

Warden—R. J. Ball, Banover.
Registrar, N. R. McKnight.
Owen Sound, S.—Thos. Lander.
Durham, M. P.—North—W. P. Telford,
M. P.—East—Dr. Spauls, Mark.
M. P.—South—H. H. Miller, Han-
over.
M.P.P., North—A. G. Mackay.
Owen Sound, M.P.P., East—I. B. Lucas, K.C.
Markdale, M.P.P., South—D. Jamison.
Durham, NEIGHBORING MUNICIPAL COUNCIL BOARDS.

Artemesia, Reeve—A. Muir, Ceylon.
Deputy-Reserve—T. R. McKenzie.
Councillors—Alex. Carson, Geo.
Wright, Robert Best.
Treasurer—W. A. Armstrong.
Flesherton, Clerk—W. J. Bellamy, Fisher-
ton.

Euphrasia, Reeve—Jas. Erskine, Goring.
Deputy-Reserve—W. T. Ellis.
Councillors—R. Conn, L. Ren-
nie, R. Johnston.
Treasurer—J. H. Gardner.
Clerk—N. L. Curry, Rocklyn.

Holland, Reeve—Wm. Hampton, Berkeley.
Councillors—B. Wheldon, S. C. Greenaway, R. J. McIntosh &
Adams.
Clerk—J. P. Hare, Holland C.
Treasurer—John Cameron.

Glenelg, Reeve—Thos. McFadden.
Deputy-Reserve—E. W. Hunt.
Councillors—Thos. Nichol, John
A. Macmillan and Wm. Weir.
Treasurer—Daniel Edge.
Clerk—J. S. Black, Pomona.

Osprey, Reeve—E. H. Norman, Badger.
Deputy-Reserve—W. J. Taylor.
Councillors—Thos. Stephens, A.
E. McCallum, Henry Downs.
Clerk—Thos. Scott, McIntyre.

Proton, Reeve—Jas. H. Corbett.
Councillors—John Aldcorn, Rich.
Cronin, Robert Armstrong, Wm.
Middleton.
Clerk—Thos. Laughlin.

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Steel is iron free from dirt, air
or foreign substance fused with
carbon. Carbon gives toughness,
strength, keenness and life.
Thirty years' study of the razor
situation has shown away to
add the highest per cent of
carbon to a Carbo Magnetic
razor blade through a secret
process of ELECTRIC TEMPER-
ING giving it a uniform dia-
mond like hardness—some-
thing absolutely impossible
with fire tempered razors,
and they are Hamburg ground.
But Test this UNCONDITION-
ALLY GUARANTEED razor at
home—or have your barber use
it on you—for thirty days WITH-
OUT OBLIGATION TO
PURCHASE.

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**C. P. R. TIME TABLE
MARKDALE STATION**
Going South 7:54 a.m. 4:24 p.m.
Going North 12:06 p.m. 8:46 p.m.

New streets in Three Rivers are
to be 66 feet wide.

Picton Conservatives are to
select either C. A. Tanner, M.P.P.,
or A. C. Bell, ex-M.P., as their
federal candidate.

George Stanton, hotel-keeper in
Middlemere, sold liquor in
defiance of local option and was
fined \$100 and costs.

Old James Sharpe and his band
of fanatics from the States, at
Aulter, Sask., declare they will
not be taken alive.

Car service, telegraph and tele-
phone services, in Montreal, were
out of commission Friday night
because of the electric storm.

A young man named Carson was
drowned at Moncton, after nearly
drowning his companion, who tried
to rescue him.

Patrons of Cole Bros. circus at
Woodstock, N.B., started a riot
after complaining of short change
at the ticket wagon.

Habeas corpus proceedings have
begun on behalf of George
Smith, of Hamilton, sentenced to
six months for non-support.

HARDWARE • HARDWARE • HARDWARE

Harvest Tools

We can supply your needs O.K. in this
line. Our stock is complete.

PRICES THE LOWEST.

CEMENT

We have just received
ANOTHER CAR OF FRESH
CEMENT

Be sure and see us before buying.

HASKETT BROS.,

The Butterfly Girl

(By Temple Bailey.)

The first rift in the lute came
when Albert arrived home one
stormy night and found his bride
in a fetching pink gown, with her
shining hair puffed into little
puffs, and pink candle shades on
the corners of the dining table,
with pink roses in the centre and
with nothing thereon to eat but a
third day's cold roast and left a
salad.

