

ES, ORS. stock N'S. TEAS. and will be found... Canned Tomatoes... Herfings, & bbls... Mamma's "Extra"...

How to Get Valuable Italian Seed. When an Italian Countess has died for a certain number of years, she falls back on devotion, and on her death she often bequeaths to a church her old lace. The churches are already overstocked with these offerings. They, therefore, obtain permission from Rome to sell them. The sales, however, have to be conducted secretly, for, were they known, the bequests would fall off. Any lady wanting lace should, therefore, make friends with some influential Italian priest, and get him to procure her some. The difference between the sum paid to the priests by a dealer and that paid by a customer to a dealer is often 300 and 400 per cent.

Frank on the Plains. An instance of a boy's pluck, endurance, and success is shown by the recent sale of E. C. Cowley's half interest in his cattle ranch at North Platte, Neb., to his partner for \$77,500. Cowley was born at West Farms in 1845, and for some twenty-five years lived and worked around Westfield. Ten or twenty years ago he found himself with \$100 in his pocket, and, concluding that if he ever was going to make anything of himself he must break from his old associates and habits, he suddenly took the train westward and landed in Omaha. From there he drifted to Texas, and for two or three years drove cattle from that state to Colorado. On one of these trips the drivers were all killed by hostile Indians except himself, by escaping by the swiftness of his horse. When he got a little money together, he purchased a few head of cattle, and from that time his success has been gradual. He is now, and has been for some years, connected with the United States detective service, chiefly engaged in looking up lawless bands of horse and cattle thieves, and he has had more than one prisoner taken from him by infuriated ranchmen and hanged to the nearest tree. He will probably purchase another ranch and remain said the scene where he has so quickly made a fortune.—Springfield (Mass.) Register.

Not His Deal. "Are you truly sure that we can always be happy and contented to live together, darling? Do you really believe that you can give up all the world and its vanities and settle right down like a model husband should, love? You will never wish to stay out all night with the boys, as they call it. You are quite sure you will not?" and two blue eyes gazed a sweet interrogative into his eyes. "You can just put your whole stock on that to win, sis," he murmured. "You will never, never give for some other kinder one than I? You will never read me poetry that you sent to me, first love, and that a man can only love once in a lifetime? You will never call me by some other girl's name in your sleep. Ah, you will never do that, will you, darling?" "Well, you just copper anyone to lose that says I will," he whispered, throwing his arm about her more or less supple form, and giving her one on the lips for luck. "You will always tell me everything that passes in your busy life, darling? You will have no secrets from your own little wife? Not a single little tiny one, you are quite sure? You will let me read your letters, and tell me all about your business. We shall be truly and really one in everything, shall we not, ducky?" "Well, I'm just taking as they put up, old gal, that you will," he said, giving another lump upon the lips, with a good hug thrown in by way of interest. "You will never smoke in bed, or refuse to make calls, or dislike my mother, or compel me to ask you for money, or complain because I have a headache in the morning, or—" "See here, sis," he clipped in, as his arm relaxed its hold about her form. "I should like to ask you a question before we epica. Just one, and then you may fire 'em in on your side to the end of the last quarter." "What is it, darling?" she chirped, getting hold of his hand and putting the arm about her once more. "You'll go your last chirp, you'll give it to me straight?" he whispered. "You may trust me always, love," she lisped. "Well, then, on the dead level, are you a maid or a widow?" "Why you heerd thing. Of course I—I've never been married," she sobbed. "How could you ask me such a question?" "Well, I kinder thought I dropped to too much knowledge in your questions," he replied; "when did you catch onto so much wisdom, little one?" "Oh, mamma told me to ask you—" "That whips-aws me," he said, "somebody else can have my chair. There's too much mother-in-law in this deal for me to play it out," and he skipped.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The late E. S. Vanstone. "SAY NOT GOOD NIGHT, BUT IN SOME SMOOTHER CLIME, DID HE GOOD MORNING." (Windsor Sun, May 1884.) Rev. E. A. Stafford, pastor of Grace Church, in his sermon last night referred in touching language to the death of the late E. S. Vanstone, and the more recent demise of Mrs. Brown, both active members of the church. The choir railing and pulpit platform were draped in black, and the annual service performed was appropriate to the occasion. The organist, Prof. Phil, rendered the "Dona Missa" from St. Paul as a voluntary. Rev. Mr. Stafford, in reference to the deaths, said: "Since the last Sabbath I stood in this pulpit, two persons have gone by way of the gate of death from the church militant to the church triumphant. Both were worthy members of this Grace Church, using heart and hand earnestly in its work, and both had rendered acceptable service in the choir. Two weeks ago last Friday an elderly gentleman—one of the kind who in age impresses you as being big and strong and full of life—came to his first visit to this city, and hurriedly to a room where his son—the child of his affectionate hope—lay in that border-land which neither belongs wholly to this world nor to the next, hearing not, seeing not, knowing not. In a deep stupor from which nothing but the archangel's trumpet on the last day could arouse him, he, however, the father's heart longed for one last moment, one look of recognition, one word to carry back to his sorrowing mother. Feeling sure that desire would not be gratified, I said: "Mr. Vanstone, your boy has lived well since he came to this city. He has done no act to dishonor his name or unfit him for the gates through which he must soon pass. I was with him before he came, in unconsciousness, and among other things which I said I quoted the Psalm beginning, 'Have mercy on me, O Lord according to thy loving kindness.' He followed me to the end and then asked, 'What Psalm is that?' These were among the last intelligent words he spoke, but I had often before conversed with him of the possible termination of his illness, and he always spoke in the strongest confidence and trust in the S. Vior. You may tell his mother that we all loved her boy. Everyone who came under his influence was attracted by his simplicity, sincerity, kindness and love to all. We shall feel his loss as much as that of any young man who could have been taken from our midst." The father wiped his fast-falling tears from his eyes, spoke of his gratitude for each testimony and the comfort it gave him, and of his dread of his long journey burdened with unrepayable loneliness and sorrow. He waited a little while until he saw his son pass along over the stream, then gathered the precious cross in his arms and under cover of the fast-descending night, he too went out from his alone, accompanied only by the fast-falling rain, leaving no only the memory of a voice we shall hear no more.

