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YOUR COMBINGS. Done in a first-class manner.

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ings and Sprains, Burns and

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I tion of those about to commit matri-

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VOL. 2 .-- No. 26.

MARKDALE, ONT., MARCH 10, 1889

por little Sir Peter!'

Poor little Sir Petrer, indeed !

that we all must play the fool once

a miser to the core, mean beyond all

adinary meanness, half monkey, half

tiger in his nature, and her plump

once brought forward, the black frock

was thrown aside, gay tartans, musin

and silks bought, and a governess en-

gaged. 'Scarswood was thrown open

operas-the whole round of fashion-

able liferun. And her poor relatives fix

ed upon him like barnacles on a boat.

wife succred at him, her high titled re-

latives ignored him, men blackbaled

howan kindness had turned to butter-

Lady Ceril came aweeping down

levely hazel hair hung half-curled

lilies of the valley, crowned that ex-

shoulders. A Mochlin scarf

quisite, gold-hued head.

him at their clubs, and the milk

if nothing better offers.

ness and prettyness, her round, black

Within nine months of his acces-

Miscellaneons.

Wm. Lucas & Co., BANKERS. Money Loaned

INTEREST AT 6 PER CENT. Allowed on Savings Deposits.

all points, at lowest rates. E. G. LUCAS, hanager. oundalk, Sept. 1, 1881.

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treu Sound, have resumed at) DUNDALK, ONT.

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CUTTERS, BOB SLEIGHS, Together with all kind of repairs in wood iron on short notice, at reasonable rates. F. F. TEEPLE.



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W. T. RUNDLE, Fundalk, Jan , 1882.

Every Working Day, By Thomas Smith. Except Fridays and Saturdays until noon when he will be in rlesherton. L= Orde's filled for Toomb Stones.

Markdate, July 21, 1881 A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN

ON THE LOSS OF

E have recently published a new edition of Dr. Cutverwell's Celebrated Essay on the adical and nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cts.,

brated author, in this admirable may be radically cured without the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This Lecture should be in the hands o every youth and every man in the land.

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ag and attentive Hostler's not required. THOS. ATKINSON, Preprietor thing. Many are making fortunes. Ladies ness at which you can make great pay all the HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

I DEFY COMPETITION, may favor me with their patronage Walches. Stem winders \$3.30, Write motal Stunding Com \$5, Imitation gold \$6. Solid gold \$12. Cuespest and bear

in the dim past days of a wasted yout? the shall not know how his pulse leap

At woman and love in the open day, And at night time kisses, with bit or tear A faded fragment of jasmine apray,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swell-101

CHAPTER I. Continued. When I come at the usual hour Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted she repeated and he, never came. Feet and Ears, and all other was the strangest thing-I wonder at t to this day. It was so unlike passa No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacons Ora as a safe, sure, simple and checap External R-medy. A trial entails but the comparatively harry off abruptly in that waytrifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its SOLD BY ALL DEUGGISTS AND DEALERS fools suffer, I suppose, as greatly as of the Earl of Ruysland, she was pe-A. VOGELER & CO. Baltimores Md. U. B. 4.

was -poor, impetuous boy - from the At the mature age of twenty four she men I meet now. When I read of Sir | had eloped with a clerk in the Treas-Launcelot and Sir Galahad I think of ury, three years younger than herself face,' Lady Cecil thought; 'the face, and forever by their families on both Tregenua to do me the konour of taking me. I have kept my relics long enough-it is time I throw them out of the sindows.'

follow the word by the deed; then stopped, irresolute. 'As Sir Arthur has not asked me yet, what can it mettail keep them they reproached, they quarrelled and

She replaced them, closed and lock ed the writing case, and rang for her maid. The French woman came, stirred half an ounce or so oflaudnum And therefore has supplied a want long felt, sleeping and blinking, and Lady Cecil into his absinthe, and wound up his heart, and where her own gratificasat like a statute under her nands, chapter of the story. being disrobed and robed again for

But she was in the breakfast parfather and cousin. She was looking creve her. Very subdued, soft of voice FUNERAL FURNISHINGS, over a book of water-colour sketches gentle of manuer, and monstrously when Lady Dangerfield entered, looking at one long, insently, wistfully-a little Mrs. Dalrymple chanced one day sunrise on the sea. The baronet's at a water party in the neighbour A Splendid Hearse wife came softly up behind the earl's | hood to meet the Sussex baronet, Sir Peter Dangerfield. Is there a destiny daughter, and glauced over her should-FURNITURE

'A pretty scene enough, Queenie, pensive face. Of what are you thinking so deeply, as you sit here and

Lady Cecil lifted her dreamy eyes. again a wife. 'Of Ireland. I have often seen the ing of the days Ginevra, that can read the baronet like a book. He was uever come again.

