A SIMPLE MAIDEN.

A simple maiden in her flower

"Why, papa, you look as thoroughly wet through as if you had been dragged through the river. Do make haste and get your clothes changed."

"All in good time, my dear. You ought to know of old that I'm impervious to the weather, and that not all the rain in Durbyshire ever caused me as much as a single sneeze. By-the-way, when the butcher's man calls, you had and if you have time, you might drive into Warley this evening and see whether you can't forage out a little asparagus and a peck or so of marrowfats."
"'All which means that you have in

vited someone to dinner."
"Precisely so. A brother piscator countered in the Dale, and with whom I had the pleasure of getting soaked through in company. But I'll tell you more about him when I've

changed my toggery."

The speakers were the Rev Dyke Fermor, rector of Whiteapple, in the county of Derby, and his eldest daughter, Margery. The rector was a well-built, biuff looking man, in age somewhere between fifty and sixty. He had strongly-marked features, dark piercing eyes under bushy, peuthouse brows, a somewhat aggressive expression of countenance, and altogether more the air of a gentleman farmer than that of a clergyman. of her twenty-first birthday a month before, but did not look her age by a couple of years. The slightness of her figure caused her to seem taller than she really was, as well as serving to augment the youthfulness of her appearance. She had large, dark pathetic-looking eyes, with a sort of wistful, far-away expression in them which many people—chiefly of the opposite sex—found singularly Her features were delicate and finely cut; her hair was a mass of short, black, glossy curls, arranged in a acme of carelessness, in reality owed not a little to the touch of art. Her complexion was designated by her sister Bessie as being of the "stawberry-andsie as being of the 'stawberry-and-cream' kind—a description which, crude one, was allowed to pass.

The visits of strangers to Whiteapple

Rectory were so few and far between that ofor feeling some curiosity as to the one whom her father had invited to dine

"Now, papa, you must tell me about your rara avis before you sit down to your newspaper," she said as the rec-tor re-entered the room, looking rosy and comfortable, "because if you once get buried in the Times, there will be no coaxing a word out of you till the last advertisement has been read and di-

The rector gave utterance to a mellow, noctuous laugh, such as one would hardly have expected from so hard-featured a man. "I am not aware that I as much as hinted at having lighted on

holidsy."
"But what is he like, papa? Is he a

gentleman? Is he a young man? Is he good looking?"

"To two at least of your queries I can answer 'yes' with a clear conscience. He is certainly a gentleman: on that point I cannot be mistaken. In age I should take him to be about thirty; and as for good looks, you will be able to decide for yourself, but certainly I "Whatever Mr Gascoigne may turn

out to be, you are a darling old ogre for you brought Mr Medway, now nearly half a year ago."

in one of her sportive mouds. She con-When Mr.Gascoigne is seated, What a great pity! Then he is more

each su-ceeding year they became more great world outside the village boundar-distasts for to him. He hated sermon-writing and he "conveyed" as much happy life at the old rectory. Simple-from the old divines as his conscience, minded Mr Gascoigne.

would allow of his doing. He hated visiting the poor, and he kept away from them as much as possible. He had no parron and rich friends. His living was worth bare a four hundred a year, and he had no hopes whatever of being able to exchange it fur a more lucrative one. He was doomed, or so it seemed, to linger out the remainder of his days at Whitsenble and find his less here. Whiteapple and find his last home in its churchyard. He had been twice married. His first wife had died after a few years, leaving him with one child. Mar.

