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## A LOST WIFE

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A NOVEL.

●●

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc. 

1,Frederica Clifford, twenty years of nge, height five feet four slim-waisted, fresh-complexioned, with grey eyes, a retrousse nose, and red brown hair tucked up into a loose shining knot at the top of my head, was standing with my back to the room, and my face to the window panes, whereupon my impatient fingers were performing what is enigmatically termed a "devil's tattoo."

Mrs. Thistleby and I had been shut up together indoors the whole after-

mrs. Insteady and That because up together indoors the whole afternoon. Women, albeit the dearest of 
friends, cannot stand too much of 
each other's uninterrupted society. 
Probably our tempers—Bella's and 
nine—were none the better for the mine—were none the better for the enforced tete-a-tete which had lasted from luncheon time till nearly six o'clock. My friend was playing one of Strauss' waltzes. Her touch was what used to be called when we were nt school together "bangy." She was banging away ferociously now. I shrewdly suspected that she would very gladly be pummelling my head instead of the keys of her own cottage Broadwood; I therefore prudently kept my back turned to her and continued to stare out of the window.

window.

The prospect was not inviting. The little green-shuttered lodging houses of the town blinked miserably at me through the driving rain; the bathing machines were all drawn high up in a row close under the sea-wall; the cliffs loomed an indistinct gray mass through the fog; the very sea was all but blotted out.

One or two umbrellas went jogging along the esplanade, but none of them came up so far as our house, which stood quite at the end of the little watering-place, isolated from the town.

The square plot of garden which divided the house from the beach, generally a smiling parterre of flowers, is to-day a scene of desolation; the gravel paths are rivers of water; the petunias and calceolarias are thanging their draggled heads in the mud; the scarlet geraniums in the forms was as on the forms again. The prospect was not inviting. The

mud: the scarlet geraniums in the mud; the scarlet geranums in the stone vases on the terrace are al-most washed away, whilst down up-on the statue of the goddess Flora, in the centre, a stream of water trickles continuously, splashing notonously in big drops off the

end of her dirty stone nose.

Decidedly, of all dismal places in wet weather. Mrs. Thistleby's "marine residence" at Scacliff is the very

Suddenly, Strauss' waltz came to an end with a crash, and my friend jumped up from the piano with an impetus which sent the music-stool flying half across the room.
"Freda!" she cried excitedly, "you

don't mean to tell me that you care twopence for that old Curtis!"
"My dear Bella," I answered, turning round upon her with mild

amazement, "what can you possibly

"Mean?"
"Mean? Why that it's a sin and a shame for a girl like you to be thrown away on an old man, old thrown away on an old man, old thrown away or an old then why. enough to be your grandfather; why, with your beauty, you might marry any one, Freda—any one!"
"My beauty, as you are pleased to call it, ought, no doubt, to com-

mand a very high price in the matri-monial market," I replied, with a laugh, "supposing only that there were a market to convey it to. You were a market to convey it to. You forget, Bella, how very limited are the capabilities of Slopperton. Allow me to bring the stern facts to your notice. On the one hand there are the affections of Mr. Gibson, the curate, the half of his worldly goods amounting to about £75 per annum: also a lodging with the above-named divine, in a three-roomed cottage on the village green, commanding a view of a duck-pond in the fore-ground, and a fine airy distant prospect of clothes lines behind it, where pect of clothes lines behind it, whereon the family wash of the village
flutters gracefully in the breeze.
These delights are tempting, no
doubt; but then, on the other hand,
there is my father's oldest friend,
for whom I have a very true regard,
to say nothing of Eddington Hall,
one of the finest old places in the
county, and no end of money! Would

county, and no end of money! Would any girl in her senses hesitate be-tween the two, Bella?"

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Freda. You are marrying the man for his money!"

### WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Baby's Own Tablets. At the age of two months my baby was dreadfully constipated. He could not digest his food and screamed incessantly. I was almost in despair but since giving him the Tablets he has been well and is growing splendidly." Such is the testimony of Mrs. S. Craig, 329 Bathurst Street, Toronto, and thousands of other

Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

mothers speak in a similar strain. Summer is here and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest, colic diarrhoea and summer complaints can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Keep a box in the house-they may save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or Years ago we had been at school together, although, from the difference in age between us, we could hardly have been called friends at may be had by mail at 25 cents a box, by addressing The Dr. Williams'

der; which answer lashed Mrs. This-

tleby into positive fury.

