THE INGERSOLL CHRONICLE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1897.

LOCAL CHEESE OUTPUT. COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE CHEESE ASSOCIATION.

The Local Prices and Cable Fluctuations... The Production of 1896 a Little over That of 1895.

Is made from No. Manitoba Hard . . . Wheat, the world's The London Cheese Association have prepared a statement of the cheese sold during the past year, together with the quantity, prices and cable quotations for the corres-ponding dates in the years 1895, 1894 and 1893. The latter year saw the best prices. The cable was 54s 6d at the opening, and DAVID J. CIBSON. at the close 55s, while during the year the lowest cable price was 45s 6d. In 1894 the price at the opening of the market Daily was 55s. Prices fluctuated greatly during the year, going as low as 45s, a difference of 10s, and closed at 51s. In 1895 the market Mr. Eugene Duffy is home from the De sroit Dental College for the Xmas holidays. Mr. Palmer Willits, of St. George, is call-

opened with prices in England quoted at 47s. For the first two meetings no cheese was sold, but as the prices declined, sales became heavier, the holders fearing a further decline. The present year opened with prices low-41s for white and 45s 6d for colored. Prices declined steadily until June 27, after which date they rose steadily. On Oct. 31, the price for both white and colored was 51s, and this price continued until the market closed on Dec. 19. The total sales this year were 36,349 boxes, against 27,452 last year, 40,336 in 1894, and 31,114 in 1893. The following is a com-

Kenney and John A. Walker, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. James Kenney, of Delray, partive statement for the last two years. Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kenney, of St. Clair, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, No sales were made on the following dates of 1896 : June 20, Aug. 22, Sept. 19, Oct. 31. of Tilsonburg, are visiting at Mr. Thomas In the year 1895 there were 8 days off upon which no cheese was sold. The year start-Miss Maggie Anderson, our popular dress ed in with two off days in May, followed maker, is spending her holidays in Ingersoll. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Hadcock by another one in July. There was one in September, three in succession in Novem

Sales. 40 50 1.037 1.474 2.887 1.306 2.356 2.356 1.798 2.356 1.765 1.765 1.765 1.765 1.765 2.129 360 1.048 2.250 1.048 2.250 1.048 2.356 1.705 905 470 500 1.385 1.386 1.398 1.050 905 1.385 1.386 1.385 1.598 1.111 1.111 1.050 1.385 1.386 1.385 1.386 1.111 1.111 1.050 1.125 1.1050 1.125 1.1050 1.111 1.111 1.111 1.050 1.125 1.1050 1.125 1.1050 1.111 1.111 1.111 1.111 1.111 1.050 1.125 1.1050 1.125 1.1050 1.111 1.111 1.111 1.111 1.1050 1.125 1.1050 1.125 1.1050 1.125 1.1050 1.111 1.111 1.1050 1.125 1.1050 1.125 1.111 1.111 1.1050 1.125 1.12

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Dec 5 Dec 12 Dec 19

Sales. May-

600 ,275 ,340 190 November-

1896.

to 9 10

to 9 je

to 9 10

Price.

75-16c to 7 9-16c 73c to 7 %c 81-16c to 8 %c 55-16c to 8 %c

Sc to 8 1-16c 8 1-16c to 8 1c 7 2c

7 3-8c to 7 7-16c 7 1-4c

to 7 9-16c to 7 9c to 8c

1895.

9 1-8q 9 1-8c

A resolution was passed at the last meet

ing of the directors as follows : "That in future bulletins be sent to those only who

8 5-80 to 8 3-40

Price

and family, spent Xmas at Mr. Harry ber, and one in December. Vann's, Ingersoll.

Mr. Fred Johnson and sister, Mabel, of Sarnia, are the guests of Miss Ella Phillips. Mr. Dennis Hadcock, of Brantford, spent Mr. Fred Johnson and sister, Mabel, of arnia, are the guests of Miss Ella Phillips. Mr. Dennis Hadcock, of Brantford, spent few Year's here. Mrs. [Clark Harris, of Marlette, is visiting riends here.

ibson's

Delivered

with his parents.

at Salford.

