SOAP SUDS. "Soap Suds" is the name she answer to, though her right name, as she once informed us in a burst of confidence is "Mrs. Sarah May Lightly, net Smith." She is our washerwoman Her age is uncertain, her form bulky her strength a thing to wonder at, and her speech a strange admixture of native Scotch, up-to-date Canadian slang, and Irishisms, the latter obtained from a bedridden but cheerful husband. She is the latest of several experiments in the washerwoman line, her predecessor, a woman with melancholy views of life and a tendency to asthma, having declined further service because whiskey was not thrown in as bonus to the day's pay. "Soap Suds," on the contrary, abhors spirituous liquors, but has a weakness for XXX peppermint lozenges, and the atmosphere around the tubs on washing day is redolent of soap and peppermint. In her own way she is an autocrat. "Fork out yer hankies," is her first greeting to the male members of the household. Handkerchiefs are thereupon produced from numerous pockets, "Soap Suds" standing with arms folded while her mandate is obeyed, and meanwhile keeping up a running commentary which never varies from week to week; it goes like this: "Man, tak' shame to yersel'. There's a wiper oughter have been in the wash days ago. If of was yer wumman O'd go through them kets every week. Is that all, now? Don't be snoopin' in at dinner time with annuther. Losh, me, but men are a sore trial. There's me own mannever kens where his hankies are; it is redolent of soap and peppernever kens where his hankles are; it beats the band. Is there any scouring soap in the house? No? Of coorse there ain't. Master Charlie, run to the shop and get some, and you, Master Geordie, get doon th' cellar and haund up the tubs. Oi bruk a leg wanst goin' down a cellar, and Oi ain't running chances." Finally, the work is commenced in real earnest, and Soap Suds scrubs, wrings and "hangs out," singular in faded soprano tones, "Leezle Marches in faded soprano tones, "Leezle ing in faded soprano tones, "Leezle Lindsay," or "Gathering the Myrtle With Mary," stopping her crooning at intervals to whisper the latest bit of womanly gossip to the wife or one of womanly gossip to the wife or one of the girls, or to announce, generally in a loud voice, that she was "wanst" as beautiful as any "Leezle Lindsay" or "Myrtle Mary," and disbellevers may obtain confirmation from her "man." She told us once how she came to fol-low her present calling, prefacing her story with the assertion, "Of wasn't raised to it, you can bank on that; but if Oldo say so no symman in Toraised to it, you can bank on that; but, if Oi do say so, no wumman in Toronto can outwash me. And why? Becos Oi've made a study of th' profession, and there's as much sclence in it as the next thing. When Wullie got his back hurted he was earning his good twelve dollars a week in the smithy. A lump of iron, some hammers, and heaven knows what all besides, fell on him from the rafters in the shop, and they brung him home helpless. 'He'll die,' says the doctor. 'Not yet,' says Oi. 'Wumman,' says the doctor, 'ye dinna ken what yer.

'Not yet,' says Oi. 'Wumman,' says the doctor, 'ye dinna ken what yer sayin'. Think o' that, now, 'Well,' says Oi, 'do you go off, doctor, dear, and kill some man whose wife ain't particular about him, and Oi'll thank ye to leave mine to mesel."
"So Oi started in the washin line, and Oi've pulled through somehow. The bairns are grown up, them what ain't buried leastways, and shiftin' for themselves. P'raps some of 'em'il be able to keep us when Oi'm too old to wash any more, and p'raps they won't. But that's a matter to be dewon't. But that's a matter to be de-cided later." She departs at the close of the day, with a bundle of old news-papers, a paper-backed novel borrow-ed for the old man, and occasionally a ed for the old man, and occasionally a few articles of clothing. At the door she pauses to remark: "Ol'll be back this day week, God willing, if it don't rain. In case of rain Ol'll come at the first chanst. And. Master Charlie, and you, Master Geordie, be good to yer mammy. So-long."

Not Over Yet.

The capture of Aguinaldo, to be sure, is not exactly the immediate end of all Filipino opposition to the United States. A Filipino gentleman, resident in Washington, Mr. Rafael del Pan Fontela, tells The Post of that city that Sandico is the successor of Aguinaldo as the head of the Filipinos in the field, and that the war will be steadily waged ander his leadership. Sandico was reported captured or surrendered by the press despatches not long ago, but the report must have been erroneous, since General MacArthur has not mentioned Sandico in his official cablegrams to the War Department, Mr. Fontela said of Bandico's character and ability :-

Teodoro Sandico is a mechanical engineer by profession and a man of high educaand America, speaks fluently, besides Spanish and two or three Filipino dialects also French and English. His integrity and stability of character were so well known that when Aguinaldo left Hong Kong to reinforce Admirsi Dewey he placed the evolutionary funds wholly in his hands and at his disposal. He afterward became a member of Aguinaldo's first cabinet, at the emporary capital of Malolos, under the Presidency of Mabini, who has now been deported to Guam. Sandleo was Secretary of the Interior, a position which he filed with great ability. Since July, 1809, he has won high reputation as a General in the field. His name has been calumniated in American newspapers by the association of it with an alleged plot to destroy Manila, but of this there has never been the slightest proof. On the contrary, his humanity and nobility of conduct have been so well known that the Spanish newseapers and the Spanish club of Manila prais ed him highly for his kindly treatment of Spanish prisoners.

