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A NOVEL.

• • •

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON. Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

"Who Captain Thistleby? Not at ['Not like him!" cried Bella,

genuine amazement, staring blankly at me.

what I think him—well, never mind what I think of him, after all, I have not spoken above a dozen words to him, recollect."
"No: that is true. Ah, well, you will like him better to-morrow."
I doubted it; but by a strong effort of self-control refrained from saying so, and we bade each other good-night.

od-night good-night.

The next morning, on coming down rather later that usual, I was surprised to find Bella arrayed in her bonnet and cloak, with her gloves, and traveling-bag on the table beside her, eating toast and poached eggs with breathless haste, whilst eggs with breathless haste, whilst Captain Thistleby was pouring out her tea, and otherwise waiting upon

her.
"Why, Bella!" I exclaimed.
"Why darling child! What will "Oh, my darling child! What will you say to me? I am obliged to go up to town for the day—your last day, too! I am so dreadfully sorry.'
For one minute I was almost inclined to accuse her of inventing this seakers on purpose to leave me alone scheme on purpose to leave me

th her brother-in-law; but her etty face was full of concern as she was from her lawyer. I glanced hurriedly through it, without much anderstanding it; but this much I did see, that there was some solicitors who was to be met by he in town who was to be met by he in town and some paper which she must sign, after having conferred with him, in order to effect a pending sale of some of her property, of which I had heard her speak. There was evidently no foul play about it.

"Make haste, Bella, or we shall be too lete." said Cantain Thistleby:

said Captain Thistleby; and at his words I perceived, with a gasp of relief, that he was going up with her. Indeed, when I came to think of it, what else whould he

I am so distressed, Freda, dear

"I am so distressed, Freda, dear;
Your very last day and all! What
will you do to amuse yourself?"

"Oh, I shall do very well. I have
my sketch of the boat-house to finish; I shall go and do that after
breakfast; it's a lovely day, I shall
not be at all dull. Don't make

yourself unhappy about me, dear."
"Here is the fly — come along!"
cried Captain Thistleby.
Bella hugged me as if she were going to South America, jumped into
the fly, followed by her brother-in-

law, and they drove off.

Left to my own devices, I leisurely finished my breakfast, and then, taking my shady straw hat and my drawing materials, I sauntered down through the garden on to the

There was a flight of stone steps from the terrace leading to the shore, and in the triangular bit of shadow which they cast upon the beach I installed myself with my back against the garden wall.

An old boat-house lower down formed the principal object of my sketch; behind were red cliffs, and long lines of white sands and dark rocks stretching out to the blue sea beyond. The picture, if somewhat the sand was payertheless a well-artame, was nevertheless a well-ar-ranged bit of English coast scenery, and afforded full scope for an art-

and afforded full scope for an artist's fancy.

To-day it is at its best. The distance is all hazy gold, the sky is flecked with soft white clouds, the sea. Is gently ruffled into a hundred varied lights and shades, and the boat-house stands out in richest sepia against the delicate tints of the beckground.

background. was deliciously peaceful and quiet, and I began to enjoy myself exceedingly. The only sounds that broke the silence were the monoto-nous swish of the little waves upon the shore and the occasional cry of a seabird sailing by on big white

The Dangers of Childhood.

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly, and somtimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles, and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely, as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weathe ailments will be prevented, and your baby will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comesthat may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne Out , says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped

her almost at once. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for children." The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poisonous drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

ville, Ont.

◆*◆*◆*◆* wings.
I had been working steadily at my sketch for about twenty minutes, when I was suddenly startled by some one coming down the steps be-

some one coming down the steps behind me.

It was Captain Thistleby.

"Well, I have seen Bella off," he said, cheesly: "such a shave it was! I thought she would have missed the train—it was actually moving—sile had no time to take her ticket."

"But I thought you were going too!" I exclaimed, with, I fear, a yeary uncompilmentary dismay in my

too!" I exclaimed, with, I fear, a very uncomplimentary dismay in my voice and face.
"What, up to London in August with such a day as this at Seacliff? No, thank you, not I! But I am sorry to disappoint you, Miss Clifford," he added, looking very much amused. amused.

I muttered some unintelligible dis-claimer, and went on with my

"Do you mind my finishing my ci-

gar here?"
"Oh, not at all," with elaborate politeness. "I am quite used to smoke."
"What, does the idol of your dreams indulge in tobacco?"

"Who?" I exclaimed, bewildered. "Who?" I exciaimed, bewindered.
"What do you mean?"
"Why, you did not tell me his name. The gentleman to whom you are engaged to be married."

