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The frost's agleam where the dew was drip

The frost's agleam on the path I follow; Scarlet velvet the witch hazel spreads Adown the slope of the old mill hollow, Where dodder tangles itts lustrio threads.

The stream that sung to a summer k Echoes the song of an ended trust.

#### A TALE OF THE SHORE

"What is that queer little building ver yonder in the cove?" "Oh, that is Tom Little-Lamp's "Is it necessary that a lamp should be kept so near the lighthouse on the point?"

"Tom considers it necessary for the safety of the fishermen and pleasure parties that go out from the village yonder. Tom is a character. Would you like to go over an call? I have heard that there was a boat wrecked there once and that a friend of Tour's was drowned. Perhaps he will tell you the story; he tells it sometimes, but I have never heard it. I have been told by people who kny him well that in order to make him talk you must keep silent yourself. He is one of those peculiar people who are always able to distinguish between real sympathy and vulgar curiosity."

keep silent yourself. He is one of those peculiar people who are always able to distinguish between real sympathy and vulgar curiosity.

The tall, comely, weather-beaten man knew pretty Mabel, the daughter of the village pastor, and when she introduced her aunt as one whose home was on a rugged hilltop far inland where the pine trees near her door caught the high winds when they whispered to her of the sea, he invited them to rest in his house.

"It's a rough little place," he said, "but I can show you there some of the treasures and mysteries of the sea, and you will hold them is whispering its stories of waves and tides, and will help you to fancy that you are only to lift your eyes and look afar in order to see a breadth of blue water and perchance a white sail."

The man hesitated in his talk, eyeing his visitors curiously, as if wondering if he was giving too much of himself but the woman said, gendly:

"The sea and the mountains alike belong to God."

"Yes," he said, "and it is impossible to love the one and not hold the other also in your heart. I love the sea, but I love to think that the mountains are in a tumulf. I always find confort in that thought, but God can quiet the troubled hearts. I never used to think of it in that way, I was careless and happy and called the sea a garden of beauty, and a trensure vault, and mirror for the heavens, and severything lovely and beautiful of that sort.

"When I was a little fellow, frolicking with the waves on the beach, I began making a collection of sea treasures, and as I grew older and had a boat of my own, I added to it constantly. It was better than this," and be motioned for them to enter.

As they looked about, their delighted but mute appreciation touched his gratification. The room was like a grotto, its sides being shelves of at, gray rock, over which, as well as over the

heart, and his sad face lighted with gratification. The room was like a grotto, its sides being shelves of at, gray rock, over which, as well as over the stone floor, were scattered pebbles, shells and squweed. The one window looked out seaward between two huge rocks, and so artistically had the idea been carried out that they felt themselves to be standing on an ocean cavern.

"No one knows of that fissure until I allow them to enter this room," said Tom. "Although familiar with the beach it was a long time before I knew it myself. An old sycamore stood just in front of the cleft, and all about it was a tangle of vines and berries and all sand-loving weeds. No one ever tried to get near the trunk of the old tree until I came along here after my boat awashed ashore upset seeking for traces of her body. I climbed up over the heap of drift, thinking to reach the top of the ledge, and was astonished to find trervice.

"The tide was coming in, and as I looked down into the caldron of the boiling waves I saw a girl's hat with tis drenched blue ribbons. I fished it out after awhile, and found without a doubt that it was the hat she wore that afternoon.

"Of course I supposed she was

burning that no one should follow what I supposed to have been her fate.

"As I took that poor weather-beaten shade hat from its box I turned so the light fell full upon my face. Some of the widner who had made a fool of me for years, now mistook me for a ghost and dropped fainting to the floor.

"The whole party left the beach next day and I never have seen or heard of them since. I stay on here, for I no longer seem to have a place in the world, but I keep my light burning and I add to my collection and I have correspondents among naturalists who are interested in what interests me and are glad to get my specimens and my notes upon them and I have learned to see traces of the finger of God in all his acts and works. Sometimes if may be my collection will be my monument, and have a place in the world as I might have had if I had never met with that beautiful, heartless woman." that it was the hat she wore that afternoon.

