

JUST NOW

is the time to get that room papered cheaply—before the rush of the busy season commences. See our remnants also new goods.

E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street.

To Whom She Said "Yes."

But it was on the Romeo of the picture that Edna's gaze was lingering, for it was in this figure the limner had displayed most skill. The attitude of passionate eagerness to behold his lady, the half-parted lips, the entranced eyes, were all dashed off crudely, but with excellent effect. This Romeo looked at least two years the junior of Mrs. Merstham. His frame, though well-knit, had scarcely attained its full proportions. His cheek was smooth, and the down upon his lip was scarcely perceptible. Yet it was a winning as well as a manly face; and although too Saxon in its hues and contour to be outwardly a good representation of a fierce Italian youth, it was evident that the actor had thoroughly entered into the character, and that it was with no mere semblance of stage-love he was wooing the proud beauty who breathed in his ears the tender speeches of Shakespeare's heroine.

"I beg your pardon, but it is so beautiful," said Edna, relinquishing the book to Mrs. Merstham, when, for the second time, that lady asked what was so engrossing her.

Verna glanced at the drawing, sighed deeply, then pushed the book across the table with such force that it fell on the other side.

"Pshaw! A roughly-painted recollection of some private theatricals; that is all. The artist did not do justice; my attitude is positively disgraceful. When you come again I will show you a far better portrait of myself, but I'll not detain you now."

And comprehending directly that this was intended as her dismissal, Edna bade the lady farewell, wondering as she went who the gentleman could be, whose share in the picture and the play Mrs. Merstham had chosen to wholly ignore. Not the husband for whom she was just throwing off the crape of widowhood; for his portrait, wrinkled, hollow and peevish, frowned down on the beholder from the wall behind Verna's chair. What, then, could have become of the ardent, handsome youth who had played the Romeo to her Juliet with such a depth of passionate devotion?

CHAPTER II.

"Now, which way am I going home?" said Edna to herself, making a pause as the iron gates of Mrs. Merstham's grounds clanged behind her. "Along the high road? No, it is too formal, too dull, and the last time I went that way I forgot my gloves and handkerchiefs. No, the heavy rains have flooded them, and it's too cold to doff boots and hose and wade through the water, as I should dearly like to do. Why shouldn't I take a short cut across the plantations of The Beeches? Everyone does it, though it's trespassing, but the caretaker, had promised her, Edna thought it would be an excellent opportunity for calling and procuring it."

So away went Edna. There was a gate to climb, and a broken path to squeeze through; but she was a country girl, and accustomed to surmount such obstacles. Onward she went, dashing over the fallen leaves, sometimes chasing a rabbit, sometimes stopping to listen to the song of a robin, till she drew near the long-deserted house, when suddenly remembering that her mother had expressed a wish to have a recipe that was in the old recipe book, she turned back, and found that the caretaker, had promised her, Edna thought it would be an excellent opportunity for calling and procuring it."

But, as soon as she emerged from the shrubbery, she stopped, and began to retreat, for a stranger, a male, was walking to and fro in front of the portico, brandishing a large white umbrella, as if threatening some imaginary foe.

His quick, roving glances lighted on the young girl as she began to move away, and he came striding across the lawn at a tremendous rate, in order to intercept her.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, as soon as he was near enough to make himself heard.

"I am very sorry that I have trespassed," faltered Edna, alarmed at his gruff voice and belittling manner. "I did not know that anyone was here but Mrs. Myers, who knows me very well, and—"

"But, my good young lady, Mrs. Myers is not here, and that's why I am in a dilemma," he retorted, wiping his forehead and making a dive with his umbrella at the air, as if he were thrusting a lance through an imaginary Cossack. "Let me introduce myself, for I can see that you do not know me. I am Robert Stretby, ex-major in her majesty's One Hundred and Sixty-third Regiment; and I have rented this house because Mrs. Stretby thinks the children's education can be carried out better in this country. She'll be here directly—Mrs. Stretby, I mean. I've walked on to stretch my legs; and the furniture has just arrived, and the conflagration of the old woman is out, the shutters are shut, the doors are all locked, and I cannot get in. Pretty state of affairs, in a strange country, isn't it? How will Mrs. Stretby look when she gets here, I should like to know? And I told her she'd find everything in apple-pie order. Only think! Why, she'll collapse, positively!"

As Mr. Stretby's imagination pictured his wife's discomfiture, he broke into a little chuckle, which soon became a roar of laughter, so hearty, so gleeful, that Edna could scarcely help joining in it.