CHAPTER II. . MISS HERNCASTLE.

in his blandest tone, and all his that hot farce had time to cool, had tones were bland, 'how soon do we go | made her Lady Dangerfield, and himdown to Sussex? I say we, of course | self miserable for life for impovrished mendicants, like myself and Cecil, must throw ourselves her, and everything that he thought on the bounty of our more fortunate her not. She was a vixen, a Kate relatives until our empty coffers are who no earthly Petrochio could tame. replenished. How soon do we go She despised him, she laughed at him

-next week 9" 'Next Monday,' responded Lady firted, she squandered his money like Daugerfield, in three days. Sir Peter | water, what did she not do? And the notice. All manufactured by skilled me- writes me, Scarswood has been rejuv- twins, kept in the background in the enated, re hung, re-carpeted, re-furn ished, and quite ready. We go on Monday, very many have gone. Par

liament closes so delightfully early this year I don't pretend to go into large and very super or stock of second ecstacies all over the country, like to the county, a house in May-fair Cecil here, for instance, but really, leased, parties, dinners, concerts, London is not habitable after the last week in June.' 'Ah! Next Monday-so soon to make an inspection of my stock and save

Then we shall not meet Tregenna in The earl of Ruysland made his houslown, as I had supposed? Still- es his horses, his servants, his cooks Ginevra, I write to Sir Arthur Tre his banker his own, without a thought genna to day-you remember Tre- of gratitude, a word of thanks. His genna, of course. He is in Paris at present, and on his way to us, may I as to invite him to Scarswool? They were still seated, a family

Kemember the place-second door to party of three, around the breaktast anthrope, and buried himself down at Laly Daugerfield glanced Scarswood, did humbly as his lady across at her cousin. Lady Cecil sat ordered him, and took, as you have listlessly back in her chair, offering heard her say, to impaling butterflies her little curly KingCharles a chicken wing, she hed the tit-bit tempt- ture us, it is some compensation ingly over Bijon's wrinkled nose, now , laughing, as he leaped up angrily, while all his tiny silver bells rang, not once lifting her eyes. Happy New Year.

'Certainly, Uncle Raoul, invite him by all means. Scarswood is big enough to hold even the great Cornish baronet. I remember Sir Arthur very well, indeed, I was mortally afraid of him in those frivolous, gone days, and thought him a horrid prig; but of course that was all my lack of judgment. Present my compliments and remembrances, and say we will be delighted to see him at

·Thanks, my dear; I knew 1 might count upon you. Sir Peter Lady Dangerfield was not yet down.

fit, Sir Peter's wife answered decisive-

it is, but-I think you told me you this one—what's her name, again ?— never were governess before?"

Miss Herncastle-seems to suit me and she plays so very nicely, and her | Cecil laid down her book and looked that I as good as told her yesterday was such a sweet voice—so deep, that I would take her She comes at clear, two for her final answer, and I should looked up and saw a tall, a very like you to tell me what you think of young woman, dressed in plain dark colours, sink into the seat lady Dan-'And I shall go and write my letter gerfield had indicated by a wave ofher -your compliments and kind remem- pearl gloved hand. brances, Ginevra, and a cordial in-'Then may I beg to know what you

vitation to Scarswood from Sir Peter | did do ? You are not, excuse me, yery and yourself. And you tell me Sir young, seven and twenty now, I should Peter has become a naturalist? Ah! think?

