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.

A Little Thing in Horse Collars

may make or mar their effective service. It is details that do NOT catch the eye that go to make up success or failure. As in the particular point of horse collars, so in every single piece of harness we pay attention to the little details, and thus earn a reputation for being "thorough." We make single or double sets of harness to order, as well as blankets and other horse requisites.

Before buying your HORSE COLLARS have a look at the

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They are selling and giving entire satisfaction. Markdale Ag't.:

J. R. MATHEWS

A few Fur Coats left yet; will take Cost, for I sure need the money.

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Do you know that croup can be prevented. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It is also a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Sold by R. L. Stephen.

At a Bible Class social evening last week, Rev. Dr. McKenzie, pastor of Shelburne Presbyterian church, was presented with a quarter-cut oak study chair and an appreciative address, in recognition of his services as teacher of the class.

A Culinary Capture

The Sequel to Nanon's Birthday Banquet.

By VIRGINIA TYLER HUDSON.

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Though women were few, and single women fewer, in the construction camps along the keys, it must be admitted that the coming of Nanon O'Higgins caused scarcely a flutter in the busy camp life.

When old Jim O'Higgins carelessly remarked that he would not eat at the camp table, as he had his daughter with him and would take his share from the commissary to his shack, it was the cue of Anjer Regan and Peter Ingraham and Frenchy Despard to stroll casually over toward the O'Higgins shack at the close of the first day's work. It was not because of a lack of welcome that they went no more—at least for some time.

"Not much for looks, sure," was the pronunciamento of Anjer Regan as they went back to the bunk boat down at the edge of the scraggly coral beach. "Her eyes gave me the creeps too. Looks as if she had a regular grouch at the world."

"Mos' probably," put in Frenchy, "she have not with ze worl', but with ze old O'Higgins, who have name her Nanon. Parbleu! Such a name for such a femme! Youth and beauty, certissement, it means, and when you see her, pouf! It vaneesh!"

One day Ingraham was stretched on the white sands when O'Higgins came upon him.

"We want you and some of the boys to come up to the shack for dinner tonight, Mr. Ingraham," said the old man hesitatingly. "This is my little girl's birthday, and I thought"—

Ingraham hesitated.

"Oh, why not?" he thought. "This once won't hurt me. The old chap's fond of the girl, I suppose, too, and he hates to see her neglected." So he answered as he rose, yawning: "All right, O'Higgins, we'll be on deck."

All three of the men knew what it was to dine well. In the city Ingraham was known as such an epicure that it was a standing joke with his friends that he would starve down on the keys on the construction camp commissary. Like all true Frenchmen, Despard, too, knew the value of things culinary. But each was compelled to admit that never, even in the best clubs and restaurants, had they sat down to a daintier feast than that provided in the little Florida shack. And that, too, on the necessarily limited fare.

"Mais oui!" exclaimed the delighted Frenchman as together they strolled toward the beach. "Such soup! Such an entree! Such sauce bernaise! It would appear that we have underrated the Mlle. Nanon. Never have I had such a salad of cocoanuts. It was beautiful—enough to make Oscar turn the envious green!"

"At last he has been smitten with the charms of Nanon," solemnly murmured Anjer. "The little god has got busy and hit him in the stomach. But surely he don't expect to be without a rival. I, too, monsieur, have these many years been in search of a good cook."

Ingraham looked at his companions scornfully.

"Little beasts!" he muttered.

"I weesh" to inform you," said Erenchy Despard one night, after a longer visit than usual, when he and Nanon had gone for a walk along the coral beach, "zat I have ze honaire to be betrothed to Mlle. Nanon O'Higgins." He bowed low.

"Well, you turned the trick on us, all right, Frenchy," said the somewhat discomfited Anjer. "May I hope to have an occasional invitation to eat at your house? I can't say but what, on the whole, I'm just as well satisfied. We'll at least have the cook in the family, so to speak."

Ingraham looked up with a frown. For the first time the girl's side of this occurred to him. She was to be sacrificed! But, with a shrug as if he would efface the thing, although the girl's dark eyes haunted him, he turned to his book.

Two days later Despard came in from the construction camp early. He was intrusted by the superintendent with a message for O'Higgins to prepare for a visit from one of the board of directors whose yacht had been sighted. He went, therefore, at once across the beach to the shack in the palm trees. With the freedom of the accepted lover he turned the corner of the house toward the little kitchen.