To her, having no other encumbrance at the time, he had been enabled to give a really good education. But some years later, while Margery was still at school, he had married again, this time for money. The second Mrs Fermor brought her husband a dowry of six thousand pounds, which in the course of as many years vanished into thin air, the result of certain unfortunate speculations in which the over-sanguine rector had been induced to embark, fascinated by the golden lures which had been danged

before his unpractical eyes,
Meanwhile he fourd himself the father of three small daughters and the husband of a wife who had settled down into the condition of a chronic invalid. The poor rector would have gone distracted at this period had not his daughter Mar-gery come to his re-cue. Girl though she was, she developed capabilities which might have done credit to a woman twice quieth grasp of Mrs Fermor, and all concerned felt the benefit of the change. Mrs Fer-mor, herself had never been made so comfortable, never had her little whim and fancies been so carefully considered; the children had never been looked after as they were now : a reign of economic in the household matters succeeded one of waste and extravagance; while to the rector home had never seemed so attractive since the death of Margery's mother as it did now. Yet they all had a con scousness that there was a 'whip-hand' over them which would brood no nonsense. There must be no jibbing, no resring, no kicking over the traces, other wise would the lash descend and no mercy be shown. Even the Rev Dyke himself stood somewhat in awe of his curly-headed girlsh-looking daughter, whose wishes and opinions he treated with a degree of deference he had never secorded to those of either of his wives. And so the slow months waxed into like a solitary rose in the garden of the

Mr James Gascoigne made his appear ance at the rectory in due course. He had traversed the three miles from Warlev in one of the ancient flies, of which a supply was always kept on hand at the Angler's Rest. Six o'clock was the usua dinner hour at the rectory, and the Rev Dake had seen no reason why he should alter it in the present instance. He ac cordod his guest a hearty welcome, for, whatever he might be in other respects, he was genuinely hospitable. Three minutes later Margery entered the drawas much as hinted at having lighted on a rara avis," he said. "There's his card, however, and when I tell you that he is staying at the Angler's Rest at Warley, teat, as he himself expressed it, on idling away a few weeks to sketching and fishing, your knowledge of him is about on a par with my own."

Image: Gascoigne."

Image: Gascoigne."

Image: Gascoigne."

Image: Gascoigne."

Image: Gascoigne evidently thought so, the gaze he bent on her so frequently betraying coignes in the Peerage. I believe—or it as much admiration as was compatible.

In one corner of the place was the faculty of speech.

In the ector of Whitespple's daughter?

Although he put these questions to himself, he had a consciousness that it was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion which he felt that it was impossible for him to escape. On the man here set the family and his bired man here set the wall looking as white as if they had been painted. In one corner of the place was the family and his bired an one corner of the place was the forgone conclusions what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusions white as the Earl of Cheshunt."

The rector stared sgape at his daughter?

Although he put these questions to himself, he had a consciousness that it the all where also snow-white. This was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them would be. He was all but a forgone conclusion what the answer to them ing-room, accompanied by Mrs Jenrick, with good breeding. Margery had cauboliday."

with good breeding. Margery had cauboliday.

with good breedin introduction took place, allowed Mr Gascoigne for one moment to suspect that they were conscious of there being anything out of the common in his ap-

old rectory deep hidden among the Der-

byshire dales.

Mr Gascoigne at the table looked as other men look; he sat quite as high as his host and his shoulders were nearly as broad, but had any one peeped under the table they would have seen that the toes of his tinv dress shoes barely touched ground. His features were good, and asking him to dinner. We have not had a stranger to dine at the rectory since doubtless considered an eminently handsome man. His note was aquiline, ba not prominently so; he had wide-oper "Ah my poor girl, this is indeed a heaven-forgotten ho e in which you are condemned to pass your days!" said the dark reddish-brown. His dress-suit rector with a sigh, which was but the might almost be termed a work of srt, so scho of a very ancient grievance. "There admirably did it fit him. There were is one little peculiarity about Mr Gas evident traces of shyness for the first cougne," he weight on presently, "which it may be as weil you should be made acquainted with beforehand. It is a point as to which I can readily imagine away, and before long he seemed as nu to be peculiarly susceptible, so much | much at his ease as if he had been in the so that even a too con-clous look or a habit of visiting at the rectory for years thoughtless smi'e, on the part of others, much be enough to cause him pain or sensibly and well on a variety of topics.

