night and my heart is with them there."

"Farries?" questioned the Girl, "Surely you don't". "Shurely I do!" ejaculated the little Old Lady. "It's often I've noticed them. They dance on the green and it's the little shamrocks they love better than any flower—the little shamrocks that are as green as God's grass and trees, that are shaped like a kiss from the winds that blow over the heather."

"Just how have you happened to notice them?" she asked.

"Why, it's not aisy to explain," she murmured. "Dear child, they come different ways. Sometimes, I thought it was a string of sunbeams dancing on the floor—sometimes I thought it was a light breeze playing on the wee grasses. But I always knew soon that it was the fairies."

"But if," she ejaculated, "If you have felt them, why haven't I?"

The little Old Lady reached out a small hand that was scarred with toil marks—toil marks veiled dimly by a host of years. She touched the Girl gently on the arm.

"Shure dear," she murmured, "you can't expect to see them—it was in the auld country that they used to visit me. They kissed my tears away when Johnny died; softened the hurt when my little girl sailed over the ocean. It was in the auld country. Here . . . why here you don't believe and hope—you haven't time. You're too busy hurrying after work and money and fame to stop for their whisper. And when, perhaps, you've garned the right to rest, your heart is too old and wrinkled to know the feel of their hands. Shure dear, you haven't time for the little people."

"A bit of shamrock", she mused, "and in the old country the fairies are dancing on a ring of them." "And my heart is dancin' with them," she sighed. Her voice was gentle but a bit husky.

—By Margaret Sangster.

This week, as the strains of Irish songs and melodies float upon the air, and public places are adorned with the Shamrock, emblem of the Emerald Isle, our thoughts, with those of the little Old Lady, are carried back through the centuries to the time long ago, when St. Patrick brought the gospel message to old Ireland. History tells us that Ireland received the glad news of Christianty through St. Patrick, a century before England received the same glad message from St. Augustine who was sent from Rome in the year 596. In Ireland today, if you journey through the Gap of Dunloe, one of Ireland's most picturesque spots, you will be shown St. Patrick's cottage where he stayed, and a pleasant little lake, where he put the last snake, encased in an iron box.

To many Irish-Canadians will the sprig of shamrock or the singing of the Irish songs which reflect the distinctive qualities of mirth and pathos of this imaginative people, recall the green isle across the sea that once was home. To very many, the name Erin brings thoughts of a land of poverty, dircontent and discord, but to the Irish in all lands, it is the fairest spot in all the earth, the one place called home, In spite of its poverty and hardships, the "auld land" is always held in loving remembrance. Whether this is owing to the emotional nature of the Irish, with tears and smiles so oft combined, or whether it is due to an ardent patriotism remains a question of conjecture.

But to what numbers of these Irish immigrants, among whom were some of Ontario's best pioneers, was denied the pleasure of revisiting their native land, many a modest monument in our cemeteries with the inscription, "Born in Ireland", bears mute but eloquent testimony. Their hearts alone travelled back to the Emerald Isle.

But Ireland ever continues to bind the hearts of her children to her with bands of steel, calling evermore with poignant longing to her exiles across the weary leagues of waste and bitter sea. The following poem by Rev. D. A. Casey, Toronto, reveals this wistful longing for the friends and fields of home;—

THE IRISH MOTHER.

There's a humble little cottage far
way in sweet Tipperary,
Where a little Irish mother sits for-
lorn by the doo;
And she's thinking of the childer,
while the heart of her is weary,
For wid watchin' for the sight of
them, the eyes of her are sore.

Oh, poor little Irish mother, sure 'tis
you that's sad and lonely
Since they left you, like the wild
geese in the springtime flown
away.
Though they sind you gold in plinty,
sure 'tis them you're wantin'
only,
Just a glimpse of them returnin'
home across the winthry say.

Oh, poor little Irish mother, far
away in sweet Tipp'rary,
'Tis of you the boys are thinkin' as
in foreign ways they roam,
An' between their work they're pray-
in' to the lovin' Son of Mary
That He'd sind the ship to bear them
back to their Tipp'rary home.

The following poem further faithfully depicts the plaintive home-sick longing of an Irish heart;—

Dungarry, an' the golden gorse
abloom.
Dungarry, an' the bee upon the wing,
Oh, sadly through the midst of years
ye loom;
Of thee, to-night, an Irish heart
would sing.