"Of course I supposed she was
drowned, and thought that her body
might have been sucked in here also,
After that I haunted the place by night
and by day, its wildness and dreariness
suited my mood. I fancied that the
white spray as it dashed up between
the rocks when the great waves broke
there was her spirit and that no other
boat might get under the control of the
current, and also as a little memorial
of her beauty and sweetness. I told myself, I carried those stones up the ledge
and built that tower and kept my lamp
burning. A small number of women have for several years served as letter carriers in England. A famous old postwoman, who had been a carrier since the Queen's accession in 1837, died. a few days ago at Cutsyke, near Leeds. During the first 32 years of her service under the British Government she was never absent from her duties for a single day.

self. I carried those stones up the ledge and built that tower and kept my lamp burning.

"The fishermen like it, for this is a dangerous coast, and they took to calling me "Tom Little-Lamp," and to bringing me little things for my comfort. They thought me foolish, I suppose, but yet they were sorry for me. The coast dwellers are kind. No one can tell how kind until they have lived among them.

"At length I grew to love the place so much that I made an agreement with the staunch old sycamore to give me its place. I was to cut it down and use every particle of at about my cabin, and I did so; not so much as a twig has gone to the fire or to the waves, and the old is satisfied, and so can I.

I assed to sit at this seaward window to be successful to the staustiff of the stauth of the stauth

CUBAN INSURGENTS



t to many a metropolitan museum as dear Mr. Oliver had just at that a mania for marine treasures.

this day.

"During all this flippant recital I had not moved a muscle, but I thought of a great many things that I might do topunish her. I might jump overboard and drown before her eyes; I might rise up before her friends and denounce her for her miserable hypocrisy and heart-lessness; but although I had just heard myself called daft, I convinced myself of my sanity by keeping quiet and pretending to snore.

Woman's Faithfulness,

An Old Thoroughbred,

ewlywed (proudly)—I always make it oint to tell my wife everything that

distance of war camps and battle fields. Ever since the outbreak of the Cubsii insurrection, placid family man thought I am. I have been all agong to go over and have a hand. But my services are not wanted. Younger men, and men without families to put forward important claims, are to the front. Thus Hut all things come to him who waits, And the other day my opportunity found me out, all on the jump. Few people, even in Kingston, have any conception of the frequency of the open boat mail—and other service—that is meintained between the Cuban insurgents and the Jannaica junts. Now it to come the composition of the frequency of the open boat mail—and other service—that is meintained between the Cuban insurgents and the Jannaica junts. Now it to compose the composition of the frequency of the police have into the composition of the police have into the composition of the police have into the composition of the police have in the composition of the police have in the composition of the police and the composition of the police offected a capture to the police effected a capture



THE CUBANS ON THE WATCH.

Grateful it is on the warm earth to lie While purple shadows o'er the far hills As sleep, not dying, to my thought it seems, With dreamless waking in the dream of

-Marguerite Merington WOMAN'S PHOGRESS IN JAPAN.

The Private Pig.

A pretty story of how Henry M. Stanley wooed and won Miss Dorothy Tennant, though coming to us from private sources, has been made sufficiently public to avert the charge of undue personality. Miss Tennant, it is well known, was the original of Sir John Millais famous picture, "Yes or No?" It seems that Stanley had asked the question and the reply was "No."

The great explorer went to Africa again, and after several years returned to London to find himself the most-talked of man of the day.

The thought of Miss Tennant was still uppermost in his mind, and he resolved that his first visit should be to her home. In his impatience for the morrow, he turned over the cards and motes with which the table was strewn, and, selecting one haphazard, decided to while away the time by attending a certain reception.

The first person he met there was Miss Tennant. They greeted each other formally, but later in the evening Stanley Tennant, and the solitude. A somewhat cembarrassing silence ensued, broken by the woman saying, like one "making conversation."

"No, I haven't found London changed, and I've not changed, either," returned the explorer, with his usual intrepledity. Have you?"

"Yes, I've changed," answered Miss Tennant, softly.

A few days later Millais received a note from his former subject beginning: "My Dear Sir John: The momentous of the companion.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

The whole world loves the peaceful man,
Who never will quarrel or bicker,
But the full right of way, allow me say,
"Twill give to the strenuous kicker.

WIFE ENTERTAINS HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. Salus could not understand why her husband preferred the club to his own "den."
"Becquase. I can have things there that I can't have at home," explained Mr. Salus.
"You can play cards here, can't you? You can smoke or drink or do anything you want to."

THE CUBANS ON THE WATCH.

