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— BY —

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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CONVICTED OF MURDER.

CHAS. LUCKEY, THE NEWBLISS MURDERER, MUST DIE.

The Crown Proves Him to Have Been His Sister's Slayer and the Judge Sentences Him to be Hanged on December 14 Next.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 1.—The Luckey trial was opened yesterday afternoon at 2.30. The prisoner on his way into the court house walked with a firm step.

He was somewhat pale at first, but flushed up while the jury were being empanelled. He seemed deeply interested in the opening proceedings, but did not act in the least nervously, and is apparently going to show that iron nerve so noticeable at the last trial.

The prosecuting attorney commenced to open up the case at 2.50, after the clerk read the indictment charging the prisoner with the murder of Mary Ann Luckey, his sister.

THE MURDERER.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 2.—The court room was crowded yesterday morning when the Luckey trial was resumed.

Walter Dicks, the Ottawa constable, who took the prisoner from the court house to the jail after his sentence, told of a conversation with the prisoner in regard to his family, in which the prisoner said that if he ever got out he would make it hot for them.

B. W. Granger, the turnkey in the Ottawa jail, also heard him say that it might be better for his friends if they had helped him.

Herman Taylor, a new witness, and a fellow prisoner with Luckey in the Central, gave some startling and damaging evidence. He had several conversations in prison with Luckey, whom he knew as McPherson, and he told him that he was given a year for throwing a man out of a three-storey window during a row in a Smiths Falls hotel, and that his friends would give him no assistance out of the scrape. His father would likely have done so but he thought his step-mother, with whom he never got along, must have used her influence against him. The day before Luckey was released, witness said, he told him he was going right home, and had some friends near Smith's Falls for whom he would make it hot.

James Stewart gave some new and important testimony that will break up the evidence of the defence at the last trial that old man Luckey wore boots much smaller than those taken from the prisoner and said to be his father's. These boots were sevens and considerable evidence was adduced last spring showing that the old man put on shoes as small as fours. Yesterday, however, this crown witness testified that a pair of slippers produced in court, size six, were given by the deceased to the witness' wife, saying that they were too small for him, as he wore sevens.

James Whiting was placed in the box in the afternoon. He is a very old man and deaf and was stubborn with his answers. The crown had great difficulty in getting his story. Whiting said that he crossed the Luckey farm one day and he saw a girl struck down by a man and dragged back to the house. This caused a big sensation, but owing to the extreme deafness and ugliness of the old man he could not be cross-examined.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 3.—The Crown officials are gradually winding about Charles Luckey a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, much stronger than at the previous trial. When the prisoner was placed in the dock at the opening of the court yesterday morning he wore an anxious look.

The efforts of the crown yesterday morning were directed to proving that the gaiters taken from the prisoner at the time of his arrest were the very ones the old man wore on the day of the tragedy. The boots appear to be one of the crown's strongest cards, and how well the officers are playing it will only be told by the result of the trial.

Samuel Steacy told of seeing old Mr. Luckey in Smith's Falls on the day of the fire and noticed that he had on a pair of gaiters. James McCrum, of Irish Creek was an intimate friend of the murdered man and knew he had gaiters. He had often noticed that old Mr. Luckey had a peculiar way of running over the outside of his right boot, but not the left. The right gaiter in court showed this to a great extent, but the left was not run over.

The rest of the morning was taken up with a history of the relations of the prisoner with his father previous to going to the Central prison. A property dispute seven or eight years ago was brought up by John James Luckey, brother of the prisoner. The old man had once deeded the prisoner his property, but took action to get it back. Since that time he did not live at home.

The defence's first witness said that while at the Luckey fire he heard a loud explosion and saw flames shoot up twenty feet. The defence, as at the last trial, are developing evidence to show that the deceased Luckey had a much smaller foot than one who would wear a seven, and called some witnesses who knew that the old man wore sixes and one who saw him put on a pair of woman's fours.

BROCKVILLE, Nov. 4.—Not since the enactment of the awful Newbliss tragedy has the popular interest in the case been so intense as when the prisoner was placed in the witness box yesterday to give evidence on his own behalf. Then the public heard from his own lips a version of his movements and how he came into possession of the boots and money said to have been taken from his father.

