

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 17.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908.

No. 11

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

ESTABLISHED 1864

Capital paid up \$6,000,000

Reserve \$4,267,400.

Chartered by the Dominion Government.

120 Branches throughout the Dominion.

FARMERS' BUSINESS

Given Special Attention. Money to Loan for buying Cattle, Feed Etc.

MONEY ORDERS

Issued at lowest rates payable at par at any point in the world.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

One Dollar opens an Account.

Interest paid Four times a Year.

MILDMAY Branch,

A. A. WERLICH Manager.

THE Corner Hardware.

A full stock of High Quality Clover and Timothy seed just to hand which fully comply with the "Seed Control Act."

PRICES.

Red "Lion" -	\$15.00 bus.
Mammoth -	15.00 bus.
Alsike -	12.00 bus.
Timothy -	4.00 bus.

Terms - Strictly Cash.

C. Liesemer & Co.

New Tailor.

New Suitings.

New Styles

Doesn't spring give you the feeling that you want to be decked out in a stylish new suit? Of course it does! Give the new tailor an order for your next suit and you will be pleased—there's not a doubt about it. A large stock of this season's most fashionable Suiting to select from,—the styles are correct, the prices very reasonable, and we guarantee a right fit. Call and see us.

R. MACNAMARA, MERCHANT TAILOR.

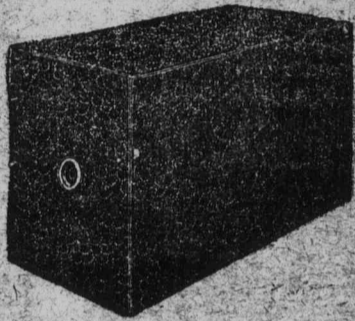
MILDMAY DRUG STORE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Fine stationery in boxes, writing pads and envelopes, Fountain Pens, Christmas Cards and booklets, Hand Mirrors, Hair brushes and combs, cloth and tooth brushes, hand bags and purses, Perfumes in all sizes and in bulk. Elegant jewelry in brooches, rings, charms, lockets, crosses, vest chains, fobs, collar and cuff buttons, neck chains, cuff and scarf pins.

Jno. Coates, - Druggist MILDMAY.

CAMERA GIVEN.



Boys, and Girls, here is your chance to get this Brownie Camera, 2 1/2 x 2 1/4 picture, 6 exposures. FREE for selling only \$3.25 of our fast selling flower and vegetable seeds. Send us your name and address and we'll mail you the seeds for all at 5c for small, and 10c for large packages. Write to-day. A postcard will do.

THE RELIABLE PREMIUM CO., Dept. 11, Waterloo, Ont. (Reference Molsons Bank.)

TO DAD.

Dad, your name never appears in the paper, perhaps you have never even had your photograph taken, but you have raised a family and educated them—shake.

Your hands are dirty? That's all right—shake again.

Dad, you get up early, light the fire, boil yourself an egg, grab the dinner pail and away, while many a mother is sleeping. You are the one who makes the weekly raise for the butcher, the milkman, the baker, and your little pile is built before the sunset that marks the pay day's close. You stand off the bailiff and keep the rent paid up. Yes, mother darns the socks, dad, but it is you that bought them and bought the needle and the yarn to darn them with. Yes, mother does up the fruit, but you, dad, bought the stuff and the jars, and the sugar costs like the deuce. Yes, you bought the Sunday dinner, and again, yes, you get the fag end of it when all the other plates have been filled and there is nothing left but the peck of the chicken.

"What is home without a mother?" That's all right, but what is home without a father? Let's shake again.

Dad, you're getting old now, aren't you? When you sit down to read you cannot see just as well as used to—they must be making the type smaller than they once did, and these city blocks are longer and the stairways steeper than when we were boys. Yes, dad, you are getting older; why, it isn't so many years ago that you were as supple as a kitten, but to-day I see the grey hair, the slower step and the deep wrinkle.

Dad, you've borne the heat of the day and the chills of the night for well nigh fifty years. You've faced the world for wife's sake, for Willie's sake—Willie, the first born—for Mary's sake, for Annie's sake, for Jessie's sake, for Ned's sake.