"Well, it is ludicrous, isn't it?" he said, when he had exhausted himself. "Yet, it's aggravating, too; and I'm honest, too, although I have the consolation of being able to laugh at my own misfortunes; but, by Jove! it's going to rain, and there isn't an hotel in Eastham; for I inquired when I was here the other day, and that old woman's not to be found. Have you any idea where she is?"

"Gone into the village, perhaps, for a gossip," said Edna, who knew Mrs. Myers had plenty of acquaintances in Eastham. "But there is a window at the back of the house through which I think you might obtain an entrance. Shall I show you which one I mean?"

"If you please," for Mrs. Stretby will be here in a minute; and if she finds neither fire nor shelter, food nor furniture, she'll think she has some reason to scold me, though you are witness, my young lady, that the fault is not mine, but that con—beg pardon, I'm sure—threesome old woman's."

While he talked he was hurrying Edna towards the house, his long legs taking three steps to one of hers.

Mr. Stretby was very tall, very thin and head-forn, with a huge white mustache ornamenting a face that had been burned a deep brick-red with exposure, and overhanging brows, also white, beneath which his eyes gleamed or twinkled, according to his mood, as brightly as in his youth.

Although he was a very fierce-looking fellow, with a very fierce-looking, and overhanging brows, also white, beneath which his eyes gleamed or twinkled, according to his mood, as brightly as in his youth.

Edna laughed outright, when, having clambered to the window and pulled up the sash, he suddenly shot through it, assuring her that there was nothing to fear, and ask which way he must turn to find the outer door.

She had scarcely finished directing him when an open carriage was heard rolling up the drive, and she saw three or four female faces peeping from it at her, as she stood undecided whether to depart or to stay and ascertain whether she would be of any further service to these newcomers.

The carriage was a roomy wagonette, and a young lady, tall, thin and with wearing features, like Mr. Stretby, had taken the reins from the servant, who was an old soldier, and was driving.

The seats of the wagonette were occupied by more young ladies, all bearing the same likeness to their father, all wearing the same happy expression of features, and with them there was a stout, rosy matron, who, although she was evidently in excellent health, was propped up with cushions and half smothered in wraps.

"I cried the driver to her steeds, as she reined up in front of the house. 'No shutters opened, no fire alight, and no pa to be seen anywhere. Why, ma, can this be our new bungalow?'"

"Of course it's not, my dear Venetia," said Mrs. Stretby, mildly. "I told you I was almost sure we had taken the wrong turning. And where poor dear papa can be, goodness only knows."

"Lost himself, most likely," said Miss Venetia Stretby. "It's a chance if we see him again till tomorrow morning. I vote that we drive back to the place where he left us, and wait there till he turns up again. So here goes."

"Wouldn't it be as well to make some inquiries first?" cried another of the daughters; and, jumping nimbly from the carriage, she ran up to Edna, who, confused by the non-appearance of Mr. Stretby, and the loud voices and rapid utterances of the ladies of his house, had not been able to offer any explanation.

"Yes, this is The Beeches," she now contrived to say; "but the person who has the key is absent, and Mr. Stretby has been obliged to obtain admission by climbing in at one of the windows."

"Then papa is here!" and a rush was made from the carriage to inspect the narrow casement through which he had squeezed himself.

[To be Continued.]

RESURRECTED.

New York, Feb. 9.—The body of H. C. Barnett was disinterred at Greenwood Cemetery yesterday. An examination will be made to ascertain whether cyanide of mercury was the cause of death, as in the case of Mrs. Adams.

A PROTESTANT HONORED BY CATHOLICS.

Father Point, Que., Feb. 9.—Mr. John McWilliams, the popular mayor, and well-known steamship signal officer of Father Point, has just been re-elected to the mayor's chair for a tenth term. The fact is the more noteworthy because Mayor McWilliams is the only Protestant in the parish.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

devotes herself to her first child as she never does to another. As child succeeds child she no longer reads them stories, tells them tales at twilight or joins them in a merry romp at bed time. Does she give her children less because they are older than the first? No. She gives them less because she has less to give. The birth of each child has left her a little more weak, a little more nervous, a little more worn out. She hasn't strength to be their intimate and playmate. What a loss to mother and child!

