

arden—R. J. Ball, Hanover.
gistrar, N. R. McKnight.
Sound, S. Thos. Lauder.
am.
P., North—W. P. Telford.
Sound.
P., East—Dr. Sproule, Mark.
P., South—H. H. Miller, Han.
P.P., North—A. G. Mackay,
P.P., East—I. B. Lucas, K.C.
dale.
P.P., South—Dr. Jamieson,
am.
EIGHBORING MUNICIPAL
COUNCIL BOARDS.
Artemesia.
Reeve—A. Muir, Ceylon.
Deputy-Reeve—T. R. McKenzie.
Councillors—Alex. Carson, Geo.
Robert Best.
Treasurer—W. A. Armstrong.
W. J. Bellamy, Flesher.
Euphrasia.
Reeve—Jas. Erskine, Goring.
Deputy-Reeve—W. T. Ellis.
Councillors—R. Conn, L. Ren.
R. Johnston.
Treasurer—J. H. Gardner.
Lerk—N. L. Curry, Rocklyn.
Holland.
Reeve—Wm. Hampton, Berkeley.
Councillors—B. Wheldon, S. C.
enaway, R. J. McIntosh.
am.
Lerk—J. P. Hare, Holland C.
reasurer—John Cameron.
Genes.
Reeve—Thos. McFadden.
Deputy-Reeve—E. W. Hunt.
Councillors—Thos. Nichol, John
McMillan and Wm. Weir.
Treasurer—Daniel Edge.
Lerk—J. S. Black, Pomona.
Osprey.
Reeve—E. H. Norman, Badgers.
Deputy-Reeve—W. J. Taylor.
Councillors—Thos. Stephen, A.
McCallum, Henry Downs.
Lerk—Thos. Scott, McIntyre.
Proton.
Reeve—Jas. H. Corbett.
Councillors—John Aldcorn, Rich.
mon, Robert Armstrong, Wm.
Middleton.
Lerk—Thos. Laughlin.

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My stock can't be beaten in the country; took over 100 birds last fall. Order at once, as I will let my fowl have full range after July 1st. Call at Markdale, and see photos of my poultry house and fowl. John W. Ford

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Hardware Firm.

MARKDALE.

The Story of a Reunion

penalty," he added, smiling. The girl gave a responsive smile, wondering who the lucky girl was.

The gloves were wrapped up and handed to him. He could decently remain no longer.

What could he do? When calmly entering the shop a short time ago he little thought to find himself in such a state of unrest.

"Thank you," he murmured absently, and buttoning up the great coat and replacing his hat he reluctantly left.

At the door a daring thought struck him.

"I beg you pardon, sir," he said to the shop walker. "I should like to know the young lady at the glove counter where I just made a purchase."

"I presume you have a good reason for your inquiry?" was the reply. "Such questions are rather unusual." Her name is Margaret Russell—her address I cannot give you."

The listener's face became pallid. He took a card from his pocket and handed it to the maid.

"This, sir, is my name," he said. "I think the young lady's mother was a dear friend of mine."

There is a striking resemblance between the marks and remembrance of the old man's wife.

He halted at the glove counter, took his hands and gazed at the girl again.

Asking her to take the card home and explain the incident, I shall come to-morrow," and with a bow he departed.

Mr. Jones, the floor-walker, gazed upon the piece of cardboard and read engraved thereon, "Mr. Philip J. Hunter." The address guaranteed wealth, and the name was one of which he had frequently heard in connection with philanthropic deeds and much that was good, go to the vast amusement and universal interest of all the girls near by, he fulfilled the odd request.

It was a pleasant little dining room, bright and cozy, with a small table laid with a pretty white cloth and places for two.

By a little side table, on which was a small lamp, sat a woman, no longer young, but still pleasing to look upon, save that her cheeks were a trifle hollow and the face pale. She was busily at work upon some fine embroidery. Other finished pieces lying about spoke of the work she did to assist the income brought in by her child.

A step sounded outside the door, and a moment later the young girl of the glove counter episode entered. The woman looked up with a sweet smile and rose, laying aside the work and greeting the child with a caress.