She started up and stalked up and down the room like a tragedy-queen, with her nose well in the air. Suddenly she turned round upon me and

burst out impetuously: "You are enough to provoke a saint, child! Any one would think you the most mercenary, shallow-hearted, worldly-minded, calculating, hateful—"

"Rella-Bella!" I cried, laughing-

"Rella-Bella!" I cried, laughingly stopping my ears.

"Yes, I mean it! and you are such a little fool; too! Are there but those two men in the world, child, that you must needs be in such a hurry to throw yourself away? You are not afraid of being an old maid, are you, at twenty? You are not going to spend all your life at Slopperton. I supnose? Why, in the perton, I suppose? Why, in the name of all that is sensible, can't

perton, I suppose? Why, in the name of all that is sensible, can't you wait?"

"That is just exactly what I cannot do," I answered, sobered a little out of my teazing mood by her angry impetuosity. "I cannot wait. Papa is an old man, and all the comfort and happiness of his life depends upon my marriage. He has been worried by money troubles all his life, and poverty comes hard upon the old. He looks to me to bring him a little peace and comfort in the last years of his life. You are quite right, Bella, when you say that I last years of his life. You are quite right, Bella, when you say that I am going to marry Mr. Curtis for his money—chiefly, that is to say—but you know very well for whose sake I am doing it."

After which fine, filial speech I relapsed again into the congenial occupation of strumming upon the windowspape.

apparently was seized with compunctions of conscience. She came up behind me, and cooled over me in a pretty, penitential manner, stroking my arm, and calling me her "dear little pet," as if I were a small child instead of being a good head and shoulders taller than she

Then she said, with a big sigh which made me laugh, so little did the occasion seem to require it:

"You are very good and self-sacrificing, darling, of course; but it's
all very fine for you to talk. If you
were to fall in love with anybody
else you would not marry Mr. Cur-

tis: no, not for a dozen old fath "But, my dear girl, I am not in love with any one else, and serious-ly, Bella, I never saw the man yet I liked better than George Curtis Surely, if I prefer him to any other man I have ever seen—surely that is

Wait till you have seen Mark." "Aha! so that is what all this rhodomontade means, Mrs. Match-maker!" I exclaimed, with an amused recollection of many of my friend's well-known little schemes of like character for my benefit. "And so you have asked this fascinating brother-in-law down here, all for

You will fall madly in love with him," she answered, with a solemnity which made me laugh long and

'My dear, do recollect that my visit to you comes to an end the day after to-morrow. One clear day of Captain Thistleby's delightful society is hardly likely to be enough to reduce me to the desperate step of cloping with him.
"You are the very wife for him,"

Then this wicked little woman Then this wicked little woman suddenly changed her tone of voice. "Freda, darling," she said, beginning to pet and coax me as if I were a small baby, "you will make yourself look nice for dinner, won't you? You will put on that pretty gauze dress that is so becoming to you, wen't you, my pet?"

you, won't you, my pet?"
"What! all because this young man is coming? Certainly not! My old black silk that I have worn since the days of the Flood—that is what the will be treated to. Nothing more, nothing less!" And I brought down my closed fist on the little table in front of me with a strength and determination intended to intimate to Bella that wild horses and thumbscrews would be powerless to make me budge one single inch from this ultimatum.

Mrs. Thistleby heaved a resigned

sigh.
"He will be here in another half-hour," she said, glancing at the clock.

In that case I shall beat a grace "In that case I shall beat a grace ful retreat to my own chamber." Upon which Bella pursued me half

way up the stairs with renewed en-treaties at least to put on some blue ribbons and make myself look a little bit nice! But I shook my blue ribbons and many a little bit nice! But I shook my head with obdurate hard-heartedness, and laughingly botted myself into my bedroom to escape from her. We were just like a couple of children together in those days, Bella hear together in those was six and I; for although she was six years older than I was, her little mignonne figure and pretty childish manner always seemed to bring us to an equality in the matter of age

Business vs.

Biliousness.

