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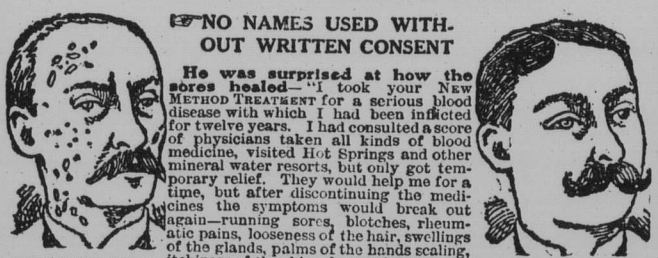
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NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows: **Drs. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.** Write for our private address.

WALKERTON.

Mr. Richard Harrison, formerly of the Central Hotel here, and more recently of the Vendome Hotel, Teeswater, is opening up a new tobacco store in the premises adjoining Booth's barber shop. The building is being overhauled and put in shape for the new business.

Mrs. William Zinn was stricken with a stroke of paralysis last Wednesday evening just as she was about to leave Mrs. Robb's where she had been attending an At Home. The ambulance was called and the unfortunate lady was removed to the Hospital where she is at present doing nicely.

An accident happened at the Seiling siding on Monday. George Bros. have the contract for unloading the logs that come into the factory. Billy George and Herman Buehlow were busy unloading logs. One of the logs rolled off sideways and threw the skid up. It struck Buehlow on the hip giving him a nasty blow that laid him off work. However he is getting along nicely at present.

John Fisk, known here, was found guilty at Calgary on Friday of murder for having assisted in the murder of an aged rancher, Tucker Peach, near that place. The jury added a recommendation to mercy. Fisk owes his predicament to another man implicated, John Mitchell Robertson. He will be tried later. Had not Robertson become intoxicated and talked too much to a girl both he and Fisk would be to-day at large.

Not having eaten a mouthful for five days, Frank Kerr, a lunatic in the Walkerton jail, was slowly starving himself to death there, when the authorities decided to interfere on Monday last and aid indigestion by force feeding. Dr. L. Sinclair, the jail surgeon, rigged up a block and tackle, and the forcing of food into the prisoner began on a large scale. This, we believe, is the first instance in which force feeding has been resorted to in the jail here, and by the time the authorities got through Kerr had received a most sumptuous repast.

Spring is Coming.

The winter is going, with freezing and snowing, and soon gentle spring will be with us once more; the hay for the raking and hoeing and making the beds for our onions and squashes galore. How gaily I'll shovel just back of my hovel, and sow sweet potatoes and pumpkins and peas! How gaily I'll struggle and wrestle and juggle with silly old seedlings and tottering trees! All summer I'll nurse them and prune them and curse them while others go fishing and have a good time; all summer I'll spade them and water and shade them and harvest a crop that is not worth a dime. I'm saying each autumn: "These turnips, dod-rot 'em these onions, these squashes are making me sore; they're not worth a drink or the dern of a tinker—hereafter I'll buy my greens at the store!" But when the suring breezes are bringing the bees to gather their honey when birdlets are gay, when soft-scented zephyrs enliven the heifers. I take up my spade in the old foolish way. I plant and I burrow. I make a crooked furrow. I'm teaching my vines how to grow upon frames; I'm grubbing and rooting while others go shooting. I don't see the circus, I miss all the games.—Walt Mason in 'the Star.

Broke Through Ice and was Drowned.

A sad accident is reported from Tobermory, in which George Young, a popular young man of the village, lost his life by drowning. The accident happened Wednesday. Young and a companion were crossing from Cove Island, where they had been working, to Tobermory, a distance of about five miles. The ice had been broken up a few days ago by heavy winds, but had drifted together again, leaving openings covered with thin ice. Young, who was leading, struck one of these thin spots and went through; but, being an expert swimmer, instead of trying to get back with his companion he attempted to break his way through the thin ice to part of the main pack, about forty yards away. He had almost reached firm ice when he called out, "I can't make it," and sank. No hopes are entertained of recovering the body, as the water is very deep and the current strong at the place where the accident occurred.

Turned It Down.

The Hospital Board have just turned down a request from the Bruce County Council to establish a Home for Incurables in Walkerton in connection with the Hospital. The idea of the proposed institution is to create a home where paralytics, cancer patients and other incurably afflicted persons may find shelter and receive treatment for the remainder of their days. There are four such institutions in Ontario, one being situated at London, one at Ottawa and two at Toronto. Of the 74 hospitals in the Province none has yet undertaken to run a home for incurables in connection, and the Bruce County Hospital didn't feel disposed to be the first to take up the scheme and experiment in the matter. The municipalities sending patients into the Home are obliged to pay \$5.00 per week towards the maintenance of every patient they send in, unless such patients are able to finance the matter themselves, when they become personally liable for their own expense. This is similar to the conditions that prevail at the House of Refuge here, and a Home for Incurables is in reality only distinguished from a Poor House in name as a class of patients admitted. As it is easier to build a chimney than keep it in fuel, the Hospital authorities found that the erection of the new building would only be a crop in the bucket in comparison with its subsequent expense. The three cities in Ontario having such institutions are each contributing heavily towards their maintenance, and as Walkerton is bearing a liberal share of the keep of the Hospital, the ratepayers will not feel grieved that they missed contributing to a Home for Incurables.