When her hat and coat had been removed, Margaret, with a mischievous look on her face, drew the card from her purse, and, stopping her mother as she placed the tea-pot upon the table, held it before her eyes. "Did you know this person, mamma? Have you ever seen that name before?" she asked her half playfully, half seriously.

"Philip!" the mother exclaimed, with a catch in her breath almost painful. "Why—why, Margaret, child, where did you get that card?" and, nervously putting out her hand for it, the mother suddenly sat down.

Then, in a few words, the girl told all she knew of the incident and described in glowing terms the handsome gentleman's appearance.

"And so, dear mamma, you do know him. Please tell me something about him—and if tomorrow when he comes I may permit him to call to see you, as he wishes?"

"Yes! No! I hardly know what to say, darling. I do not know if it were better or not that we meet again. It is a very commonplace thing, dear, but I will tell you."

"We were once devoted to one another. Both were jealous and very proud. He said some unkind words which I resented and refused to forgive. Later I left for the North. There I met your father, whom I respected very much, and who soon persuaded me to marry him. Then, of course, I dared not think of my earlier love, and soon rumors reached me of his marriage.

"After carrying out your father's dying request and burying him in his native city, I could not spare the little means I had to go back

Objects to Advance Interview

"Young Albertan" Takes
ception to Remarks Made by
Flesherton Resident.

TORONTO EXHIBITION.

Prize List for 1908 Now Being
Distributed.

Nantan, Alta., May 25, 1908.

Editor Standard—

Sir—We noticed in a recent issue

of the Flesherton Advance an ac-

count of an interview which

editor of that paper claims he has

had with a certain Mr. Will

Rutledge, a young man who has

from that locality, but is at pres-

ently a resident of Alberta. As we

happened to be a resident of this

goodly province of Alberta, and

have the great good fortune of

being acquainted with the said

Monsieur De La Rutledge, would

be much pleased to reply to

some of his statements to the editor,

which privilege was denied me.

Let him come, mamma, dearest,

I am sure it will be best,"

sitting to keep down a sigh that

would come. Little supper was eaten

that night, and the talk was all

of Mr. Hunter.

So when the tall, handsome man

sighted the glove counter on the

tomorrow, Margaret graciously offered

him her hand and told him how well her mother remembered her old friend, and that she would be pleased to see them again at their

home for evening.

He responded with a look of intense satisfaction and a warm

clasp, saying simply, "I will be there to-night."

Margaret was dreadfully upset all day, and undecided as to her part in this pretty romance. Should she go home from the shop, or go to a friend's first to leave them uninterrupted?

After much pondering and some

little heartache and stealthy tears,

she decided to let her mother

think it was she entering, when it

would actually be her old friend

and lover. It would, perhaps,

make it easier for both, and later

Margaret's friend could see her

harm, when matters had been ad-

justed.

As she planned, so indeed, it

was, and upon entering the cosy

room, now bearing no resemblance

to a dining-room she found two

happy faces, looking years younger

and handsomer in the blessings of

being re-united.

To Harden Whitewash.—To half

a pail of common whitening add

half a pint of flour. Pour on boil-

ing water in a sufficient quantity

to thicken it. Then add six gal-

lons of lime and water, and stir

together thoroughly.

CATARRH NOW CURABLE.

But Never by Medicine Swallowed,
Snuffed, Sprays or Douches.

Catarrh is not a blood disease

and that is why it cannot be cured

by any medicine taken into the

stomach. Catarrh is a germ

trouble contracted from the ger-

mladen air you breathe inward.

These germs fasten themselves in

the tissue and air cells of the

breathing organs, multiply by

millions, cause sneezing, coughing,

raising of mucus, discharge from

the nose, difficulty in breathing,

hoarseness, dryness and stoppage

of the nose, tickling in the throat

and other symptoms that can

only be reached by the dry air

principal of Hyomei.

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with the curative properties of the

Australian Eucalyptus Forests

where catarrh is unknown.