Annoyance. Nature, when she sent Mr Gascoigne into the world, was evidently

Loudon and Paris, while he haidled certain the country of the care of th tain questions of the day after the fashior in one of her sportive moods. She conformed upon him the torso of an athlete with the lower extremities of a man whose growth has been prematurely arsought out a quiet nook where he could cartoon.

pleasant, light tenor voice, which had what a great pity: Then he is more creaming the same with the carefully cultivated, and he say as mine. There is no deformity, but simply an incongruity, one half of his body being so atterly dispreportionate to the other haf. And now I may, perhaps, be allowed to read may be a straight and will be the carefully cultivated, and he say as mine. There is no deformity, but simply an incongruity, one half of his body being so atterly dispreportionate to the other haf. And now I may, perhaps, be allowed to read the properties are the properties. The near tends of the points of either a first-rate judge of the points of eithe my Times' in peace"

had a stroll by the light of the young
The Rev Dyke Fermor might have
moon in the sweet-smelling garden, in
said, in his own case, that nature had which the fragrance of a hundred bygone
casions than one in a way that few peodays later, the likeness—a cabinet-size The Rev Dyke Fermor might have said, in his own case, that nature had which the fragrance of a hundred bygone never intended him for a country parson, nor, indeed, for a churchman of any kind, and certainly inclination had nothing to do with the fact of his being one his home ought to have been on "the tented field" rather than within four tented field" rather than within four the new of long at a demand of the sweet-smelling garden, in which the fragrance of a hundred bygone never intended him for a country parson, mor, indeed, for a churchman of any kind, and certainly inclination had nothing to do with the fact of his being one has been taken advantage of on more casions than one in a way that few people would be likely to forget, and it is oursed or rendered misanthropical by the buffets he has had to put up with. If, it is possible that Mr Gase ignor felicitative in respect of a certain physical petting the form of the sweet-smelling garden, in which the fragrance of a hundred bygone cassions than one in a way that few people would be likely to forget, and it is oursed or rendered misanthropical by the buffets he has had to put up with. If, it is possible that Mr Gase ignor felicitative in respect of a certain physical petting in the mind of a public character; but there it was. Any doubt as tothe perturbed culiarity, he can plead the example of on more days later, the likeness—a cabinet-size much to his credit that he seems no whit sourced or rendered misanthropical by the buffets he has had to put up with. If, is possible that Mr Gase ignor felicitative in respect of a certain physical perturbed difficulty in obtaining it, Lord Cheshunt not being much of a public character; but there it was. Any doubt as tothe perturbed culiarity, he can plead the example of one of his country's greatest poets, who walls of a rectory. He got through his figure, pucing so demorely by his side, duties perfunctorily; his heart had never began to talk of heraulf—of her dreams, been in them from the first, and with her aspirations, her ignorance of the

In any case, he seemed to derive great satisfaction from listening to the confessions of the tender little soul—so fresh, to came into the title when he was twelve years old made up a nest-eag of life and all its burning questions, which was at once amusing and pathetic in the naivete of its expression. The rector and the widow, to whom the garden by mounlight conjured up visions of rheum-tism rather than of romance, had been deep in the game of bezique for some time before Margery—de-ming, perhaps, that she had "confessed" enough for one evening—and her companion went indoors. A little later came Mr Gascoigne's fly. The rector wrung an to himself as to sny one."

It any case, he seemed to derive great satisfaction from listening to the confessed, but that the accumulations of his long minority to her father. "He has been on the sections of the lat week."

"You will refer him to me, as a matter of courses."

"Pardon me, papa, but I don't thin I shall do anything of the kind."

The rector stared at her aghast. "But, surely, you are not going to reject him? "No, I am not going to reject him? but, all the same, I am not going to refer him to you."

"But, if, at the time he proposes, he tells you whe he really is—"

"He has been on the sections of twice time when he was twelve years old made up a nest-eag of course."