It is so such

mothers, worn with the burden of motherhood and drained of vitality, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes as the best of blessings. The timely use of this remedy prevents the strain and stops the drain from child bearing. Where this strain and drain have been experienced, mothers find that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acting directly upon the delicate organs which bear the burden of motherhood, restores them to a normal condition of health and elasticity. Ulcerations are cured. Inflammations are removed. The appetite becomes good, sleep is refreshing, the nerves grow quiet. There is a new brightness in the eye; a new lightness in the step. There has come the perfect happiness of perfect health.

"I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' in August, 1897," writes Mrs. Mollie E. Grimes, of Flomont, Eschmuth Co. Ala. "I took it until after my baby was born. I was in better health than I ever was with any of my other children. I can tell all women who should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It suffered everything that flesh could suffer with all the rest of my children, and was a great blessing to me. Now I am the happy mother of a fine baby girl. She was the largest one of my babies and at the birth had an easier and shorter time than I ever had. I am stout and healthier than I ever was."

Telephone 485.

New Roquefort

... Cheese

JUST ARRIVED.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co

169 DUNDAS ST.

WE GIVE

in TRADING

STAMPS

WESTERN ONTARIO

Terrible Accident Befalls a Sarnia Man.

A McKillop Pioneer Dead—Nominations for the Walkerville Mayorality—Pretty Wedding in Sarnia Township.

Andrew Brown, a veteran M. C. R. conductor, is dead at Tilbury.

The customs collections at Windsor for January amounted to \$26,000.

D. McAllister, of Comber, has issued a writ against James Sellars, Detroit, to compel the carrying out of an agreement of sale.

John Dowling, of Guelph, has been appointed to a position in the C. P. R. telegraph office in Sarnia, in the place of M. A. Sharp, removed to Port Lambton.

When leaving Assumption College, Sandwich, about two weeks ago, one of the students stole a watch from a fellow-student named Hogan. The police are looking for the thief in Detroit.

A two-story frame house, the home of James Stuts, Sandwich, was badly gutted by fire, caused by a defective chimney, about 7 o'clock Tuesday morning. The most of the furniture was saved.

Nominations for the Walkerville mayorality, made necessary by the untimely death of Mayor Russell, will be held on Friday, election, if necessary, Feb. 17. H. A. Walker and Thomas Reid are both mentioned for the place.

A 10-year-old colored lad named Joe Vincent ran away from home, near Windsor, because of a thrashing from his father. He hid two days in a neighbor's barn and when finally found one hand and one foot were so badly frozen that the foot had to be amputated.

Peter Hoegy, one of the pioneer residents of McKillop, is dead. Deceased had been in poor health for about three months, but death was due to a gradual wearing out of the system. He was born in Germany 71 years ago, and in 1853 he emigrated to Canada, taking up a farm near Brodhead.

A report reached Stratford on Monday afternoon of the death of a farmer living in Downie, near Conroy, but his name could not be learned. It is said that he was in Stratford on Saturday, and on Sunday morning he was found dead in bed. The deceased was a cousin of Miss Hourigan, a domestic in the employ of Rev. W. J. McKay, Stratford.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon last at the residence of Mr. James J. Morrison, Sarnia township, his eldest daughter, Miss Elizabeth Morrison, becoming the bride.

The bride and groom were the foreman of the mechanical department of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. The bride and groom were assisted by Miss Mary Morrison and Mr. J. R. Graham, of Sarnia.

A rather unusual occurrence happened at the Center Street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, on Sunday night. Rev. Mr. Hartley was announced to preach on Seventh Day Adventism. As a result a number of that sect attended the service, and at the close of the discourse three or four demanded the use of the church reply. Mr. Hartley stated that he was not in a debate, that the Adventists had had their opportunity at their tent meetings and on the street corners. On the Adventists persisting, a hymn was given out and the service closed.

Grant Van Valkenburg, one of the men employed by Messrs. Kidd & Kelly, who have the contract for cutting up the G. T. R. R. cars, was killed by a serious accident on Monday. Grant was running the steam elevator that hoists the ice on the cars, but how the accident happened is at present unknown, as he was above the machine. When some of the other employees returned to the work, they found the unfortunate man lying prostrate by the hoist, with a severe gash in his forehead, just above the left eye, and a wound along the left side of his head above his ear. It was found that his skull was fractured, and that he had received some internal injuries about the head. The attending physicians are of opinion that he will survive his injuries.

BRIGDEN

Annual Meeting of the Cheese and Butter Company.