Luckey admitted being on the farms of his father and others in the neighborhood the entire day of the tragedy, and was in the bush within five or six hundred yards of the house the whole afternoon. The boots he claimed to have got from a man on the train on the way to Smith's Falls, and the money, $30 in all, before going to the Central. He carried it past the Ottawa jail officials in his socks, and in and out of the Central Prison in his mouth.

"Did you hear screams?" demanded the prosecuting lawyer.

"No," said Luckey.

"And yet you were within five hundred yards of the house most of the afternoon?" was the next question.

"Yes," was the answer.

One question asked by the judge as the prisoner was leaving the box confused him more than anything else that was said. In his story he said he saw the fire and knew it was at his father's house, and when he heard in the barber shop that three persons had been burned he thought it might have been his relatives.

"Why, witness," asked the judge in his gravest tones, "when you thought the victims might have been your relatives did not you make preparations for going to Ottawa? Why did you go to bed, and why did you not go back and make sure who were burned?"

The prisoner grew confused and muttered that he did not feel like it.

The rebuttal evidence adduced by the crown was of a nature to break up the story told by Luckey of securing the boots on the train and accounting for the money on his person.

Hannah, who was with Luckey on the train, did not see him with the boots. The turnkey of the Ottawa jail stated most emphatically that Luckey did not have

THE VICTIM.

money in his socks, as he was stripped and the socks turned inside out and all other articles of clothing examined.

It was just 10.40 when Mr. Lavelle started to address the jury. He has an impressive manner and is working on the old theory of accidental fire and the suffocation of the victims. His address lasted four hours and twenty minutes.

The prosecuting attorney, Mr. Chute, occupied just 45 minutes, and his presentation of the damaging facts contained in the evidence presented by the Crown was one of the ablest ever listened to in the court here. The jury were evidently deeply impressed by the address, and the prisoner for the first time showed visible signs of anxiety on his countenance as point after point was scored against him.

At 4.45 the judge began his charge, which was strongly against the prisoner in every particular. At 5.30 the jury retired and returned in a little over an hour with a verdict of guilty.

The judge addressed a few words of counsel to the prisoner and condemned him to be hanged on December 14. The condemned man took his sentence very coolly and walked out of the court room in company with Jailer McDougall with as firm a step as any man in the room.

...TON'S FIRST STATUE.

HAMILTON, Nov. 2.—Sunshine and a balmy breeze greeted the thousands of visitors who poured into the city from all directions to witness the unveiling of the monument of Sir John A. Macdonald, which stands at the junction of King and John streets. Thousands more of the residents of the Ambitious City bestirred themselves early in the day to greet friends and guests from a distance and did everything that lay in their power to make the event one long to be remembered. They succeeded, and their efforts were admirably seconded by Senator W. B. Sanford and the committee who had charge of the ceremonies.

Sir John Thompson, Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir Charles H. Tupper, Sir Adolphe Caron, Hon. Clarke Wallace, and Hon. J. M. Gibson, Grand Master of the Masonic order,

Senator Sanford, to whose efforts the erecting of the handsome memorial is mainly due, acted as master of ceremonies, and, after a short address of welcome, placed in the hands of Sir John Thompson the cord which when pulled stripped the statue of the Union Jack that had hidden it from public gaze since it was placed in position.

Sir John Thompson referred in feeling terms to the position that his great predecessor had occupied in the hearts of all Canadians irrespective of religious or political affiliations. He also reviewed the deceased chieftain's early struggles as a statesman and recited some of his greatest achievements. His address, although too brief to satisfy the assemblage, was a masterpiece.

Sir Oliver Mowat recalled his early association with the dead statesman in the dingy law office in Kingston, and dwelt at length upon his career as a lawyer and statesman. He was visibly affected by the remembrances of other days when both started out in life, and pleased all by the eloquent tribute he paid to his most vigorous opponent in political life.

Short addresses were also given by the other members of the Dominion Cabinet present, and then the people quietly dispersed to discuss in their homes incidents in the career of him whose cheery face was recalled to memory.

It had been the intention of Senator Sanford to entertain the distinguished visitors at dinner last evening, but that event was cancelled out of regard to the memory of Sir John Abbott, whose funeral takes place in Montreal to-morrow, which will be attended by the same party.