TRUE BLUES. OPENING OF THE TENTH ANNUAL SESSION OF THE GRAND LODGE. The tenth annual session of the Grand Lodge of British America of True Blues opened in the district of Toronto, Monday. The following delegates were present:—W. F. Allen, Bradford, Grand Master; E. Newton, Toronto, G. D. G. M.; J. H. Smith, Hamilton, G. T.; J. A. Ingram, Lindsay, G. D. C.; H. Bowden, Hamilton, G. I. T.; T. Huston, Toronto, G. O. T.; from Hamilton, C. E. Orr, H. Reed, Dundas, J. Bullock, Belleville, J. E. Harris, W. Galt, T. H. Hamilton, T. Crapper, D. Carine, R. Carrothers, G. Hill, E. Luter, A. Bullock, P. S. Raith, A. Fawcett and R. Davis. It was decided among other matters that each delegate shall wear a mourning badge out of respect to the members of the order who perished in the Humber disaster. GRAND LODGE OFFICERS' REPORTS. At the afternoon session the reports of the Grand Lodge officers were presented. The Grand Master's report contained a number of newspaper articles referring to the Roman Catholic church, and referring to the necessity for constant watchfulness on the part of the order. It also referred to the defeat of the Orange bill by the Dominion Parliament. Reference was made to the death of Bro. Wilson, of Hamilton, and Prescott and Walker, of Toronto, the latter two having been killed in the Humber disaster, and referring to the illness of Bro. Fitzgerald, past Grand Master, who was injured in the same disaster. The Grand Secretary's report spoke of the defeat of the Orange bill by the Dominion Parliament as the denial of a simple act of justice, and referred to an anticipated coming time when both political parties should be extinguished. Statements made during the debate were characterized as calamities, and principles of the order were stated to be the maintenance of an open bible, the protection of freedom of thought, and loyalty to the constitution. VISIT TO THE HOSPITAL. The lodge then proceeded in a body to the general hospital, where a visit was paid to past Grand Master Fitzgerald, who was injured at the Humber disaster. After returning from the hospital the remainder of the day was spent in receiving the deputy district Grand Master's report. ANNUAL SERMON. In the evening the members of the Grand Lodge assembled for the purpose of attending divine service at the church of the Ascension. They were accompanied by members of the city, Prentice Boys and True Blue Lodge, and bands of music. The procession was formed as follows:—Central life and drum band; city lodges of Prentice Boys; Blacker True Blues; city lodges of True Blue; Lubar's brass band; Grand Lodge delegates; Grand Lodge officers.

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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. And the attractions connected with it would not be fully complete nor could it be thoroughly enjoyed without having a neat and good pair of boots or shoes of some of the beautiful kinds now in stock at Maguire's Cheap Cash Boot and Shoe Store.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS! LEARY & FINLEY. Desires to call the attention of the farmers of Victoria and surrounding counties to the following implements for which they are the agents: Alliston Cord Binding Harvester, Alliston Queen Reaper, Alliston Queen Mower, Alliston Sulkey Rake, Gang Ploughs and Fanning Mills.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE. The Rev. F. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows: "I was 5th St., New York, May 18, 1882. I was suffering from a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting particularly my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and diarrhoeal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I feel that facts of your service, hoping their publication may do good. Yours respectfully, F. P. WILDS." The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Eczema, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system. PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

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