The made the shore, through a vertiable labyrinh of coral rects and because it can have things there that common the unwieldy punt on a long stretch of sandy beach. Instantly oil hands common the control of the party sent up a recket that trailed the hand of the common that the commo

others weak. Have you a good family history? Or is there a tendency to coughs, throat or bronchial troubles, weak lungs? Has a brother, sister, parent or near relative had consumption? Then your family chain is weak. Strengthen it. Take SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It makes rich blood, gives strength and vigor to weak lungs and run-down constitutions. With its aid the system throws off acute coughs and colds. It prevents the chain from breaking. Shall we send you a book about this, free?

I'll let you love me; I'll hear your song, But you must hustle and help along."

I stand alone, you know, I trust, Not 'cause I would but 'cause I must.

Friend-Well, old man, did the doctor

Nuggets of Humor.

"If I had known," sobbed young Mrs.
Fitz, "that you would have been such a brute to poor Fido, I would never have married you."
"My dear," replied Mr. Fitz, "the anticipation of kicking that miserable little beast was one of my chief reasons for proposing to you."—Tit-Bits.

please.

Louise—He must have claunged considerably since he married you.—Tit

way.
Clara—Why, what was the matter with
Jack?
Maud—Nothing. You don't suppose be
could drive with his feet, do you?—Chi

Tommy-Paw, what was the light of

other days?
Mr. Figg—Daylight. Get away.—In dianapolis Journal.

Forrester—You live in a quiet part of the town, do you not? Lancaster—Not now. Forrester—Moved? Lancaster—No. Got twins.—Tit-Bits.

elieve you?" Invalid—Yes, of twenty dollars.

MOTHER EARTH

The vine has from my shelter fled And flaunts a wicked, saucy head." But then, complaining, soft and low, She blushed: "I did not wish to go

Ilevers in Modern Ideas.

At last the women of Japan are beginning to get their inning. The Emperor himself is interested in their advancement. He hopes in time that they will attain the same position enjoyed by the women of the West. The first step he took toward this advancement was to abolish stained teeth and shaved everywords. Next, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, he introduced the idea of the celebration of a silver wedding into his country. On that occasion he gave a big feast and received countless presents. His female subjects were delighted at this, and said that no Empress had ever been so honored.

The Empress of Japan, Fusaka, is by no means kept in the background by her husband. She shares his throne, and is consulted upon matters of national importance. More than this, she presides at his table, and this is an honor accorded to none of her predecessors. The Impress, from all accounts, is quite an upto-date woman, and has proved herself worthy of all her privileges. She is an active patroness of the Tokio Women's Hospital, which is conducted on thermost modern scientific principles. She is also quite an athlete and has a model gymnasium, erected solely for her benefit, in the palace. She practices there every day, and is also fond of riding. Who knows but in time she may take to the bicycle? The Emperor has dedicated to her many of his most beautiful poems, which show that the bravest deeds have been inspired by feminine beauty. She is even to the proper search and the search and the development of her sex than he is.

The number of pigs kept by the colliers and artisans of the North of England fluctuates with the price of coal and yarn. In good times every collier keeps a live animal of some sort, and though dogs, guinea pigs, cage birds, and honing pigeons are attractive, his "fancy animal" is usually a pig. He admires this on Sunday afternoons, and groups of friends go round to smoke their pipes and compare pigs, and bet on their ultimate weight. They have private pig shows, with subscription prizes. Each animal is judged in its own sty, and it is interesting to know that the evolution of an almost perfect pig was due to the innate sagacity of the Yorkshire pit hand. The sties in which these animals live are very rough affairs, often made of a few boards nailed over railway sleepers, but it is interesting to learn that when the author was acting as a peripartic judge at the colliers show he found young pigs as blooming and healthy as possible, and that, small though the collier's back yard is, he always contrives that his pigsty shall be thoroughly ventilated and look toward the south. Architects of costly home farms often house the unhappy pigs under north walls, and condemn them to rheumatism, cold, and sunlessness. Yorkshire produces not only the best pork, but has long been famous for the best-cured hams in the world.—

\*\*The Manammedan Blunder\*\*

ns and. Since taked to any little girl but me, have you, Uncle Harry?" she asked.
"No," he replied, "and if I did have one I couldn't love her any more than do you."
"Why don't you have a little girl?" the sleepy child continued. "Why, don't you get married like Cousin Tom, Uncle Harry? Don't you want to?"
"Oh, there's lots of time, dearest, and, besides, there are just as many good fish in the sea as has ever been caught."
It was a minute or longer before the little one spoke. Raising her pretty yellow head, she looked up at him and asked:
"But, Uncle Harry, don't you think the bait is getting a little stale?"
He didn't reply, and by and by she dropped asleep in his arms.—Detroit Journal. The Spectator.