The statue is cast in bronze and is 8 feet 6 inches in height. It represents Sir John in a closely buttoned frock coat standing in an easy position with his right arm slightly extended, and a benignant expression upon his face, as though addressing a sympathetic audience. The statue stands on a pedestal, which is shaped like a pyramid, is 11 feet high and made of gray New Brunswick granite. The names of each of the provinces are carved upon the pedestal, and upon the front is a carved shield with an inscription bearing the name "The Right Hon. John Alexander Macdonald," with his titles and the date and place of his birth and death. At the bottom of the shield the words "A Canadian statesman, who valued British institutions as a true basis of the strength and prosperity of the Dominion." Another shield on the opposite side is inscribed with the periods in which he was a member of the Legislature, member of the executive council of Canada and first minister of the Dominion of Canada.

The cost of the statue alone is $3,500, and the total cost of the memorial will be about $6,000.

His Honor Convinced.

It has not been so very long since the old English court rules passed out of observance, and when they were in vogue nowhere were they observed more strictly than in South Carolina. A rule provided that a lawyer when he spoke in court must wear a black gown and coat, and that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword. On one occasion a lawyer named Pettigrue arose to speak in a case on trial.

"Mr. Pettigrue," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigrue replied, "may it please the court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigrue," declared the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that the barrister must wear a black gown and coat, does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that it means that both gown and coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigrue; certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And the law further says," continued Mr. Pettigrue, "that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword, does it not?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pettigrue," the court answered somewhat impatiently.

"And do you mean to say, your honor," questioned Pettigrue, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh!—er—h'm," mused his honor. "You—er—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigrue."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

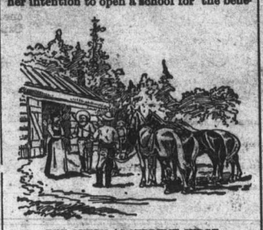
A TEXAS SCHOOLMARM.

Remarkable Life and Heroic Death of a Prairie Queen.

SHE KILLED ELEVEN COMANCHES.

A Brave Pioneer on the Outposts of Civilization—A Primary School For Grown Men—Strict Discipline—Ellen Quinn's Noble Sacrifice.

It was in 1866 that Ellen Quinn came from western North Carolina to this part of Texas, writes a Belcherville correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. As would be judged from her name she had Irish blood in her veins, but it was mixed with a copious strain of Indian, derived from the Cherokees that still inhabit a reserve among the Carolina mountains. Under just what circumstances she came no one seems to remember, but she soon announced her intention to open a school for the bene-



THE QUEEN AS SUPREME JUDGE.

fit of the surrounding country. It seemed as if the school would likely benefit the "country," literally so called, as there were very few inhabitants to get the good of it. What few men there were, however, got together and put up a house for her. It was made of rough logs cut from the timber surrounding the base of what is now known as Queen's peak. It was situated about half way up and on the southern side in order to protect it from the cold northern winds of winter.

School opened with four pupils, all of whom came from the only house within two miles of the place. Soon, however, the attendance began to increase as the fact of the school's existence got noised abroad through the country. Grown men who had come to Texas when boys and who had lived on the frontier without educational advantages would come to school to Miss Quinn in order to redeem their lost time.

It must have been an interesting sight to see the little room crowded with big, bearded cowboys poring over their books. They probably had spurs jingling at their heels and big six shooters dangling from their belts, but the black haired little Indian-Irish woman was mistress, for all that. On one occasion a big six footer refused to obey some command she had given him.

Going to the old flour sack in which she kept a collection of her miscellaneous belongings, she gathered up a handful of black pepper. She had probably prepared this for just such emergencies, and before her recalcitrant pupil knew what was coming she threw the pepper square into his eyes. The bully sprang to his feet with a roar of pain, while the rest of the school shouted uproarious approval of the act of discipline. Trouble might have arisen, but before the fellow's eyes were clear enough to see how to shoot, had he been so inclined, a dozen of the devotees of learning grabbed him by arms, legs and other available portions of his anatomy and carried him bodily to the foot of the peak. He was then informed that if he ever entered the schoolroom again or in any way molested the teacher there would be a feast for buzzards and coyotes. Thus was one unruly pupil "expelled," and there is no evidence that any similar case ever came up again.

