

Kirkland's

Drug and Stationery Store.

Kirk's Koff Kure
Kures Koffs.

OUR PLEASANT WORM SYRUP
Is the Best and Safest Medicine for Children.

KIRKLAND'S
BUCHU AND JUNIPER PILLS
Are the Best Kidney and Liver Pill in the Market.

AROUND HOME.

Interesting Items Picked Up by Our Correspondents.

CRINAN.

Rev. D. Stalker, of Calumet, Mich., spent a few days among friends here last week.

David Stewart, jr., returned from Manitoba a short time ago.

Miss Gracie McMillan was home from Windsor for Thanksgiving.

Misses Jean Cochrane and Jessie Platt, of Berlin, paid a short visit to friends here this week.

Miss Katie Munro was home from Ridgeway for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Dugald Stewart visited friends in Dutton township last week.

J. Ubanks, of this place, and William Brown, of Wardsville, have exchanged houses and lots, and each party has moved to his new place.

John McMurchy, sr., is on the sick list.

DUNSWICH WEST

Miss Addie Fillmore was the guest of her friend, Miss Nellie Gilbert, last Wednesday.

Miss L. A. McMillan attended the Epworth League convention at Genoue last Wednesday and Thursday.

A number from here attended the Moravian Fair last Thursday, but were disappointed with the weather.

The literary entertainment to have been given by the Epworth League last Wednesday has been postponed.

FROME.

A very happy affair took place at the residence of Mr. C. F. Heidt, Frome, when his eldest daughter, Miss Carrie, was united in marriage to Mr. Clarence D. Jurgens, of Frome. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Maggie, while Mr. Percy Silcox supported the groom. Rev. John Henderson, of Shedden, performed the ceremony.

The presents which the bride received were costly and numerous, showing the high esteem in which she is held by her many acquaintances. The happy couple left amidst rice and old shoes for London and other points of interest to spend their honeymoon. On their return they will reside in the vicinity in which they have lived.

WEST LORNE.

Alex. Beaton will have an auction of live stock at his farm on Hogg street on Thursday, Nov. 2.

T. F. Robinson was in London on Saturday.

Mrs. Walker, of Caradoc, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Henderson.

Rev. Mr. Phillips occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

Shinner Bros. are in Leamington on business.

D. Wismer, of St. Thomas, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Brown, of London, was the guest of Mrs. A. Streib last week.

COUNTY NEWS.

Mrs. Else, wife of Mr. Alfred Else, section foreman of the G.T.R., of St. Thomas, died very suddenly Tuesday. She had been shopping the previous day. Death was due to paralysis.

The scrutiny into the votes of the Aldborough bonus by law was resumed before Judge Hughes at Rodney on Friday, when evidence was taken regarding 80 voters, who it was contended by Mr. Coburn, solicitor for the L. E. & D. R. R., should not be on the list. Court was adjourned to West Lorne on Nov. 17.

Squire Lacey, of London, Friday, heard the balance of the evidence for the prosecution in the case of William L. Walker, William Walker, D. McArthur and R. Allison, of West Lorne, who are charged with stealing a horse from a Muncy Indian named French. The evidence for the defence will be taken next Friday.

Mrs. Annie Smith, relict of the late Mr. Thomas Smith, died yesterday at the residence of her son Charles, Lake road, Southwold, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She leaves three children, Mrs. George Williams and Mr. Chas. Smith, of Southwold, and Mr. Wm. Smith, of Aldborough. The deceased had been a resident of Southwold for fifty years.

A CAPRICIOUS BELLE.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE STORY OF SUE PILLOW-MARTIN.

Pretty and Witty. This Tennessee Coquette Flung Money Away With the Same Reckless Abandon That She Lacerated Masculine Hearts.

She was not merely a belle and beauty back before the war, this fascinating and capricious Sue Pillow-Martin. She appears to have been a new woman, born a-fore of time, into an epoch and environment that liked her even more than she shocked them. When the Mexicans war was fought, a Pillow was a general. Naturally, that added to his social prestige. Renown was not needed, though, to make his eldest daughter easily first among equals in the land of her birth.

She was pretty, she was witty, she danced like a Wyllys and was coquette to her finger tips. She had lovers and love affairs by the time she was 15. Not very serious ones, yet serious enough to show her quality of imperious caprice.

