

**KING QUALITY**

stands for all that is finest in women's shoes. It means grace, style, comfort and economy, all for \$3. It might easily be \$5.

These are the sort of shoes that please fastidious dressers.

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You may have a secret drain through the urine—that's the reason you feel tired out in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel dependent and have no ambition. Don't let your Life Blood be drained away. Drs. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

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Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father, like son. Beware of Mercury and Potassium treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases or No Pay.

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The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk operation and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K. guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

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# A MAJOR RIDE FOR LIFE

THE STORY OF AN INTREPID HOOSIER HERO OF 1812.

This Brave Young Teanster Saved a Company of Soldiers by a Fortious Horse Journey That None of the Regulars Would Attempt.

It was early in the autumn of 1812 that the main body of the army engaged against the British and Indians in the northwest was encamped on the Maumee river not far from the present city of Fort Wayne. The whole country was infested with hostile tribes of the Delaware, Potawatomi and Miami Indians. They would lie in wait and massacre small detachments of soldiers or a company of emigrants passing through the country.

It was at this time that a small detachment of the army was encamped 25 or 30 miles north of Greenville, O. There were less than 100 officers and men here surrounded by a large force of these hostile tribes acting under orders of the British officers. This detachment of United States soldiers found itself cut off from the main army—in fact, surrounded by Indians. The men knew their capture would result in torture and massacre and that they must either break up or break up into small bodies and so far as possible escape through the lines of the enemy and get a dispatch to the main army, fully 30 miles away.

The officer in command drew up the little force in line and explained the dangerous situation. He then called for a volunteer to attempt the hazardous task of carrying a dispatch to the headquarters of the army. "If I have a man in my command that is willing to take the risk," he said, "let him step forward." As he stood waiting the silence of death seemed to pervade the camp, but not a soldier responded. The officer saw standing within a few steps of him a young teanster not more than 20 years old, small and delicate. He was clad in the usual homespun and had his wagon wheel under his arm. The young man removed his hat, bowed respectfully and said, "Captain, give me a good horse, and I will make the attempt."

It was William Crisp who spoke. There was the glimmer of steel in his cold, gray eyes as he stood facing the little band of soldiers. The captain extended his hand to the boy and said, "God bless you, my brave fellow." He at once turned around to his tent and carefully talked over the dangerous task he was about to undertake. The young man did not flinch. He was the embodiment of courage, bravery, heroism, and of the frontier spirit. "At the present time," he said, "I was ready for the journey."

The captain had a spirited young horse, active and accustomed to traveling through brush and swamps, over logs and over the most treacherous ground of the frontier. The teanster declined the use of a saddle, but asked for a belt, a brace of pistols, a knife and musket. When he mounted the horse and took leave of the officers, he was surrounded by a crowd of soldiers, who were watching him. They considered that the intrepid young hero was simply riding into the "jaws of death."

There was no passable road, no mark of civilization on the face of the land. The country was a strange one to him. With a cloudless sky above him and unbroken forest in front, he fearfully took the risk. The Indian trails were guarded and the forests beyond these trails impenetrable. There was, possibly, one chance in a dozen for him to reach the main body of troops, and he took that chance.

He moved off in the gray dawn of early morning, hoping to pass the lines of his dangerous foe unnoticed. This he succeeded in doing and took the trail for the Maumee country. The day's journey was uneventful until he came within five miles of the outposts of the army. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when, riding rapidly along the trail, his eyes caught sight of a small band of braves immediately in front of him and he effectively blocking his way. The braves were painted red and yellow, indicating that they were on the warpath. They were all mounted and armed with muskets and, as the young messenger well knew, had in their hearts relentless, cruel murder. He knew that to continue along the beaten trail was to court capture, torture and death. Accordingly he guided his horse into the thick woods and as rapidly as possible made his way out from the trail.

The savages soon reached the point where he had turned aside and there discovered the fresh tracks of the young man's horse. An uneasy warwhoop greeted the boy's ears, and he knew what would be the course pursued by the Indians. They would track his horse and follow him. He urged the faithful animal on, but it was not long before he heard his brave foe behind him. He then turned to make his way back, if possible, to the trail, believing that his horse could by its better speed and better power of endurance enable him to escape, but his keen sight soon anticipated this movement and had guarded the trail against it. Shots began to sing about him, and he now determined to make his way through the forest. He knew that his horse would jump logs and streams that the ponies would not attempt. He lay first on the horse's back and urged him to his greatest speed. He made him jump great logs that lay in his way, but the foe still kept in sight from behind him. In the meantime the savage yell was kept up, and the race became one of life or death.

