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rt Markdale Canadian Order
een Friends No. 399 meets fourth
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at 8 o'clock. C. W. Rutledge,
ef Councillor; R. W. Ennis,
corder.

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No. 991.
ets in Ennis' Hall the third
esday in the month at 8 o'clock.
visit from brethren of other
rts solicited. Assessments
st be paid to the Financial
cretary, Frank Graham, on or
ore the last day of the month.
B. Waite, C. R.; F. Graham,
S.

MARKDALE LODGE NO. 141,
A. O. U. W.
ets in Mathews' hall at 8 o'clock
n. the first and third Monday in
ch month. Has 99 members. A
it from other lodges solicited.
W. Ford, sr., Master; C. W.
tledge, Recorder.

SAUGEEN LODGE NO. 327,
I. O. O. F.
eets every Friday at 7.30 p.m. in
eir hall, Sarjeant's block. Visit-
brethren always welcome.
C. Davis, N. G.; R. W. Ennis,
c.-Treas.; John Chapman, Fin.
c.

OLDEN RULE ENCAMPMENT
I. O. O. F. No. 79.
eets the second and fourth Tues-
y in each month in the Odd-
llows' Hall. W. J. Howard,
hief Patriarch. Carman King,
ribe.

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Notice!

Owing to continued ill-health I have disposed of my Hardware Business to my son, G. C. Haskett, who took possession Feb. 1st. In returning thanks to my numerous customers in the past, I bespeak for my successor the same support that you so generously accorded me.

GEO. M. HASKETT.

Do You Want Free Seeds?

If you will write for our interesting new 1910 Catalogue we will send it free, and include, also free of charge, a package of seed of our Burbank's Giant Crimson California Poppy. This Poppy is an entirely new creation in Eschschottzia for flower lovers. It grows immense, beautiful flowers. It was originated by Luther Burbank, "The Wizard of Horticulture." Our 1910 Seed Catalogue is one of the largest and most complete ever issued by us. If you prefer, instead of the Poppy, we will send a free package of our Asparagus Beet or D. & H.'s Excelsior Swede. Write to-day, if interested, mentioning choice. Please name this paper. It is important to us.

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London, Ont. 5

You Can Even Do Your Toronto Shopping Through "The Star"

The Star's "In Toronto Shops" Department describes new and attractive offerings seen in City Shops day by day, with the Toronto Daily Star's offer to purchase any of these articles for out-of-town subscribers who send the money. Many are taking advantage of this Department.

"Of Interest to Women" is the well-deserved heading of a special page in the Toronto Daily Star. It is one of two and sometimes three pages devoted particularly to women's tastes and is independent of the "Social and Personal" and "Madge Merton's" pages, for years popular features of the Star.

"Of Interest to Women" includes scores of little hints on health and beauty, the newest fashions in dress and house furnishings; talks on ethical matters of particular interest to women; points of etiquette; suggestions for home entertainment; recipes; daily menus; advice and suggestions on all the matters that lie close to a woman's heart. They will help solve household problems, and better still, stimulate and interest the mind.

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This paper and the "Toronto Daily Star" together for one year, $2.20. Guaranteed Fountain Pen given for 50c. added to above subscription price.

OWEN SOUNDERS POOR SPORTS

(Owen Sound Herald.)

We must frankly confess that Owen Sound is without doubt the poorest sporting town in Canada. There was a time in the good old days when the people would turn out in thousands to witness a lacrosse match, but alas and alack those halycon days have passed into oblivion. To-day it is a difficult feat to secure a couple of hundred at a game. Wherein lies the fault? Its solution is beyond us. Are our people so blase that the pleasure of witnessing a good clean exhibition of endurance and ability has ceased to interest them, or is it that they are canny in parting with the coin of the realm? Whatever the reason is, there is no getting over the fact that sports have been on the decline here for the past number of years. Let us take this winter for instance, with unbounded opportunities for outdoor amusements, how many of us are accepting the gifts the gods have seen fit to pour upon us. We have no tobogganing, no snowshoeing, no ski-ing. True, we have indoor skating, and the young people have grouped themselves into companies to promote the art of dancing and social intercourse, but what are these to be compared with healthy outdoor fun. Give us a toboggan, a good slide, and a couple of jolly companions and we'll bet dollars to doughnuts we can have more pure, healthy, unadulterated sport in one hour than all the dances in christendom could provide in a year.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