The teacher always had a loaded rifle sitting in the corner of the schoolroom during school hours and had it slung behind her saddle as she rode. She was a fearless rider and an unerring shot. There was a general impression that she would shoot to kill if necessary, and it was probably well founded, though there is no record of her ever having actually justified it. There was one loud mouthed, blatant blackguard named Starke, who was once heard to make filthy remarks in regard to the teacher and to boast of his personal powers of fascination for women generally. One night, shortly afterward, his riderless mustang came up to the ranch where Starke had been working. Nobody ever happened to find the body, and nobody cared to look for it.

After the school at the peak had been going on for about two years a singular state of affairs gradually arose. The fame of her school had gone out over all the surrounding country. She had exactly those accomplishments and exactly that turn of mind calculated to win for her the respect and admiration of the men of the frontier. The result was that they respected and trusted her implicitly. By degrees she ac-

SHE THREW PEPPER INTO HIS EYES.

quired almost unlimited influence over the men for over 100 miles around. They would come to her to settle all disputes and would always respect her decision.

If any given man felt inclined to resist her decision, such feeling was useless, as every other man felt honor bound to help enforce it. If a question arose as to the ownership of stock, the parties would bring the cattle or horses involved up to the peak. Each claimant would state his side of the case and call on any one else he might choose to substantiate it. If necessary, a glance would be taken at the brands on the stock. Then came the decision, from which there was no appeal. If a man was suspected of stealing stock or of committing murder, the process was the same. The prisoner told his story, and his captors told theirs. No legal technicality ever thwarted the ends of justice as administered in this court. If the prisoner was considered guilty, the verdict was, "Well, he ought to die." The sentence would be executed as soon as passed. A case could be disposed of completely in 30 minutes which in the present time would occupy the attention of the court as many weeks or months.

In the course of time the name of the mountain, which had been known as Quinn's peak, gradually changed to Queen's peak. A little later the men began very naturally to speak of the mistress of Queen's peak as the queen. It sounded better than "Miss Quinn," and so by that name she is remembered even to the present day.

The death of the brave little schoolmistress was, as it should have been, the climax and crowning point of her life. It was all that was necessary to make her subjects worship her—not almost, but altogether.

During the fall of 1869 the Comanches began once more to make raids through this portion of Texas. The Comanches have been called the Ishmaelites of the west, their hand being against every man and every man's hand against them. The queen had formerly acquired almost as much influence over the Indians as she had over the whites, and in periods of open Indian hostility this influence stood her in good stead. The Indians seemed to consider that her Indian blood made her one of themselves, and so allowed her to pass backward and forward to and from their camps unmolested. Though a Cherokee, she had soon acquired the language of the Comanches. For a long time her influence was successful in protecting the settlers around the peak from any disturbance, but on one occasion it failed. All the men for 40 miles around had gone some distance below to Clear creek canyon, toward which locality it had been reported that a large band of hostiles were advancing. While the country was thus unprotected, a 14-year-old boy came dashing up on his pony and called to the queen that a band of about 30 Comanches were coming as fast as they could travel. He begged her to go meet them and pacify them.

"No," she answered sadly, "it's no use this time. Their blood's up because our men have gone to Clear creek, and they won't be pacified. You ride like the wind and get all the women and children hid in the creek bank. I'll hold the Indians long enough for that."

Even as she was speaking the Indians came in sight over a rise in the prairie. They would willingly have passed her by without molestation, but she was determined they should not. Taking deliberate aim at long range, she fired, and one Indian tumbled from his horse. Then she sprang upon the topmost stone of the peak, and standing at full height sent out a ringing yell and derisively waved her gun. The boy waited to see no more, but keeping the wooded base of the peak between himself and his pursuers he dashed off, as he had been told.

No one will ever know the details of what happened after this. There was a natural barricade of stones on top of the peak, and keeping behind it, she had the advantage over her foes. We can imagine her determined look as she shoved cartridges

SHE SENT OUT A RINGING YELL AND DERISIVELY WAVED HER GUN.

into her long range Sharp's, and her grim half smile when she saw a shot take effect. The Indians seem finally to have taken position inside the timber around the peak, and then gradually to have drawn their lines nearer the summit. Doubtless they were unable to tell whether it was defended by one person alone or by more. Doubtless, when they had drawn nearer and were prepared to make the last fatal rush, she dropped her rifle and used her heavy six shooter with deadly effect. Certain it is that she was game to the last. Finally the last cruel rush was made, and the brave teacher queen had given her life for those of her subjects.