Yes, and many the mornings you've shut the door, dinner pail in hand, and wondered and worried about hurrying rent day, about the new pair of boots for the kids, and never once thought of yourself.

Dad, you're a hero—shake again. Yes, and when you were laid off and Willie and Ned were too young to go out and learn a trade and help the family expenses, you dropped feeling and dug in with the pick and shovel gang just to keep things going.

Dad, you have dug in, and to-day your children are educated and capable. But what are you sitting out here on the back door step for?

Mary is sparking her beau in the parlor and is ashamed of dad because he gets dirty at his work.

What, has she forgotten the days when from your then scant earnings you used to bid her feel away down in your coat pocket and bring up the little present every pay day?

Can she not remember the winter when you bought her the new coat and went with a shabby one yourself? The innumerable acts of kindness, tokens of a parent's love, has she forgotten them all?

Never mind, dad, where are the boys? Will in Winnipeg, and Ned in Chicago and you have not heard from them for the past three or four years.

And the other girls? All married and settled down. I know it all now, dad. I know why your laugh isn't as hearty as it used to; you're lonely for the olden days.

There was worry then, but there was the prattle of the children, and the little arms around the neck, and the good-night kiss ere they toddled off to bed. There were the shouts of laughter, the quarrelling and the making up again, for your youngsters were very human. But now, dad, there's only your wife and yourself in the kitchen, and the subdued conversation from the parlor or verandah. There is little real worry now. Want has gone, for in the years of labor you have bought and paid for a house and you are still toiling in the foundry, but it's lonely now, dad, isn't it? Lonely for the laughter of the used-to-be.

Boys, be kind to dad. You call him the old man. Yes, he is an old man now, and perhaps he has nothing to leave you, but be kind to dad, for you will never know just how much he has done for you until he is gone, perhaps, or you yourself are father.

Be kind to dad because of his experience. I know you think he is away behind the times and out of date, that his trousers need pressing and his ideas need pruning and cultivating. Say, your dad has forgotten as much as you ever knew, and perhaps as much as you will ever become aware of.

He held back the world when you pulling at the mouth and feeding on milk. He taught you to walk and you're not too old today to take a pointer from that same old man who picked you up when you tumbled and fell in the early days of childhood.

Ah, dad, if there were more like you, this would be a better world. You are of the old brigade. Here's health, and we will drink in water.

Young fellow, I know you write to mother, but drop dad a line, see him as he reads it. Why, can't you see him? Look, he is hunting for his specs. He's gone to the window to read. His eyes glisten. What, a tear in the old man's eye?

Yes, a tear, and there we will let it glisten.

FORMOSA.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Schultheis and Miss Tena Scheffer of Mildmay visited friends in the village last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mosack returned to the village last Friday.

Mr. C. Weiler has quite a number of teams employed hauling lumber to the Sieling factory at Walkerton.

BORN—In Culross, on Saturday, Feb. 29th to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kuntz, a daughter.

Jos. Kraemer and Wm. Meyer left their home in the west on Monday.

Some of our young men attend a concert on Easter Monday. They are already practising hard, and will no doubt make a success of it.

Mr. M. Frank has sold his horse to Mike Weis for \$115.

—Ezra Miller, who has been clerking in a hardware store at Stratford, came home last Friday, and has gone to Chesley to take a similar situation.

—Public School Section No. 11 has been closed for two weeks to prevent the spread of smallpox in that section. —Remarkable wall paper bargains at J. P. Schuett's. Watch for announcement next week.

—Mr. C. H. Hanley stopped off a few hours on Monday, on his way to his home in Winnipeg. Mr. Hanley has just returned from an important business trip to Europe.

CON. 10 CARRICK.

A young fellow in this neighborhood got his second best girl to visit his parents, and a snowstorm set in and he had to keep her for a week. The young lady ought to use snowshoes.

William Hacker sold a cow this week for \$52 to Urban Schmidt. This is a good price.

Jos. Evers sold two head of cattle this week, and had them delivered at the yards before the sun was up.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Huber visited at Martin Diebolt's on Thursday.