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"But, if, at the time he proposes, he tells you whe he really is—"

"He won't do that, I think. It will not be as Lord Cheshunt, but as Mr Gascoigue's fly. The rector wrung an easily extorted promise from his guest that this first visit should not be the ed the rector with a deep sigh as he laid

last, besides which an arrangement was down the paper and removed his glasses. come to for certain fishing excursions to be taken in company. To the Rev Dyke, in the loneliness and isolation of Whiteapple, Mr Gascoigne, fresh from the world of men or things, and brimful of information, came like a veritable godsend, and he resolved to secure as much of his society as possible while he had the chance of it. Besides, might not certain other possibilities loom in

ing widow henored his roof with her presence. Indeed, there were not wanting gossips in the village to whisper that whenever it should please Providence to

a nonentity had Mrs Fermor number two by this time become, and so much did her maladies, real and imaginary keep her to the rooms set spart for her, it had not been deemed necessary, as far as Mr Gaseoigne was concerned, even to allude to the evistance of such a cease of the such a case of the such as the allude to the existence of such a person. over two or three country-house engage

return from escorting Mrs Jenrich home.

'You have formed some opinion about him, papa, I've no doubt. What would

ent means; not necessarily rich, but length the secret dream of his life seemsufficiently well-to do to be able to live without working—a condition of affairs
I would gladly imitate were I in a position to de the first were the circumstances. At length the secret dream of his life seemed on the eve of realization—his dream of winning the heart of some aweet girl who would care for him, for himself tion to do so. He is a man who has travelled, who has read, and who has thought—three things which do not always go together. He is evidently such a so won the heart of Margery Fermor. Half unconsciously he repeated to himself the Laureate's lines: ways go together. He is evidently worth cultivating, and we must endeavor to ascertain more about him. Its a pity Dame Nature has played him such s acurvy trick. But for that there might

nct smiling at all, "I am nearly sure that I have found out who Mr Gascoigne really is."

"The dickens you have! But how did you make the discovery?"

"The dickens you have! But how breasing invitation to join his friend, Gus breasing invitat

I felt nearly sure that Mr Gascoigne, or prise! the eclaircissement! More than some one very much like, him had been once had he rehearsed it smilingly to caricatured in one of the cartoons in himself, grouping the actors in it after question. When we left the table I the fashion of a tableau at the wind up up of the lumber-room. There, after hunting for a few minutes, I found the taking his ease in his inn, was thus anx-

sor, then must Nature in their case have done what she very rarely does—duplicated her haudiwork."

'This is most extraordinary! most tory Miss Fermor strolled over to Jon-

gazed at the caricature long and earn- book out of it and take it home to, read. ecclesiastical tones: "It is quite evident, my dear, that we have been enter taining, not an angel, but a peer of the "Dod." ream, unawares."

samething in the eyes of a great many people," said Margery slyly.

he appears as other smen are, expect that he appears as other smen are, expect that he looks a finer specimen of his kind than ordinary; when Mr Gascoigne is standing upright, the crown of his bead standing upright, the crown of his bead is about on a level with my shoulder."

Sketch, or fi-h, or lie on his back in the sun and do nothing, without being called to account by anybody.

Later they had music. Here again few more skilful 'whips' than he have ever tooled a drag between the Magazine Seeing, however, that one cannot be and Hu li gham. 'Jimmy,' as his inti- too sure of one's facts in matters of imdesire to flatter her. After that they tend to lessen. It is an open secret that had a stroll by the light of the young his lordship's well-known good-nature that there was nothing in the world

It was a month later, and Mr James Gascoigne, otherwise the heir of Che-shunt, was rectaing in an easy chair in his private sittingroom at the Angler Rest, with his legs stretched out on another. He was cogitating over a very when Mr Gascogne was gone the rector escorted Mrs Jenrick as fas as the gate of Jonquil Cottage, a ceremony he never pretermitted whenever the charm.

another. He was cognating over a very give him credit for. He will quote serious question—the most serious, in fact, that had ever confronted him. He was deeply in love with the daughter of the rector of Whiteapple, and the question—the most serious, in fact, that had ever confronted him. He was deeply in love with the daughter of the rector of Whiteapple, and the question—the most serious, in fact, that had ever confronted him. He was deeply in love with the daughter of the rector of Whiteapple, and the question—the most serious, in fact, that had ever confronted him. He was deeply in love with the daughter of the rector of th tion he was putting to himself was Should he, or should he not, ask her to

become his wife?