Buckle's.

guest of the Misses Smith.

Bread

best wheat . . .

MT. ELGIN

Miss Jennet Price, of Bishop Bethane College, is spending the Christmas holidays

Mr. Harry Pervis, of Hamilton, is the

Mr. and Mrs. Hugill is visiting friends

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kenney, Mr. Wm.

ing on old friends here this week.

New Year's here.

friends here Mr. and Mrs. Amos Nagle and Lou Dong-

lass, spent New Year's at Mr. Reuber S mith's.

Mr. and Mrs. Vann, of Ingersoll, spent New Year's with Mrs. Vann's mother, Mrs. Hadcock.

Election excitement over; now for the new town hall, electric cars and new side walks.

NORTH OXFORD.

Council met on Thursday, 31st December, 1896. Members present, W. Coyler, reeve; F. Eoster, E. A. Nichols. Former minutes read and signed by reeve.

read and signed by reeve. The following accounts were passed: 1,760 ... 1,761 ... 1,761 ... 1,764 ... 1,765 ... 1,764 ... 1,370 ... 1, spikes, \$1.50; Jas. Ruddick, cleaning out ditch, 50c.; W. C. Bell, lumber ac., \$17.78; 1,339 ... 2,740 ... 200 ... August-1,175 ... Municipal World, \$5.40; W. P. Cook, gravel ac., \$15.90; Dr. Carroll, \$1.20; Reeve's percentage on County moneys, \$6.90; John Stephenson, for one sheep killed by dogs, \$4; H. E. Revell, salary as collector, \$60; Joseph Couch, dog tax refunded, \$1.

Council of 1896 then adjourned. RICHARD SELDON, Clerk.

BANNER

Our town is still booming and we hope the people of this neighborhood will turn out and help to keep the ball rolling.

Mr. Eckardt has started on a year's tabor in our school, training up all the child-

spending a few days among friends in this meighborhood, returned home on Monday. Miss Maud Johnston, who has been visit-

ing at her home, returned to Petrolia on

A very pleasant event occurred at the resi Monday. dence of Mr. John Brown, it being the Owing to dark night and muddy roads. Prof. Wilson did not have as full a hall as his show deserved, as he is a professional in assisted by her sister, Maggie, while Arthur his show deserved, as he is a professional in his art and no mistake.



"Romney, fook in that upper drawer. You made a mistake in writing Mr. —er —Mr. Murray a letter. You're getting so deuced careless I believe you're in love, upon my soul." Romney colored and stuck his pen be-hind his ear. "Yes, sir, I guess I did. I meant to send it to Mr. Dupont about 'His Aunt's Legacy.' Here's the gentleman's play, ar." Oh, that unknown man named Dupont

Oh, that unknown man named Dupont -how Tom envied and hated him in that moment! He took the manuscript like one only half awake. He heard Mr. Plunket murmur an apology and briskly wish him good afternoon. Still he linger-

ed, looking down at the roll of paper. "Do you think I could get it accepted anywhere? Or could I improve it?" he seked, and something in his face moved

asked, and something in his face moved the manager to a little pity and patience. "I looked through it. The first sceme told me it wouldn't do. You want the truth, and I'll give it to you-sentiment be hanged! It's fairly good as far as style goes. You might turn it into a novel. But we want more than style on the stage. We want action—we want life," and warming to his subject Mr. Plunket threw one ponderous leg over the arm of his chair. "We want aitua-tions-quiet, but so subtly and intense-ly weighted with interest that a crowded house holds its breath to see them de-velop. If you cau't do that-and it's