W. Turner & Co. Will Refund Your Money if Parisian Sage Doesn't Banish Dandruff.

Pretty strong talk, perhaps you will say, but it's honest talk, every word of it, because if W. Turner & Co. were not absolutely certain; if they did not know from actual results obtained, they could not make such a generous offer.

Parisian Sage, which can now be obtained in every town in Canada, is also guaranteed to stop falling hair and itching scalp.

It is the ideal, delightful, rejuvenating hair dressing that makes hair grow in abundance. Parisian Sage is a prime favorite with women, because it keeps the hair brilliant and fascinating, is daintily perfumed, and is not sticky or greasy.

The price for a large bottle is only 50 cents at W. Turner & Co.'s, who guarantee it. Sold everywhere, or direct, all charges prepaid, by the Canadian makers, Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont.

While it is often impossible to prevent an accident, it is never impossible to be prepared—it is not beyond any one's purse. Invest 25 cents in a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and you are prepared for sprains, bruises and like injuries. Sold by R. L. Stephen.

BOY ATTACKED LONELY SPINSTERS

Had Lived Alone for 39 Years and Were Never Molested—Excitement in Havelock.

Havelock, Jan. 29.—Margaret Macpherson, a maiden lady, aged 73 years, was struck on the head with an axe shortly before noon yesterday at her house at Old Maid's Corners, on the Norwood-Havelock road, and is not expected to live through the day. Her sister, Susan, also unmarried and 63 years old, was also assaulted and her head cut open, and her arm badly bruised by the same weapon.

The assailant is a young English lad, giving the name of Robert Henderson, Toronto.

Our village was stirred to its depth and excitement ran high when the first report became known.

The tale of the tragedy is this. At ten minutes after 11 yesterday forenoon a young man came to the door of the Macpherson home and asked for something to eat. He gave his name as Thompson and said he had a brother working in this vicinity, whom he was trying to locate. Out of the kindness of their hearts the old ladies took him in and fed him, and after he had finished he asked if they wanted any wood cut. They replied that they did not, whereupon he left ten cents on the table to pay for his dinner, and bade them goodbye, going towards Norwood. In a few minutes the sisters, who were just sitting down to their own repast, saw him come running back and pass the window. They were wondering what he could want when the door was thrown open and the young ruffian rushed in upon them with an axe in his hand. Before they could divine his intentions, he had crashed it down upon the head of Margaret, the elder sister, knocking her to the floor where she sank with hardly a groan.

Then turning to the remaining sister, the young miscreant attempted to repeat his dastardly deed, but she threw up her arm to ward off the blow, which, although it did not save her completely, resulted in a large gash in her head and a badly bruised arm. Her screams of fright and terror caused him to desist, and thinking perhaps that she would bring the neighbors down on him before he could escape, he dropped the axe and fled.

The younger sister ran screaming to the home of her sister, Mrs. Robert Graham, who lives but a short distance away, giving the alarm. A pursuit was immediately started, the pursuers tracing the perpetrator through the deep snow from the scene of the crime towards Norwood, where he had taken to the railway track and started for Havelock. They were assisted by a gang of sectionmen who raced along on their handcar until they caught up with the young fellow. They attempted to seize him, and threatened to shoot the first one who approached him. The sectionmen ran their car on to Havelock and notified Chief Bennet, who at once hastened to the scene and arrested his man at the revolver's point just outside of the village on the C.P.R. tracks. Seeing that he was covered, the prisoner offered no resistance to his arrest, and gave up without a struggle, merely asking the chief if he had a match. He was at once taken and lodged in the Havelock jail.

ROCKLYN.

Our burg is kept busy these times between hockey matches and getting ready for carnivals.