Dungarry an' the little winding road;
The dusty little road beneath the
hill—
Oh, many a weary foot, an' many a
load
Have travelled where my heart is
travelling still.

Dungarry and a cabin by the burn;
A cabin, oh, Dungarry, it is home;
An' many a time I stop my feet an'
turn—
My wayward feet that ever farther
roam.

The dust of many a mile is on my
feet,
Dungarry, but the song of many a
bird
Is echoing still, an' sweet, oh! sadly
sweet,
Thy call, thy mother call, is ever
heard.

But it may be that Ireland's natural beauty, which is so frequently overlooked by the tourist—it may be that this same uncommon beauty found nowhere else in the world, helps to draw the Irish wanderer's thoughts back to Erin. Take for instance the beauty of Killarney. Those who have seen it declare that its beauty or charm cannot be expressed by photograph or painting. The entire combination of mountain, lake and sky, with the exquisite coloring peculiar to this part of Ireland, give it that loveliness "that has all the world over no superior." Indeed such writers as Tennyson and Thackeray say it does not lie in the power of art or pen to describe the beauty of this district. Another beautiful part of the country is the part that contains Blarney Castle, an ancient ruin, a substantial relic of bygone days, when castles were built more as fortifications than as dwellings. High up on the top of this ancient ruin is the noted Blarney Stone, which gives the power of sweet, persuasive speech to all those who have the energy to climb the 120 feet of stone staircase to place a kiss upon it.

The tourist finds the cheerful, humorous nature of the Irish people, no less an attraction than the lure of the scenery. The following story of Irish contentment in the midst of poverty is told by a tourist; —

"In the Gap of Dunloe, near St. Patrick's cottage, was spied, far from the beaten path, a very old thatched cottage. Turning the pony up to the door, a dear old lady comes to greet us. Will she be photographed? Oh, yes. She tells us she has two sons in America. They want her to leave the old place. 'But, och, shure! what would an auld woman do in a s[illegible] ne cabin, with my few friends, with the soft air of the purple mountains about me and the beautiful sunshine of Killarney above. Here I'll live and here I'll die.' "

The following incident reveals the humor of the Irish people;—The same tourist on passing the centre of the Killarney lakes noticed a beautiful island. On asking the driver the name, "Sure, that's Divil's Island. And that's the only bit of property the divil has in Ireland now. He couldn't make it go here so he sold out and went to Ameriky where, by all accounts, he's doing a good business."

This is just a picture, at this appropriate season, of the sunny side of Ireland; the darker picture, the one of a troubled Ireland, we shall not attempt to portray

—WAYFARER.

TWEED

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Black, of Detroit, were in attendance at the funeral of her father, the late J.W. Shaw which mas held on Monday. Mrs. Black will remain in town for a few weeks visit.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Ed. Kehoe, of Camrose, Alta., formerly of Actinolite, who has been in the toils of typhoid fever for the past two months, is convalescing and has removed from the village to his farm.

According to the Bancroft "Times" potatoes are selling at $2 per bag in that village. We pay $3.25 in Tweed Br'er Morrison and they're mighty scarce at that. It is not time for the $1.50 weekly when we have to give over 3 years subscription for a bag of "spuds" that in our experience one year sub. would be equivalent to two or three bags of the now famous tubers.

Mrs. W.W. Garrett received a message on Wednesday conveying the sad intelligence of the death of her brother, Mr. Thos. Campbell, which occurred at Ohoma, Neb. The deceased formerly belonged to Peterboro, but for the past number of years has been engaged at his calling an expert pressman throughout the United States. He has visited Tweed on different occasions and his acquaintances will learn with sorrow of his unexpected death. He was 40 years of age and unmarried.

Tweed lost an all-around good citizen this week, one of that stamp whose citizenship was a pleasure and whose vacant place in the community will be keenly felt, in the removal from town of Mr. W. A. McMaster who has purchased a grocery business in Lindsay and with his family left for that town on Tuesday. Since entering the mercantile life of Tweed some two years ago he made many friends by whom his departure is much regretted. He was a thorough business man and enjoyed a prosperous trade but an opportunity to improve presented itself and he took advantage of it. Of his removal it can be said that "what is Tweed's is Lindsay's gain" and our esteemed townsman takes with him the best wishes of a host of friends for abundant success in his adopted home.

