THE
Markdale Standard.
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Advertising Rates.

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Legal Notices 8 cents per line for first insertion, 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Locals and reading notices ten cents per line for first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent insertion.

Professional cards, one inch and under $5 per year, $3 for six months, $1 for one month.

Advs. of Stray Animals 25 for 3 insertions.

Advs. Farms for sale or Rent—1 month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents per inch.

Advs. of 2 or 3 lines, such as Lost, Found, Houses to let, Servant Wanted, &c., 25 cents for one insertion, 75c. per month.

A reading notice up to ten lines in length will be inserted once for any church or society when posters are furnished, or when no admission fee or collections taken, or otherwise twenty-five cents will be charged for such notice. No exception to this rule.

Advertisements will be changed every two weeks if desired. For changes oftener than this the compositor must be paid for at regular rates.

C. W. RUTLEDGE,
Proprietor

MARKDALE, JULY 27, 1899

Parasitic Religion

In connection with every church there is a certain amount of financial outlay. The minister is not allowed to engage in any other pursuit than that to which he has been called; hence he requires a living salary. The building needs a sexton; and he must be paid. Then, all year round lights have to be provided in the evenings; and in the winter time fire must be kept glowing in the furnaces. We will not stop to enumerate all the items of expense that strew the path of church officials in these days. Be it influential or unimportant, be it an urban or a rural edifice, be it an imposing cathedral or a plain meeting house, there is no church that can be maintained without money. The fact is, I admit, it demands no demonstration. Once it could be just as well to confess to have to show the sun by means of the rising taper.

But what do we often find along with the fact and the blood of deep enthusiasm, the cheer at the bought? Why, there are many communities, there are many persons, who are perfectly willing to enjoy church privileges at no cost to themselves. They attend the services, occupy a seat, listen to the sermon, and have a share in all that pertains in the place with not a single penny taken from their purse. "The Gospel is free," is their favorite axiom. So, like parasitic creatures, they, retaining a firm hold upon what belongs to others, and seek therefrom the sweets of religion without any outlay of money and without price. Yet the same persons would not go to a theatre in that manner elsewhere. They would not be guilty of stealing a dinner in a hotel or a ride in a train. The Church, however, is a legitimate field for the exercise of meanness. Here they will constantly make use of property and provision to which they cannot lay the slightest claim of ownership.

We are speaking of church members and that will cause to be true. In these times of innumerable feverishness which the Gospel figures large yet a matter of attendance, seats are taken into our churches who never seem to entertain the idea of giving as an ordinance of worship, and who live on from week to week, content that other hearts should support the cause of religion in their own locality, and that other coins and notes, not their's, should be coupled towards maintaining the work Christ ward. If this be not parasitic religion, then our vocabulary is at fault, and we will leave the question in the hands of our readers for settlement. This much, however, is certain: If all Christians would come forth in the light of stewardship and dwell in it, there would be no struggling churches and no languishing missionary boards. We imagine, too, that soon there would be millennial radiance flashing over the earth.—*Exchange.*

An Enterprising Firm

There are few firms [illegible] wide awake and enterprising as the firm of R. L. Stephen Wing, of Port Hope, Ont., for the benefit of every sufferer in the land they have placed the cure for many complaints, the discovery of Dr. Bell's New Discovery, which truly is a great discovery, from reports we hear it is giving wonderful results in the worst cases of lung trouble, it is not claimed to cure all but it does do much good in all cases, and we hear of many cures being effected by it in all parts of the country, by its use consumption, bronchitis, coughs, asthma, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. You can test a 50c. bottle free by calling at the drug store of R. L. Stephen Wing, and get a trial bottle free, or a regular size for 50c, and feel confident to cure, or benefit materially.

The Boy was Behind Him

Poet—All I need is an opening, sir. Editor—Well, what's the matter with the one you just came through.

The Danger of
PILES
Too frequently overlooked, Dr. Chase's Ointment a Prompt and Positive Cure.

The suffering caused by the intense itching and burning sensations of piles is only one of the horrors of this common complaint. A still greater danger of protracted suffering exists in the fistula, one of the most dangerous diseases imaginable. Even the great danger and expense of an operation is largely preferable to running the risk of contracting this most loathsome of diseases.