'No, my lady, three-and-twenty. Aud with a smile on his lips and a 'Ah, three-and-twenty, and going sueer in his eye, the Earl of Ruysland out as governess for the first time arose and wended his way to his Pray what were you before?' Lady Cecil shrank a little as she

listened, Ginerva went to work for the sion to the throne of Scarswood, Sir blooded a manner. She looked at the Peter Dangerfield, Baronet, had led to governess, and thought, more and the 'hymeneal altar,' as the Morning more interested, what a singular face Post told you, Ginevra, only survivit was. Handsome it was not-never ing daughter of the late honourable had been-but some indescribable teen and a little fool. One outlives Thomas Chive, and relict of Cosmo fascination held Lady Cecil's gaze all that when they grow up. Still. Dalrympie, Fsq. She was the mece fast. The eyes were dark, cold, brilliant; the eyebrows, eyelashes, and wiser people. Some of the old pams tite, plump, pretty, poor, she was nine- hair of jetty blackness; the face like look at and-twenty, she had twin daughters, marble-literally like marble-as things. How different he and not a farthing to bless herself with changeless, as colorless, locked in a 'A strange face—an interesting

And I am to marry Sir Arthur a name as old as her own, a purse as if I am a judge, of a woman who has Tregenna when it pleases Sir Arthur empty, and they were cast off at once suffered greatly, and learned to endure. A face that hides a history. sides. Their united fortunes kept 'I was a music teacher.' the low, them in Paris until the honeymood melodious, even tones of Miss Hernsuded, and then poverty stalked grim | castle made answer; 'I gave lessons She made a step forward, as if to ly in at the door, and love flew out of when I could get pupils. But pupils the window in disgust, and never in London are difficult to get. I came back. They starved and they a nursery governess, and I applied for grubbed in every place, they bickered,

'And you are willing to accept the recriminated, and one dark and des- terms I offered yesterday?' perate night, just five years after his The terms were so small that Lad love match, Cosmo Dalrymple, Esq., Dangerfield was absolutely ashamed to name them before her cousin. tion was not concerned, she was as Mrs Dairymple and the twins, two great a miser as Sir Peter himself. blackeyed dolls of four, came back to 'I will accept your terms. my lady. England in weeds and woe, and the Salary is not so much an object with paternal roof opened once more to reme as a home.

'Indeed! You have none of your own, I presume? pretty in her widew's cap and crapes, 'I have none, my lady.'

She m de the auswer quite calmly neither voice or face altering. 'You are an orphan?' 'I am an orphan.'

me those things that shade our ends Wall, I ady Dangarfield said to without vilition ef our own ?-or is it ectionable, and I don't see why you our lives? Sir Peter saw-and fell in would not suit. Just open the piano. love. Before Mrs. Dalrymple had Miss Herncastle, and play some little been twelve n onths a widow, she was thing that I may judge of your touch and execution. If there he one thing Five years of married life, and liv- I wish you particularly to attend to ing by her wits, had sharpened those it is my children's music and accenwits to an uncommon degree. She | You speak French?"

> 'Yes, my lady. 'And sing?' There was an instant's hesitationthen the reply came : 'No, madame, I do not sing.'

eyes, her faltering voice, and timid 'That is unfortunate. Play, howmanner dad their work. He fell in ever. She obeyed at once. She played love, and before that first fever of from memory, and chose an air from Schubert's-a little thing, but sweet and pathetic, as it is the nature of Schubert's music to be. It was a fa She was nothing that he thought vorite of Lady Cecil's as it chanced but never had the pearl keys, under her fingers, spoke in music a story half so plaintive, half so pathetic, as this. The slanting June sunlight fell upon she was master and mistress both, she the face of the player-that fixed, lusk, emotional face, with its changeless pallor; and more and more inter- most notorious flirt in London-on halcyon days of courtship, were all at

'That will do,' Ginerva said graciously; 'that's a simple melody, but you play it quite prettily. Cecil, love. what do you think? Miss Herncastle will suit very well, will she not?' 'I think Miss Herncastle quite cable the age of Pearl and Pansy,'

Herncastle, is it possible vou do not sing? You have the face of a singer Up to this moment Miss Hernastle had not been aware a third party was present. She turned to Lady Cec and the large electric eyes, so dark under their black lashes, met the soi hazel ones full. mik in his breast. He became a mis 'I do not sing,'

'Then I have mistaken a singing face for the first time. Ginerva. not wish to hurry you, but if we go at

on pms. If our fellow-creatures tor. all-·Good Heavens! yes!' cried Lady Dangerfield, glancing in sudden hurry torture, in our turn, bugs and beetles, at her watch. 'We shall be frightful ly late, and I promised Lady Chantily-Miss Herncastle I forgot to askstairs presently-tall, and slim, and do you object to the country?' white as a lity. Her India muslin, 'On the contrary, I prefer it.

with its soft lace trimmings, trailed in ·Very well, then; the sooner you fleecy clouds behind her-all her come the better. We go to our place in Sussex next week-you will find a rich bronze mass over the pearly your pupils there. Suppose you come to night-you will be of use to me about her more like draprery than a the intermediate days. shawl, and a bonnet, a marvel of Par-I will come to night, my lady, if isian handicraft, half pointless, half

'To-night, then. Soames, show Miss Herncastle out. Now then, Queenie.' The drawing room was deserted-

Really, then, I shall countermand my consent. I don't want a nurser imagination you have, Cecil and what led to pass the night without the proface !- yes, if you like, in its plain-

'I don't think it is plain. 'Perhaps you think it pretty?'