Accurate as a Stop Watch.

A case was being tried in a country court. A horse had been stolen from a field, and the evidence all pointed to a certain doubtful character of the neighborhood as the culprit. Though his guilt seemed clear he had found a lawyer to undertake his defence. At the trial the defendant's counsel expended his energy in trying to confuse and frighten the opposing witnesses, especially a certain farmer whose testimony was particularly damaging. The lawyer kept up a fire of questions, asking many foolish ones, and repeating himself again and again, in the hopes of decoying the witness into a contradiction.

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that you can swear to having seen this man drive a horse past your farm on the day in question?"

"I can," replied the witness wearily, for he had already answered the question a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of the forenoon."

"But I don't want any 'abouts' or any 'middles'; I want you to tell the jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer, "I don't always carry a gold watch with me when I'm digging potatoes."

"But you have a clock in the house. haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Well, by that clock it was just nineteen minutes past ten."

"You were in the field all the morning?" went on the lawyer, smiling suggestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is this field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear, do you, that by the clock in your house it was exactly nineteen minutes past ten?"

"I do."

The lawyer paused, and looked triumphantly at the jury; at last he had entrapped the witness into a contradictory statement that would greatly weaken his evidence.

"I think that will do," he said, with a wave of his hand; "I have quite finished with you."

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat and started to leave the witness box.

"I ought, perhaps, to say," he added, "that too much reliance should not be placed upon that clock, as it got out of gear about six months ago, and it's been nineteen minutes past ten ever since."

Bad Fire At Wingham.

Wingham, March 13.—Fire in the Chisholm Block about 3.30 o'clock this morning forced those living in the second story to rush for safety. One young man becoming alarmed did not take time to don any raiment whatever, but climbed down a ladder with his clothes over his arm, putting these on as best he might in the street. Others made their exit in a more robed condition, yet in haste, for the flames took hold quickly, and little time was left to get out. At six o'clock the fire was under control but great damage had been done. It is thought this will amount to \$15,000. It is partially covered by insurance.

The fire started in the millinery establishment occupied by Mrs. Cosford. She intended going to Toronto by the 6.35 train, and had set her alarm clock for 3.30. Getting up at that time Mrs. Cosford upset the lamp as she was going from one room to another. With a scream she ran outside, the alarm clock still ringing in her hand.

Night Watchman Gibson saw the woman and at once sounded the alarm. But before the brigade arrived the fire had gained headway, the oil from the broken lamp having spread all over the carpet, giving the flames a chance to extend.

Four streams were soon playing on the building, but it was evident to all that it could not be saved, and the people living about the stores began to make their way to the street.

Mrs. Cosford was already out. Thos. Fells and his family, who have lived over their butcher shop, were out almost as soon as the brigade arrived. Mrs. Wm. Murch, a widow, who lives behind the Fells butcher shop, was brought out by the firemen. She had lost her all in the fire and was disconsolate.

Then from the north end of the block a voice was heard, and the firemen saw a face at the window above Hamilton's drug store. It was John Detman, a student of the commercial college, who rooms there. The young man became fearful that he would be unable to get down. A ladder was placed for him, and with his clothes over his arm, Detman descended. In the street only did he take time to get into his trousers.

The people once out and cared for by the neighbors, the firemen were able to devote all their attention to stopping the spread of the flames. This was all that was possible. The millinery shop was gone. Nothing could save the butcher shop. Thomas McDonald's barber shop was a sheet of flames, and the Independent Order of Foresters' Hall, which stretched across the front of the building, was completely gutted. Only the drug store was saved.

Dr. Chisholm, M. P., who owns the property, is in the Northwest, and it is not known exactly what the insurance is, but it is believed this will cover a large part of the loss on the building. The stock in the various stores, which was completely destroyed, was not insured.

Fine Golden Eagle caught.

Lucknow, March 11.—A magnificent golden eagle, measuring seven feet, six inches, between its wing tips, was recently captured alive by William Wraith, of Langside. When flying over a field it was brought down, stunned but not injured by a long distance gun shot, and, after a plucky scrap on the snow, during which it shredded a few square inches of clothing, it was captured and dragged home. Several offers have been made, but not accepted, for the purchase of the bird. Bald eagles are not infrequent visitors to these parts but the golden eagle is very rarely seen.

A Boy's Essay on The Editor.

I don't know how newspapers came to be in the world and I don't think God does, for he haint got nothing to say about them in the bible. I think the editor is the missing link we read of, he stayed in the bushes until after the flood and then came out and wrote things up and has been here ever since. I don't think he ever died. I never saw a dead one and never heard of one getting licked. Our paper is a good one but the editor goes without underclothes all winter and don't wear any socks and pa aint paid his subscription since the paper started. I asked pa if that was why the editor had to suck the juice out of snowballs in the winter and go to bed when he had his shirt washed in the summer. Then pa got mad and took me out in the woodshed and licked me awful hard. If the editor makes a mistake folks say he ought to be hung, but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries them and people dassent say nothing because a doctor can write Latin. When the editor makes a mistake there is a lawsuit, and swearing, and a big fine but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, nice flowers and perfect silence.