Some of the boys are not getting along very well with the snowshoes, and have now almost decided to go on horseback to see their sweethearts.

It is an old saying that the days are getting longer and the sausages shorter, but Mr. Schickler killed a pig this week and the sausage is just as long as the days. Con. Hill was butcher.

Mrs. Martin Diebolt was called away to act as nurse at John Nieson's last week. She is not afraid to go to help the distressed, even if small-pox exists there.

Henry Evers of Port Elgin is visiting friends on the 10th concession. Henry looks as young as he did ten years ago.

The roads are in good condition at time of writing.

Henry Eidt who has been working in a big swamp in Normanby, was home over Sunday.

It was reported last week on all sides that Frank F. Schmidt had committed matrimony, but the report has since proved untrue. At all events, Frank says he wasn't present at the ceremony, so this should be sufficient evidence that the report wasn't true.

Clifford.

Mrs. Sylvania Lambert has sold her handsome home on Clarke street, to Mr. W. Krueger, of Howick. This is the first of the modern houses sold in Clifford, and the price so far as we know, is the highest amount paid for a house and lot in town. It was built two years ago, and cost Mrs. Lambert more than it sold for.

Mr. Nicholas Eckenswiler, father of Mr. H. Eckenswiler, died at his home in Walkerton on Friday last, the cause of death being due to apoplexy. He was in his 78th year. His partner in life and all their children, twelve in all, survive him, his being the first death in this large family.

The public school will remain closed this week, and in the meantime may be expected to be thoroughly disinfected before re-opening. The scarlet fever cases reported are progressing very favorably, in all instances being very mild. Four patients, in charge of a trained nurse, are at Mr. John Milligan's home. The first was Mr. Milligan's daughter, Edith. When she was afflicted Mrs. W. K. Marshall, on an errand of mercy, kindly volunteered to go into quarantine and nurse her. Shortly afterwards, another member of Mr. Milligan's family was taken with the disease. Then Mrs. Marshall became ill, supposedly with the same trouble. A trained nurse was thereafter procured for all. Then a daughter of Mr. W. V. Schaus took the disease, and was removed to the improvised "hospital" in Mr. Milligan's house. All the patients are doing nicely.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HUDON.

Terms:—\$1 per year in advance; Otherwise \$1.25.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	One Year	Six Months	Three Months
One column.....	\$50	30	\$18
Half column.....	30	18	10
Quarter column.....	15	10	6
Eighth column.....	10	6	4

Legal notices, 25c per line for first and 10c per line for each subsequent insertion.
Local business notices 50c per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents.
Contract advertising payable quarterly.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

According to the judgment of Police-magistrate Ryan, handed out to some of our young sports this week, playing hockey on the open pond on Sunday is a breach of the Lord's Day Alliance Act—\$1 and costs, please.—Ayton Advance.

Have You Warts?—You can cure them painlessly by Putman's Corn and Wart Extractor. Never known to fail. Be sure you get "Putman's" in 25c bottles.

Butter is becoming so dear in Montreal that the poorer classes are giving it up and using jam instead. That is the statement made by the retail men. The best creamery was sold last week at 40 cents, and this week 45 cents a pound. The retailers say that there is no hope of a change until the end of March at least. They have noticed a distinct falling off in sales of late, and find that cheap jam is being used as a substitute.

To Stop a Crying Baby—It may be cramps, perhaps colic, pain or gas on the stomach—but in any case a few drops of Nerviline soothes the pain and allows the child to sleep peacefully. Nerviline cures minor ills such as colds, headache, internal and external pains as well as any doctor—safe to use because a small dose is required. Mothers, you will find Nerviline an invaluable aid in preventing and curing sickness. Keep a bottle right at hand, some day you will need it badly. Sold everywhere at 25c.

The undertakers want Ontario legislation to compel all embalmers to belong to an association and pass an examination and have a diploma as competent embalmers. It would not seem to make much difference to a dead man whether he was competently or incompetently embalmed, or whether or not he was at all embalmed. The best thing to do with a dead man is to bury him.