A vision of George Curtis—stout, middle-aged gray-whiskered — snuff-box, gold-rimmed spectacles, and all

of the dearest my mind's eye, and the idea of his being called the "idel of my dreams" was so intensely comic that I burst out laughing.

"Good heavens, how ludicrous!" I cried. "Mr. Curtis is his name, and if you had seen him—— But I and if you had seen him-

and if you had seen him— But I wasn't thinking of him, I was thinking of my father."
"Oh!" and my companion puffed away at his cigar in silence.
He had thrown himself on his back on the beach beside me, but a little lower down, so that I could not see his face; his arms were thrown up under his head, and he had tilted his hat over his nose, to shade his eyes. He seemed to me to have every intention of going to sleep. I devoutly hoped he would.

every intention of going to sleep. I devoutly hoped he would.

"Yes," he said, presently, removing the cigar from his mouth and contemplating its smouldering end with close attention, "yes, our friend Bella thought you would be very dull alone, so she has left me the charming task of entertaining you until eight o'clock this evening."

"I am exceedingly sorry you should

"I am exceedingly sorry you should have thought it necessary to stop here on my account," I said, coldly. He laughed slightly, but answered

"I am never dull, I assure you and I am quite able

myself."
Still no answer. I was more nettl ed by his silence than by his words. Nothing aggravates a woman so horribly as an antagonist who won't speak. I wanted to fight, and my enemy would not even exert himself to take up his weapons. A few minutes ensued, and then I burst forth

aggressively:
"I should be exceedingly dull com-"I should be exceedingly dull company for you; I must really beg of you to go and find amusement elsewhere to-day. There is a billiardroom, in the town, and—ind a reading-room, I believe; anything would be better, I should think, than a bread-and-butter girl, who expects you to make love to her.'"

"Aha! out at last!"

His shout of triumph positively made me jump. He flung away his cigar, and turning round on his elbows, leant his chin on his hands so as to stare straight up at me

so as to stare straight up at me

so as to stare straight up under my hat.

"I knew I should bring it out! So you heard my incautious speech on the stairs? Well, I guessed you had the instant you came into the room last night."

Itis eves were sparkling with

His cycs were sparkling with triumphant fun, his face and voice were full of animation. The complete transformation in his manner amazed and confounded me almost more than his words.

I stammered, and turned crimson.
"How did you know? What made
ou guess?" I faltered. Why, the Spanish point, to begin

I gazed at him in utter astonish-'I had seen you before, Miss Clif-ford. If you remember, you came out of your room once, ten minutes sooner. I was at the end of the passage, coming out of my door,

"I did not see you."

"I did not see you."

"No, I know you did not, you could not; I had blown out my candle, and the passage was quite dark at my side of the house; but the hall-lamp shone full upon you. I saw you perfectly. You stepped out and listened, drawing back your dress with one hand. There was a pretty indecision in your face; a white ruffle round your throat bordered your perfectly simple dress; dered your perfectly simple dress; there was no lace on your shoulders then. You evidently determined to wait a little longer, and I waited too. When you came down with that gorgeous lace wrapped round you, and that scornful look on your face, you were no longer the same girl I had seen on the landing. I knew directly that something had happened in the interval to upset you. Your very first words told me what it was. You were so feerishly eager to let me know that you were engaged to be married, that you were somebody else's property not to he made love to ...

"Oh, don't—don't!" I cried, holding my burning cheeks in my hand.
"You cannot complain of me, Miss Clifford," continued my tormentor.
"You cannot but say that I took your hint. I did not press my attentions, did 1?"
"No, you were dreadfully rude," I stammered.
"Yes, and though that is what you had wanted me to be, you were an-

"Yes, and though that is what you had wanted me to be, you were angry with me for it. So like a woman! Your song amused me exceedingly. I could not help giving you that one little cut. Will you not

forgive me?"
"I wish you would go away," I said, in great distress. "I have made a fool of myself, and—and I think I hate you," I added, somewhat in-"Oh, no, you don't," answered my

"Oh, no, you don't," answered my companion, confidently. "Now, look here, Miss Clifford, we will say no more about last night; let us begin afresh. But we must first understand each other. Let us look our position in the face. Here are we two people left together for a whole day, to make the best of each other; now, are we to spend it in fighting and snarling like a couple of terriers, or in rational conversation, like reasonable beings?" able beings?"

"Just as you like," I answered meekly, but with a dawning sense of the comic in the situation.