"She will be preparing for me the grand dinner," he said to himself unctuously and leaned across the sill of the window through which he could hear the rattle of pots and pans. The sight that met his eyes made his jaw drop and stilled the greeting on his lips. More quietly than he had come the man withdrew and slunk across the beach to the bunk boat.

Only an idling darky boy was in sight when Despard reached the waiting motorboat, into which he hurriedly climbed, carrying a suit case and three notes he had written.

"Here, you," he called as he started the motor, "deliver these notes as soon as this boat is out of sight!" Out in the channel he turned in the opposite direction from Knight's key and headed for Miami. The negro boy waited until a little promontory hid the boat from view and the chug-chug of the motor could no longer be heard and started on a dogtrot with the missives, which were addressed to old O'Higgins, Nanon and Ingraham.

When the men came in later Ingraham hurried to the O'Higgins shack. Old O'Higgins, more bent and forlorn than ever, sat in the little doorway softly weeping.

"Despard?" queried the superintendent. "Has he been here? I sent him"—

"He was here—yes," answered the old man bitterly. "And has gone away, but if I live long enough to find him he will answer for this insult to my little girl"—

"Insult?" cried Ingraham, astonished. "Who—Despard? Has Nanon"—

"Read these," said O'Higgins, handing him Frenchy Despard's notes. He took the opened one of O'Higgins first.

"You have deceived me grossly," it started, without introduction. "You have tried to foist your ugly daughter on me under false pretenses, and I rebel. I have gone away—so far that you will never be able to find me to marry your daughter that cannot cook."

Bewildered, the man opened the other note.

"Dear M. Ingraham," it read, "I am forced to the plight, ignominious. Mlle. Nanon, my fiancee, I find is no cook at all. On arriving at her home unannounced today I saw her father preparing those so elegant dishes we have thought she made. Of course I cannot marry her, but fear they will try to force this so unpleasant state on me. Your motorboat I return from Miami."

Uncertain whether to laugh or join the O'Higgins' lament, Ingraham stood staring at the epistles. Then the thought of the girl's sad eyes came to him.

"And Nanon?" he asked somewhat awkwardly.

"Knows, and it will break her proud heart to see you all again. Oh, my poor little girl, to think I brought this on you! And I thought I was doing it for your good!" The old man's sobs broke out afresh.

"Did she love this Despard so much, then?" queried Ingraham.

"No, no!" was the hasty answer. "Lately I've come to think she didn't love him at all, but was doing it to please me. She knew I wanted her to marry a Frenchman, and thought this was her only chance. You know, my poor Nanon isn't exactly what might be called beautiful," he broke off deprecatingly.

Ingraham's face broadened in a suppressed smile, but the father went on.

"I have a confession to make to you, Mr. Ingraham," he said, "something you should have known before, but Nanon said I mustn't tell. The reason goes back a long time. Once I had everything I wanted, and then it wouldn't have been necessary for me to do what I have to get a husband for Nanon. You boys maybe thought we didn't know what brought you here so much, but we did. It was the cooking. Nanon knew, but she only laughed and let me have my way. Always she only had it in her mind to let me have my way and please me. But, to go back, after my wife died things went wrong, and I lost all I had. I had never been taught to work, so could do little, and there came a time when we didn't know where to get our next meal. Then came this chance down here. Nanon told me to accept it. 'But I can't keep accounts,' I told her. 'Never mind,' said she; 'we'll fix that so they'll never know.' And she did. On account of my lameness I got permission to work here in the shack. Now, don't you see? She did the work, while I kept the house and cooked."

"Cooking was the only thing I could do, you see, but I can cook. French cooking has always been my hobby, and I learned from some of the best experts alive. Well, I began to think Nanon ought to get married, for I wanted some little children about in my old age. She never attracted men, though, if they knew how beautiful her heart and mind are, instead of looking at the face I would not have had to plan a scheme for getting attention for her. I thought if a man really got to know her it wouldn't matter about the means. But I've failed, you see," he finished, "and that's all. I've disgraced my child, and we'll have to start all over again somewhere else."

"Where is the girl?" asked Ingraham soberly. O'Higgins nodded at the pines.

Seated on a dead tree trunk he found the girl, her somber eyes gazing out through the vista of pine trees into the patch of opal sea beyond.