house holds its breath to see them de-velop. If you can't do that—and it's very evident you can't—write a realistic drama. I couldn't use it, of course, but you'll find a manager who'll take it off your hands fast enough. "Stun your audistice with daring leaps into real running water, so that the lead-ing man comes before the curtain in-cased in rubber, diffusing a dampness that makes the orchestra leader sneeze, et thrill them with mine explosions, or cased in rubber, diffusing a dampness that makes the orchestra leader sneeze, et thill them with mine explosions, or real engines, or bridges that move. There's money in work of this sort on the Bowery. Talk about the injustice of inanagers to native talent! Bosh, all of it. Are we fools? I'd give almost any amount today for a society drama wri-ten by an American dealing in masterly style with some of our pertinent social questions and holding a true, sympathet-ic love interest. Or give me a startling psychological study with plenty of fire, give me a comedy that with a laugh tears off the mask of society, give me one painted in bold splashes and those splashes like blood, and I'll find a place for each of them sconer or later. I can get precious few of them from Ameri-cans. I can tell you. It would be better if nine-tenths of our aspiring dramatists threw their pens in the river, went home and settled down to a quiet existence mending shoes. To be frank-I say it, my dear fellow, for your own good-for stuff such as you have there, pretily phrased, but tame as a flannel rabbit, I have no use."





which gave such an old the street. A deep sparkle rested in her eyes. She was impatient and cometimes threw a glance down the tree lined pave-ment, where the lights in the street lamps were beginning to tremble in a

Then, where the inguts in the street lamps were beginning to tremble in a network of leaves. Two students, arm in arm, fluttered past in their quaint gowns and looked up at her window. They were talking of Tom. She knew it. They were say-ing unkind things of him. Ferhapsthey were sneering at what they called his folly, his audacious worldliness. Virginia threw back her head, and a confident smile lifted her gleaming lip. How they would retract it all some day! For Tom was not like them. His was an uncamable spirit, only maddened by rig-orous confines. He had chosen to live with them for the future. How his young face and light step would or inten up the place it was sometimes so lonely and quiet with only her father. A vision of win-

It was sometimes so ionely and quiet with only her father. A vision of win-ter nights around a ruddy fire, of deli-clous, slow waning summer evenings on the balcony, rose before her mind. They would be happy, she knew. A few feet from the table set for din-mer a cupit, will be know heredown

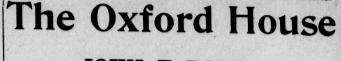
ner a quaint, yellow keyed melodeon stood, and here Virginia impulsively seated herself. Her fingers flickered over the keys, the music filled the room, the

the keys, the nusic filled the roam, the fainting light swam in her raised eyes and rosied her lifted chin. There was a subtle fire, a winning soft-ness, in the face. The hazel green eyes glanced with intense life; a mysterious smile clung to the lips so proudly cut. Her brown hair, holding the gleaming russet tone seen in some dying leaves, was drawn up to the crown, where a finfly knot gave a chic, stately touch to her small head. In charming consonance with this warm brunette coloring her with this warm brunette coloring her skin was a pale, transparent olive. She was tall, her figure youthful, independ-ent, her personality breathing a magnetic strength.

And as she played there, translating the triumphant beauty of her dreams in-to harmony-dreams that widened her narrow life and fed her soul--Tomentered unheard. The sonorous chorus found no echo in his heart. Pale beyond words, he stood quite still until Virginia turned to him.

turned to him. There was no need for speech. She, who knew his every expression, read the truth in his face. It was pinched with the pathetic revolt of the unsuccessful. She was beside him in a second. "Twe been waiting for you, Tom." Oh, to press her cheek in a vehement caress against his arm—he looked so worn, so desperate! Oh, to whisper that his pain was hers, for she loved him, worn, so desperate! Oh, to whisper that his pain was hers, for she loved him, loved him! But instead she could only stand mutely there, her very heart melt-ing within her. "I have failed," he broke forth in a passionate, trembling whisper. "I am mad, Virginia. I could tear myself to viscos "

He walked to the window and for a He walked to the window and for a moment hid his face on his arm. But she did not stir save to lean her open palms upon the table, as if bracing herself to speak to him when the first strength of his stormy despair had died. "Look," he muttered wildly, tearing the soiled manuscript from an inner pocket, "here it is, pressing like a stone against my heart. When I went into the theater, Virginia, I felt almost as if I had conquered. When I came out, I walked the streets blind. I was conscious of nothing but an awful ache and scious of nothing but an awful ache and coldness"



JOHN. E. BOLES.



