

PRINCE OF WALES SHOULD RUN IN KANSAS

United States Paper Has Some Things to Say About England's Future King.

William Allen White, in The Emporia (Kans.) Gazette, is the common idea of Americans, gathered from story books, that princes are idle individuals to rest on the downy beds of ease, and have nothing to think about but the sort of uniforms they will wear at the next function. The Prince of Wales, who, God willing, will be the next King of England, and who bears, without roach the grand old name of gentleman, was recently at Quebec, and there he made a couple of speeches. One of the speeches was English; the other in French; he spoke one language as well as the other. If he happens to go to Germany some day, he will address the Germans in their native tongue, and thus also if he visited Asia, or Spain, or Italy. For Prince speaks ten or twelve languages fluently.

He is also versed in many sciences, including civil engineering; is a draughtsman, he can sail a ship by dead reckoning; he understands military manoeuvres, and is familiar with all the intricacies of government. But theatalog of his accomplishments could be too long; and that catalog does not mean that the prince is a genius; it simply means that since his infancy his life has been one of drudgery, gilded drudgery, if you like; he has been taught by teachers and preachers, and tutored by tutors, and crammed and jammed with useful knowledge until his poor head ached.

And none of the joys of the American boyhood were ever his; there was never a swimming-hole for him, or a tomato can with bait in it, or a nice free and easy fight with the freckled kid across the alley. His life was mapped out from the beginning, even as the movements of a train are worked out and scheduled by the dispatcher, and he had to stick to the track just as the train has to.

Now, in his young manhood, he is really old, and, if you examine his portrait, you will notice the expression of profound weariness; he were permitted to speak out and say what is really in his mind, he would probably confess that he is tired of the whole business; tired of grand dames and guid gentlemen, tired of obsequious strangers, tired of wearing braided uniforms, and useless words, when he would like to put on pajamas and swing in a hammock; tired of laying corner stones and dedicating buildings, and preening at idiotic functions; tired of being a prince when all the blood in his body clamors for a man's life, a man's work, a man's amusements.

You can see the longing for emancipation in his face, but the longing is as useless as the sword, foredoomed to the fierce light that beats upon a throne, he must go his appointed way and die his weird in embellished misery.

What a change it would make in the prince's life if he would run for office in Kansas once. It would do him good to get out among the boys, wearing a hickory shirt with the collar busted and flapping around his ears; it would do him good to arrive in some dinky town on a freight train and then go round the prominent business men and exchange bad cigars; it would renew his youth to stand on a newly-built platform on a hot summer day and blow the air and saw the boards and make a keynote speech.

But such things are not for a prince of the blood royal. And so, while the Prince of Wales doesn't ask or expect our pity, and would probably send it back C.O.D. if forwarded to him, we'll keep on pitying him just the same, as we pity any man who is not an American citizen.

QUIET A ROMANCE.

Owen Sound was the scene of quite a romance last week. A young man and maiden belonging to Chesley decided to run away from their respective homes and get married. The father of the maiden learning that they had fled to this town telegraphed the police to be on the lookout for them at the Grand Trunk station on Tuesday night. The police were there and spotted the couple at once. As they had only left Chesley they had not time to become one and the police accordingly took charge of the young lady, who is not of age. She was escorted to the Patterson House and her irate father arrived on the scene yesterday. The daughter did not wish to return home again, but was eventually persuaded to do so. She departed with her parent, leaving her disconsolate lover, who is a smart looking fellow, behind.—O.S.Times.

Advertisement in The Standard.

A FOOLHARDY TRICK.

The fool that rocks the boat and the other fellow who didn't know it was loaded have had things pretty much their own way for some time past, and Christendom in general had almost forgotten about another class who travel in the same direction, though by a different route. We refer to the individual who crosses the track at a horse race just in time to get a shunt in the rear from the fast moving beasts. In Owen Sound a couple of weeks ago, it remained for a woman, a baby and a perambulator to dispel the illusion that this class was extinct, when she attempted to cross ahead of a horse driven by George N. Collins of that place. In the attempt to save the woman and her child from injury Mr. Collin's sulky was overturned, and he sustained injuries so serious that he has been forced to use crutches ever since. "Nellie Nicholas," driven by Mr. Reid, was injured, and the baby carriage badly broken up. It seems altogether too bad that grown-ups can't get a little more sense into their craniums, or if they just must do these things, why can't they do their little stunts all by themselves, and not bring innocent parties to grief by their manoeuvres.—Durham Chronicle.