It was late in the afternoon that the pickets on the outposts of the army saw approaching the utterly exhausted horse and rider. The Indians here abandoned the chase, and young Crisp, when he found himself safely within the lines of the United States forces, fell fainting from his horse. Overcome by the loss of blood and exhausted by his long ride, he lay unconscious for hours. This was followed by weeks of suffering from three dreadful wounds he had received in the last half hour of the chase. But he had accomplished his task. In two hours after his arrival 300 brave men started on the trail the young hero had followed and rescued the detachment that so anxiously awaited their return. William Crisp, the brave and intrepid teanster, had saved the detachment, the heart of a lion and a godlike soul. For many years he was a familiar figure on the streets of Indianapolis, and many of the older citizens remember him. If the middle west would honor a real hero let it erect a white shaft and ascribe thereon the name of William Crisp.

# Showing How Completely One Habit May Supplant Another.

"Habit is a curious thing," said Mr. Juggleton. "but the completeness with which one habit can be supplanted by another seems more curious still."

"I had a chair that I had used for years and which, as I was firmly convinced, was by long odds the most comfortable chair ever made. After breakfast, when I read the paper, I used to sit in that chair, and after dinner at night I settled down into it, with a cigar, in peace and happiness and thought there never was a chair that combined so many good points as to height and pitch of seat and slope of back and all that. I had never seen a chair that suited me so well."

"But one day this chair was tipped over or something or other happened to it. I don't know what, but something so serious that it was put out of commission. With our usual conservative slowness we put off from day to day and from week to week getting that chair repaired, and, as a matter of fact, it was two or three years before we had it fixed up and brought into use again. Meanwhile I had singled out another chair which I came commonly to occupy. This didn't begin to be at first so comfortable as the old one had been, but gradually its objectionable points disappeared, and I'm blessed if it didn't begin to develop good points that I had never suspected in it, and I came at last to look upon it as a very comfortable sort of chair indeed. But at last the old chair—the good old chair—first began again to bring back into use, and the day it appeared I looked forward to settling down in it at night with all the old time comfort."

"But when, with all those pleasant anticipations, I came to sit in it again I did not find the pleasure that I had expected. It was too high or too low or the seat sloped too much or something. I don't know what. It wasn't as it used to be—to me. I tried it once or twice more after that and then gave it up and went back to the new chair. My new habit had become firmly fixed. I liked the new chair better, and now as I settled down in its good points were at once emphasized and softened and rounded into completeness, and I accepted it in full as the chair of satisfying comfort and wondered as I looked across at the other what I ever could have seen in it to make me like it so much."

"Such is the force of habit,"—New York Sun.

# TWO LADS WHO STARTED EVEN.

Years Ago One Prospered While the Other Stood Still.

Thirty years ago Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York state, left home for a day season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H. at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Maybe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill I have had this season, Jim," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

A few years later these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with \$200 or \$300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Canada, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years and with his wages bought land at 40 cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousands, his land has been cut up into town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the state.

"I might have done like Jim," his brother said lately. "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it. There's not enough yeast in it." The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide awake energy which acts as leaven to character is partly natural, but it can be incited by parents.—Industrial Enterprise.

# Beecher's Fee.

The power of an orator can be largely measured by the degree of confidence which he inspires, and judged by this standard Henry Ward Beecher must be reckoned among the greatest speakers of modern times. Men who heard him in the pulpit or talked with him out of it could not question the sincerity which shined forth in his face, his manner and his voice.

Mr. Beecher was on a lecturing tour, and Major Pond, his manager, was sitting beside him in the railway car. Suddenly the preacher slipped his hand on the little watch pocket of his trousers and drew forth a small envelope. For a moment he looked at it in surprise, then opened it and smiled. Presently he turned to his companion.

"Major," said he, "I married a great railroad magnate a few months ago, and as I was taking leave of him he handed me an envelope, which I slipped in my pocket unopened. That was the last I thought of it until today. Just now I opened it, and this is what I found."

The major took the envelope. Within it were five \$1,000 bills.—Youth's Companion.

# A Curious Lake.

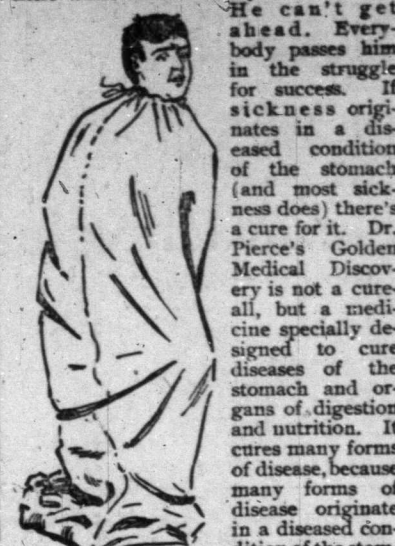
A curious phenomenon is that metal never rusts in the waters of Lake Titicaca. You can throw in a chair or an anchor or any article of ordinary iron and let it lie for weeks, and when you haul it up it will be as clean and bright as when it came from the foundry. And, what is stranger still, rust that has been formed upon metallic objects elsewhere will peel off when immersed in its waters. This is frequently noticed by railway and steamship men. Rusty car wheels and rails and even machinery can be brightened by soaking them in the waters of Lake Titicaca.—Chicago Record.