A very interesting game took place on Thursday evening between our team and the Meaford boys. When time was called the score was a tie. They agreed to play off the tie, but the sides were so evenly matched that after 15 minutes extra playing the score stood the same.

A goodly number of our young people attended the carnival at Kimberley, and we congratulate them on carrying off such a good share of the prizes.

Mr. Leslie Conn visited friends in our neighborhood last week.

Miss Dove Cook is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Bal. Abercrombie, of Wodehouse.

Miss Effie Conn spent Saturday and Sunday at her home at Heathcote.

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for bath or toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

John Whitson's Ambition

He Found a Work For Which He Was Fitted.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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John Whitson gave up his ambition at eighteen, leaving college and taking up the reins which his father had dropped. It was not to be temporary, he understood, but a complete renunciation of all his plans of his life as he had hoped to make it. There were six children and a rundown farm and a mother whose waning strength should be nourished rather than drawn upon. It was the only way better to sacrifice his ambition than that they should be forced upon charity. In his own plans it would be years before he could educate himself and make a living.

So the books were laid aside, and he forced his energy to a study of the farm and its possibilities. His father had been content with the old methods and had fallen behind. He must push on into the new, not only for the necessary livelihood, but for the growing needs of his brothers and sisters and their education. A city was but a few miles away, and gradually he fertilized the barren fields to renewed productiveness to such vegetables as the markets called for.

He was shy by nature, a scholar whose world was in retirement with his books, but now he forced himself upon a peddler's cart and sold vegetables and fruit from house to house, bargaining for the needs at home. He counted his earnings like a miser and planned for their shrewd expenditure, and he lost sleep in the study of converting soil and sunshine and labor into hard, necessary dollars.

But with it all the road was difficult and sometimes almost beyond his power of endurance. Ten years and he still wore the coat he had worn back from college, now frayed and patched; the mortgage on the farm remained the same, and he still went from house to house selling vegetables, not yet able to hire a boy to do the marketing. But, on the other hand, the brothers and sisters were all he could have wished. The oldest boy was working his way through an agricultural college, with an ambition for a higher education beyond; the next was in a technical school at Philadelphia studying to be a civil engineer. One girl was at the state normal, another learning to be a nurse, while the two youngest were still too young to have thought much about their future. During vacations they came home and helped him, and from time to time all of them had entreated to be allowed to do their share in the support. But here he was firm. They should have what he had missed, he declared, and it was too late for him to go back and take up life as he had left it.

So the years went on, and he toiled early and late and planned and bargained and improved, but for all that he was not a farmer and never could be, for it was his will in the work, not his heart. He never went to a house to ask trade but what he shrank back as from a blow, and long after his hands had grown hard and knotty his thoughts would wander surreptitiously to the books he had laid aside.

Perhaps it was his recognized distaste for the work that made him do it so thoroughly and conscientiously. There was not a farm in the country round that was better managed or that produced more for its size. John Whitson was a crank, the neighbors said, which meant that he was always on the lookout for weak, sensitive places in fence or field, as in himself, that could be strengthened by timely renewal or patching or toning up. If there was any duty he shrank from, that was the duty he was apt to seek first and do most thoroughly.

By the time the younger children were ready for the final studies which were to fit them for their chosen callings the college graduate and the civil engineer were at work and sending their mites to the home fund. And with the coming of these mites came John's first opportunity to turn his attention to the mortgage.

Of late years he had not permitted himself to regard the future as a personal problem. It was too far away. But with the lessening of the mortgage and the near establishment of the last of the children in his own future was again drawing marvelously near. What should he do with it? How unite it with the books which had, practically been laid aside for twenty years? He had no taste for farming, but he understood it and could wrest from even his few acres a comfortable living. Could he do as much with his books and dreams, of which he had made no test?

But even in his thoughts he did not hesitate. The books and dreams were his, and, burden or banner, it was right that he should take them into his future when the future should be clear. He would lift the mortgage first and would train a boy to a competent management of the place and would put aside enough for household needs. Then he would be free to go. There would be no further necessity for his presence here. His mother was old, of course, and needing care, but Jane, the normal graduate, was at home from teaching now and would remain with her. They could get along just as well without him. His duty was elsewhere, with his true vocation.