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THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

List of Meetings to be Held this Week at Paul's Church

St. Paul's Church. The following is the list of subjects, during the Week of Prayer. Each service will begin at 8 o'clock. Wednesday, 6th. – Nations and their rulers. Prayers for sovereigns and rulers, and for all that are in authority; that cruelty and oppression may cease; that Christians, the Stundists, and all who are all the momentous events happening among the nations of the earth may only tend to Christ. -1 Kings 3:5 10; Prov. 12:34 and Shen at the struck me for a last of the struck Christ. -1 Kings 3:5 10; Prov. 13:34; 16:12; Jonah 3:5 10; I Tim. 2:14; James 2:8 9. Thursday, 7th.-"Missions. Home and services. Thursday, 7th .- "Missions, Home and

Friday, Jan. 8th. -Families and se Thanksgiving for families bound together by the love of Christ ; for the earnest work carried on by many students in our universities and colleges. Eph. 4:31-32, 5:1-2; Col. 3;18-22; Deut. 6:5-9; Ps. 119:9-12; 102:25; 2 Tim. 3:14, 15. Prayer that parents may more constantly seek to bring up their children in the fear and love of God; that greater prominence may be given in Christian households to the study of In Christian households to the study of Ool's word and to united prayer; that a special blessing may be outpoured up-on universities, colleges and achools, and that the religions teaching given in them may be thoroughly scriptural; that Sab-bath Schools may increasingly become nur-series for God's kingdom.

The present system of beginning the new be with Jan. 1 was adopted in Scotland A

marriage of his second daughter, Sarah, to Rev. Mr. Wood Griffin assisted the groom. performed the ceremony.

Mr. George Williams of the North West is the guest of his parents.

INGERSOLL MARKETS.

22225 orte " es, pe bag nions eeves, live we ive hogs, per of by the quarter



"Do you think I could get it accepted anywhere?"

As Tom passed again through the empty theater the sense of shock departed. I live ache leaped within him. He walke on, not heeding or caring where his steps led him. His throat was dry, a burning sob far down in it that the man in him beat back. He had been a fool, then?

An egotistical dreamer? Oh, the languor of helplessness, the taunting pain of overthrow and loss, the repagnance to the necessary effort of re-adjusting his conception of himself and his life! Those who have known this feeling have tasted for one moment the kernel of despair. "How can I tell Virginial" was his

weary thought.

CHAPTER IL

CHAPTEE II A square room of goodly size, the break windows epsing out a low balcony and beyond the shining panes Chelses square It was large enough to meet the ro-quirements of dialing and sitting room the high walls bearing the faded flow decoration of an earlier period. stained floor from which the polis long departed once knew the sw flounced petitionsts, the had undow been sipped on the starty below used carriage step at the pressure of artic

A shade born of intense feeling passed over Virginia's face. Dare she utter the truth that burned her? It might seem cruel to him now, but in the end it would be merciful.

She moved so that the last bars of daystock. TRY light fell upon her face. Her eyes met

his. "And do you despair so easily?" she asked clearly. "You are holding out your hands to fame, and because she does not push her treasures into your blind grasp for your first asking you rail at her coldness. Success is worth more than that, Tom, or it's worth nothing." "For my first asking?" he stamm holir. "Is this my first play?" "But in writing the other served an apprenticeship weak and false no down Let ine tell your

Let soe to

ig c Best Baltimor which we rece each week. Oysters,

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