The man who is subject to biliousness cannot attend to business biliousness demands all his attention. Biliousness arises from the retention of waste and foreign matter in the system, natures drainage being clogged.

**Abbey's** 

goes to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause — persuades the stomach and bowels, in a gentle but insistent manner, into healthy action, Abbey's clears the bile from the system in nature's own way, bringing health, a clear head, a clean stomach and energy for work.

Almost as soon as she left school Isabella Morris married Mr. James Thistleby, and I lost sight of her fo everal years.

It was purely a love match, I be-lieve, and they were very happy to-gether, until one sad week, whilst they were traveling in Italy, when Thistleby caught a sort of low yphoid fever which happened to be ery prevalent in Turin, where they were staying, and died after a few were staying days' illness.

It was during the first year of her widowhood that I again met my old schoolfellow. She was at that time in very low spirits and in bad health. I did my best to cheer and comfort her, and after a time she recovered her strength, and with it her natural cheerfulness and liveliness. natural cheerfulness and liveliness She became warmly attached to me We had now been fast friends for more than three years. Della was very kind to me. She was a wealthy little widow, with a nice house in town besides the villa at Seacliff: and it was her greatest delight to load her poverty-stricken friend with presents and kindness.

Every year I spent as much time as I could spare from my old father with her, either in London or at Seacliff; and sometimes she paid us a visit, which, considering the many discomforts in my home compared with the luxurious plenty in her own, was certainly very good and

unselfish of her. Curiously enough, in all the time that we had been friends, although she talked of him perpetually, I had never seen her husband's youngest brother, Mark Thistfieby. He had been a good deal abroad with his regiment, and when at home on leave I had never happened to meet him. But now he was coming down

him. But now he was coming down to Seacliff to stay with his sister-in-law, and this very evening I was to behold this paragon at last.

I never like other people's paragons. As a rule they do not answer in the least to one's own expectations, or to their freinds' enthusiastic descriptions of them. They are generally perfectly commonplace and uninteresting, and one wonders what there can be to admire in them.

I did not in the least expect to find Bella's wonderful brother-in-law an exception to my usual experience

rou are the very wife for him, persisted Bella, gravely.

"But he is not the husband for me. Besides, if he were, I am engaged to somebody else, and that surely ought to settle the question at some limits of the set of t in this matter; and yet as I proceeded with my toilette, arraying myself in the ancient black silk I had so maliciously settled to wear. I was conscious of a certain amount of curiosity, and I fell to speculating vaguely as to what Captain Thistleby would be like.

I foresaw it perfectly. A cavalry officer! Did I not know the species well—too well?

Do they not all have long mous-

well—too well?

Do they not all have long mous taches, a swaggering walk, a hip pant manner, and very little brains! Do they not all set to work to make love-more or less sham love-to e love—more or less sham love—to every decent-looking girl they meet and then do they not go away imagining they have made a conquest of her, and that she is languishing for them ever after? I could see me reason why this particular marshould be different from all others a his kind, for Bella, dear little soul was just the sort of woman to be taken in hy a man of that stake are

was just the sort of woman to be taken in by a man of that style, and to fall down and worship him.

Meanwhile I heard all the confusion of an arrival in the house. The door-bell rang, there was a hurrying of feet. Bella came flying out of her room along the passage to the hall. There were sounds of laughing and talking, and sounds of luggage being unladen and brought ingage being unladen and brought ining and talking, and sounds of luggage being unladen and brought into the house. Presently I heard them come upstairs. Bella was apparently showing him his room. They passed close outside my door, both talking at once, and then more doors were slammed; silence in the house succeeded to the commotion, and I knew that the stranger was safe in his room dressing for dinner. By-and-by, having completed my own toilet, I opened my door and peeped out. There was a dead silence. I reflected that it would be very embarrassing to be found by Captain Thistleby sitting alone in the drawing-room with nobody to

introduce us to each other; so I retreated again, determined to wait until I was quite sure that Bella had left her room. After a few minutes I heard her door open, and I again issued forth on to the landing. This time they were both going downstairs together, and I peoped cautiously over the banisters upon the tops of their heads, which the hanging lamp above illuminated brilliantly.