But there is no necessity for a surgical operation for piles. Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of piles, no matter of how long standing or how aggravated the case may be, so long as piles have not become fistula.

It is only by rare chance that internal treatment will cure piles. But it matters not from what cause they arise, Dr. Chase's Ointment will not only stop the itching and burning, and soon effect a perfect cure.

You can use Dr. Chase's Ointment with fullest assurance that what has cured scores of thousands of cases of piles will cure you. For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation.

It has still other proper[ties]: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does, even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefit you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Possibly there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

W. C. T. U.

Vital Energy, Its Intelligent Direction and Control

BY DR. CORDELIA A. GREENE.

"The injunction, "Take in all the blessed air you can get," is full of wisdom, and it is well to obey it. Quiet, physical exercise of the arms, trunk and legs, with full breathing, is a powerful distributor of the vital energies through brain, spine, lungs and digestive organs all over the body. Twenty minutes of such exercise, followed by a little rest before eating in the morning, and repeated just before retiring at night, is an absolute necessity to persons leading sedentary lives, and helps to establish good habits of deep breathing and sleep. Nothing will so surely bring brain rest and quiet, nervous equilibrium, and, at the same time, break the power of violent emotions.

"Pleasant odors, simple tastes and the ingestion of food at the proper time of eating, should be fully enjoyed. This was kindly planned and quickens the nervous energies by whose force digestion and assimilation go on. To be rested mentally and physically before eating leaves the energies leisure to take up at once the important functions of digestion. A half hour of rest before meals is far better than an hour's rest after meals.

"Quiet physical employment gives impetus to the chemical changes which convert wholesome food into blood. Cheerfully taken for hours together it is far safer than any sedentary life, however precious. Violent physical exercise, absorbing brain work or intense emotion, occurring soon after eating, diverts the nerve force from the stomach until its work almost ceases, and fermentation and bad blood formation ensue. Nervous dyspepsia will occur at once with the strongest man where the brain worry over business troubles absorbs the electric power which should go to the work of digestion and assimilation. No poison has so large a reservoir of strength that it can be used exhaustively in two directions at once. No power was given merely for pleasure. The highest happiness each can give is in the attainment of its divinely designed end. The appetite for food is given to secure perfect nutrition and strength; the mental powers for the purpose of learning and following all truth; the creative power to convey the gift of immortality.

"Currents of thought that are helpful and true give grand impulses to the vital energies. Thoughts that are base and sad mould the brain to their own likeness, slow the heart and affect the circulation even to the nerve terminals. There is no man or woman at middle life but owes what he or she is at that time quite as much to the wise or unwise habitual direction of his thoughts and life energies as to original inheritance. Every one knows the difficulty of unlearning faulty habits of work, thinking or feeling. Life can be only a failure to one who reaches middle life habitually building air castles, or living recklessly, instead of doing faithfully each day's reasonable task.

"The man or woman who has long devoted a share of his wealth of energy to the culture of unbridled or uncontrolled appetites is to be pitied as a prisoner who has forged for himself chains out of the gold of soul energy which should have brought the richest blessings to himself and others. Anger, fright, weeping, violent emotion and alcoholic stimulants send the nerve force rushing to the brain, and the blood follows. This may be repeated until the blood vessels are permanently enlarged, and such action becomes a serious cause of chronic heart trouble. Strong emotions devour the forces of the nervous system more than hard, physical labor. Even the old Irish woman apprehended this philosophy when she said, "It is the wurra more than the wurrick that kills people." Repeated movements of the vital energy in a given direction ere long become automatic, or in the school-boy's parlance, "It goes itself."

A celebrated college president, noted for his personal power among his young men, was in the habit of never speaking hastily. When placed in a perplexing position before his students, he bowed his head and his great chest would heave and fall, while all remained silent. When his answer or decision came it was wise and just. He well earned the sobriquet, "Mark the perfect man." A friend and student of an intense and sensitive temperament thought lightly of my frequent injunction to "breathe deeply" when there was necessity for quiet self-control. She told me afterwards how happily she tested the value of this advice. "During an important operation in amphitheater of the medical department of Ann Arbor university, one and another of the students fell to the floor, fainting. When my head began to whirl and things grew dark about me, I remembered your oft-repeated injunction, and breathed with all my might, and did not disgrace myself." This lady, through many years of medical practice, learned to maintain a quiet, nervous equipoise which would have been impossible in any other way.