—The Advocate

COBOURG HEAVY BATTERY

The seventh and eighth overseas drafts of the Cobourg Heavy Battery have this week added nine more men to their strength bringing their present total up to 59, which evidences the popularity of this unit of heavy and siege artillery, the sixth draft having left for overseas the latter part of February. C. F. Hubble, of Stirling was among this week's recruits.

The following Bellevillian member sof the battery have bee promoted to the ranks shown before their names:

Sergeant G. C. Jordan
Corporal G. A. Irvine
Bambardier C. W. Earle

OSGOODE HALL NOTE.

Re Pringle; Hicks v. Pringle—H. S. White for applicant, W. R. Hicks, moved for dissolution of partnership and ascertainment of value of assets. W. C. Mikel, K.C. for defendants. Reserved.

NEW YORK PRESS HAILS REVOLUTION AS ALLIED VICTORY

New YYork, March 16.—The overthrow of the Czar's government with its coterie of pro-German sympathizers is hailed by all the papers today as practically a victory for the Allies.

TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLE CUT TODAY

Buenos Aires Mar. 16.—Cable communication to London via the Azores was suddenly cut off early today. It is believed here that the line has been cut by a German raider

THE MAGISTRATE GAVE DIRECTIONS

To Deputy Returning Officer and Agents on Conduct of Poll.

(From Thursday's Daily)

At the Hungerford election investigation which was finally settled yesterday in the police court, Crown Attorney Carnew said he felt the public interests have been fully served. There was no disposition he said on the part of those behind the prosecution to demand the imposition of heavy punishment on Mr. J. W Burley. The penalties in such cases were not always satisfactory. Mr. Peter Forbes Sherrv, the informant, did not desire to make a cent out of the prosecution The settlement was arranged with the understanding that no prosecution should follow on the informations laid against George Weir and John T. Coulter. The costs had been satisfactorily arranged at $131.25 for which Mr. Burley had given a check.

The new charges were marked withdrawn, Mr. Butler explaining the stand of the defence that no other prosecutions take place for alleged irregularities at the polls. Magistrate Masson expressed his satisfaction that a settlement had been reached. No more good could have been brought out even if further prosecutions took place.

The Magistrate rrferred to irregularities, evidence of which was given. There are such at almost every pool. Those in the poll think they can run it as they like, and go farther and farther until some one gets angry and there is a prosecution There was apparently negligence in the conduct of the poll. The deputy returning officers and the agents knew the law regarding secrecy. It may seem an idle form to go through to ask a man if he is a marksman or wants his ballot marked by the D.R. O. even if the D.R.O. and agents know a man is not able to mark the ballot. It is not for people to take upjon themselves to say whether a for mis necessary or not. If the Statute says it must be done, it must be. The magistrate impressed upon the agents their duty to see that the law was carried out.

The court was certain Mr. Burley was not acting malefide. "If I thought he was trying to make votes, I would not agree to a settlement." There was evidently no really intention to do wrong.

MARMORA

Capt. C. A. Bleeker is in town this week.

Mr. Jas. Parker of Toronto, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. Richard Simmons of Cobalt, is visiting his brothers in Marmora.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pack moved to their new home near Foxboro this week

The friends of Mrs. Richard spry will regret to learn that she is seriously ill.

Mr. Jas. Sullivan who has been inTrenton for some time, returned home on Saturday.

The local platoon of the 2544th Batt. commenced drilling the first of the month. There are eighteen men in the platoon now.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gray who have been residents of the village for the past year, are moving to Napanee this week.

Miss Ann Rayburn of Tweed, visited her sister, Mrs. J. P. Marrin on Saturday and Sunday. She was accompanied by Miss Grace Moran of Demorestville.

Pte Wm. McElhinney of Bell View, has been reported wounded in action We understand his wound is not serious and his friends will hope for his speedy recovery.

Mrs. E. Pringle left on Monday morning for Toronto where she expects to remain indefinitely. Her residence has been leased by Mr. W. A. Fisher, who is moving into ti next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Murphy who have been spending the winter with the former's mother, North Marmora, and other relatives in this vicinity, returned to their home in the West this week.

The Misses Foley have succeeded in getting their claim for $125 for a colt killed by the C. P. R. last fall acknowledged and settled by the Railway Company, through their solicitor, Mr. A. A. McDonald.

Mr. M. H. Hubbell of Smith's Falls, was renewing acquaintances in Marmora on Monday and Tuesday of this week. His many friends were delighted to meet and to find him looking so well.