"Well," he resumed. "let us begin by sweeping away all Bella's mistak-en little plans. You know as well as I do, doubtless, what a matchmaker my dear little sister-in-law is. She is very fond of me, and you are her my dear little sister-in-law is. She is very fond of me, and you are her dearest friend, what more natural idea than that, therefore, you and I are made for each other? Now this is ludicrous altogether: it is also very embarrassing. You are, as you took care to tell me, you know, engaged to be married; you therefore don't want me in the very least. I have resigned myself to the inevitable, and I am in no need of a wife. This is clear, is it not?" I assented, but I winced a little

I assented, but I winced a little too. A woman does not, of course, expect every man to be sighing for her, but that he does not ask her to marry him is sufficient proof that he does not want her; to be told so in so many words is a little bit pain-

"When I have somebody's praises whom I don't know dinned into my ears, I always hate them beforehand don't you? Shall we clear away all the prejudice which Bella's injudic-ious praise has roused in our minds, and, as we have quite settled the matrimonial question, agree to be

'With all my heart," I answered "Give me your hand upon it, then;" and he held out his own to me. It was big, and strong and sunburnt—a manly hand that I think I

could hold on to if I were in trouble t placed my own in it, and he grasped it firmly for a second.

"Now let me look at your sketch, will you? You have got your boathouse a little out of drawing. May 1

put it right for you? Give me your brush—there, that is better. Your coloring is very good; there is a great deal of poetry and feeling in your distance; tone down your foreground a little more-a wash of cobalt will do it.

With half a dozen touches, he had put a finish and beauty into my tle sketch that I could not h brought out in an hour's work. You understand painting better

than music," I said, laughing.
"Much better; and so do you, I fancy!" he retorted.
And over this congenial interest we became great friends. I was quite surprised when the luncheon bell rang from the house behind us to find that the morning had slipped away so quickly and so pleasantly.

CHAPTER III.

"What shall we do with ourselves this afternoon, Miss Clifford?" asked Captain Thistleby, when we had finished our luncheon, "Take a walk?

'No; it is too hot for walking," I

"No; it is too hot for walking," I answered, stepping out through the French window on to the lawn.
"A drive, then?" he suggested.
"Oh, of all the stupid things a drive is the stupidest. Besides, there is nowhere to drive to; the roads are hot, and dusty, and shadeless; soaside country is always hideous; country is always real hedgerows are at least ten miles

inland. "What do you say to a boat, then?"
"That sounds better; but where

shall we go?"
"Is there no object of interest along the coast I could row you

to? "Um!- I know a bay-," I be-"Um!— I know a bay—," I be-began hesitatingly.

"Where the wild thyme grows!"
Let us go there."

"Are you fond of sea anemones?" I asked, doubtfully.

asked, doubtfully.

"Devoted to them, I worship them, adore them, would go miles after them!" he cried, rapturously.

"Then that settles it." I said, laughing. "In this bay there are the loveliest sea anemones all over the rocks, and such shells! It is about three miles off; the prettiest little sandy cove imaginable, with red cliffs all round it. We might land there and explore it thoroughly, and there and explore it thoroughly, and row back in the cool of the evening

Shall we go?"

"Decidedly; nothing could be better. Get your hat, and let us go and charter a boat."

We soon found a boat to suit us, and declining the offers of the boat-

man to accompany us, were pushed off from the beach, as full of spirits as a couple of children on a half holiday.

"Will you take an oar, Miss Clifford?" said my companion, as he

ford?" said my companion, as he proceeded to divest himself of his gray tweed coat.
"!? Not for worlds!"
"Can't you row? I should have thought you were just the girl to

row."
"Not a yard. What should make you think I can? Am I not a 'breadand-butter?' "I asked, maliciously.
"On the contrary, I begin to think you are of the transpired." you are of the strong-minded or-

."And so you divide all women in-

to those two classes only, Captain Thistleby: the bread-and-butter and

strong-minded?"
'Girls I do, certainly—not won," he answered.
'You distinguish between the two,

"You distinguish between the two, then? Are women a superior class?"
"They are different."
"And which am I, pray?"
"Upon my word, I don't know!"
he answered, earnestly, looking up at me intently, as if he were really puzzled by me.

puzzled by me. I laughed.

"One judges women by a higher standard than one does girls, you know," he said, by way of explana-

"Is marriage, then, the portal those higher realms of bliss from which the spinsters are excluded?"
"Generally, not always though. Bella is a girl in every sense of the word; but I am not sure about

"Well, I shall very soon be mar-ried, you know," I answered, airily; "and that, perhaps, will determine

my status."

"Yes; you needn't remind me of that so very often," he said, testily.

I was rather surprised by the sudden change in his manner, and

and was silent.