Brigden, Feb. 8.—The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Brigden Cheese and Butter Company (Limited) was held in Hayne's Hall, Brigden, on Jan. 21. President T. K. Brown in the chair. Mr. George Young was appointed secretary. The minutes of the last annual meeting being read and approved, the secretary's report and the treasurer's report were read and adopted. Officers for the ensuing year were then elected, Mr. T. K. Brown being re-elected president; Messrs. Thomas Sinclair, Chas. Coyle, M. D. Pretty, Robert Brown and Robert Township, directors; Mr. M. C. A. Humphrey, auditor, and Mr. D. McDonald, salesman.

The salesman gave an account of how they do business on the cheese board in his report. He believed the past season had been the most difficult in his experience, from the difference that existed between the buyers and sellers. However, his work was very satisfactory, much credit being given to him, and a unanimous vote of thanks was rendered to him for the way he handled his part of the business for the company.

The secretary read an explanatory letter from Messrs. Rosewell & Co., of London, England, on how to consign cheese to the old country; also several letters from different parties for creamery outfit, some of the shareholders advocating directly upon the connection with the cheese factory. After considerable discussion it was thought best not to put in a butter outfit this season.

It was decided to raise the price of manufacturing cheese to 2½ cents per pound, and the directors were empowered to engage a cheese maker.

The directors were empowered to elect a director in place of one resigning or moving away, without calling a meeting of shareholders.

The annual meeting then closed, there being a large attendance, and everything passing off very satisfactorily. The meeting then adjourned to the coming season was accepted, viz., 77 cents per hundredweight, and pay part of his house rent, unless the season be as good as two years ago, he then agreeing to take the 77 cents per hundredweight for making.

The meeting then adjourned to the call of the president.

The season of 1898 for making cheese

commenced on May 16, and ended Oct. 28. During that time, 1,140,249 pounds of milk were manufactured into 101,662 pounds of cheese, for which \$7,995 21 was received, being an average price of 7.85 cents per pound of cheese; while during that time 11,211 pounds of milk were required to make a pound of cheese. During the season about 31½ tons less of cheese were made than during the previous year, as a result of the very dry season and the make of the season before giving very poor satisfaction.

Mr. Perkins received much praise for the excellent quality of cheese made during the past season, the salesman having no difficulty to sell, his make of cheese, generally speaking, fetching the highest price at the time of sale. The president said that he had less trouble with the cheese maker the past season than any season during the history of the factory.

HARRIETSVILLE.

Harrietsville, Feb. 8.—The annual meeting of the North and South Dorchester Mutual Insurance Company, assembled in the hall of the I. O. O. F. on Monday, Feb. 6, with Frank Kunz in the chair, and Duncan Taylor clerk of the municipality of South Dorchester officiating as secretary. The number of policies in force Dec. 3, 1898, totalled 1,333, covering risks amounting to \$2,082,628; against \$1,232 on the 31st Dec. 1897, covering \$1,957,363, showing an increase in policies of 1,111, making an increase of \$131,265. There were 535 policies issued during the fiscal year, and the value of premium notes received on them aggregated \$15,843 25. The financial statement on Dec. 31, 1898, shows: Cash in exchequer, \$5,872 94; premium note capital, Dec. 31, 1898, \$62,473 84; unpaid assessments, December, 1898, \$234 42; total reserve, \$58,586 60; total losses in 1897, \$50,258 81; increase of resources over preceding year, \$9,329 99; disbursements for salaries during the past year to directors, secretary-treasurer and auditors totalled \$314 75, against \$300 80 in preceding year; donated to agents as bonus on new policies, \$70 50; loss claims settled during the past year totalled \$1,852 07, against \$1,864 49 the preceding year. During the past year the losses incurred alone by lightning were nearly \$2,000. The amount of disbursements for losses sustained by lightning for animals killed was \$425 59. Messrs. Facey and Wm. Uglow were elected auditors. Messrs. George Neely and Duncan McLachlan were elected directors.

PETROLIA.

Petrolia, Feb. 7.—Alex McDonald spent Sunday with his brother James, of the Bank of Toronto, London.

Mrs. (Dr.) Dunfield returned on Saturday, after visiting friends in London.

Mrs. Edwards, who has been a guest at the residence of Mr. John Kerr, has returned to her home at Cannington.

Miss Florence Anderson, of Essex, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. (Dr.) Dunfield.

Mr. Charles Fleming, of Sarnia, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Fred Couse wheeled to Sarnia on Friday to witness the hockey match between the London and Sarnia teams.

The Rev. John Monday, rector of Grace Church, Port Huron, lectured in Christ Church Hall on Monday evening.