A Mohammedan Blunder.

"At the out-station of H—, Mr. J.

S—, an old and respected tea planter,
was church warden and had charge of
the church and the arrangements for service. To his old bearer had been committed for years the task of preparing
the holy table for the Lord's Supper.

Mr. J. S— was on the occasion in
question absent from the station on leave
and his place was supplied by a planter
not so conversant with church matters.
Accordingly, having received notice of
the chaplain's intended visit, he ordered
his bearer (a very unecclesiastical purson,

The same which ennobles everything. Between the line and the surf there was but the antient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and mauvecolored heath, with yellow sand conspicus heather than the surf there was but the antient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and mauvecolored heath, with yellow sand conspicuous here and there. At the limit or the long to so, and the long to who to make year of Good Hope, in an Indiaman, when a floating object was being off the Come of Good Hope, in an Indiama, when a floating object was being off the Come of Good Hope, in an Indiama, when a floating object was spread on the table with bread and wine. "Come on board?" retorted the ocean on board?" retorted the ocean of board? retorted the ocean of board? The table was with when hailed. "No, thank you, I'm very comfortable here. I am bound for the cape. Can I take letters there for you? Don't bother about me. I'm all right."

Then, amid the silence which followed this incredible vara, Colonel G. arost trying to find someone belonging to that ship to return thanks for the great courtesy shown to me on that occasion. At last I am enabled to do so, sir—I was the man on the cask!"—Spare how to me on the cask!"—Spare how the mean on the cask!"—Spare how to me on the cask!"—Spare how t

The Sea.

"It is the sea which ennobles everything. Between the line and the surfthere was but the ancient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and manyecolored heath, with yellow sand conspicuous here and there. At the limit of the foreshore the rugged border line cut clear into a deep and sombre blue. It is She—blue as any grape on this cluster which hangs in the cooling breeze. This azure deepens, filling up a good half of the range of sight; the white, sail of a fishing smack floats alone, like a hollow shell; the eternal monotone of the ocean is borne upon the ear. Draw mear and see the lenping silver foam. "Above this intense blue the sky is transparently, superbly pale, and the stars are hurrying to light their lamps. There is not a living soul, nor a plant, nor any sign of the hand of man. There might be Nerelds and Fauns dancing on the strand, as in the days when the world was young."—H. A. Taine, in Journeys Through France.

Broken

Broken

Broken

Rallway Tickets From Slot Machines a povel little convenience to be found as a povel little convenience to be found.

Chain The family circle is never so happy after the chain is broken and a link taken. Some family chains are strong, others weak. Have

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with advantage be copied by railway
companies in this country. Passengers
for suburban stations, instead of going
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in line for several minutes, can go to an
automatic box, and, by dropping in the
slot a coin equivalent to the amount of
the fare, can supply themselves with a
ticket in an instant. Rows of these
boxes are erected against the wall in
convenient locations. The name of the
town is painted in large letters, and underneath the price of the ticket. The
proper amount is slipped in the slot, a
button is pressed, and out drops a ticket.
The whole transaction does not occupy
half a minute.

In the same way "platform tickets"
may be obtained by those desiring to
see friends off from any particular station.—London Mail. "Cantab" writes: "It has never been stated yet how and when Mr. Bjurgeou learned to smoke. It was while he was an usher in a boys' school at Cambridge, and became the pastor of the little Baptist chapel at Waterbeach. He used to stay with one of the deacons from Saturday to Monday. Admiring the zest with which his host enjoyed his clay pipe, a 'churchwarden' was promised him the following week, which offer he eagerly accepted. Snid the old man: 'He smoked his pipe as he did everything else, thoroughly, then he said, '"I think I have had enough." "Yes," I replied, "I think you have," and he thereupon left the inside for the outside of the cottage."

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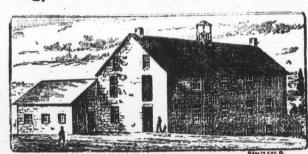
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