Captain Thistleby had settled himself down to his work and was pull-

ing well.
I don't know that a well-made man

I don't know that a weil-made man ever looks to better advantage than when he is rowing.

As I looked at my companion's broad chest, and at the steady, easy motion of his muscular arms, at his well-shaped head, from which he had removed his hat, thickly cluster-the term by criem, short curls, and sot had removed his hat, thickly clustered over by crisp, short curls, and set on to his shoulders with the grace and strength of an Apollo, I began to think that Captain Thistleby was a very type of all that was perfect in manly beauty. I stole furtive glances at his face from under the shade of my hat. I had not noticed until now what glorious eyes he had—eyes that, at times, drooped languid and sleepy beneath long veiling lashes, and at times flashed out sudlashes, and at times flashed out suddenly in gleams of fire and energy. In the straight-cut nose and square chin were a subtle blending of strength and refinement; and though the mouth was all but concealed by the long tawny moustache, I could guess from what I saw that its lines

denoted firmness and character. De-cidedly Bella was right in calling cidedly Bella was right in calling her brother-in-haw a handsome man. We skim swiftly along over the face of the waters. A golden light ripples all over the waves, the boat cleaves her way through them with a fresh sounding swish at every stroke of the oar, followed by a mellow gurgling after every onward bound she gives. Big white sails, some near, some far off, pass and reass in a solemu, silent procession pass in a solemn, silent procession between us and the blue line of the between us and the blue line of the horizon; and now and then a trail of smoke in the distance tells us of some outward-bound steamer dropping "down Channel."

lean back in the stern of the little boat, feeling at peace with my-self and the whole world, and I won-der vaguely what it is that makes me so supremely happy to-day me so supremely happy to-day. The preze ruffles my hair and flushes my checks. I hang one hand over the side and let the water trickle idly through my fingers. Ah! delicious day, why did it not last for ever?

At length we reached the little bey to which we were bound. I had not belied its beauty. It was hollow-ed deeply out of the steep cliffs that enclosed it perpendicularly on three were frowning and dark, and con trasted charmingly at low watte with the yellow sands and brown rocks, and the little blue pools

water at their feet. "Now for the treasures of the deep!" cried Mark Thistleby, gayly, as we make for the shore.
We had some difficulty in finding a landing-place, and still more in se-

letting a safe harbor for our boat; there were so many little jugged rocks half in, half out of the water. At last we manuged to fasten her up to one of them, and then we started forth on our ramble.

Of course we found no sea anemones—not one! Captain Thistleby
declared I had brought him here

under false pretences, but owned to being unfeignedly glad, as he had been haunted by an awful terror ever since we started lest I should request him to carry some home in his hat.

We scrambled about like a couple of children all over the slipper rocks, pausing to stoop over the shallow pools fringed with crimsor feathery seawed, to watch the stronge manners and customs of baby crabs and scan transparent prawns at their gambols. I have al-ways considered myself remarkably active and sure-footed in clambering about; but, apparently, Captain Thistleby must have thought me awkward and floundering, for he insisted on retaining a firm hold of

Skin was on Fire with Eczema

For twelve years a dreadful sufferer, but now entirely cured by Dr. Chase's Olntment.

Eczema's itch is torture, the skin seems on fire with the burning, stinging humor; at times it becomes almost unbearable, and in desperation you could tear the skin to pieces. You dare not exercise for fear of aggravating the itching, neither can you sleep, for no sooner does the body become warm than the trouble begins, and instead of restful refreshing sleep, it is scratch, scratch, scratch all night long.

MR. ALEX. McDougall, postmaster, Broad Cove Marsh, N.S., writes:—"For twelve years I was a great sufferer from eczema on the inside of the leg. There was a raw patch of flesh about three inches square, and the itching was something fearful. Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me, took away the itching and healed up the sore. I have no hesitation in recommending it as a wonderful cure for itching skin disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every

my hand.

"You might fall, you know, and sprain your ankle," he says; and as that is certainly a possible contingency, and I can see no very good reason against it, I acquiesce in the arrangement. So accustomed do I become to it, indeed, that I forget to let go of his hand, or he forgets become to it, indeed, that I lorget to let go of his hand, or he forgets to let go of mine, even when the rocks are at an end; and so we wander, hand-in-hand, up the yellow

sand to the cliffs.