Great Danger in Headaches—It's often dangerous to consider headache a trifling ailment. If the head aches, the stomach is out of order and some serious disease may be impending. To tone up the stomach, to give healthy action, nothing in modern medicines is so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The concentrated vegetable extracts in Dr. Hamilton's Pills have a quieting healthful effect on the stomach and remove all disorders. Your headache will be cured and they won't return, if you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold everywhere.

The girls have already formed their plans for leap year. To the bashful lover they will say: "Do you like homemade bread?" If he says yes, then the reply will be: "Well, I can bake it." Then if he doesn't take the hint, they are to seize both his hands, fall on their knees, and put the question direct.

A cow belonging to Mr. F. Chard near Flesherton, Ont. has recently been failing in flesh without apparent cause. Upon close examination tenderness was found to exist in a swelling behind the shoulder blade. An incision was made from which a lady's hat pin, eight inches long with large head, was extracted. A member of Mr. Chard's family lost the pin in the grass last summer and the cow evidently swallowed it while feeding.

La Grippe Coming Again—Europe is new in its grasp, and in a short time America will be over run with this awful epidemic. Get ready, use preventive measures. Build up a surplus of vigor by Ferrozone, and inhale Catarrhozone three times each day. Nothing destroys the grippé germ like Catarrhozone. It cures the cold, breaks up the fever, relieves the headache and destroys every vestige of catarrh and sore throat. For Bronchitis, Grippe and winter ills Catarrhozone is best. Sold by all dealers 25c and \$1.00.

An immigration regulation will be issued shortly providing that, after April 15 next, any person coming into Canada on assisted passage, and drawn from any charitable or similar institution, and being sent by public funds, will be subject to exclusion, unless he is provided with a certificate from the Canadian immigration department in London that he will make a suitable settler. This is done because it is found that in Toronto and other large cities these parties are becoming a public charge.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even for very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. J. Coates.

SPRING TERM OPENS APRIL 1ST.

CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT.

Thoroughness is the key-note of this institution. Our school stands for what is HIGHEST and BEST in business education. We have three departments, Commercial, Shorthand and Telegraphic. Our graduates always succeed. If interested get our free catalogue.

Elliott & McLaughlin, PRINCIPALS.

A Thankful Smallpox Patient.

H. J. Holtzmann wishes to express his heartfelt thanks through the columns of the Gazette, in following manner:—

1st. To God, the giver of all good, who through his divine providence has so favorably prevented the spread of the disease, and again restored health.

2nd. To my wife who so nobly and faithfully attended and managed affairs during my sickness. I have certainly the best wife in the wide world. When quarantined, in the morning, noon, evening, and between times, the thump came to the door and it still rings in my ears, "anything wanting, Henry?" It was certainly no small task for her to perform, besides managing mending and keeping clothes on the two sturdy mischievous boys. However, there is one consolation for Mrs. Holtzmann. Xmas is coming. How true it is; the mother makes the home.

3rd. To the Y. P. A. for the encouraging and cheering letter of sympathy received.

4th. To the Junior Y. P. A. I was quite sick at the time I received your letter. Was, however, pleased and think it was very thoughtful and kind of you to think of me in my trouble.

5th. To the cashier. Though there were several days missing to pay day, yet the cheque came in full.

6th.—To all the friends for the letters of sympathy, and other good things received during sickness.

7th.—To the "Ladies Aid" for the lovely bouquet received.

It would naturally seem that temptations, troubles and sicknesses were foretastes, and would lead to the place prepared for the wicked, but truly the bouquet, the beautiful flowers point to God's grace, the heavenly glory, and to the eternal Paradise. We therefore join in with the poet and say:—

Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of cases, While others fought to win the prize And sailed through bloody seas. Are there no foes for me to face! Must I not stem the flood? In this vain world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage Lord: I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

While quarantined I have been like the dead sea which taketh in continually and never gives out. I am glad, however, that there is another victorious battle fought, and that I am still in the land of living, in good shape to pursue the further battles of life.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."—Rom. 8, 28.

A Durham man went home a few evenings ago and casually remarked: "I see women are sold at actual value at Indianapolis—a wife was bought there recently for five cents." "Well, I know a woman about the time I was married who was sold for nothing," replied his wife. He was quiet for the rest of the evening.