His lecture was entitled "Patchwork," and the audience was delighted with the able manner in which he handled his subject.

Mr. E. A. Archer is able to be out again after his severe attack of la grippe.

Mr. A. H. Currie, of Sarnia, was in town Monday.

Four rinks of Sarnia curlers journeyed thither last Thursday evening, and suffered defeat at the hands of our local curlers.

Mr. W. D. Beamer was the fortunate winner of the Englehart curling trophy at Columbus rink Monday evening. As it is competed for annually, Mr. Beamer is to be congratulated on having secured it for the first year.

Miss Smith, of Chatham, is a guest at the residence of Mr. John Carson.

SARNIA RES RVE.

Sarnia Reserve, Feb. 7.—The band went to Port Huron Monday evening, and played at the skating rink.

Mr. Griggs, Port Huron, was here on Monday, calling on the band leader, John Manass.

Early last Sunday morning some loose chickens entered the hen coop of Mr. John Manass, and bagged over a dozen fat chickens.

Daniel Manass is on the sick list, and it is feared he is seriously ill.

Skating on the River St. Clair has been very good the past few days.

Mr. Wm. Nohmabin left last week for Saginaw, Mich., where he intends to remain for a length of time.

Mr. Abraham Kimos-sewa, of Walpole Island, was here last Saturday seeing his best girl.

MR. ANDREW STEPHENS,

Fergus, Ont.

Is Now Enjoying Best of Health After Having Suffered Some Time From Nervous Prostration and Weakness of the Heart.

Fergus people are pleased to see the well-known boss carpenter, Mr. Andrew Stephens, looking the picture of health again.

He had been complaining of his heart for some time, could not sleep well at night, and seemed nervous and generally broken up.

A friend met him not long ago and congratulated him on his healthy appearance.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Stephens, "it hadn't been for those Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills that I got at Phillips' Drug Store, I don't know where I would have been today."

"I used to suffer a great deal from palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, and was unable to get restful sleep."

"You were in a pretty serious condition then," said the friend.

"Indeed I was," replied Mr. Stephens, "but I am thankful to say that my heart never troubles me at all now, I sleep well at nights and never have any sign of nervousness."

"And you owe your restoration to health entirely to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills?"

"Yes, Sir, their action on my system was simply marvelous, every dose seemed to do me good. I don't think there is a remedy made for curing diseases of the heart and nerves, and for toning up the system."

"Are there many people in Fergus that have been cured by these pills?"

"And Mr. Stephens, I have heard, quite a number. I know I have recommended them to several and in every case they have done good."

Then the friend and Mr. Stephens parted, the former to wind his way to Saginaw, and the latter to find out more about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills—the little life savers.

Outlived Consumption

Many people outlive consumption. They have it all their lives, but keep it in check by the use of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and finally die of some other disease or of old age. Jeremiah Day, LL.D., formerly president of Yale College, lived to be nearly one hundred years old, notwithstanding the fact that he suffered several years in his youth from consumption. It is not the mere fact that the lungs are touched by consumption that causes death, it is the amount of lung-tissue that becomes diseased and disorganized beyond repair that is of serious import. Personal care and the administration of Shiloh's Cure according to directions will overcome every case of tubercular affection when there remains enough tissue to make a foundation. If the forces of life are reinforced before it is too late the process of decay will be conquered and the patient will get well. In other words consumption is cured. Fifty years of uniform success have made Shiloh's Cure the standard remedy for consumption in every form. J. H. Caldwell, of Malta, Idaho, writes as follows to the S. C. Wells Co., of Le Roy, N. Y. "I have used Shiloh's Consumption Cure many different times, and always received great benefit from it. I believe it saved my life in a case of congestion of the lungs, and kept me from an attack of consumption, as many people said I had it."

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee that your money will be refunded in case of failure. 25c., 50c. and \$1 a bottle in United States and Canada. In England is 3d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d.

Discretion is the salt, and fancy the sugar of life; the one preserves the other sweetens it.—Bovee.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a deplorable, miserable feeling it is. All strength has gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there was nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—J. R. Lowell.

Gen. John M. Palmer is suffering from a severe attack of the grip.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Fickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membranes of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness of the chest, bronchitis, etc.

Electric Turkish Bath.

Mr. Richard Lucum, of Mexico; John Stevenson, of Malone, Ont.; and George S. Stanley, of Rockford, Ala., have been taking the electric Turkish baths and massage and are specially benefited.

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