Fun and laughter are a grand stimulous to the nervous system. It is said that man is the only animal who laughs. I am sure this power has been given to him because he needs to laugh, and no one has a better right to laugh than the thinking, useful, hard working man or woman who is a blessing to the world. There is certainly no better stimulus to the nervous system than the scintillations of humor that have no meanness or wickedness in them.

"An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented, day by day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued from decay
By jes' laughin'."

The soul, the real man or woman who dwells temporarily in the body, is closely allied to our infinite Father, and should be a king ruling in his appointed realm, never a slave subject to and driven by ungoverned and disordered appetites. Antagonism to God's wise order in the spiritual and physical world puts up a mighty barrier between Father and child. The confidence which leads to filial obedience alone keeps the inner sanctuary of the heart open to that inflow of life and power which is promised and ever comes with God's indwelling. This added divine energy makes it possible for the humblest as well as the most highly endowed of our Father's children to triumph over life's vicissitudes and entanglements, do duty bravely, and grow into all that makes the noblest type of a whole, fully-rounded manhood or womanhood.

The wealth of soul-force, or vital energy, thus quickened and regulated, becomes the source of all beneficient human activity. It is seen in the fulfilment of the simplest duties, in the patient drudgery which perfects the home as well as the work of the skilled artisan. It is the secret of the successful conduct of the affairs of the community, state and nation, and of all business and commercial enterprise. It is the mainspring of all the sacrifices and achievements made in the intellectual, educational and philanthropic world. Assuredly, I have never known one person who half realized the immeasurable wealth he held in even a limited share of the divine gift of vital energy.

Guelph, Ont.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Tetter, Eczema, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by R L Stephen.

No Need for a Preamble

Mr Larker—Excuse me, Miss Snapper but I have long sought this opportunity to—

Miss Snapper—Never mind the preamble, Mr Larker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years.

He Knew What it Was

Very often Tommy's mother examines him to see how much he has learned at school. Not long since the following conversation took place between them:

Mother—"Tommy, how are you coming on at school?"

Tommy—"First rate, ma."

"Mention the names of some of the domestic animals."

"The horse, the dog, the pig."

"Mention some more, Tommy."

"The goose, the hen, and the duck."

"Yes, I was thinking of four legged animals. What animal is that which lives mostly in the house, but which often makes a dreadful noise so that people cannot sleep?"

"Four-legged animal?"

"Yes."

"Don't let people sleep?"

"Yes."

Tommy, triumphantly—"The piano."

He Got the Name.

As the manager of a large insurance company sat at his desk the representative of another company walked in. The caller was a man to be cultivated, but Mr. H. could not for the life of him think of his name, although he had met him before. But the Chicago man was one of many resources. "I beg your pardon," he said to his caller, after the first hasty greeting, "but if you will excuse me for an instant I will send a message I have just started. It is on a matter of much importance."

"Certainly," said the caller.

"It'll take just an instant," said Mr. H. as he turned to his desk and wrote hastily on a sheet of paper: "What is the name of the man I'm talking to? If you don't know name, find out and answer at once by boy. H." The business man addressed the message to his chief clerk in the outer office and handed it to his office boy, saying: "Hurry and deliver this note, Archie; it is most important."

Mr. H. busied himself with his papers, and in a few moments the boy returned with an answer. Hastily tearing open the envelope, Mr. H. read, "Jenkins, of the —— Insurance company." Throwing aside the note, the Chicago man turned blandly to his caller. "Ah, that bit of business is off my mind now! In what way can I be of service to you, Mr. Jenkins? It is a long time since we have been honored with a call from the —— Insurance company."—Chicago Journal.

Argentina, now the Argentine Republic, owes its name to the silvery reflection of its rivers.

Carpenter Shop Persiflage.

The Carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon.

"Life with me is a perfect bore," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the Small Plank.

"There's no art in this country," observed the Screwdriver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it," said the Screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way the Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut!" cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind," said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," observed the Bench. "It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work. I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike," said the Hammer.

"That's it!" cried the Auger. "You hit the nail on the head that time."

"I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer, and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the Carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb nail the Hammer struck.—Harper's Bazar.