Pain can be quickly stopped. A 25c box of Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets will kill any pain, everywhere, in 20 minutes! Besides they are thoroughly safe. Painful periods with women, neuralgia, etc., quickly cease after one tablet. J. Coates.

"Why does a dog hang its tongue out of his mouth?" asked the teacher. "Yes, my boy" said the visitor from the School Board to a bright looking lad who held up his hand while the light of genius was in his eye. "Please, sir," cried the pupil "it's to balance his tail." And the teacher groaned in anguish.

Croup positively checked in 20 minutes. Dr. Shoop's 20 minute Croup Remedy acts like Magic. No vomiting, nothing harsh. A simple, safe, pleasant dependable croup syrup. 50c. J. Coates.

THE CORNER STORE, MILDWAY.

20 per cent. off all Fur Coats Fur Caps Fur Caperines and Stoles.

20 per cent. off all Men's and Boys' Overcoats Men's and Boys' Pea Jackets Ladies' and Childrens' Jackets

New Prints

Though advanced in the wholesale price, our price is still the popular price 12 1-2c for the best quality.

TERMS—CASH OR FARM PRODUCE.

J. O. HYMMEN General Merchant.

A MIND READER.

Pat had got hurt, not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse: "As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound." Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically: "What do you think, Pat?" "Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"

It is the business of a newspaper man to boom the town for all it is worth, month after month, and then see \$10 worth of printing go out of the town because 10 cents can be saved by so doing. It is the business of the newspaper man to give every local enterprise enthusiastic and frequent "send-offs," and then catch shell because he failed to record the fact that some prominent citizen has had his delivery wagon painted. To subscribe liberally to every public, charitable and church enterprise, advertise them for nothing, pay his own way to everything and then be called prejudiced and mean spirited because a column is not devoted to that particular affair. Do you wonder that there are so many cranks in the newspaper business? It is bound to make either a crank or a philosopher out of a man.

Mount Forest, Ont., March 5.—Mr. Thomas Ryan, acting bailiff of Mount Forest, and Mr. Harry Arnott, a farmer, of Egerton, while making a seizure on Warden Shand, of Egerton, to-day became involved in an altercation, and Mr. Shand shot Mr. Arnott through the hand. Chief Cringle, of Mount Forest, was sent for and placed Warden Shand under arrest.

SICK WOMEN

MADE WELL.

THOUSANDS FIND THE WAY BACK TO HEALTH THROUGH FERROZONE.

No nood for so many sick girls and women. Their ills are curable if they give them proper treatment. Nutrition must be supplied, blood must be enriched, nerves strengthened, and additional power given to digestion. Ferrozone does this and more; it cures such cases as Mrs. N. E. Peabody, of Arenton. She was a wreck—never thought medicine was made that could restore her, yet Ferrozone was successful.

Among her troubles were: Headaches, Nervousness, Palpitation, Dizzy spells, Weariness, Weakness, Loss of flesh, Poor appetite.

HER STATEMENT.

"I was stricken with nervous disease of the heart and stomach. Violent headaches made life a torture. I was so nervous and weak I could scarcely walk. Work was impossible. I couldn't eat or digest anything. When completely wrecked Ferrozone restored me. Today I am vigorous and strong and well."

If you lack power of either mind or body it's an evidence you need Ferrozone. If you have nervous spells, feeling of weakness in the limbs, tiredness in the morning, you are sure of cure with Ferrozone.

Think of it, Ferrozone gives back the energy of youth, restores vital stamina and creates a surplus of vigor simply because it supplies the concentrated nourishment your system needs. 50c. per box or six for \$2.50 at all dealers.

Between 160 and 170 children were burned to death in a fire in a school at Collinwood, a suburb of Cleveland.

DOG LOST—A yellow Scotch Collie, answers to the name "Dick." Finder will be rewarded by returning the dog to M. Filsinger.

—Misses Gibson and Shaw, milliners, have returned to Mildmay and resumed their positions at the Corner Store and John Hunstein's, respectively.

BETTER PROVENDER

A good story is told of an old Scotchman, who had strayed from his own church.

"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" asked the preacher of the culprit on meeting him a day or two later.

