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etc., British lar and White Siding, Cas- gs, Turnings, Door Frames, rs of all kinds, nd Balusters, dahs, etc.

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uning Mills

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KOHANGE.—Store and ave 1/2 acre of land, in n. side of a good buildings in good shape, cash or will exchange acre farm in the 2nd range farm. For par- D. Leard, Real Estate lock, Aylmer, Ont.

le money in the vi good 10 roomed house one-fifth of an acre fruit trees. The house is in a fine lot, and is offered at a low price Real Estate Broker. Lest, Ont.

d one-half story brick rane barn and seven- on the west side of St. of Aylmer. The house is in a fine lot, and is offered at a low price Real Estate Broker. Lest, Ont.

nd sandy loam land, two age of Stratfordville; it is in a fine lot, and is offered at a low price Real Estate Broker. Lest, Ont.

ROGAN—100 acres of and, being the north- east corner of Sec. 10, and being the south- east corner of Sec. 11, of Township 18, North of Michigan, and on the west side of the road, and a first-class house, must be sold. LEARN Real Estate lock, Aylmer, Ont.

RAILWAY SYSTEM

tem for all points

ST ST IA

OLUMBIA

ific Coast points. service. Dining an through trains. For s and all information, and Trunk Railway

District Passenger Agent.

CREDITORS.

n pursuant to Section 104 of the Statutes of Ontario in relation to the liquidation of the estate of the late Mrs. J. O. Elgin, deceased, and of the undersigned, Thomas P. O. Elgin, liquidator of their claims held by them, verified

Administrator of the estate of the late Mrs. J. O. Elgin, deceased, and of the undersigned, Thomas P. O. Elgin, liquidator of their claims held by them, verified

By W. L. WICKETT, His Solicitor. Ober, A.D., 1901.

VE HOR...

Turn Out

Prices

Pierce & Son, Proprietors

Daddy's Tick-Tack.

There was a pale, anxious face at the window of a comfortable semi-detached house in the Finchley Road—the face of a woman about thirty-five, with fair hair, and an almost girlish look.

As a stout, florid man, with a silk hat on the back of his head, pushed open the gate, and went wearily up the stone path to the front door, the pale face at the window brightened, and a thin hand flashing with rings was waved.

The stout man let himself in with a latchkey, and the woman met him at the door. "How is she?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

"A little better," answered the woman, helping him off with his dust-coat. Both the hat and the dustcoat were of a very pronounced pattern, and calculated to attract attention, and the man carried a satchel slung over his shoulder by a strap.

The child looked at him listlessly, and turned away with an impatient moan. The man's face was troubled; and after hovering about the bed with a few stammering words of tenderness and cheer, he tiptoed out.

"What ever's the matter with you?" cried his wife. "The hounds!" he burst out at last. "They've been down me. They've got it."

"Not your watch?" "Yes, I would. I've lost Ruby's tick-tick for any money! Oh, the beasts! They'd no earthly right to do that to me."

"Can't you get it back?" asked the woman anxiously. "Try, there's a dear."

"I will, too, if it costs me fifty quid!" cried Billy Greene, banging his fist on the table. "Get me a cab."

"Where are you going?" demanded his wife, with some anxiety. "Never you mind my dear," retorted the bookmaker dully. "I know where to go."

included a white tall hat and a pair of brilliantly-yellow boots. "I'd give fifty quid to get that watch back," said Greene to the man called Frank, just before they got within earshot of Leroy.

Frank took the latter aside, and the faces of the two men were soon serious and absorbed, while the band crashed out a rattling Sousa's march, and the crowd of promenaders drifted listlessly hither and thither.

"What'll he spring?" asked Leroy, in a low tone. His companion looked hard at him with his clear, honest blue eyes.

"Twenty," he said quietly. "I'm on it!" said Leroy, with decision. Jack Leroy strode lightly down the Strand the next morning, nodding here and there to an acquaintance.

Turning up a narrow, ill-paved passage, he pushed open the swing door of a public house, and peered in. In one corner sat a thin, young man, with a cloth cap at the back of his head, spelling over a sporting paper with the aid of a dirty forefinger.

Jack caught his eye, and gave a scarcely perceptible jerk of the head. The thin young man instantly sprang up, and followed him out into the passage.

"Look here, Joe," said Leroy, "could you do with a five?" "Could a duck swim?" retorted Joe.

"Well, old Billy Greene had his clock taken on the course yesterday, and he wants it back."

"Who's got it, then?" "Some of the boys, of course."

"They never have!" cried Joe violently. "None of the boys would touch old Billy Greene. They respect him too much. Why, they respect that man like—like steam!"

"Turn it up, Joe!" said Leroy kindly. "None of your funny business with me. There's a five for you if the watch is found, without any waiting in the office either."

gled above the child's head a something that glittered, and made a clear, musical sound. "Daddy's tick-tick!" she cried, in a weak little voice, hoarse with fever, and her hot, small hands grasped the coveted thing.

"She'll do now," murmured Mrs. Greene, with a sob in her voice. Her husband nodded, and, hand-in-hand, they stood looking down upon the small, flushed face—London answers.