'No; pretty is a word I would nev apply to Miss Herncastle. Herncastle 'For pity's sake, Queenie, talk complexion like her father's tallow candles, and whose piano-playing and French accent were acquired within the sound of Bow Bells. Queenie, abruptly-'I wonder if Major Frankland will be at Kew to-day?'

'I don't like him, Ginerva-I don't like the way he behaves with youoh, yes, Ginerva, I will say it-nor the way you behave with him. 'And why? How does Major good aim, she put a tiny bullet Frankland and my lowly self be-

'You hardly need to ask that question, I think. You fluted with him when you were fifteen, by your own showing; you flirted with him in the first year of your widowhood, and you flirt most openly with him now you are a wife, 'Ginerva,' with energy, 'a married flirt is in my opinio the most despicable character on

'Au opinion which, coming from my Lady Cecil Clive, of all people, should have weight Tan's there are Portland Argus. thief? How true the You don't mean to flirt, I suppose, when you are married?'

'Don't look so scornful, Ginervano I don't. If ever I marry -what are you laughing at? Well, when do marry, then-I hope-I trust-I feel that I shall respect—and love my husband, and treasure his name and honor as sacredly as my soul.

'Meaning Sir Arthur Tregenna you like. If I ever become the wife of Sir Arthur, I snall never let any living man talk to me, look at me, act to me, as that odious, bearded, sleepy eyed, ex-Canadian major does toward you. Don't be angry, Ginerva,

dear; I mean this for your good.' 'No doubt. One's friends are always personal and disagreeable and time, I am quite old enough to take

care of myself.' 'Ah, Ginerva, age does not always jealous-poor little Sir Peter! unkind, it is a shame; you bury that you dance, and walk, and flirt with Frankland. I say again it is a real Lady Dangerfield leaned back in

the barouche and laughed-laughed absolutely until the tears started 'You precious Queenie-you Dioge- you, Major Sangster of the army, sir, nes in India muslin and Limerick lace! That poor little Sir Peter indeed, and Miss Herncastle, too! all low and abject things find favor in the sight of Lady Cecil Clive. Sir Peter! as if I cared what tuat odious ubecile thought ! Major Frankland friends, with whom I shall be friendly just as long as I please, in spite of all a sermon from you - from you, the

ested, Lady Cecil half rose on her el- flirting! And Solomon says there is HOW TO REPORT A WEDnothing new under the sun ! Lady Cecil made a restless movement, and under the white fringe of her parasol her fair face flushed. 'Ginerva, I am sick-sick of having myself called that. And I am not a

flirt, in your sense of the word. I do petty vanity, to swell the list of a vain, of the world's triumphs. I only like to have people like me-admire me, if you will; and when gentlemen are pleasant and dauce well, and talk la gross grain, with black point lace well, I can't be frigid and formal, and underskirt and box-plaited hair. Does talk to them on stilts. It's they who that sound natural?" are stupid -moths who will rush into the candle and singe their wings, do the city editor, contemptuously. "Don't what you will. The warning is up, you know that gross grain is a color? "Dangerous ground," but they won't by warned. They think the quicksand dress, trimmed a la black point lace, that has let so many through will hold and her hair was combed en pannier. them. They are not content with You ought to know better than to get being one's friend-they must be one's things mixed up that way. Who else lover. And then when one is sorry, did you get? How was the bride dressand says 'no,' they rush off to Spitz ed? bergen, or Spanish America, or Central Africa, and one is called heartless and a coquette. it's my misfortune,

Again Ginerva laughed. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ginerva, not my fault.