"I was at Mr. McClellan's kirk," said the other.

"I don't like you running about to strange kirks like that," continued the minister. "Not that I object to your hearing Mr. McClellan, but I'm sure you widna like your sheep straying into strange pastures."

"I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass," responded the parishioner.

FARM FOR SALE.

The desirable farm property, lot 31, concession D. Carrick is offered for sale. This is one of the best farms in Carrick, contains 78 acres of excellent land, has good buildings, and is just 1 1/2 miles from Mildmay. Apply for terms to James Kidd, proprietor, Brandon, Man., or to J. A. Johnston, Mildmay, Ont.

The rich mellowness of the best Mocha perfectly blended with the full flavored Java gives to

GREIG'S WHITE SWAN COFFEE

every quality that delights and satisfies. Our method of roasting develops and preserves all this rich flavor. We put it up in sealed parchment containers hot from the roasters and again seal it in tins so none of its delightful aroma is lost.



Ask your grocer for White Swan Coffee. The Robert Greig Co., Limited, Toronto

A Broken Vow;

—OR—

BETTER THAN REVENGE.

CHAPTER II.

There was a certain grim honesty about Olive Varney. Without knowing it she had a contempt for the fashion in which her father had set about his schemes. She had loved him as passionately and strongly as it was in her nature to love anyone; she had been bitterly sorry for him, and for his wrecked and thwarted life. But it is probable that, had the matter rested with her, she would have flung herself straight into this business of vengeance, utterly reckless of any consequences. There would have been no hiding and waiting on her part.

Nevertheless her honesty taught her that she must remember her vow to the dead in dealing with the living. That must be carried out at all hazards, and in face of all opposition; she would compromise only as to the manner of doing it. Honesty demanded that she should give her victim fair warning before commencing the fight.

Therefore, before turning her back upon the quaint old city wherein she had laid her father to rest, she wrote to Lucy Ewing. It was a bitterly-worded simple statement; the sort of thing that should grip the heart and tear aside for ever the decent veil that had shrouded Lucy Ewing's father. She set out in exact words that oath she knew so well, and which she had spoken beside the dead man; and she added certain lines of her own.

"You are younger than I am, and I do not mean to take an unfair advantage of you. So I come—openly and fairly—as your enemy. I will do nothing that you can lay hold of, or that shall place me within reach of any law that protects you; but I will carry out what I have promised my dead father, nevertheless. Your father was a villain, and you a poor fool to believe in him so long. There is a grave far away in a foreign country, on which I knelt once, at my father's bidding, and on which I made my vow. How or when I shall begin the work that is mine I shall not tell you; only I want you to know, as some added injury to yourself, that I exist, and that my purpose is unchangeable. I leave this place to-morrow and I travel straight to London, so that you even know when I shall be near you.

"OLIVE VARNEY."

She committed that extraordinary epistle to the post; paid a final calm visit to the newly-made grave, and started for London. And on her journey to London there grew and deepened in her a resentment she had not felt before.

For the first time in her life she was free—in the sense that she had only to follow the dictates of her own heart. Yet she was so far from free that she was still the prisoner of the dead man's hopes and desires; there was no life for her, save that which he had mapped out. He had carefully arranged that a certain sum of money was left to her, which should last for a limited time—until she had accomplished her object. The amazing selfishness of the man was shown in the fact that after that she was totally unprovided for; Daniel Varney had felt that, that being her life work, from his point of view, she had only to accomplish it, and there was an end of her.

It was a dreary journey, and she was not used to travelling alone; but that growing feeling of resentment filled her mind. She remembered the letters Lucy Ewing had written during all those years; remembered how she had grown up with those letters for her guide and her text. She remembered the last one which she had torn up—recollected clearly all the little happy turns of speech—all that new and delightful secret concerning a coming love-story. With that she contrasted her own bitter, subdued life; she resolved that one of her first objects should be to nip that small romance in the bud in some fashion or other.