It was by young McNairy of Kentucky came smirking her. At first she tossed her head. In a week they were engaged and the wedding day set. Friends and fortune smiled approval. It was most fit in every way. McNairy was an only child and his father a rich man, with an eminent judge. His son's choice so pleased him that he resolved to make the infare, the bride's home coming, the most notable social event in south Kentucky history. He sent all the way to New York for a family carriage, the first closed carriage ever brought to that region. Much of the supper was likewise ordered from New York, also liveries for the black coachman, the footmen and young McNairy's own man.

Four fine black horses, perfectly matched and bitted, drew the carriage. Everything was spick and span when the bridegroom set out to claim his bride. Elkton, his home town, lies in a border county, some 60 miles from Nashville. The Pillow homestead was just outside Columbia, which lies about 50 miles due south of the state capital. So it was a two days' drive, but the horses minded it no more than their master.

It was very well they did not, since they went home the very next day. Miss Pillow had changed her mind, not about marrying, but as to who should be the man. A certain Hugh Martin, newer and richer than McNairy, had come upon the scene—she was fond of novelties and dearly loved to give her world a sensation. She wrote McNairy a curt dismissal and married Martin with all the pomp and circumstance prepared for the man he had supplanted.

McNairy faced the changed conditions with a sort of grim humor. He bought all the crape in Columbia, put horses and servants in deep mourning and drove home. There he insisted that the infare should go on just the same, although the bride was conspicuously absent. He said of her only that she had exercised her undoubted privilege of changing her mind. He might have married a hundred times over, but, though gallant toward all women, he said he would die a bachelor.

Sue Pillow-Martin meantime was leading her new husband the merriest sort of dance. When he came to understand that his money had tempted her he gave it to her to spend like water. She flung it away with both hands. Every week almost she drove to Nashville and went about its nest shops, with her black maid carrying rouleaux of gold to pay for her purchases. The gold was but one of her innumerable wiles. She would not touch silver or paper.

Hugh Martin has married her for better or for worse. He bore and forbore until she came actually to despise him. She set her mind on divorce, then and there regarded as almost indelible disgrace. But divorced she would be, and divorced she was, in spite of her father, her family, all her friends. Her freedom proved after a sort a crown of thorns. If men still crowded about her, there was that in the eyes and voices of the women that poisoned life came to Sue Pillow-Martin. By way of changing all that she whistled back her old lover, McNairy, and married him out of hand.

That would have made a seven years' sensation, only the civil war came on, and not so long after McNairy fell from a high window and broke his neck. The shock almost killed his wife. She came as near loving him as her supreme selfishness allowed. Troubles did not come singly—her father died about the same time. Both left estates much involved. When a little later, the fall of the confederacy annihilated slave property, the widow found herself with strained prospects.

Poverty was not imminent, but the old lavish, luxurious life was forever gone. The brother reigning in her father's stead was brotherly kind, but she was no more supreme. Besides, her world was wondering what she could or would do next. What she did do was to write, in her brother's name, to her divorced husband, Hugh Martin, asking for information in regard to some part of her father's estate.

Martin recognized the handwriting. He had gone back to his old home—east Tennessee—and prospered there throughout McNairy's lifetime. When news came that his ex-wife was again free, he took to his bed, declaring he would never leave it alive. To the friends who rallied at her and begged him not to think of her he said humbly that he still loved the earth she trod. She might not deserve it, but he would rather die than live to know that she had married still another man, as she was sure to do. So her letter came to him as manna in the desert. He answered it at once; she threw aside disguise and wrote again. The second letter set him on his feet, although but a ghost of his old self.

A third came quickly. He packed his grip, put money in both pockets and went away. In a month or less he had remarried—there was again legally a Sue Pillow-Martin. He found her just the same, full of capricious luring, of

When You Are Getting Ready for Cold Weather.

Call and see what we are offering in

Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Suits, Reefers, Odd Coats, Pants and Vests
AT PRICES THAT SELL THEM EVERY TIME.

UNDERCLOTHING.....

All kinds and sizes. We are showing some Special Values they last.

Boots and Shoes and Rubbers.....

A very large stock to choose from.

Our Dress Goods and Mantles

Are better than ever. Homespuns are very scarce, but we have them. They are the proper goods for winter dresses.

P. Cameron

DUTTON.