COTTAGE CHEESE. - Wherever a cow or cows are kept, the cream is regarded as the important part of the milk, and vorsaged on top. while the skim milk goes to the pigs "I don't believe that's right," obor the poultry. Of course it is thus served the city editor. "Real that utilized and ultimately comes around again." as food, but it may be better to make | "It was corsaged at the sides an I a more direct use of it. The skim shirred on top," said the West End mile contains a valuable portion of reporter, referring to his notes. 'And what's your opinion of the that most nutritious food; in taking "Of course," smaled the city editor. Sir l'eter will do precisely as I see Dangerfield five-and-thirty, and for governess? What are you thinking the cream, only a part of the nutri. "It makes all the difference in the of as you lie back in that pretty atti- ment is removed. The skim-milk, is world. You never saw a woman with tude, with your eyes half closed, Lady allowed to become slightly; sour or her hair corsaged on top in your life Cecil Clive? Are you really thinking. "clabberee." The pan is theu set or is it only to show the length of upon a cool part of the stove to warm Lady Cecil looked up. They were boiling water. It should get no

a bag of thin material, and hang to drain. When it ceases to drip, turn Tie News denies the Quen's pro-

F. Doll's.

HAT THE LADY ASKED THE A certain well known lady, living up on the avenue recently found her-

tection of a man in the house, her husband being in the North. Being a good shot, she was not slarmed, however, but put her revolver handy when she retired at night. About midnight she heard a noise as if some one was trying to get into the house. She went softly on to the gallery, revolver in hand, and sure enough; something else. Suppose, when you there was a man down at the window get down to Scarswood, you turn bi- prying open the shutter with a long ographer, and wrtte out my new nur. knite. After watching him for a sery governess' history from her own moment undecided what to do, krowdictation. I daresay she's the daugh- ing that if she chose she could kill ter of some Cheapside grocer, with a him, she leaned over the railing and called out, "Shall I shoot you, sirt" The astounding question caused the man to stop work. He turned and looked up at her, but made no pretense to run. She then fired at him. and he retreated to the feuce, where he insolently regarded her in the Lady Cecil looked grave. moonlight. The brave little woman, not a whit discouraged, then determined to show him that sile could scare him i she pleased, so, taking

and Wedding Bings, &c., &c. Also

VIOLINS, ITALIAN STRINGS,

BURGLAR.

Maine News .- Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sare cure for ague, intousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted s. culd give thom a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the pr --- of chuir curative qualities .--

through the rim of his hat. In less

time than could be told the would-be

burglar was over the fence and out of

sight .- New Orleans Picayune, Feb.

MAJOR SANGSTER AND THE MULE-WHACKER

Major Sangster, says the 'Chicago Inter Ocean, who is known in miletary slang as 'bantam,' was returning one day recently from Bismarck, to Fort Linch, which is across the river. 'Meaning, I suppose, Sir Arthur riding wat delayed by a tean and wagon driven by one of the class known as mule-whackers in this country. The driver of the waggon and mule whacker got into a wordy conversation, and Major Sugster got very indignant at what he believed to e impertinent language and unwarranted interference in his journey. He imped from the ambulance a Toin Thumb in size, but a Goliath in fary. and exclaimed, Get that wagon out ed at him rather quizzically and last ed, 'who the deuce are von?

'I am Major Sangster of the army, sir.aud I want you to get the wagon of the way. The mule-whacker spit a monthful of tobacco on the road and remarked : 'Do you know what I will do with Major Saugster of the army, sir, if you don't make less noise with your mouth!' 'What would you do!' inquired the Major, looking as large and as fierce as possible. 'I'll set a mouse trap and catch and give you to my puppy to play

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Superceding as it does all other niodes of illumination, and rivalled only by the glorious sun-hme, will not be hailed with greater joy by all other blood purifiers and tonics as the electric light is superior to the old fashioned tallow dip. Burdeck Blood Bitters cures Scrofulu, and all foul humors and impurities of the blood.

DING. "I say?" said the reporter, "I don't know whether that is right." "Don't know whother what is right?"

demanded the city editor. "This wedling. I went there toright, and they gave me s heap of rot about their frocks; but I don't

Who sent you to a wedding?" a-kel That was a gross grain box-plaited

"I've got her all right," replied the West Eud reporter. "She wore a white bouffant, with a Princess of Thule veil ; the underskirt out decellette around the bottom, and trimmed with a basque at the sides," "That's better," sail the city editor,

encouragingly. "That sounds something like. How was her hair?" "Her hair was shirred at the siles

A RELIABLE FACT.

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Sups. 26th, 1891.

av 27th, 1881

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