Albert, having kissed his wife
enthusiastically and having changed
one's coat for a more formal
one peered at the platter dubious-

"I am desperately hungry," he
said, "and there isn't much meat
left."

"I am not a bit hungry," Bet-
sy stated. "I was shopping
down town and I had such a
batch."

I had a sandwich," was Albert's
brief comment, and after that he
sound the latch summoned no rosy vision,
however. He passed through the
dining room. The pink candles
were not lighted. In front of his
place was a copper chafing dish,
one of Bettina's hitherto unused
wedding presents, and the blue
flame burning beneath set the
contents bubbling, and the air was
laden with deliciousness.

Bettina," he called, and at the
sound she came to the kitchen
door. She wore a long apron of
china blue; her hair was ruffled
about her face; her cheeks were
flaming.

"I haven't time to kiss you,"
she cried gayly. "I must wash
the chops."

Albert went into his room some
time that disconcerted. It was the
first time that Bettina had failed
to kiss him. It was the first time
that his rooms had not been in a
rosy glow—and he missed it.

But his discomfort vanished with
the serving of dinner.

There were oysters in the chafing
dish panned to perfection. There
were broiled chops, a crisp salad
and a pudding made by Bettina's
own fair hands. And Albert ate
and praised and wondered.

"No wonder he was disagree-
able," she said. "Any man's
affection would be frozen out by
old meat and cold salad and
warmed over coffee!"

Bettina faltered out her menu.
"What did you give him for
dinner last night?" Aunt Betsey
demanded.

Aunt Betsey shifted.
"No wonder he was disagree-
able," she said. "Any man's
affection would be frozen out by
old meat and cold salad and
warmed over coffee!"

Bettina laughed.

"Aunt Betsey showed me how,"
she said, "and— I really like
things like—A fit of wine, a loaf of
bread and then beside me sing,
sing all of my singing couldn't
take him smile."

"Yes," Albert said promptly.
"I do. I miss the rosy gown and
the rosy candles—and you haven't

on the defensive.

"A jug of wine and a loaf of
bread may be all right in hot
climates," she admitted, "but
yesterday it was snowing, and
Albert came in chilled, and you
ought to have had something fit
to eat."

"Well, thank goodness, my love
isn't dependent on food," said
Bettina loftily.

"What did you have for lunch
yesterday?" Aunt Betsey probed.

"You told me you went to Mail-
lard's."

"We had grapefruit and crab
and quail, and salad, and an ice
cream. Everything was delicious. Mary
Luttrell invited me, and a friend
of hers from out of town."

"And poor Albert had a sand-
wich," Aunt Betsey reminded her.

"Oh! Oh!" Suddenly the real
situation seemed to dawn on the
little wife. "He was really
hungry, Aunt Betsey, poor, dear
dear."

"And he had worked from 8:30
in the morning," Aunt Betsey went
on, "and when he came home at
night, tired and worn and nervous,
he was not in a condition to ap-
preciate lace-trimmed ruffles." Bet-
tina, half as much as an ap-
petizing dinner."

Bettina sighed.
"Well, it does away with the
romance."

"Dear heart," Aunt Betsey told
her, "there is a joy in service that
is above the joy of mere admiration.
Try making Albert com-
fortable and you will get more
solid happiness out of it than
keeping him on the rack with your
scoutrity."

But Bettina shrugged her
shoulders.
"The way to hold a man," said
Aunt Betsey, with a nod of her
grey head, "is to love him, and
that means to make yourself his
equal in endeavor. Then you have

his respect. You must be the home
maker, just as Albert is the money
maker."

"But you have never married,"
said little Bettina. "How can you
know, Aunt Betsey?"

"The people who look on from
the outside are the wise ones,"
said Aunt Betsey, "and I have
seen so many matrimonial ship-
wrecks."

That night Albert's footstep
lagged a little on the stairway as
he climbed to his little flat. He
knew just what he would find at
the top—Bettina, charming in the
rosy gown; the pink candle shades
the pink roses and croquettes made
of the last of the beef. Bettina
always ran to big roasts, and
there yet remained to be eaten a
fifth day's soup made of the bone.

The sound of his key in the
latch summoned no rosy vision,
however. He passed through the
dining room. The pink candles
were not lighted. In front of his
place was a copper chafing dish,
one of Bettina's hitherto unused
wedding presents, and the blue
flame burning beneath set the
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