So he turned over such work as he could to the boy he was training and spent part of each day with his books. It would be three or four years, perhaps as many as five or six, before he could finish paying off the mortgage and getting things in the condition he wished to leave them. But in the meantime he would be preparing himself as thoroughly as possible for this second coming of his ambition.

But as these new years flew swiftly by, bringing him nearer and nearer to his future, the ambition began to separate itself somewhat from that of his youth. He studied himself for this work as he had for the farming and found there weak places that would need patching or perhaps obliterating altogether. Things that were an advantage then were no longer his, and even the maturity that made him stronger was in a way detrimental.

He did not spare his weakness nor magnify his strength. In those days he had dreamed of the work he would do in the pulpit, going to it fresh and strong, first in his convictions and thoroughly equipped in his studies. Now the equipment would be scant, the freshness gone, and, though the convictions would remain and perhaps the strength, the world had passed him by, and he could not push to the front with the new generation.

But if he could not attain to the cultured eastern church and large congregation of his dreams there was still outside work in the far west which he could do in the isolated towns and among the camps of the miners and Indians. He would go there. It was not always the work one liked that was best, but rather the work where laborers were few. And in the west perhaps earnestness would be accepted in place of the culture to which he had not attained.

So he worked and studied and dreamed and counted the money that was bearing him on, and at length, when the time drew near, he began to study the conditions of his body, as he had tried to those of his mind and faith, for the years that had bridged the chasm of his duty had sapped his strength, and out there on the frontier he would need sturdy health as well as sturdy faith.

One day Jane discovered that his bed had not been slept in the night before, and she wondered, but said nothing. But when the next day and the next went by and still the bed remained untouched her wonder became investigation, and the investigation soon brought a twinkle of comprehension to her keen gray eyes. The fifth evening she listened until she heard him tiptoeing upstairs, then followed softly. He went directly to a bare room in an unused portion of the house, where she heard him raise a window. Moving noiselessly down the hall, she waited a few moments outside the door and then went in. He was lying upon the floor in his clothes, with his head near the open window. A flood of moonlight was streaming in.

Jane crossed quickly to his side.

"John," she said severely as she bent over him, "what does this mean?"

He started a little uneasily and opened his eyes, but almost instantly his face grew tranquil.

"I am fitting myself for my work, Jane," he said quietly. "I did not wish you and mother to know for fear you might be worried."

"Fitting yourself for a death of cold, more likely," she retorted. "For a practical farmer you are the most impractical man I ever saw, John." She closed the window with a bang and continued: "Now, I want a good long talk with you. I've wanted it ever since you've had this notion of the west in your head. I suppose this sleeping up here is the hardening process that is fitting you for life in the camps and on the ranches."

"Why, yes," he acknowledged a little doubtfully. "You know I have never slept outside of a nice bed in all my life, Jane, and—and it seemed a duty to prepare myself for roughing it."

"Look here, John Whitson," she began. Then her voice softened suddenly. "You mean all right, Brother John, but you can't do it. You would die from exposure out there inside of a month. Besides, you are not fitted for that kind of work. I know what you'd like to have been and what you have been; but you're mistaken in thinking any part of your life lost. It has been full—just as full perhaps as though you could have done as you wished. The Lord does not waste his workmen, John."

Her hand was resting upon his shoulder now, and her voice had grown tender and thoughtful.

"You want to do all you can with the rest of your life," she went on, "but it seems to me you can do more here. You understand this people better than you do that. I was through some of the worst streets of the city yesterday, and I heard little children swearing at each other in the gutters, and I heard of sick men and women stifling in close rooms, with no one to minister to them. I would like to do something myself, John, and I can help you here, but not out there. We have a nice farm and a big house that we cannot half fill and, now that the children are provided for, have more than we can use. Why not bring little children out here, where you can teach them to be good farmers and good housekeepers? And we can fill up the empty rooms of the house with tired and sick ones who could not otherwise get country air and food. It seems to me we could do the Lord's work well here, John."