"What a place for a picnic, Miss Clifford! Why are you going tomorrow? We might have a charm-

ing time here."
"Well, it would hardly do for whole day; the sea comes up to t

ing time here."
"Well, it would hardly do for a whole day; the sea comes up to the cliffs at high tide."
"Really? I wonder if the boat is safe?" He looked back somewhat anxièusly. "The tide is coming in."
"Oh! we have lots of time. We have still the cavern to see. Come!"
A low opening at the foot of the chiffs was between us. Mark had to stoop his tall head considerably to get into it; but after a few steps the roof rose suddenly, and we stood in a high vaulted chamber, lighted by a fissure in the rock above. The red sandstone was groined in regular curves, like the roof of a cathedral, and a carpet of whitest silversand was spread out under our feet.
And here—oh! wonder of wonders shells, such as I never saw there before strewn about all over the

--were myriads of lovely twisted shells, such as I never saw there be-fore, strewn about all over the floor, in countless numbers, of every shade and hue, from palest rose to deepest orange.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed de-lightedly. "I never found shells here

"I never found shells here lightedly. "I never found shells her before. Where can they have come from in such quantities? It must have been yesterday's storm—that brought them.

I stooped down and eagerly began gathering them up; I filled my hand-kerchief and Captain Thistleby's, and all our pockets.

"What on earth do you mean to do with them?" he said, laughing, but down on his knees, too, picking them up. don't know in the very least. I

shall probably throw them awa fore we are home again; but them I must!" "Let us take shots with them at that clump of brown seaweed there," said my companion.

Happy thought, no sooner suggested than acted upon. We stand side by side, each with a handkerchief full of shells, and "take shies," as

Mark expresses it. My shots usually fall very wide of the mark; my companion hits it with uncering precision. I handicap him to make the game fair. I stand five paces in advance, and he gives me thirty shots. The game is to be a hundred, and the one who loses is to carry the rest of the shells home. The cavern echoes with our ringing

"How cold it has turned!" I ex-claimed, suddenly shivering. Mark looks at his watch. "Good heavens," he cried, "we have been here half an hour! Come!" He seized my hand, and we hurried out of

The tide was coming in rapidly. A narrow strip of sand, not more a dozen yards across, was all that now lay between the cliffs and the sea; and our boat was—where? Still where we left her, apparent ly, but completely surrounded by the

and down on the sharp apex of the

rock, to which she was still fastened.
"She is quite safe," says my companion; "I can easily reach her—the water will not be more than up to my knees. Thank Heaven, I fastened the rope firmly, or we might have been in a nice fix. But where shall I leave you? You will get wet beer?"

waves, and bumping violently

I could see that he was more easy at our position than he liked to own; and indeed it was not exactly a pleasant state of things. The light breeze of the early part of the day had freshened considerably, and good-sized waves, white with serf, came rolling in at our very feet.

I knew that at high tide the water washed the base of the cliffs, and CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treat-ment with

Scott's Emulsion should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty pro-ducts during the heated season.

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experience insists on them. Dunlop Tires make bicycle enthusiasts. They increase the pleasure of wheeling and minimize the troubles. Bicycling is an assured success with Dunlops.

The Dunlop Tire Co. Limited Toronto, Ont.

Depots at Montreal, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouv Habe you found a Dunlop Coin? to stand where we were much longer was to risk being drowned. By the side of the cliffs there was no escape: they were perfectly inaccessible

cape: they were perfectly inaccessible.
"I cannot leave you here," said

"I cannot leave you here," said Mark, in evident distress.

I looked round in despair at the sandstone wall behind us, and suddenly I caught sight of a small projecting ledge about four or five feet up the ledge of the rock.

In far less time than it takes to tel!, Mark had picked me up bodily and placed me there. It was not more than a foot in width, but it was well above the water line, and a was well above the water line, and tuft of thick grass growing out

by.

'You will be safe from getting by.

'You will be safe from getting but I splashed there," he said; but I could see that it was not of splashes that he was thinking. "I shall be back in ten minutes; I have not a

moment to lose."

And with that he walked out bold-

ly into the seething waves.

He had hard work, after all, to reach the boat. The current strong, and several times he nearly for nis footing. By the time he got to it the water was nearly up to

his waist. (To be Continued.)

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FAIDAY, JULY 24th, 1903 at the hour of 3.30 o'clock in the after-noon, that valuable farm of 165 acres more or less composed of Lot No. 23, in the 5th Con-

cession of the Township

of Malahide. This is a first-class farm about six miles from the Town of Aylmer, in an excellent locality. The soil is generally clay loam, good dwelling house and outbuilding.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down on day of sale and balance in fifteen days thereafter. For further particulars and conditions application can be made to William Warnock, Aylmer, or to the undersigned, or will be made known on day of sale.

Dated at St. Thomas, 3rd July, 1903.

JOHN FARLEY,

Vendor's Selicitor.

Vendor's Selicitor.