—The Herald.

GERMAN PLANE BOMBED WESTGATE WITHOUT RESULT

London, March 15.—The War Office reports that a German airplane dropped bombs at Westgage eighty miles from London. There were no casualties and the material damage is slight

JOTTINGS

We are having typical March weather, snowing, blowing, hailing and melting.

Rev. W. W. Jones, of the Methodist Church, has signed up with the Military Y. M. C. A. and is on duty at Exhibition Camp, Toronto. The pulpits of the circuit are to be supplied by the students of Albert College and other local men.

The home of Mr. Gilbert Seeley, who leaves with a couple of car loads of settlers' effects next week, was invaded by a crowd from the Sunday School Classes of the members of the family on the evening of the 13th to bid them good bye and wish them success in their new home in Houghton, Sask.

Mr. Mark Snider also will be leaving with a car load and Mr. Arthur Demorest will be returning to his home at Houghton ,where he will be joined by his wife, who has spent the winter at Fordsburg, California, visiting her sister, Mrs. Banistier, in company with another sister, Mrs. Roblin of Toronto. While we are in the cold here, they are surrounded by summer flowers and birds as was attested by a photo sent to friends here this week

On the 15th a drama is to be given in the Sunday School room of the Methodist Church, by the young people of Pleasant View, proceeds for Red Cross. Foxboro ladies are intending to sell ice cream and candy is to be sold, all for the same purpose.

There was a large packing of Red Cross goods on Tuesday, 13th that was left over from the previous packing owing to a shortage of boxes, Sox shirts, gowns and pajamas. The Knitting Circle also met in Gousell's Hall which Mr. John Gousell so kindly places at the service of any Red Cross projects, and is a very convenient place to meet.

Foxboro people have the welfare of our soldier boys at heart and nothing is too much trouble to undertake for them.

Thurlow township is all organized and is just as enthusiastic.

One of our boys, Mr Earl Prentice who is the teacher of Cannifton school is slowly recovering from an attack of measles.

Mr. Kenneth Prentice of Bowmanville has been a recent visitor at his home here.

Mrs. S. C. Gay is spending some time at her sisters in Madoc.

CHISHOLM

Mrs. Chas. Hunt spent Sunday with Mrs. R. J. Huff.

Miss Edna Christie spent a recent day with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Geo. Reid, at Doxsee's.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sprung spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Foshay.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Benham and at Ed. McDonald's last Friday.

A number from this place attended the Masquerade Ball at Allisonville, Thursday evening. All report a good time.

Miss Myrtle Campney is visiting at Belleville this week.

Miss Vera Fox is spending a few days at Madoc.

Mr. Ed. McDonald spent Monday in Wellington.

ARTHUR FERGUSON WOUNDED.

Mrs. George G. Taylor, 67 North Front street, received a telegram this morning that her nephew, No 144526 Pte. T. J. Arthur Ferguson, infantry, has been officially reported admitted to Seventh General Hospital, Etaples on March 1st, 1917 with gunshot wound in the side. Pte. Ferguson was a member of the 80th battalion orderly office staff as a sergeant and went overseas last spring. In England he transferred to combatant ranks and went into the 73rd Battalion Royal Highlanders of Canada. He was formerly a member of the Merchants Bank Staff in this city.

MAJOR OSBORNE IN TOWN

Major Osborne, formerly of the Ontario Business College staff and a veteran of the great war is in the city on a visit for a few days. He was wounded in the battle at Regina Trench and led his company through the barbed wire entanglements. Major Osborne went overseas from Frederickton N.B.

FRENCH OCCUPIED MANY GERMAN POSITIONS

Paris, March 16.—The war office reports that the French advanced last night and occupied a number of German positions between the Ancre and the Oise

NEW GOVERNMENT STRAIGHTENING MATTERS OUT

Petrogrod, March 16—The Provisional Government is hard at work straightening out the numerous tangles coming near on the changes and developments of the last few days. The Duman and the Zemstve council are working hand in hand, although issuing separate proclamations.

An umbrella or a parasol is a very conspicuous part of your outfit. We have beautiful ones, both the luxurious kind and those at "popular prices."

A cane or an umbrella, such as we can supply, makes a most ecceptable present for a gentleman.

Whenever "present hunting", come into our store; you will find articles which will suit you and which will delight the recipient.

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