"Nanon," he said, offering his hand, "I've come to see if there isn't something I can say—something I can do"—

"What is there to be said?" she answered, ruefully smiling. "Only—only please don't say you'll bring him back."

"Then you don't love—didn't love"—

"I love my father," she said simply. "And he wanted me to marry."

As the man looked down into the deep eyes that told so much of self sacrifice and love, that would have made her even sacrifice her life to give an old man passing happiness, the slow dawn of a comprehension broke over him, a comprehension of what it meant to know a woman who knew only one law—the law of devotion. He had never been a man of impulse, but as Ingraham gazed at her the one that came to him was heeded.

"There are other men to marry, Nanon," he said, looking her squarely in the eyes. The girl winced a bit, but laughingly replied:

"It cannot be that you, too, are looking for a cook?"

"I'm looking for a woman," he said "and I think I've found her. I won't ask you to answer me now," he went on hurriedly. "I have only found myself that I love you, and the sensation is so wonderful that I, too, must have time to think of it. But you will think of me a little, won't you?"

The girl put out her hand as a glad light flitted in the somber eyes through their wondering.

"I think I've always done that," she said.

THE WHITE LADY.

Kaiser William and the Specter of the Imperial Palace.

While Kaiser William is a sincerely religious man, more so assuredly than any of his predecessors on the throne of Prussia, it is a mistake to describe him as a mystic. Indeed, superstition is foreign to his nature, so much so that he has even been known to manifest skepticism with regard to the existence of the famous White Lady who, according to German tradition, has haunted his palace at Berlin for hundreds of years, her appearance invariably foreboding the death of a member of the reigning house. Some time ago one of the imperial footmen was summarily dismissed by order of the kaiser for having circulated a story to the effect that he had seen the dreaded specter gliding along the corridors. By a strange coincidence a young lieutenant of the guards, who happened to be on duty at the time when the servant claimed to have seen the White Lady, reported to his commanding officer on being relieved that he, too, had seen the celebrated ghost. The subaltern was examined and examined in every possible way by the colonel, who, subsequently narrating the story of the footman, considered the matter sufficiently uncanny to make it his duty to bring it to the notice of the kaiser. William sent for the subaltern, who entered the imperial presence even more tremblingly than he had seen the ghost. The emperor, noticing this, asked him in kindly tones:

"What was the lady like? Was she tall or short?"

"She was tall, your majesty."

Kaiser—How was she dressed?

Lieutenant—She wore a white coat with a white bodice, and a white cap on her head and a long veil covering it all.

After a pause the emperor continued:

"Was she carrying anything?"

"Oh, yes, your majesty."

"What did she have in her hand?"

Lieutenant—A candlestick.

Kaiser—And what was in her hand?

Lieutenant—A box of matches.

Emperor William has a very keen sense of humor, and the idea of the White Lady, who dates from some four hundred years ago or more, preambulating about the corridors of his palace carrying matches, which are altogether modern invention, caused him to burst into roars of laughter, the young subaltern gazing at him in the meantime with open mouthed astonishment. When finally the emperor recovered his composure, he dismissed him kindly, but firmly:

"That will do. I don't let me hear anything more about the White Lady. And take my advice. Don't let her be seen in the corridors of the palace at night, for you might often see ladies there attired in white petticoats and bodices, carrying candlesticks and boxes of matches in their hands."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Says the Earth Is Flat.

The Englishwoman Lady Blount has recently been conducting some new experiments in proof of her theory that the earth is flat. She asserts that instead of being a giddy ball whirling through space at the rate of something like nineteen miles a second it is fixed, immovable plane, anchored to its foundations. She founds her belief upon the descriptions given in the Bible, but she also demonstrates her theories with calculations of her own. One of her proofs is a photograph taken with a photo telescopic camera, which shows a river, at the end of which a cross is clearly visible upon the screen. This cross was placed two miles above the level of the water and six miles from the photographers. If the earth were round, argues Lady Blount, the cross would have been below the line of vision, and the fact that it was clearly visible to the eye of the camera proves that the earth is flat. She belongs to a society called the Flatists, and she edits a magazine called the Earth, the policy of which it is to support her theory.

Age of the Ocean.