Just as I thought! Curly hair and a long moustache; the swagger-walk

Just as I thought! Curly hair and a long moustache; the swagger-walk of course; and—but Bella is speaking—and in the absolute horror which filled me at the sounds of her words, I utterly forgot to make any more observations upon Captain Thistleby's personal appearance.

"I am so delighted that you will see her at last! I have planned it for ages; she is the very woman in all the world for you, Mark," said that oddous, treacherous, wicked lit-

hat odious, treacherous, wicked lit

that oddous, treacherous, wicked lit-tle woman.

"My dear girl, does she expect me to make love to her? It will give me a great deal of trouble. You know very well how I always avoid young ladies, bread-and-butter is my detestation," was the careless reply, with a soupeon of that drawl which I had perhaps unjustly learnt to as-I had, perhaps unjustly learnt to associate with the general tone and manner of her Majesty's cavalry of-

I flew back into my room in a per-fect tempest of rage and indigna-tion. A sudden determination pos-sessed me. Like a mad creature I fell down on my knees before my wardrobe, violently pulling out one drawer after the other, until I last I found the something I was looking for, then I stood up before the long glass and began arraying myself in it.

It was a cape of the very richest It was a cape of the very richest Spanish point lace, which had belonged to my mother—the only valuable thing I possessed. I had never worn it; in fact, I had only brought it to Seacliff with me with the view of inducing Bella to take it to London to sell for me, in order to provide myself with some indispensable necessaries of life. It was far too rich and handsome for a far too rich and handsome for a girl. I wrapped it round my slight figure with trembling hands, and I was conscious as I surveyed my image in the glass, that not all the gauze dresses and blue ribbons in the world could make me look half so well as that old lace scarf drawn hastily over my shabby black silk, with the brilliant burning color in my checks which no maiden modes. far too rich and handsome

my cheeks which no maiden modesty, no shy vanity, had called forth; but simply a blind, raging anger.
"He shall see if I am a bread-and-butter girl!" I muttered furiously. "I will make him admire me desperately, and then I will snub him. Oh, how I will snub him! I expect him to make love to me, in-ded! I should like to see him dare!

oh, how glad I am that I am engaged to Mr. Curtis!"

The dinner-bell rang, and I sallied forth erect and proud, with the air of a Marie Antoinette on her way to the scaffold.

### CHAPTER II.

"Miss Clifford—Captain Thistleby," says Bella, as I enter, "and here is dinner at the same time." I bowed stiffly. I was conscious of

crisp brown hair, a tall figure, the flash of a wonderful pair of hazel eyes that met mine for an in-stant, also of a comical uplifting of Mrs. Bella's cycbrows as she sur-veyed my striking and somewhat grotesque costume.
"Now, how shall we manage." de

bated our hostess. Two ladies to one gentleman. I think, Freda, as you are the young lady of the par-ty, that Mark ought to take you." I drew back coldly.

"Oh, dear no! as I am engaged to
be married, I cannot be looked upon
as a 'young lady' any longer." This
I uttered with the most chilling cold-

Captain Thistleby immediately of fered his arm to Bella with perfect tranquility, and I followed in the rear, feeling, it must be confessed, somewhat small.

As soon as we were fairly launch-

As soon as we were fairly launched into the middle of soup, that dreadful Bella began her persecutions.

"My darling child, what a lovely lace fichu! Where did you get it, and how is it I have never seen it.

lace fichu! Where did you get it, and how is it I have never seen it before? As I live, it's the best bit of Spanish I have ever seen! Mark, you are a connoisseur in lace, do look at Miss Clifford's scarf."

Thus adjured, Captain Thistleby youchsafed to turn his eyes towards me, and gazed fixedly, not at me, at my shoulder, during which inspection I became gradually of a fine deep peony color.

deep peony color.

"It's a very good specimen," he said, when he had finished staring at it; and turning round again to Bella, without so much as a glance at my face, by which slight I felt

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uncomfortably piqued. "It reminds me very much of that bit we bought at Rome, Bella, in that dirty little street behind the Via Babuini. Do you remember how eager you were to give the old woman her hundred and fifty franes, and how I kept interrupting you, and shouting to her seventy-five, not a sou more?"