Just where the large crowds that suddenly fill the galleries of the senate and house when a notable speech is being made come from is a puzzle. They spring up, however, and as strangely disappear into nothingness.

Early grayness, without baldness, is said to be an indication of long life.

# Life's a Sack Race

To a sick man. He's hobbled, hampered, handicapped by his sickness. Every little while he has to lay off for a day. He can't get ahead. Everybody passes him in the struggle for success. If sickness originates in a diseased condition of the stomach (and most sickness does) there's a cure for it. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is not a cure-all, but a medicine specially designed to cure diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures many forms of disease, because many forms of disease originate in a diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system.



"I write to tell you of the great benefit I have received from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mr. G. B. Bird, of Syracuse, Putnam County, West Va. "I cured me of a very bad case of indigestion associated with torpid liver. Before I began the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I had no appetite; could not sleep or work but very little. The little that I ate did not agree with me; bowels constipated, and life was a misery to me. I wrote to Dr. Pierce giving the symptoms and asked for advice. You advised me to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' so I began the use of it and after taking four bottles I felt so well that I went to work, but soon got worse, so I again began the use of it and used it about eight weeks longer, when I was permanently cured. I took in all about twelve bottles of the 'Discovery,' and some of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in connection with the 'Discovery.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels in healthy action.

# THE DISTRICT

## EAST BRANCH.

Quite a number from here attended the Easter service in the Salem church, conducted by Rev. Mr. Knowles.

Miss M. Howie has treated herself to a fine new piano.

T. Shaw is able to be around again. Miss Annie Shaw, of Alma College, is spending her Easter vacation under the parental roof.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McCoy intend visiting the "World's Fair" at Paris this summer. They will also visit Ireland and Scotland.

Miss A. Mickle, teacher in the high grade school, spent Easter Sunday with Miss Beama Mickle.

Miss R. Heyward spent Sunday in Wallaceburg.

Fred Seward, who has spent the past few months near Thamesville, is home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Jenner spent Easter Sunday with Mrs. Little.

Miss Verma Mickle spent a few days in Wallaceburg last week.

Miss Edith Pierce, of Wallaceburg, is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. J. Booth.

Will Grant, of Wallaceburg, visited East Branch friends recently.

G. Keeble left on Tuesday last to spend the summer sailing.

We are pleased to learn that Bert Richardson, who has had a very severe attack of pneumonia out in Fargo, N. D., is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McLaughlin, of Wallaceburg, spent Good Friday at the East Branch.

## OUVRY.

Miss Violet Lytle is visiting her sister in Grand Ledge, Mich.

Fred Elliott spent his Easter holidays in Harkerville.

Wesley Tackaberry is erecting a large bank barn. He expects it to outshine any building on the lake shore.

Easter service was largely attended. Rev. Mr. McVittie preached an interesting and practical sermon. The choir, under the leadership of A. Bridge, sang Unfold, ye Portals; Come Unto Him and Hallelujah Chorus. Mrs. G. A. Elliott sang in her usual sweet tones. The Palms, by Faure, and Miss Tischborn sang "Ora Pro Nobis," by Gounod.

A. Bridge is contemplating a trip to Edmonton, N. W. T., where he intends to remain for the summer. He will be greatly missed, especially in musical circles.

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Somerville*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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# LODGES

A. F. WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, G. R. C., A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Monday of every month, in Masonic Hall, Fifth Street, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

J. S. TURNER, W. M.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

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S. C. BOGART—Veterinary Surgeon. All diseases of domestic animals skillfully treated. Dentistry in all its branches. Firing done without scarring. Offices open day and night. Office and residence, south side of market square. Telephone in connection.

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# MUSICAL.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having been appointed organist and choir-master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th. Residence, Park street, directly opposite Dr. Battist's residence.

T. Dumont—Piano Tuner and Repairer. References given by owners of the best pianos in the city. All enquiries will be promptly answered. Address, 464 P. O., St. Thomas, P. O. 521, Chatham. 181y

# Miss Elda Idle, A. T. C. M.

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