"Besides Sandico," adds the pessimistic Springfield Republican, "one of the ablest of the Filipino military leaders, General Tino, is still in the field. The rainy season is so near at hand that the continuation of hostilities for months yet is very possible, notwith standing the capture of Aguinaldo. The Taft commission admits that Cebu is still unpacified; yet the news of Aguinaldo's fate has had ample time to reach that island. The actual official proclamation of the end of the war in the Philippines may be farther off than most of us now suppose. That some such proclamation must eventually be made, if peace is to be declared, was evident from the text of General MacArthur's order in deporting Mabini to Guam. Mabini and the others, said the order, were 'there to be held under surveillance or in actual custody, as circumstances may require, during the further progress of hostilities, and until such time as the restoration of normal peace conditions in the Philippines has resulted in a public declaration of the termination of such hostilities.' Evidently formal war will end only with each a declaration, and not before," General Tino, is still in the field. The

"I wrote Dr. Pierce regard ing my case, and received a prompt reply, free."



"I endured nearly our years of suffer-" writes Mrs. L. Myers, of rom improper med-cal attention after and female weak-ness, resulting in a complication of dises. Had a terri-

eases. Had a terrible cough and an incessant pain and soreness in lungs.

Was reduced in flesh from 184 pounds to about 100 pounds in eighteen months. I had no appetite, and became so weak and nervous I could scarcely sit up. I doctored with our home physicians for two years with na benefit I was finally two years with no benefit, I was finally induced to try Dr.
Pierce's medicines.

I wrote to Doctor I wrote to Doctor Pierce regarding my case, and re-ceived a prompt reply, free, advis-ing the proper medicines for my case. After taking four bottles of Dr.

Pierce's Favorite Prescription and four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' three doses each day, also taking one bot-tle of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed and some of his 'Pellets,' I ceased coughing, and am now enjoying splendid health and have gained thirtyfive pounds in weight. I again feel like my former self, thanks to Dr. Pierce and

his great medicines." Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter FREE. All correspondence sacredly confidential and all womanly confidences guarded by strict professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

MORPETH.

Dr. Collison, who has been practicmonths, has decided to leave.

Jas R. Smith recently purchased
M. G. Hays fine driver for the sum of \$150.

Rev. J. G. Hooper, who has had charge of this parish for the past five years, preached his farewell ser-mon yesterday and will leave in the near future for Mount Pleasant, A daughter was born to A. Leibner and wife, Talbot street, on the 23rd

Sparham Bros., "Woodlawn," lost a valuable horse one day last week from the effects of the heat.

Mrs. H. F. Duck, Toronto, who has been depressed to the heat that may not be removed.

Miss Annie Armstrong, near Pal-myra, who was very ill for several

merly and wife. Willie, son of Rev. J. G. Hooper, who has been attending Ridley College, St. Catharines, is at home for

his holidays. Another old and highly respected resident has passed away in the person of Mrs. Lucy Hill, relict of the late Erastus Hill, who died at the family residence, Lake Shore, at the advanced age of 84 years and 5 months, after a short illness. Only the street of the distributions, economical, honest, and yet not too scrupulous, his whole nature appearance of the structure of the structure.

SECURITY

Genuine Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Very small and as casy to take as sugar. CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price DENUINE HUST HAVE SUNATURE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DEFEAT.

The house was quiet at last. Since death had entered there had been a constant coming and going, and although he had remained shut up in his ewn room in stupid despair, and the steps that he heard were hushed, yet he was ever conscious of them as an accompaniment to his thought. But all noises had ceased now, and he stole down the long stairway into the room where the light burned, and where in the midst of flowers she lay at rest. The lamp of life had been blown out, but the place where it had shone was still beautiful. Forehead and cheek and chin, how smooth they were, and rounded. Wasting disease had not had fts will upon her, and she seemed to sleep. He drew his breath softly for a moment lest he might disturb her. moment lest he might disturb her. Close to her bosom, with her arm about him in all a mother's tenderness, lay the little blossem of life, for whose brief existence so great a price had been demanded. He touched the rounded cheek, but it was cold with the chill of death. It was true, then, and no delusion. She who had been the inspiration of his whole life would never look up at him, the love shining in her eyes as it always did, again.

eyes as it always did, again.