"Yes; and how you dragged me out of the shop almost in tears at last, because you wouldn't let me be cheated, and how the old woman came running out after us when we were half way down the street, crying Prendete lo, signora,' and flung it at my head wrapped in a dirty bit of old newspaper."

bit of old newspaper

bit of old newspaper."

"Ah! but that was nothing to the bargain we got at Verona, in the little grocer's shop, where we had spied a heap of rags of lace in the corner of the window."

"Yes, and you would ask for candles, and coffee, and tobacco, and heaven knows how many other smelling horrors, for fear they should find

man?

man?"
"Think Freda!" turning to me,
"Sve francs! It cost me £3 to have
it mended in London, and it is the
handsomest lace flounce I possess!
Did you go to the old curiosity shop
at Lyons, Mark, last time you came
through?"

through? "No; I had not time. Do you remember. Bella, the first time we went there, and how angry poor old Jem was with us for wasting money on that 'trashy tin plate' as he called my beautiful Limoges ena-

And so on, and so on, through half

And so on, and so on, through nan a dozen more reminiscences of their foreign travels together.

I began to feel very much out of it. Decidedly I had wasted my Spanish lace and my indignation together upon this utterly impassive man, who simply appeared to ignore my evistence.

Existence.

I yawned and began looking about at the pictures on the walls, with all of which I was perfectly familiar, in a futile attempt to create an independent line of amusement for myself.

pendent line of amusement for myself.

I began to think I need not have
announced my engaged position with
so much precipitation. Captain Thistleby did not seem inclined to pay
me even the ordinary civilities of society. Perhaps. I mused, he does
not care for tall girls, with reddish
hair and gray eyes. Perhaps he
pers piquante little blondes, like Bella, with pink cheeks and round blue
baby eyes. Perhaps—and here he
looks up and catches me staring at
him, which sends my own eyes back
to my apricot jelly and the color
hotly up into my tell-tale cheeks.

After dinner it is much the same
thing. I go to the piano at Bella's
desire, and she further requests her
brother-in-law to come and turn my brother-in-law to come and turn my

brother-in-law to come and turn my music over.

He excuses himself.

"I am very stupid at that sort of work," he says, without a sign of rising from the comfortable armchair in which he has ensconced himself. "I should be sure to make a mess of it. I think Miss Clifford would rather be without me."

I think so too; but as it would not be civil to say so, I merely remark

be civil to say so, I merely remark that I never require anybody to turn over the pages of my music.
"What will you sing. Freda?" ask-ed Bella. "What sort of songs do you like, Mark?"

'I don't think songs are much "I don't think songs are much in my line," answers this extremely disagreeable man. "You know I was never sentimental, and I don't understand music. Young ladies' songs—are all very sweet—roses, Cupids, true-lover's knots, etc.—are they not, Miss Clifford?"

"Not all," I answered, feeling victous; and straightway I sat down and began to sing that well-known quaint old English ditty:

"Once I loved a maiden fair, But she did deceive me."

I put into it all the vigor of which I was capable, and the bitter animus which I concentrated into the last line of the song surprised even myself.

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I sang almost murderously.

I was surprised to hear a low laugh behind me, and to find that Captain Thistleby was standing by

the piano.
"I have not done you justice. You

"I have not done you justice. You evidently understand the passion of hatred perfectly, Miss Clifford," he said with a mocking bow.

I felt myself properly snabbed, and took refuge behind my novel, leaving to Bella the sole entertainment of her guest for the rest of the evening

her guest for the rest of the evening. "So you did beautify yourself,
Miss Freda," said Bella, as we stood,
flat candlestick in hand, at our bedroom doors. "I could hardly hold
my tongue, I was so amazed when
you came in. I nearly told Mark
about the blue gauze then and there,
only I was so afraid of your anger."

ger."
"I am very glad you did not."

dies, and coffee, and tobacco, and heaven knows how many other smelling horrors, for fear they should find out what we really had our eye on. I thought you would never lead up to the subject."

"Didn't I get you the whole lot for five francs, you ungrateful woman?"

"I am very glad you did not."

"You made yourself look extremely without support it on with quite another motive—for quite a different reason from what you suppose," I stammered, somewhat confusedly.

suppose," I stammered, somewhat confusedly.

'Oh, I daresay! Well, how do you like him?'

(To be Continued.)

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