All this took time, and time was valuable just then. There were not more than three or four families then living within several miles of the peak, and the boy messenger had ample time to notify them and get them hidden in the timbered bank of the creek. It must have been after nightfall when the summit of the peak was finally stormed, and about 10 o'clock a force of men came galloping in from Clear creek, having heard of the threatened attack. The Indians still remaining left under cover of the night.

Next morning the settlers visited the peak. There, behind a big bowlder on the very summit they found Ellen Quinn, the prairie queen, stiff and cold in death. Her body had been pierced by half a dozen bullets, and her scalp had been taken. Rifle and six shooter were both missing. Around the barricade, down in the timber at its base and out in the open prairie they counted the bodies of 11 Comanches. That told the story.

She Got the Half Cent.

A Portland woman sold a pig to a butcher the other day, and he killed it on the premises. Now it is a superstition with some butchers that to cut off a pig's tail insures the preservation of the meat. The pig's little tail was cut off. But the woman was on the watch. She picked up the tail and gave it to the butcher to be weighed, saying, "I want pay for the whole of him." But the butcher got even with her. The reckoning came to half a cent, probably because of the addition of the tail. She wanted the half cent, of course; she always does. So the butcher placed a cent on the block, cut it in two with his cleaver, and gave her the half cent.

Suicide Among European Soldiers.

The following figures give the annual number of suicides in the various armies of Europe per 100,000 men: Austria, 131; Germany, 67; Italy, 40; France, 29; Belgium, 24; England, 23; Russia, 20, and Spain, 14.

Suicide by Crocodile.

Among the Kondeh people, who live on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, the favorite form of suicide is to enter the water and allow one's self to be devoured by a crocodile.

A Question of Time.

"John, what a lovely place! If we could only manage to raise the rent!"

Mr. Hunter Howes—Oh, I've no doubt the landlord would see to that in a couple of months.—Brooklyn Life.

His Request.

"For the luv av hivvin, Mary Ann, phwat are yez doin?"

"Whist, Moikel It's manicurin me nails I am."

"Oho! Whin ye finish thot hand, ye can manicure me boots."—Truth.

"Out on a Racket."

—Life.

A Chateauguay Miracle.

PHYSICIANS PRONOUNCED RECOVERY IMPOSSIBLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. L. Jos. Beaudin, of St. Urbain—His Friends Called to His Supposed Deathbed—How He Regained His Health and Strength—A Public Acknowledgment of His Gratitude.

From La Presse, Montreal.

There has appeared in the columns of La Presse during the past two years, many articles bearing witness to the great good accomplished in various parts of the country by a remedy the name of which is now one of the most familiar household words in all parts of the Dominion. And now comes a statement, from the county of Chateauguay, over the signature of a well-known resident of St. Urbain, which speaks in positive and unmistakable language as to the value of this wonder-working medicine.

MR. BEAUDIN'S STATEMENT.