The Doctor's Servant.

Calino, the French "Mrs. Partington," does not amuse so much by the confusion of his words as by the quaintness and unintended plainness of his remarks. He entered the service of a well known doctor, who, after Calino had been buying hay for his horses for awhile, made up his mind that the hay was worthless.

"That is very poor hay that you've been buying," the doctor complained.

"But the horses eat it, sir," said Calino.

"No matter. It's bad hay."

"Yes, sir," said Calino respectfully. "I'll change it. I know you are a much better judge of hay than the horses are!"

One day the bell rang, and Calino came in.

"A patient has arrived, sir," he reported.

"An old patient or a new one?" asked the doctor.

"New one, of course, sir," said Calino. "The old ones never come back!"

Calino admired very much the beautiful teeth of a lady among his master's patients.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Her teeth are as fresh and sound and white as a new born baby's!"

Parson and Pheasant.

There was a sort of Jack Russell parson who was called in from his shooting one day to a christening, and with him came his factotum, who was both parish clerk and keeper. He put gun and bag down in the porch and commenced the service, but it was interrupted by a wild fluttering outside the open door, and one of the pheasants, which was not as dead as it ought to have been, rose up and flew hither and thither through the church with the noise and commotion of which only pheasants and frightened pheasants are capable. "Mark that cock, John," said the parson in his usual sonorous voice, and then resumed the service. And here again I do not think one of the little party around the font saw the humor of the thing, and certainly John, who replied "Yes, sir," with as much propriety and dignity as he had just been responding "Amen," saw nothing incongruous or unbefitting in the scene.—Longman's.

The Slowest Man.

A mean man on the south side agreed early in the week to meet a girl at luncheon down town last Saturday, and after luncheon they were going to the matinee. The girl kept her part of the contract. She wore a new silk waist and a new bonnet, and was in the luncheon as the clock struck 1. After she had waited about five minutes there came a note from the mean man. It said:

"The inclosed cards will show you why I can't keep my engagement."

The "inclosed cards" announced that he had been married to a chum of hers that morning.

An Awkward Mistake.

"Briggs is dreadfully nearsighted. You know that hat his wife wears with all those black plumes in it?"

"Yes, I've seen it."

"Well, Briggs thought it was the head of a feather duster, and he tied it to his cane and brushed a lot of spider webs from his porch ceiling before his wife caught him at it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When either branch of congress is in session after nightfall, a huge light gleams from the top of the great dome over the capitol. For many years it has been the custom to turn this light on the occasion of a night session of congress.

How He Worked the Artist.

This account of how an intimate friend of the great artist Kyosai obtained one of the painter's drawings is from Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Letters from Japan":

Kyosai always refused if asked outright for a sketch. So his friend began the negotiation by offering the artist an excellent dinner. When Kyosai had drunk deeply and seemed in a mellow humor, his host would call for drawing materials, saying that he felt an artistic fancy taking possession of him. No one was surprised, as Japanese gentlemen often amuse themselves in this way after a feast. The servant then brought an enormous sheet of white paper and spread it on the floor with the brushes and Indian ink beside it.

The crafty host, without looking at his guest, sank on his knees and began to draw, apparently absorbed in his occupation, but intentionally producing few weak and incoherent lines. Kyosai watched the feeble effort in silence and growing irritation, and at last jumped up, dashed the tyro aside and tore the brush out of his hand, exclaiming: "Out of the way, you wretched bungler! I will teach you how to draw!" And the result was a priceless sketch, which remained in the possession of the wily entertainer.

A Card Table Romance.

Speaking of the mania of some society women for gambling, a story is told of an interesting card playing romance which was recently enacted in London:

A very rich man sat playing écarte with a pretty girl whom he intensely admired. She went on recklessly staking her money till ruin stared her in the face.

"Doubles or quits," said the tempter. She assented, knowing that she could never pay. She lost.

"Yourself or quits," said her opponent.

Again the girl summoned all her wits and looked him straight in the face. "Are you proposing to marry me?" she asked.

He nodded.

He won the game, and the pair made one of the happiest unions known in England at the present day.—Paris Herald.

Economic Charity.