FOOD, BRAINS, AND GENIUS. The World's Great Thinkers Have Been Careful Eaters.

In a passage of his "Confessions," descending upon the nature of drunkenness DeQuincey concludes that the exact condition indicated is a question of medical authority that a man could be, and had been, drunk upon a beefsteak.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, with that convincing blend of wit and scientific knowledge that gave the distinction to his writings has discoursed upon this very point. He talks of the "bulbous-headed fellows steaming as they write," and shows how to meet the demands of thought and imagination.

Enough fuel to sustain the fire of life is necessary, and his sorry weight upon your head or your epigastrum. The poor half-starving poet is familiar to everyone. We may mitigate our pity by reflecting that in many cases he would have been no poet if he had not starved.

ABSTEMIOUS MEN. If not naturally of small appetite they have exercised constant restraint, grudging from the play of higher functions every moment and every moment spent upon the animal activities of their nature.

There are some secrets which are no secrets, and the experience of years has shown me that the art of butter-making may be known and read of all faithful and persistent men, writes Mr. E. L. Vincent.

A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE. "Have you ever tried to write a novel?" asked the young woman.

"Yes, indeed," answered the young man. "I wrote several."

"What are they like?" "They remind me somewhat of a few of Dickens' works."

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

FARM ACCOUNTS.

On most farms the keeping of any real system of accounts is an unknown thing, and even on the great majority of farms it is but a nominal practice, usually confined to a mere cash account of receipts and disbursements.

Those who endeavor to improve their flocks of poultry by selecting the most prolific hens from which the young stock will be produced next year make no mistake, but there is much carelessness on the part of the selection of males.

Do not wait until next spring in order to destroy cutworms, but plough land infested with them late in the fall—the later the better—which exposes them to dampness and cold.

MONUMENTS TO ANIMALS. Horses and Dogs Have Them Erected to Their Memory.

After their conflict with China a few years ago the Japanese erected a monument to the memory of the horses killed in battle. The Duke of Wellington built one at Strathfield-say, where his famous charger Copenhagen died.

SECRETS OF THE DAIRY. There are some secrets which are no secrets, and the experience of years has shown me that the art of butter-making may be known and read of all faithful and persistent men, writes Mr. E. L. Vincent.

WHERE TO BUY A BABY. They Can Be Had in China for \$1.50 Apiece.

If you want to buy a baby you must go to China. You can purchase one for \$1.50, or maybe two for \$2.50. China is, in fact, the great slave country of the world.

NEGLECTFUL. "How did this fire happen to go out, Hannah?" "Tes forgot ter fill me ter pot t' coal on."

these all enter in to bring about success or failure in butter-making. Many other things have a bearing on the art of butter-making. They may be said to be the adjuncts and not absolute essentials.

PURE-BRED STOCK. Those who endeavor to improve their flocks of poultry by selecting the most prolific hens from which the young stock will be produced next year make no mistake, but there is much carelessness on the part of the selection of males.

CUTWORMS. Do not wait until next spring in order to destroy cutworms, but plough land infested with them late in the fall—the later the better—which exposes them to dampness and cold.

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HOLIDAYS FOR PRISONERS.

GAOL-BIRDS ARE SOMETIMES RELEASED. But It Is Only Done for a Very Good Reason—Some Curious Cases.

Quite recently an unfortunate man named Kibried died in Armlay Gaol and was buried at Bradford, Yorkshire. At the time of his death his wife—who ought to have profited by her husband's sad experience—was serving a term of imprisonment in the gaol of a neighboring town on a charge of assault.

Not long ago a London surgeon—a famous specialist—was visiting, with a number of friends, a prison in the north of England, and was shown a poor fellow for whom the local medical man held out no hopes of recovery. The specialist sat down by the bedside of the prisoner and made a good many inquiries respecting the internal ailment from which he was suffering, and next day the visitor attended the prison infirmary again and saw two of the prison doctors.

THE PRISON CELL. However, the specialist was a man of soft heart as well as great skill, and he signed a document which secured for the man a term of three weeks' residence in a convalescent home at the seaside. By the time this term had expired the prisoner's sentence was at an end, and after a journey back to the prison to report himself he was formally discharged. It is said the surgeon's goodness did not end until he had been the means of getting the ex-gaol-bird honest employment.

A man named Robert Bridges was some years ago sentenced to six weeks' hard labor for poaching, and had gone through nearly half his time when the dead body of a woman was found in a stream not very far away from the prison walls. For some days the body remained unclaimed and it was thought that it would have to be buried and the case be one more of many mysteries.

THE NEW TENANT. A man named Jack Sharp, one of the most daring and clever steeplejacks of his day, was at one time serving a term of imprisonment for some small offence during the period that he was in duration a terrific storm displaced a portion of the topmost brickwork of a high chimney.

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Man in Water (drowning)—"Throw me" (puff, puff) "a life-preserver, quick!" Tapley (tailor's assistant, on shore)—"Er—er—what is your waist measurement, please?"