THE WAY TO MAKE YOUR MONEY GO ROUND.

Mr. Brown keeps a boarding house. Around the table sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took ten dollars out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was ten toward the twenty he promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying: "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews in turn passed it over to Mr. Jordan, remarking it would pay for the carpenter work he had done. Mr. Jordan then handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley, gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying: "That pays ten dollars on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to Mrs. Brown, saying that he had now paid the twenty he had owed her. She in turn paid Mr. Black to settle his bread and pastry account. Black handed it to Hadley, asking for credit on the amount of his flour bill. Hadley again handed it to Brown, with the remark that it should settle for a month's board, whereupon Brown put it back in his pocket, observing that he had no idea that ten dollars would go so far! But suppose that Mrs. Brown had sent to mail order house for her new bonnet, then the ten dollars would have gone out of town. The moral is to do your shopping at home, where you expect others to patronize you, whether in business or a laborer.—Ex.

MEAN THIEVES.

The meanest thieves alive will be running loose until a pair of thieves that struck town on Monday are taken in tow by the law. The pair had all the earmarks of the hobo and their general appearance was not by any means reassuring. They were strolling along near St. Paul's church during the afternoon and finally entered the sacred sacrifice. Rev. Father Gibney, who had been observing their actions, at first assumed that they did so with pious intentions, but upon reflection he decided to send a little boy to quietly observe their actions. The little chap caught the tramps in the act of attempting to rifle the poor box, which contained the contributions toward the charities of the church. They failed to open the box, however, and by the time the boy had reported their actions they had fled. They are supposed to have got out of town at once.—Alliston Herald.

A BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

Said a well-known business man to us the other day: "It would not hurt you to occasionally mention our business in your paper. It would help to fill up, you know." Yes, we might do it. We haven't the least idea on earth that it would hurt us, and it would, as he suggests, help to fill up. It would not hurt him, either, to come around and say: "Give me a column or a half column of space for an advertisement, and here is the money for it." By doing this he would become a deserter to that grand army of dead-heads who expect the newspapers to continually note the improvements they make, by giving them free puffs, and for which they never pay a cent. It is high time for all classes to learn that a newspaper is a business enterprise, the same as a dry goods store or a grocery, run for a living for its owner.

HARVESTERS' DEPREATIONS.

SCHOOL TEACHER SUFFERED TERRIBLE INDIGNITIES ON EXCURSION TRAIN.—RAVAGED ALLISTON GARDEN.

Terrible tales are told by C.P.R. trainmen of the depredations committed by drink crazed brutes who went out West on the first harvesters' excursion.

On Wednesday last a train of 21 coaches was brought back to West Toronto, and it was the toughest looking train that has been seen in railway centres for many years.

Windows broken, chandeliers smashed, shutters splintered, coaches disgracefully dirty, piles of hay in corners of the cars—these were a few of the more noticeable forms of damage.

But that is not the worst.

According to the trainmen, the women on the train were all placed in one car. It is alleged that the "civilized savages" (as the men call them) pulled a school teacher from the east end into one of their cars and there stripped her of clothing. The indignities that followed are not detailed.

Blame the C.P.R.!

Naturally the trainmen are incensed, and they blame the C.P.R. management for not providing enough special constables to keep order on the train.

On the first train, it is said, there were only one or two constables. How could they handle a couple of thousand half-drunk men? asked the trainmen.

Ruthless destruction.