WALLACETOWN.

swift anger and sudden remorseful tenderness. But now she was content to sun herself in the eyes of an adoring husband. There was the child—her little daughter by McNairy. Martin loved it as tenderly as though it were his own. That helped him with the mother and consoled him for many of the wounds her indifference gave. On the whole, his last marriage brought him years of stormy and moonlit happiness. Not so very many years. His wife died, and his heart was buried with her. He outlived her only a little while. All his fortune went to her daughter, who grew up a gracious and beautiful young woman, wholly lacking her mother's lawless charms.

Itching Piles.

False modesty causes many people to endure in silence the greatest misery imaginable from itching piles. One application of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment will soothe and ease the itching, one box will completely cure the worst case of blind, itching, bleeding or protruding piles. You have no risk to run for Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles.

COMMERCIAL.

DUTTON MARKETS.

Wednesday, Oct. 25

PRODUCE.	
Butter, per lb	0 16 0 17
Eggs, per dozen	1 15 0 15
Lard, per lb	0 07 0 10
Tallow, per lb	0 04 0 04
Potatoes, per bag	1 00 1 00
Onions, per bush	16 00 16 00
Beans, per bush	12 00 12 00
Cloves seed, per bush	4 00 4 00
Alfalfa, per bush	1 50 1 50
Timothy, per bush	8 00 8 00
Hay, per ton	2 00 2 00
Straw, per load	8 00 8 00
Wool, per pound	0 13 0 13

FRUIT.

Apples, per bag	0 40 0 50
Pears, per bushel	0 75 1 00
Dried apples, per pound	0 04 0 05
Plums, per bushel	2 00 2 25
Grapes, per bushel	0 02 0 02

GRAIN.

Red Wheat, per bush (standard)	0 64 0 65
Oats	0 25 0 25
Peas	0 35 0 45
Beans, per bushel	0 45 0 50
Clover seed, per bush	2 75 3 00
Alfalfa, per bush	4 00 4 50
Timothy, per bush	1 50 2 00
Hay, per ton	2 00 2 00
Straw, per load	8 00 8 00
Wool, per pound	0 13 0 13

St. Thomas.

Wheat per bush	65 0 68
Oats	25 27
Barley	35 40
Peas	45 50
Beans, per ton	15 00 15 00
Butter, per pound	25 25
Eggs, per dozen	13 15
Potatoes, per bag	70 75
Hay, per ton	9 00 9 00
Chickens, per pair	0 45 0 50

London Grain Markets.

Wheat, 66c to 70c per bushel.
Oats, 27c to 28c per bushel.
Peas, 50c to 54c per bushel.
Barley, 40c per bushel.
Corn, 42c to 45c per bushel.

Canadian Hay.

A despatch to the Toronto Globe from London says that the War Office is buying Canadian hay for the use of the forces in South Africa. Although an abundance of hay other than Canadian was available, it appears that a deliberate policy of spreading orders for the goods required throughout the colonies has been decided upon in every case where such action is possible.

The Hog Market.

The local hog market has dropped to \$3.85 per cwt. In Toronto the market is quoted at \$4.37 for choice, and 4c per pound for lights and fats.

CASH FOR EGGS.

Bring your Eggs to
R. Richardson, Advance Block
And get the Highest Price in Cash.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.	Mail.		Exp's Local	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Ridgeway	8:15	7:11	10:20	
Rodney	8:16	7:38	11:35	
Bismarck	8:20	7:40	12:00	
Dutton	8:19	8:05	12:08	
Lons	9:22	8:15	1:22	
Shedden	9:30	8:19	1:38	
St. Thomas (arrive)	9:40	8:40	2:50	

No. 38, Atlantic Express, leaves Dutton at 12:45 p.m.

GOING WEST.

GOING WEST.	Mail.		Exp's Local	
	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
St. Thomas (depart)	2:40	6:00	5:40	
Shedden	2:59	6:19	5:51	
Lons	3:05	6:25	6:01	
Bismarck	3:17	6:38	6:16	
Rodney	3:30	6:48	7:08	
Ridgeway	3:38	6:55	7:22	
Windsor	4:05	7:23	8:15	
Windsor	6:45	10:00	9:40	

No. 37, Pacific Express, stops at Dutton at 3:15 p.m.