He had been hit through his armour whenever it should please Providence to remove Mrs Fermor number two from than once in days gone by, but all this vale of tears, people would not have far to look for Mrs Fermor number the far to look for Mrs Fermor number that the would be was now the would be was now the would be was now that the would be was now the woul ar to look for Mrs Fermor number hree.

Here it may be mentioned that, such "I would give something to know who and what our new friend really is," said the Rev Dyke to his daughter on his

'Mr Gascoigne,"
Yet now it seemed as if he had mere'y come here on purpose to court the fate he

If my heart by signs can tell, Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily. And I think thou lev'st me well

That he was desperately enamored wa have been—who knows?—a chance for Margery Daw." He pointed the tips of his fingers together and smiled meaning ly at his daughter.

And the was desperately enamined was an intra, neary bread. The loar placed not to be denied, and yet he shrank, with a upon the table was one of half a dozen, feeling of timidity of which he was half his fingers together and smiled meaning ly at his daughter.

And the was desperately enamined was an intra, neary bread. The loar placed not to be denied, and yet he shrank, with a upon the table was one of half a dozen, resembling cart-wheels, which had been leaning against the wall, and was cut ly at his daughter. ly at his daughter.

"Paon," answered Margery, who was they were. One way or the other he

really is."

That morning's post brought him a pressing invitation to join his friend, Gus frewin, in a trip to the East, about "That I will tell you presently. If I'm right in my supposition, our visitor of today is known to the world at large as the Earl of Cheshunt."

That morning's post brought him a pressing invitation to join his friend, Gus frewin, in a trip to the East, about which they had often talked. Should he write to Gus and say that he would in made, and where several pairs of sabots, or wooden shoes, hung against the wall looking as white as if they had been painted. In one corner of the place was all dreggists.

That morning's post brought him a trip day with us.

Atter luncheon, the daughter of the house took the visitors to a pictures ordinary day guaranteed to it. Only 25c all dreggists.

Chase's Catarrican to morning's post brought him a pressing invitation to join his friend, Gus to the East, about where submitted as the visitors to a pictures ordinary day at the propose to the rector of Whitespele's day the would be propose to the rector of Whitespele's day.

Although he propose to the cate inchement to made, and where several pairs of sabots, or wooden shoes, hung against the wall looking as white as if they had been painted. In one corner of the place was all dreggists.

number of 'The Buttonholder' I was in jourly pondering a certain momentous search of. If Mr Gascoigne and Lord question, the same question was being Cheshunt be not one and the same perdiscussed by the rector and his daughter

astounding!" gasped the rector. "You did not say a word of your discovery to Mr. Jenrick?"

"Papa, what do you take me for i"

"Papa, what do you take me for i"

"Papa, what do you take me for i" With that Margery ran up stairs and presently reappeared with the number of "Dud" which, although it dated backsome three "The Buttonholder" containing the car or four years, would doubtless sup, ly widow's bockcase was a volume of "Dod" toon of the Earl of Cheshunt which she her with the information she was se gave to her father.