At Alliston, somewhere, the train stopped because of a small accident the harvesters swarmed out and visited a little vegetable garden belonging to two sisters, who lived alone in their little cottage. They had spent all the summer cultivating their crop of vegetables and fruits, but the horde of harvesters swept over the place, ruthlessly ravaging it in a few minutes. Then when it was destroyed, they picked up the onions scattered about and pealed the frightened women with them.

At another station the men, being thirsty, went out and drank three saloons dry in the space of a few minutes.

And these are only a few of the instances that the trainmen tell.

Preserve Canada's Forests.

"The Forests and the People" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the Canadian Forestry Association. The object of the Association has in view in issuing the booklet is to bring about a more general realization of the serious consequences of forest destruction and to arouse an interest in this great problem that will eventually result in vigorous action looking to the preservation and wise use of our forest wealth. The movement, it is pointed out, is one that should appeal to all Canadians.

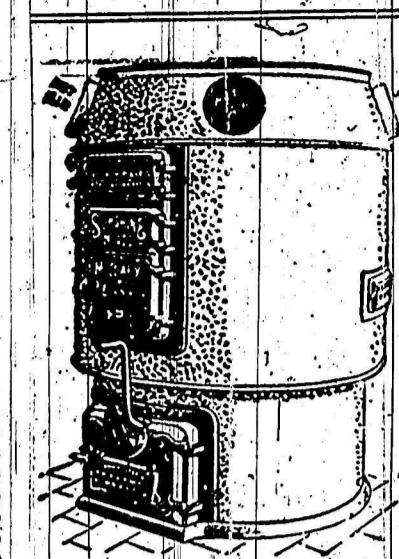
Canada has been blessed by Providence with a wealth of forest. Two-thirds of this immense natural wealth has been swept away by fire, uselessly and needlessly. Will the close of another century find this destruction more thoroughly completed, or will the expiration of another hundred years find the forests clothing the rocky hills and valleys with their beautiful verdure, well-ordered, productive, abounding in wealth for the state, furnishing the needs of Canada and the regions beyond, supporting a hardy and intelligent population, forming a shelter for wild animals and a place of pleasant resort for the people? From the point of view of forests Canada is perhaps the richest country in the world, but Canadians should remember that their forest resources are not inexhaustible. A wise solution of the problem of forest preservation will have a very beneficial effect upon the general prosperity of the country. An authority on the subject has said, "There is no question that Canada, if she adopts a wise forest policy, can soon become the controller of the wood markets of the world, and of the paper trade in special."

The footprints of Dyspepsia have been directly traced to the Stomach nerves. When these "inside nerves" fail, indigestion and stomach distress must surely result. For this, druggists everywhere are supplying a prescription known as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. First these tiny inside Stomach, Heart and Kidney nerves fail. Then gas belching, heart palpitation, or failing kidneys follow. Don't drug the stomach, or stimulate the heart or kidneys. That is wrong. Strengthen these failing nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative. It is the nerves not the organs that are calling for help. Within 48 hours after starting the Restorative treatment, you will realize the gain. A test will tell. Sold by W. Turner & Co.

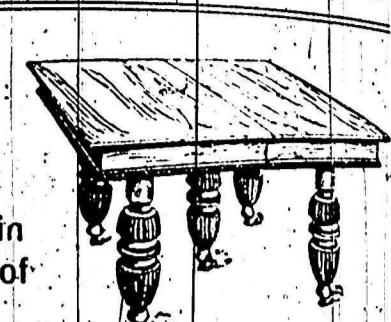
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C.O.C.F. No. 399. Court Markdale, Canadian Order Chosen Friends No. 399 meets on Tuesday in the month in East hall at 8 o'clock. Mrs. C. Bandt, Lucas, W. H. Wright, W. McArdele, Recorder.

MARKDALE LODGE NO. 14, A.O.U.W. Meets in Ennis Hall at 8 o'clock p.m. the first and third Monday each month. Has 99 members. Visit from other lodges solicited.

SAUGEEN LODGE NO. 37, I.O.O.F. Meets every Friday at 7:30 p.m. in their hall, Sarjeant's block. Visiting brethren always welcome.

Perkins, N.G. R. W. Ennis, Secretary.

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