Was there any time that he could not remember her? It must have been the very dawn of self-consciousness that summer day when he stood shyly that summer day when he stood shyly peering between the palings that surrounded the garden of the richest man in his native village. The colors of the flowers attracted him, but the power that held him was the beauty of the little sunny-haired maid who plucked them here and there. He had no feeling of humiliation, although bare-footed and ragged, while she was clad in frock of daintiest texture, and he turned his face to her, even as he turned it to the sunlight, for it seemed to mined his face to her, even as he turned it to the sunlight, for it seemed to minister to his joy as the sun itself. Did she speak to him that first day so long ago? Of that he could not be sure, but from that day there was no morning when she did not in imagination stand beside him when he awoke, no night that she did not visit his dreams. There was no part of his life that she did not influence. He had never tried to explain it, but the personality of this fairy child called his soul into new life. In some instinctive fashion he came to know that rags and ignorance and povknow that rags and ignorance and pov-erty were barriers between her and hinself, and a resolution shaped itself within his childish mind, and hardened within his childish mind, and hardened with passing years into steel, that these barriers would be broken down. It was a democratic community, but, even so, the distance between the squire's only daughter and the poorest boy in the village was a great one to outward seeming, but not so great that it might not be overcome. From some unknown arcester there had descended to him ancestor there had descended to him

Mrs. H. F. Duck, Toronto, who has been dangerously ill at the home of her father-in-law. John Duck, for the past two-weeks, is much better at present.

Rév. J. E. J. Millyard preached his farewell sermon in the Methodist church Sunday evening, and will leave for Malahide this (week.

Miss Annie Armstrong weer Pal success might bring him somewhat nearer to her, but he knew no other reason. His passion was so mighty myra, who was very ill for several weeks, is able to be up again.

The season has opened at Terrace Beach and the cottages are rapidly filling.

Mrs. Grey and family, of Foronto, are spending the heated term with Mrs. Grey's parents, Faxton Kimpagnetic and the congregation praised God on Sabbath morning, a passing glimpse as she passed by the shop where he was employed. There passing glimpse as she passed by the shop where he was employed. There was little else, and the years that he labored there were hard years, and yet they never seemed hard or wearled him. He lived two lives, the life of toil and the life of dreams; and if the one was hard the joys of the other Another old and highly respected one was hard, the joys of the other son of Mrs. Lucy Hill, relict of the late Erastus Hill, who died at the family residence, Lake Shore, at the advanced age of 84 years and 5 months, after a short illness. Only two children of a large family survive her, 'Hiram Hill, of the Lake Shore, and Mrs. Bottoms, of Ridgetown. The funeral tooks place to Smith's cemetery.

A MISLEADING COUNTENANCE. "Physiognomy doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"I started out to console that discontented-looking man; and he told me he was perfectly contented."

AT THE DIME MUSEUM.

"So you are the ossifled man, are you?"

"What is your name?"

"What is your name?"

"What is your name?"

"How strange. (You do not look or talk like a Frenchman.")

ABSOLUTE

SECURITY

SECURITY

SIGNOR THE PRINCE Shore, at the family residence, Lake Shore, at the favore he must fight for his life. And he fought well. In-dustrous, economical, honest, and yet not too scrupulous, his whole nature too too scrupulous, his whole nature of too scrupulous, his whole nature of too scrupulous, his whole nature of too succeed. More quickly than he had thought, men say how was to win his way, and when at tast he ventured to take a day or two that he might visit the old village he found himself the central give. Even the squire's daukhter looked curiously at the young man who bore himself with such a confident air, as one who had gained a standing-place, and yet who had been such a short time ago the raggedest boy on the village streets. And when they spoke together, she wondered afterwards what it was, that look he gave her, as though he had taken possession of her very soul. Ah, how wise he had been. How carefulty had he had gained a standing-place, and yet who had been such a short time ago the raggedest boy on the village streets. And when they spoke out to had a standing-place, and yet wondered afterwards what it was, that look he gave her, as though the had taken possession of her very soul. Ah, how wise he had been. How carefulty had he had been to he had ize how much he loved her, ever know how high a place he had given her?

He could not tell. Only this he knew—that the year and a half that had passed since he called her wife had been perfect. His instinct had not misled him. Her face was fair, but its loveliness was as nothing to the beauty of her soul. Every day some new charm revealed itself, and there was nothing he had to ask from fate. He never looked to the future nor gave much thought to the past. The present was full for him, every moment was

was full for him, every moment was golden. And now the end was here. The fair castle that he built so proudly and with such care was shattered into ghastly ruin, and there were no ma-terials with which he might hope to raise its stately walls. He was face to face with that in life which is inexplicable so far as man's reason is concerned. Ho looked down again at her who lay so quietly, with flowers all about, and her face at peace, and then he looked up and said:—"God, thou hast been too strong for me."

C. Karl.

"Pa," said Miss Slangay, "you'll have to be thinking of digging up some loaf sugar for me."
"Loaf sugar!" exclaimed pa. "What on earth do you mean by—"
"Yacation money, pa,"—Philadelphia Press.

"I am sorry, sir," said the surgeon, but we shall have to perform an operation."
"I know you're not sorry, doctor," said the man with appendicitis.
"You are glad. And now that we understand each other, doctor, you can go ahead."—Chicago Tribune.

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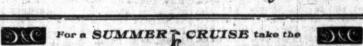
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MRS. TISSIMAN,
196tf Victoria Ave., or The Planet. TO RENT-House on Victoria Avenue, lately occupied by Rufus Stephen-son, Esq. All modern conveniences, Apply to Thomas Scullard, barrist-er, etc., 26 Victoria Block, Chatham.

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House in good repair; brick foundation; 7 rooms, closets, pantries, bath room, etc. Leaving the city; will sell cheap. For full particulars apply to Jno. A. Tilt.

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