I had just seated myself at the table in the tearoom of a down town dry goods store the other day when a well dressed man came in with three little children, two girls and a boy. Noticing carelessly that the children were not dressed quite so well as the man who had charge of them, I wondered a little. I observed they took places near the table where I was seated.

"Now be sure you all behave properly and eat enough," the man said, "and don't talk."

Then he ordered all sorts of things for them, and very hungry they seemed, too, eating a most elaborate luncheon, while the man tasted nothing. Along about ice cream time I heard him say, "Sit quiet a minute, and I will come back." Then he slipped out in the crowd near the railing and went down the elevator. In a short time the head waiter came up to the table and asked anxiously of the happy trio:

"When is your papa coming back?"

"Oh, he isn't our papa," chorused the joyous three. "We don't know who he is. He just asked us when we were looking in the windows if we wanted a good dinner, and we said yes, and he said, 'Come along, then,' and brought us up here." Then the children went down in the elevator and the house charged something to the off side of the accounts.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Great Need.

"Tell him to wait."

Mrs. Golddecker waved aside the maid, and, rising anxiously, looked out on upper Fifth avenue from the window of her just completed nineteenth century palace. She was wondering whether his man, for whom she had sent, possessed at last the one secret that could make her happy. She paused for a moment, nerving herself inwardly to encounter disappointment in case it should come, and then, in full control of herself, she prepared to descend. Leaving her boudoir, with its $100,000 bedstead, she passed the diamond and sapphire inlaid bathroom, with its gold faucets glittering in the electric light, and, stepping into the cut glass elevator, was whirled rapidly downward to the first floor. Stepping lightly over the $1,000,000 rug in the reception hall and brushing abstractedly against the $2,000,000 tapestries in the drawing room, she passed through a long passage into the waiting room in the rear of the house, where a tall, dignified foreigner stood up and bowed respectfully as she entered.

"Can you make good bread?" she asked.—Criterion.

Dig Up the Dust.

A Mississippi editor makes this appeal to delinquent subscribers: "Fish down into your pocket and dig up dust. The editor is hungry and the paper 'bout to bust. We've trusted you for several months and done it with a smile, so just return the compliment and trust us for awhile. Our wife she needs some stockings, and baby needs a dress. Mammy needs some breeches and so do Kate and Bess. Paul is on the hog train and Peggy sick with grief, and, good gosh almighty, can't you give a man relief? Shell out those nickels and turn loose the dimes, turn 'em loose and whistle, and we'll have better times. There will be fewer patches on the bosom of our pants, and we'll make the paper better if we have half a chance. Don't give us that old story, long gone to seed, 'bout taking more family papers than the family want to read, but help to feed the printer, and he'll help our town to grow, and thus escape the sulphur in the regions down below."

The Irish Language.

It sounds profane to ask whether our ancient tongue is worth preserving. Yes, it is even as a spoken language, and so well worth preserving that if the effort be not made, and, with God's blessing, made successfully, we should be held accountable for casting from us what is, in the natural order, apart from the national spirit, the noblest inheritance of our race.

It is the misfortune of many good Irishmen to know nothing of the Irish language, however anxious about it, and, through an untoward history, it is the way with many others to care but little for its fate, because the invader has branded it as an inferior tongue. But it never happened that any one competent to form an opinion who knew Irish did not esteem it as a noble vehicle of human thought and feeling.—Gael.

A Little Misty.

"The boy is taking quite an interest in music," remarked the young man's mother. "He has joined a musical society in his college."

"What does he do?"

"I can't quite make out exactly. By some reports I should judge that he is singing second tenor and by others that he is playing third base."—Washington Star.

Another Sort.

"Were there no extenuating circumstances connected with the case?"

"No; nothing but attenuated circumstances."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The defendant's circumstances were so reduced that he could not afford to engage a competent attorney."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Neighborhood Tragedy.

"We bought a lawn mower at the Montague auction."

"Well, that was all right, wasn't it?"

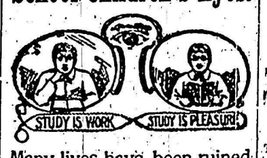
"All right? Marie says it is our old one which they borrowed and never returned."

Cheshire cheese owes its excellence partly to geological causes, the red sandstone and bowlder clay, with its immense salt deposits, of which the country is formed, producing a herbage peculiarly suited for cheese production.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE.
MARKDALE STATION

Going South	7:35 a.m.	4:44 p.m
Going North	12:20 a.m.	9:40 p.m

School Children's Eyes.