The rector's hands trembled a little as the run of Mrs Jenrick's bookcase; (it he placed his glasses on his nose. He was nothing fresh for her to choose estly; then he said in his most unctuous, After she had taken down half-a-dozen volumes this afternoon, and had glaneed easually at them, she took down the Chatting to the widow mean while, a minute sufficed her to find what "Which I have no doubt is much the she wanted. There among other parti-culars, she read as follows: "James Be-Travanion Square, London." The words danced before Margery's eyes for

tells you who he roally is—."
"He won't do that, I think. It will not be as Lord Cheshunt, but as Mr Gasoigne, that he will ask me to be kis wife. You don't know the man as I do. You have not made a study of him as I have. He is a strange compound set common sense in some things, and an almost childlike simplicity in others. for all he knows so much about horses, and is such a splendid 'whip,' and can tell you the name of the winner of every big race for the last half-dezen year-, there is a vein of romance and sentiment in his composition which fow people Byron and Tennyson by the hour, and I genuinely fond of me, he is more attracted by the romance of the affair that he himself is aware of. He will go on pretending to be Mr Gascoigne as long Therefore, cher papa, you must let me play my little game after my own fashion, and be deaf and blind meanwhile and ask no questions. That I shall bring him to book in the course of a day follows: or two I do not doubt, and after that-

A Dozen Years.

"Dear Sirs, - For twelve years I suffered from dyspepsia and liver com-plaint, and was so weak I could not leave you guess him to be?" had fled from elsewhere. But, then, how hope of ever being cured. Three years different were the circumstances! At am thankful to say I now enjoy good to 15. health, and I advise all who are afflicted Wes to try B.B B." Mrs Harriett Hobs,
Muir Avenue, Brockton, Ont. 2

East Wassnosh, at I

Bread Day in Normandy.

A writer in the Epoch gives an interesting account of bread-making in a French peasant's family. On calling at a farmhouse, the travellers were offered a lunch, consisting of cider, goats' cheese and hard, heavy bread. The loaf placed

These loaves were baked but once a month, bread day in a Norman peasant's family somewhat resembling washing day with us.

They hop and prance, stamp and kick, until they have no strength left; and

when that process is finished, the dough is baked in a huge oven. "In America, bread-making is woman's work," remarked a visitor.

"Ab," exclaimed the little Norman girl, how cruel the men are! I would

rather shoe horses."

an Old Favorite

that has been popular with the people for 30 years is Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of wild Strawberry for all varieties of summer complaints of children or adults. SHINGLES! It seldom or ever fails to cure morbus, diarraces and disentery. ever fails to cure cholera

Sir Charles Dilke and Lady Dike will go to India in November, and accompany Sir Krederick Roberts on an expedition to the Afghan frontier. Purity artificeredients and accuracy

compounding, make Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine the criterion of excellence.

Not to emjoy life but to employ life ought to be our aim and inspiration.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's Nerviline is Polson's Nerviline never in using it. fails to performs wonders in every case of pain. It cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful pain subduing remedies. It goes right to the bottom, and pain i-benished at once. Nerviline cures all kind of pain, internal or external. to any drug store and get a bottle, and be delighted by its promptitude in doing

Our prayers are sometimes answered when our desires are most opposed.

A single scratch may cause a festering sore. Victoria Carbolic Salve rapidly heals cuts, wounds, bruises, burns and When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

More Remarkable Still.

Found at last, what the true public has been looking for these many years and that is a medicine which although difficulty in obtaining it, Lord Cheshut not being much of a public character; but there it was Any doubt as tothe period culiarity, he can plead the example of color of his country's greatest poets, who was equally 'touchy' on the score of his little peculiarity.

That his lordship is much sought after by match-making mammas goes with most propose to morrow, or, at roll a very handsome one, and his probut lately introduced, has made for

To Save Life

Frequently requires prompt action. An hour's delay waiting for the doctor may be attended with serious consequences, especially in cases of Croup, Pneumonia and other throat and lung troubles. Hence, no family should be bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has proved itself, in thousands of cases, the best Emergency Medicine ever discovered. It gives prompt relief and prepares the way for a thorough cure, which is certain to be effected by its continued use.

its continued use.

S. H. Latimer, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ga., says: "I have found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a perfect cure for Croup in all cases. I have known the worst cases relieved in a very short time by its use; and I advise all families to use it in sudden emergencies, for coughs, croup, &c."