A doctor can use a word a mile long without him or anyone else knowing what it means, but if an editor uses one he has to spell it. If a doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges the man for the visit, but if the editor should go he gets a charge of buckshot. Any college can make a doctor to order but an editor has to be born.—Tweed News.

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Kindred Pursuits

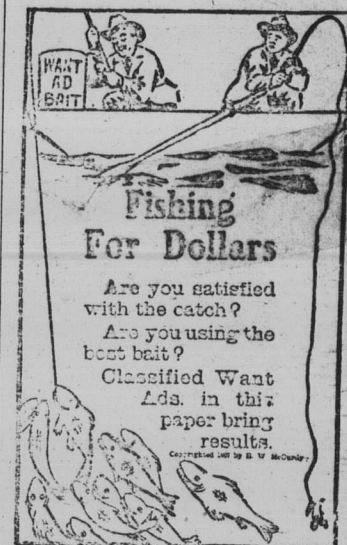
A distinguished prelate was, by nature a very keen sportsman, and, though he never allowed his tastes in this direction to interfere with his many duties, there was nothing he enjoyed more than a day's shooting. On one of these occasions he was met by an old lady, who strongly disapproved of any member of the clerical profession, and especially one of the heads of the church, indulging in such pursuits. "I have never read in the Bible that any of the apostles went out shooting, my lord," she observed severely. "Well you see," returned his lordship, cheerfully, "all their spare time they spent out fishing."

The Average Horse.

Everybody knows says a writer in the March issue of McLeans Magazine, that this world's rewards are not even equitably distributed. That is why the world has invented Heaven and Hell. The people that don't get what they think they ought to get in this world figure—or at least some of them do—that things will be evened up in the next world and that the fellow who possesses everything in this life will be accordingly deprived of everything in the world hereafter, except Heat and Company. But the Average Horse has not even this sort of thing to even things up. He has no religion, no domestic interests, no friends, no hopes, no trade union, no propaganda. He has not even the pleasure of a varied diet, such as men have, or the varied diseases to which men incline. When a man dies it is from one of a thousand causes. When a horse dies, it is one of a few, heaves or glanders, or overwork. Even when he is blind they drive him. When he is too far gone to drag the cart any further, they shoot him in the street, and when he is dead he is re-incarnated into boots and glue. A horse's work is never done and he hasn't even the fun of sinning.

A New Departure.

A new departure in the methods of giving instructions to farmers as to the latest ideas in agriculture was successfully put into effect last week when a special train covered the territory between Windsor, and St. Thomas and Bridgen, on the Michigan Central Lines, carrying a staff of lecturers, who gave addresses at the various stations. The train consisted of six coaches, and it made four stops each day from Tuesday to Friday. There were twelve or thirteen lecturers on board and the talks were given in the cars, as many as four going on at the same time. The cars were fitted up with exhibits of various kinds, giving object lessons in different varieties of farm products. It is estimated that 5,000 farmers attended the lectures, and the experiment was pronounced the best line of work yet undertaken by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The plan was carried out under the direction of Mr. G. A. Putnam, director of institutes, and the M. C. R. donated the train for the purpose. This week the work will begin at Kingsmill on Tuesday, and conclude at Niagara on the Lake, on Friday. There will be no further work this spring, but it is expected that the idea will be further developed.



Father Morrissey's Remedies

Now on Sale in Ontario

When Father Morrissey, the famous priest-physician of Barbibogue, N. B., died a year ago last spring, he left his prescriptions to the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, at Chatham, to be used for the benefit of humanity and of the church.

Not being in position to make up and distribute the prescriptions themselves, the Sisters arranged with a number of gentlemen, who had been Father Morrissey's friends, to do it for them. These gentlemen working under the name of the "Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Limited," had by the first of the year placed the remedies in nearly every store in the Maritime Provinces.

So gladly were they received, and so satisfactory has been their record of cures, that the Sisters and the Company have decided to place them on sale throughout Canada.

Father Morrissey's "No. 7," for Rheumatism and the Kidneys—"No. 10," Cough Cure and Lung Tonic—"No. 11," Stomach Remedy—"No. 26," for Catarrh, and "Father Morrissey's Liniment"—can now be obtained from most dealers in this Province. If yours does not keep them write the Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Limited, Montreal, Que.

Two young bulls fit for service, and females all ages, some young cows with calves at foot, and in calf again to Bright Lord—64421.

A nice bunch of ewe lambs, and would also price 6 or 8 ewes, bred to a 1st prize ram. If interested call and see them and get prices.

JAS. G. THOMSON.

Harness Supplies For Fall Work.

A full line of Pneumatic and Straw Collars, leather and cloth faced. Plough Harness and supplies, team and single harness. Trunks, Suit Cases and valises. Special attention given to repairing.

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