Many lives have been ruined through neglected eyestrain in childhood. The eyes of every child should be examined. We have made a special study of this branch of optics, and guarantee satisfaction. Consultation free.

J. H. Stephenson,
OPTICIAN AND JEWELER,
MARKDALE.

THIN GIRLS GET PLUMP
while using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

There comes a critical time in the life of every woman when the bud of girlhood is unfolding into the full blown flower of womanhood. Mothers at this time should carefully guard their daughters' health, for this is a time when many a girl falls victim to insidious diseases which make life a misery.

Loss of flesh, headaches, pains in back and side, nervousness, irritability, dull eyes and a pale, sallow complexion, these are the symptoms that warn you to use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is impoverished and the nerves require nutrition. Nature must have assistance and there is no better way to help nature than by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a food for blood and nerves, and creates rich, red blood, solid flesh and new nerve tissue. The color will return to the cheek, the brightness to the eye, and increase in weight will tell of solid advance in health.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DO YOU WANT
Money?
GOD SAVE ——

Can you guess the missing words, marked by dashes ——? When complete it is the "quotation" used by over 30000 people now residing in Canada?

If you can supply the correct missing words, you may get a present of $100.00 or more in cash.

Contest opened May 6. The fund will be equally divided among those who answer correctly—No capital prize.

CONDITIONS—This is a form of contest which does not require you to send any money with your guess, nor does it contain any element of chance. We have a perfect right to give away any parts or all of our receipts.

This is an honest method of advertising Scott's Stomach and Nerve Food. Address SCOTT MEDICINE CO. Kingston.

If You have failed

to find what you want, call at Rae's Tailoring Establishment and inspect his Suitings, Pantings and Overcoatings. Fashionable Fabrics and substantially made neat fitting garments obtainable.

A Call Solicited

R. S. RAE
Tailor, Markdale

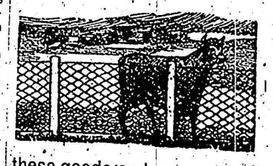
For Service

A very fine Yorkshire White boar on lot 4, con 6, Euphrasia. 29-8 J. J. Cherry.

MARKDALE HOUSE
Markdale, Ont.
JACOB SCHUMACHER, Proprietor
Good accommodation for man and beast.
Bus to all trains.

McCALMON & WATSON
MARKDALE MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS
Direct Importers and Manufacturers of Foreign and American Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones.
Monuments Repaired and Inscriptions cut on shortest notice.
WM. McCALMON. J. E. WATSON

The Best is the Cheapest



McMullen's POULTRY NETTINGS are unequalled in quality and their FENCINGS are the BEST.

PRICES LOW

Hardware Merchants sell these goods and can supply you. If they fail you write the Manufacturers at Picton.

The B. Greening Wire Co.
GEN. AGENTS, HAMILTON AND MONTREAL
Sold also by Canadian Hardware Jobbers

DIRECTORY.

POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY.

MARKDALE.

The P. O. will be open from 8 o'clock a. m. to 7 p. m. every working day.
Mails closed as follows, viz:
G. T. R., going North, 12:05 a. m. and 3:40 p. m.
" " South, 1:30 p. m. and 3:25 p. m.

TRAVERSMON

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 12:30 noon

BEAVERDALE and WODEHOUSE.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 1 p. m.

For registered letters and money orders fifteen minutes earlier than above. The P. O. will be open on Holidays from 8:30 to 9 a. m. and half an hour after mail arrives.

W. L. McFARLANE, P. M.

DIVISION COURT CLERKS

No. 1. Geo Allen, Owen Sound.
" 2. David Jackson, Durham.
" 3. Thos. Plunkett, Meaford.
" 4. Thos. J. Clarke, Hepworth.
" 5. A. S. VanDusen, Flesherton.
" 6. John McDonald, Chatsworth.
" 7. Duncan Campbell, Hanover.
" 8. R. L. Stephen, Markdale.

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Treasurer—Wm. Lucas.
Pound keeper—John Chapman.
village Constable—Geo. Noble.
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" 3—McKinnon and Ingham
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