"I feel that I owe my life to your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I desire to make grateful acknowledgement and to give you a complete statement of my illness and cure in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other sufferer. About the middle of October, 1891, acting on the advice of an American doctor whom I had consulted, I left home for the north to invest in farming lands with the intention of cultivating them myself. I had been afflicted with a species of paralysis caused by the rupture of a blood vessel over the right eye, and which stopped the circulation of the blood on the left side. I was at that time employed as a book-keeper by Messrs. Lacaillade Bros., Lawrence, Mass. The doctor had advised a change of work so as to have less mental and more physical exercise. This I resolved upon, but delayed too long as I did not leave until the following October. Arrived at my destination I perceived symptoms of my previous illness making themselves felt once more. I went at once to a local physician who declared himself unable to understand my case. However, he gave me some medicine to ease the pain I felt in my head, particularly at night. This afforded me relief for a few minutes, and sometimes enabled me to get a little sleep, but the awakening was always worse than before. On the last of October I went to bed as usual after taking my medicine as directed, and slept the whole night, but the following morning on trying to rise I found myself so weak that I could not stand and could scarcely speak. My wife, surprised to see me in such a state, ran to a neighbor's and requested him to go for a doctor and the priest. The doctor arrived almost immediately, but could not afford me the slightest relief. The priest then arrived, and seeing the condition I was in, told me my case was critical and to prepare for death. On the following day both the priest and the doctor advised my wife to telegraph to my friends, as they considered death approaching, and two days later my two brothers arrived. The doctor then asked if I preferred that he should hold a consultation with another physician, and on my replying in the affirmative, he telegraphed to a doctor living at a distance of about fifteen miles. They both came to see me, asked some questions and retired for consultation. The result of this was that my wife was told that I could not possibly get better. Said the doctor to her, "with the greatest possible care he cannot live a year." When my wife told me this I determined to pay the doctors and discontinue their services. It cost me about $30 to hear this verdict. Two or three weeks passed without any improvement in my condition and I was so weak I could barely move around the house with the aid of a cane. One day I noticed a parcel lying on the table wrapped in a newspaper. Having nothing better to do I began to read it, and after a while came across an article headed "Miraculous Cure." I read it, and the longer I read the more interested I became, because I saw the case of the person referred to resembled my own in many respects. When I finished the article I saw that the cure had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It seemed as though there was a struggle within me between the facts I had read and my own incredulity, so small was the faith I had in medicines advertised in the papers. I read the article and re-read it several times. I seemed to hear the doctor's words "he cannot live a year," and then I saw the effects of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case I had just read about. The result of these reflections was that I decided to give Pink Pills a trial, and I immediately wrote the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for a supply. On their arrival I commenced using them according to directions, and before the first box was done I found they were helping me, and it was not long before I was able to walk to the village, a distance of half mile, without the aid of a cane, and I was rapidly gaining health and strength. At the time I was taken sick I weighed 212 pounds, and at the time I began the use of the Pink Pills I was reduced to 162 pounds, a loss of 50 pounds in a little more than a month. I took the pills for about three months and in that time I gained 40 pounds. To-day I am as well as I ever was in my life, and my recovery is due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who do not enjoy the blessing of perfect health.

Yours gratefully,

L. JOS. BEAUDIN.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from, either address.

Accommodating.

"I thank you, sir, for your kind permission to call on your daughter."

"Remember that I turn out the gas at 10 o'clock."

"All right, sir. I'll not come before that time."—Life.

Rocked to Sleep.

—Truth.

Boarders Wanted.

—Truth.

His Opinion.

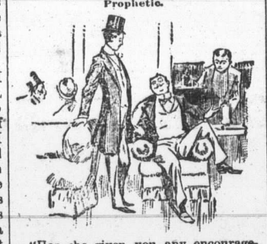
She—Isn't that a lovely sunset?

He—Yes, it is. It reminds me of some I have painted myself.—Life.

A Good Head For Business.

IN THE FLY'S OPINION. —Life.

Prophetic.



"Has she given you any encouragement?"

"Oh, yes! She says she will get all of her father's money when he dies."—Life.

"Making Hay While the Son Shines."

—Life.

What She Wanted.

Manager of Stand—Well, old lady, what can I do for you?

Dear Old Lady (who has been gazing about for some time)—Nothin, sir. But I heerd one of them young ladies say as how she was going to make dates now, right along. An as I allus thought they grew before, I thought I'd sheer 'round a bit and see her make 'em! —Truth.

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STEM-WIND.

WONDER WATCH.

The most wonderful watch product of the age. Latest achievement of mechanical skill. High priced Watches "Nox out of sight," is No Fake that takes all day to wind up, or a big clock-watch so extensively advertised, but a handsome, ordinary size Watch that is warranted for five years. Stem-winder, jewelled movement, containing all the latest improvements. Solid Silverine case of the best quality, unexcelled for durability and service, guaranteed to wear a lifetime. European Watch Makers have spent years in experimenting in order to produce a Watch of MERIT at the lowest possible price, the result is the "Wonder" which is a marvel of cheapness, durability and excellence, that leads in quality, style, finish and price, guaranteed an accurate time-keeper. One sample Silverine Stem-winder "Wonder" Watch as above described, forwarded express charges prepaid to any part of Canada or the United States, on receipt of $2.25 or four watches for $8.50. For 15cts. extra we will send an Elegant Satin Lined Plush Case, containing this Watch, also a handsome Gold Plated Chain and Charm that is warranted. All for $3.00. Cash with order. No samples sent C.O.D. If goods are not found exactly as represented your money will be cheerfully refunded. In ordering say if wanted for either Lady or Gentleman.