"Love has not been mine," she thought, as she brooded to herself over the matter, "why should it come to her? I have grown old before my time with thinking of this wrong that I have to set right; why should this butterfly sail through the easy ways of life, and have the best of everything and suffer nothing? Well, her poor little heart is fluttering now, I'll be bound; there are sighs and tears in place of laughter. And there is a dead man calling—calling to me always not to forget. He calls more loudly now to me than he did in life, because he has left everything for me to do."

People who looked at her wondered who she was. She kept herself apart, and on the boat sat quite still, with her eyes fixed towards that distant England they were approaching. She took care, after landing, to select a carriage in which there were no other passengers—an easy thing, because but few were travelling that way. She was a little annoyed to see another

woman select that carriage also and make herself comfortable in one corner. Even while she thought about her own plans she watched this other woman after the train had started.

A woman somewhat older than herself, and plainly dressed in faded black. Obviously a gentlewoman, from a certain refinement of face and manner, and even of small details of dress. She had no luggage with her, although that might have been placed in the guard's van. The chief thing that Olive Varney noticed about her was the fact that she had a curiously wistful, almost tearful, look upon her face, and that she seemed to be anxious, if possible, to speak to her travelling companion. As Olive had no wish to speak to anyone, she withdrew into her corner and sat moodily looking out of the window.

She began to regret the sending of that letter to warn her victim. That had been an act of honesty that was unnecessary; it would have been far better to have worked completely on the plan laid down by the dead man—to have crept into the life of the girl without her knowledge. With that secret power she held, by reason of the letters she had read, how easily it would have been to have made her way in some fashion into the house in which the girl lived; to have crept into her life, as it were, and so have got a grip upon it she never could have now. Yes; that letter had been a blunder—an opening of the gates to the enemy at the wrong moment. She would have given a great deal to recall it.

So completely had she cut herself off from the life she had led so long with her father that she carried with her on that journey everything she possessed in the world. Neither she nor her father had possessed much, and the settling up of his affairs had left Olive Varney with but little except a small personal wardrobe in a trunk, and a bag, then in the carriage with her, which held the small stock of money which she had. With the singleness of purpose that had characterized her father, she saw nothing beyond the indefinite accomplishment of her purpose. The money would last for some few months; after that she must look about to make a living of some kind. In a matter of this kind it is always well to reduce things to their simplest elements. Beyond her trunk, this bag beside her contained all that she possessed.

"I have not been in London for twelve years."

It was the stranger in the other corner of the carriage who had spoken. As Olive turned her dark eyes upon her in some surprise, the other woman gave a weak little laugh, and blinked her eyes and repeated her remark.

"Not for twelve years! It seems strange—but then, everything is strange in this world, isn't it? Ups and downs—and downs and ups; it's what a brother of mine used to call once a big game of 'footer.' And I never thought to come back to London like this."

She bit her lip and turned away her head; Olive Varney, watching her, saw that the tears had sprung suddenly to her eyes. Obviously she was in some trouble, and obviously she wanted to talk about it. Hard pressed for sympathy, too, or she would scarcely have addressed a stranger.

"Your return to London is a sad one?" asked Olive Varney quietly.

"Only as sad as most things," replied the woman, with a little gulp and another biting of the lips. "It's a curious plight to find oneself in after so many years. I've lost everything I possess. I haven't a rag but what I stand up in; I've scarcely a shilling beyond my actual railway fare. Funny, isn't it?"

"How did it happen?" asked Olive, after a pause.

"I'm a governess—and I've been unlucky. Perhaps my methods are a little old; I learnt them such a long time ago. I lost a situation"—she looked out over the darkening landscape, and gave a little quick sigh—"and I couldn't get another. It didn't take long for my little bit of money to get exhausted; and I hadn't a soul in the wide world to apply to. I don't know why I tell you this, except perhaps because you're a woman."

"How did you lose all your possessions?" asked Olive.

"I got into debt at my lodging—deeper into debt every day. Then they began to frighten me—to threaten what they would do if I didn't pay them. They were going to turn me in to the streets; God only knows what they wouldn't have done. So at last I took the thing into my own hands, and left behind me all my boxes and everything I didn't actually need, and walked out. I sold a little trinket that had belonged to my mother, and I bought a ticket and started for London. There are lots of governesses wanted in London; shall soon get work, and then can send for my things. But it's funny

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