A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn., says: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. Bragdon, of Palestine, Texas, "believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; aiz bottles, \$6.

Fall Shows. Fall shows will be held this season as

South Huron, at Seaforth, on Monday and Inesday, Sept. 17, 18. Clinton, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 19, 20 and 21.

Exeter, on Monday and Tuesday Oct, Goderich, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5. Toronto, Sept. 10 to 22.

Provincial, at Kingston, September 10

Western, at Landon, from the 20th to East Wawanosh, at Belgrave, October

Hay, at Zurich, on Thursday and Friday, September 13 and 14. East Boron, at Brussels, on Thurslay and Friday, October 4 and 5. Stanley, at Bivfield, on Monday and Tuesday, October 8 and 9 Morris, at B'yth, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 10 and 11.

Don't allow a colo in the head to slow y and surely run into Catarrh, when Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applica-tions cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try Only 25c and sure cure. Sold by

well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarth, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. that is take Rosche's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

SHINGLES! SHINGLES!

A large quantity of first-class Georgian Bay Cedar Shingles, extra thickness, are on hand at our mill, at reasonable rates. Call and examine before purchasing else-

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria



When Baby was sick, we gave her Casteria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Cas

THE ST A Member that Sho :

Let no man take The stomach is a le ber, but like the upon occasion.

Most men love th

few re-pect them. I they make a large min Take care of your s only one and you a you're going to get a days of developmen othing is more prot protable, and it is riing a positive and deb man,ever yot a second than he will a second it behooves him to be: Take care of you. so take care of you. At

unto you!
The ancients made seat of affections, and Some even go so tar as there. It is cortain can be traced directly ! souls have gone down dated their first dere back to the deadly fry early fall from grace agency of half-baked de men desire to wi Let them enlarge the woman who invents a .. a halo or a halter, acco Many a woman has gou grave whose best title to her baking. Her child call her blessed because

bread. As a rule men eat too too little. And both that quality has more, more, to do with the ma tity. Few women hav called the "alimentive developed. The averag to consider it her special prerogative to cater to mighty monarch, her lo stomach, and to let he But, even in this

schoo's, how often cau a cater to anybody's stoma already about cakes, ca shaws, but when it comes tials where is she? And to the æsthetics of eatin either men or women are Married women eat me women, not so much as a as of habit, and because around. Men must have meals, and what they dor

will eat rather than see it It is not rious that wor terly demoralized as to th the "men folks" are awa for any length of time. family be rich or poor a little difference with the most invariably abando dinner when the head of away, and drift into the harmful habit of "picking and ends-mostly sweet s

as may come handy.

If men were good for n their care and "keep" just women kind to some sort and sense in the matter of Itis the single women, nost needs taking in hand girl sespecially. Some of the put the proceeds of the upon their backs. Pocyoung creatures! Haven enough to know that brig cheeks and calico are more will catch a husband soo orbs, sallow face and satin This is the season of the mankind generally are like miuded that they have sto gala days draw near when organs do not digest, when riates in colic, papa curvet

There is a good old a ounce of prevention is wor cure. The doctors has housands and the cuc unb ousands. Remember th your stomach.

When used according Ayer's Ague Cure is warra catefrom the system, Fer Intermittent, Remittent, Fevers, and all malarial d

Hints for the Hous Twenty drops of carbolic ated in a shovel will send room. There is no remed for carbolic acid Fruit should not be kept The iceman probably kn

this rule. It can do no harm to Worm Powders if your feverish or fretful. Gills of fish, when free light red. Quarts of clashrimp pink. We have n oysters this season.

All ages and conditions use National Pills withou with great benefit. A wineglass of strong ! pint of raw starch will me cuffs stiff and glossy. Clinaman will do the same ask him to and are willing

From Manitol "I have been cured of these by the use of Dr Fo of Wild Stawberry. I use bottles of it and am no from the disease. Wm M water. Man.

Never insist upon the your household going w ungry yourself, and ne your guest the statement your own way no one but the family should ever it