Of course the ocean is not as old as the earth, because it could not be formed until the surface of the globe had sufficiently cooled to retain water upon it, but it seems chimerical to try to measure the age of the sea. Nevertheless Professor Joly has undertaken the task, basing his estimate upon the ratio of the amount of sodium contained in the ocean to that annually contributed by the washings from the continents. He thus reaches the conclusion that the ocean has been in existence between 80,000,000 and 170,000,000 years. This does not seem a very definite determination; but, then, in geology estimates of time in years are extremely difficult because of the uncertainty of the elements of the calculation. The most that can be said for such results is that they are probable.

Appliances For Ocean Safety.

Last year a thousand ships or more were lost. The year before the sea took nearly the same toll. To the tourist his assurance of safety lies in the fact that it is the sailing vessel with its dependence on the breeze that largely makes up this tremendous loss. Freighting steamers, covering on unfamiliar coasts, nearly complete the disaster roll. But to the great liners, with their familiar routes, their well known lanes of travel, their guarded and well lighted harbors and all their appliances for safety, the manifold dangers of the ocean are only the remote possibilities that give a touch of adventure to their passage from land to land. The probabilities of disaster are trifling.—Frank Tooker in Century.

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Credit Sale

The undersigned will sell by auction at lot 12, con. 6, Artemesia, at One o'clock, on

Wednesday, February 23

The following chattels: 1 mare 7 yrs. old, in foal to Secretary. 1 mare rising 5 yrs. by "State Secretary." 1 colt rising 1 yr. by "Golden Lad." 1 carriage colt rising 3 yrs. by "Diamond City." 1 cow 5 yrs. old, supposed to be in calf. 2 cows supposed to be in calf. 2 heifers rising 3 yrs., supposed to be in calf. 1 cow 5 yrs. old, supposed to be in calf. 1 cow 5 yrs. old, supposed to be in calf. 2 steers rising 3 yrs. 1 steer rising 2 yrs. 2 heifers rising 2 yrs. 13 calves. 13 ewes supposed to be in lamb. 2 Yorkshire sows supposed to be in pig. A quantity of hay. 1 Frost & Wood binder. 1 Frost & Wood mower, nearly new. 1 drill, 12-hoe, Frost & Wood. 2 plows. 3 set harrows. 1 disk harrow. 1 land roller. 1 rake. 25-foot ladder. 1 root box. 1 hay fork. 1 cream separator No. 2. 1 Daisy churn. 1 wagon. 1 democrat. 1 buggy. 1 set heavy bobs. 1 set double sleighs. 1 cutter. 1 hay rack. 1 set stock rack. 2 stone boats. 1 root pulper. 1 Chatham fanning mill with bagger. 1 set heavy harness. 1 set single harness. 2 robes. 1 emery stone. A number of sap buckets. Some Scythes, forks, hoes, whiffletrees, Neckyokes, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also a quantity of hay to be sold for cash. 21 young pigs, 5 months old, to be sold on three months' time.

TERMS—Eleven months credit on approved joint notes, or five per cent. per annum off for cash.

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Found Its Soul.

After the Lucky Baldwin theater hotel fire in San Francisco nine feet of water in the basement where the instruments of the orchestra were stored. When a little water had been pumped out, August Hinrichs, leader of the orchestra, had to swim in and get out his famous Amati violin.

It was wrecked—water soaked, warped, twisted and broken in pieces. The hot water melted all the glue, and everything fell away from its neighbor. A good many patches of wood, which repairs had been done in appearance the thing was smashed beyond recognition.

Nevertheless Herman Muller, a violin repairer, who knew and loved the old fiddle, took it in hand. Then he carefully joined the thousand pieces of wood. Twice he declared the Amati would not do.

So once more he soaked the pieces of wood apart. Then he carefully molded out of clay an arch such as is remembered that of the old Amati to have had, and for nine weeks kept the pieces of wood bound to it until they had taken the proper shape.

Once more he put the bits of wood together. Then for five weeks more he patiently varnished and polished the more than 200-year-old fiddle until it shone. Then Hinrichs once more drew his bow across the vibrating strings, and the violin spoke. It sang, wept, and bubbled with life and joy.

The Amati had found its soul.—San Francisco Examiner.

Miller's Kidney and Bladder Pills cure headache, indigestion, rheumatism, and all ailments caused by disordered kidneys and bladder. Sold by W. Turner & Co.

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MRS. JAMES FENWICK.

"My case seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. I was so bad that I wanted to die, and during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept on the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when it appeared on the street my friends said, "The dead has come to life," and this seemed literally true, because I certainly was at death's door."

(Signed) MRS. JAMES FENWICK.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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