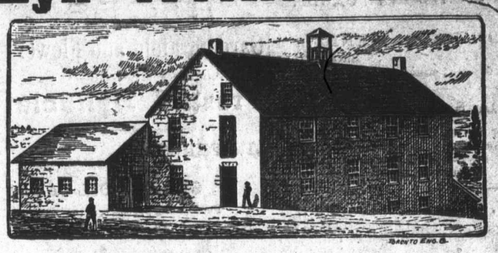
Bonanza for agents and others selling our "Wonder" Watch. Its sale will be simply enormous, as it is the only reliable Watch on the market for the price. Beware of all free offers for cheap sun dials, etc., and send your order direct to us and get big value for your money. You may have the same Watch in a fine Gold Plate for 25cts. extra. Address,

FLEMING NOVELTY CO.,
192 King St West,
Toronto, Canada.

NOT A CLOCK. NOT A TOY.

NO "FREE FAKE" OR 50-CENT-PENNY SCHEME.

Lyn Woollen Mills



Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will as all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

Lyn, May 20, 189 **R. WALKER**

AN OPEN LETTER

ATHENS, Sept. 25, 1893.

To Our Customers and the Public:

After nearly twenty years' experience with a credit business, we have no hesitation in saying that it is a very unsatisfactory system for both buyer and seller, as goods cost twenty or twenty-five per cent more than for cash. We have therefore decided to adopt

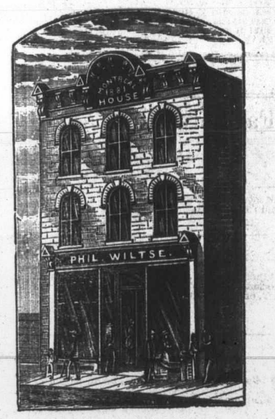
THE STRICTLY CASH SYSTEM

We shall close our books on the 1st of October, when we will commence to sell for cash or produce only. We shall expect all accounts to be settled by 1st Nov.

During our time in business we have sold to ao great many who have never paid their accounts, and our loss in that way has been considerable. We have also met very many with whom it was a pleasure to do a credit business, who paid their accounts promptly, and always endeavored to carry out the *Golden Rule*. To such of you, we are thankful, and trust you will appreciate and approve our forward step, and that we may have the pleasure of counting you among our *Cash Customers*, when we will endeavor to make it clear that it is to your advantage to buy *For Cash*. Our present stock, which was marked at *credit prices*, will be *Reduced to cash marks*, and all new goods as they come in will be marked at cash prices, and sold *for cash or produce only*. We shall keep no books, open no accounts, but will sell so low that you will see it is to your advantage to buy from us for cash.

You can buy of us and save money. Look at some of our quotations:

Tea worth 25c.....for 20c
Tea worth 40c.....for 35c
Coffee worth 40c.....for 36c
Sugar, yellow.....20 lbs.
Granulated Sugar.....17 lbs.
Soda.....3c lb.
Pure Cr. Tartar.....for 35c per lb.
and spices of all kind and flavoring extracts very cheap.
Lardine Oil.....for 35c per gal.
Seamless Grain Bags.for 2.25 per doz.
Men's Kip Boots worth 3.00..for 2.70
Men's Split Boots worth 1.75 for 1.40
Men's Lace Boots worth 1.50 for 1.25
Ladies Dongola Boots.....for 1.20
Ladies' Rubbers.....35c
Men's Lined Rubbers.....for 60c
Men's Lumberman's Rubbers.for 1.00
and all sizes in childrens' Boots at the same reduction.
A complete stock of men's and boys' overcoats and suits to be sold out cheap.



Thanking you for past favors, and trusting to see you among our cash customers, we are

Yours truly,

PHIL. WILTSE & CO.

N.B.—You can save money by taking advantageof the close prices we will offer you.

Buy It! Try It!

Buy the favorite brand of Machine Oil, viz.:

Peerless Machine Oil

ALL general dealers and Hardware men keep it. Does not gum or corrode and wears better than castor oil. Ask for it, insist on having it, and when you have given it a trial you will be delighted with the wearing qualities.

The Samuel Rogers Oil Co.

OTTAWA