And John Whitson, after a long silence, rose slowly and held out his hand as a token of compact. But the new light which came into his eyes was not of resignation to some new duty; rather was it a recognition of stronger work for which he was fitted.

"You are right, Jane," he said simply. "The Lord's work is here."

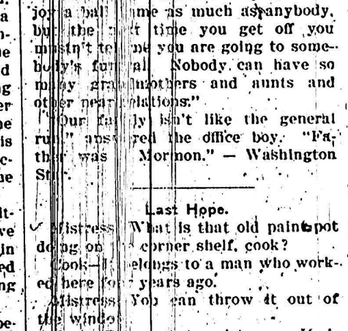
SUSPICIOUS.

He's been so very nice to me
Of late, I
Before then
He very
But now he
And treats
His manner
I wonder

He stopped on the street today
And asked if I'd like a smoke,
And many pleasant things
About my work that fellow spoke.
He patted me upon the back
And said he admired me much.
I'm really quite suspicious he
Is trying to make a touch.

Whene'er a other gets too kind
Or sudden becomes polite
I've grown think a baited hook
Is dangling near for me to bite.
I've learned ne things upon this earth,
And some deed, were to my sorrow.
When man sive grows, beware!
He wants self or wants to borrow.
—Detroit Free Press.

Polite.



Dr. Woodpecker—Dear me! I must be more careful when I knock on people's doors. I've pecked a hole in this one.—Harper's Weekly.

Good Reason.

To justify his repeated use of the same witticism, as noted in three of his plays, Sir J. M. Barrie says: "We Scots abhor waste. Did you never hear of the aged Saunders Carlyle, who always drank off his whisky to the last drop the instant it was poured out for him?"

"Why did you drink down your liquor in such a hurry, quick, greedy way?" a stranger once said to Saunders in a reproachful tone.

"Because I once knocked over," the old man explained.—Modern Society.

Idea of Farming.

Husband—Well, I went out to see that little country place we saw advertised. I've made up my mind to buy it.

Wife—Then, we'll move away from the dreadful old city for good!

Husband—Yes. It's a fine place, but there's only two acres of ground and half of it is covered by a pond of water.

Wife—Still that will be nice. We can raise lilies and watermelons in it.—Chicago News.

Artful Pleader.

"Look here," said the lawyer, "I enjoy a ball game as much as anybody, but the time you get off you mustn't tell anybody's fortune you are going to see a ball game. Nobody can have so many grandmothers and aunts and other near relations."

"Our family isn't like the general," replied the office boy. "Pa, though, was a Mormon."—Washington Star.

Last Hope.

Mistress—What is that old paint pot doing on the corner shelf, cook?

Cook—It belongs to a man who worked here years ago.

Mistress—You can throw it out of the window.

Cook—Please not, mistress. It is all I have to remember him by.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Good Management.

Boss's wife—So this is the new office boy? I suppose you behave like a little gentleman, especially if there are ladies present?

Willie—You bet! If they're homely ones I makes 'em in and I shows 'em out, but if they're good looking I shows 'em in and the boss takes 'em out.—Judge.

The Best Part of It.

Mrs. Peck—This talking machine record is finished with a few remarks by Mrs. Peck.

Oldbat—It's wonderful to think that you can hear the voice of one who is present.

Mr. Peck—And more wonderful that I can stand it just as easily.—Answers.

Ancient Art.

"That Miss Passay looks like a girl, doesn't she?"

"No; pretty. She reminds me more of a masterpiece of painting."

"How's that?"

"She's a perpetual wallflower."—Plain Dealer.

Way of Diversion.

"Say, pa," queried the summer boarder, "what does a fellow do to kill time around here?"

"Waal," drawled the old farmer, "we kin coax th' ole woman to whitewash th' chicken house."—Boston Post.

The Reason.

Miss A—I shall never marry.

Miss B—I shouldn't if I were you.

Miss A—But why are you going to do it, then?

Miss B—Oh, I was asked.—Cleveland Leader.