LONDON AND ST. THOMAS.

GOING NORTH.	A.M.		P.M.	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Leave St. Thomas	10:30	4:30	6:45	
Arrive at London	10:50	5:15	6:55	

GOING SOUTH.

GOING SOUTH.	A.M.		P.M.	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Leave London	8:30	1:50	7:00	
Arrive at St. Thomas	6:10	3:30	7:45	

S. H. CALDER,
Passage Agent, St. Thomas.
JAS. BALEWILL, Agent, Dutton.

THE HONEY HUNTERS.

The fumes of sulphur will kill all the worms of moths.

To produce a large crop of honey, bees should not be allowed to swarm, but kept together.

If bees are given plenty of storage room, they are not so apt to swarm. Limited space often causes swarming.

Pure white comb honey, with very little propolis on the wood of the sections, denotes that they were taken out as soon as they were filled.

Never leave a newly hived swarm of bees near the place where they are clustered. The safest plan is to remove it at once to a stand somewhat distant, whether the bees are all in or not.

Bees do not swallow honey, but place it as gathered with their bill in their honey sack, which is in front and entirely outside. A bee weighs three times as much returning to the hive as it did when it started out.

So far as can be done keep the white clover honey separate from the basswood honey. The flavors are quite different and when sent to market should be kept separate. Honey, to sell to the best advantage, needs to be graded.—St. Louis Republic.

WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

"Finished work should show no trace of work." Thus says Mr. Whistler.

Joel Chandler Harris has a horror of the theater. He has never in his life been known to enter the doors of one except to hear a reading by James Whitcomb Riley.

James Lane Allen lives most of the time in New York. Mr. Allen is a tall, spectacled man, very retiring, who carries his avoidance of personal publicity almost to the point of eccentricity.

Before Frederick S. Church began to study art he was a soldier in the civil war and an express messenger. He recently declared that he would be perfectly happy could he paint but one picture a year and destroy that if, when finished, he did not approve of it.

A WELL TURNED REPLY.

The Minister's Answer to an Angry Feminine Critic.

The minister was preaching a course of sermons in which not only his own people, but outsiders were interested, and as the subjects were announced in advance through the columns of the Daily News the people who attended the services knew what they were going to hear in the way of a discourse each night they attended. But one evening the minister had a severe cold, and it was almost impossible for him to get through his regular service. The sermon could be omitted and it was, and the congregation departed with feelings of deep sympathy for the minister. Not so one woman. She was not a member of the congregation, and when she departed if thought could be heard the air would have been filled with maledictions. But if her feelings did not find vent in words just then they did as soon as she was within reach of pen and ink. She wrote a letter to the minister.

"Dear sir," it began, "I saw the notice of the subject of your sermon for last Sunday night in the paper, and I was very anxious to hear it. I do not belong to your congregation and went 16 miles to hear that sermon, and when I reached the church I found that I had taken my journey in vain. I realized then for the first time the truth of David's remark, 'All men are liars.'"

The letter reached the minister safely. It was a letter duly signed and with the writer's address, and the minister, not being given to undue meekness, answered it:

"Dear madam," he wrote, "as you were at church on the evening to which you refer you must have understood the circumstances and realized that it was impossible for the sermon to be preached that night. You might not have been entirely out of the way in your quotation, however, if you had given the whole of it, for the words of David were, 'I said in my haste, all men are liars.'"
—Chicago Chronicle.

THE HAMLETINE.

There will be seven feminine Hamlets next year, and it behooves the real Hamlets to organize.—Chicago Tribune.

No less than seven female Hamlets are announced for the next dramatic season. For the happiness of the profession in general it is to be hoped that the number of them will not make it any the more difficult for the ghost to walk.

RAILROAD.....

KIDNEY

A Disease Peculiar to Railroad Men, which is readily cured by

Dr. Chaso's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Did it ever occur to you that most railroad men die of kidney disease?

Such is the fact, however, and the disease is known among railroads as "railroad kidney."

The first and most marked symptom is a weak, lame and aching back. You may think at first that you are only tired; but as this trouble increases day by day, kidney disease, with all its terrors, is fast claiming you as a victim.

Mr. Geo. Cummings, for over 20 years engineer on the Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Allandale, says: "The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pain in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my friend, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chaso's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to-day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends."

Dr. Chaso's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.