

VEINS CURED

Without Written Consent. His Home for Weeks.

severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on an operation was my only hope. My family physician looked upon all doctors as little better than quacks. He advised me to consult Mrs. Kennedy and she was kind enough to send me a copy of her book. I read it and was convinced that I could be cured. I wrote to her and she sent me a copy of her book. I read it and was convinced that I could be cured. I wrote to her and she sent me a copy of her book.

GOOD BEEN DISEASED?

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EDY & KENNEDY

and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich. All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to consult our medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat offices which are for Correspondence and Dress only. Address all letters as follows: EDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

FRATERNAL

C.O.C.F. No. 399. Court Markdale Canadian Order of Chosen Friends No. 399 meets Tuesday in the month in the hall at 8 o'clock. W. J. Purdy, Chief Councillor; R. W. Ennis, Recorder.

MARKDALE LODGE No. 141

A.O.U.W. Meets in Mathews' hall at 8 o'clock p.m. the first and third Monday each month. Has 99 members. Visit from other lodges solicited. J. W. Ford, sr., Master; C. R. Tuttle, Recorder.

COURT MARKDALE I.O.F.

No. 991. Meets in "Emis' Hall at 8 o'clock Tuesday in the month at 8 o'clock. A visit from brethren of other courts solicited. Assessment must be paid to the Finance Secretary, Frank Graham, on the day before the last day of the month. J. B. Waite, C. R.; F. Graham, R. S.

SAUGEEN LODGE No. 37

I.O.O.F. Meets every Friday at 7:30 p.m. in their hall, Main street. Visiting brethren always welcome. W. Davis, N.G.; R. W. Ennis, S. Treas.; John Chapman, Fin. Sec.

GOLDEN RULE ENCAMPMENT

I.O.O.F. No. 79. Meets the second and fourth Tuesday in each month in the O'Connell's Hall. W. J. Howard, Chief Patriarch; Carman Kirk, Scribe.

DENTISTRY

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Notes on a Continental Tour

Written for The Standard by Mrs. W. L. McFarland
LETTER NO. 4.

The Highlands of had his terrific vision of the Witch's through the dance, and we stood on the Auld Brig and gazed on "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon" "sae fresh and green" as in the days when the poet was inspired by their loveliness. The surroundings of the Doon are unexcelled for their charm and beauty.

"Now bank an' brae are clad in green An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring." The hills are covered with wonderful foliage, intermingling in the view with water and hills, combined to make a perfectly lovely picture. On our return to Ayr we passed the Inn where Tam sat so late before his eventful ride.

In the early morning we left Glasgow, passing down the shore of the Clyde, through a region crowded with scenes of ancient interest and modern industries, to Balloch, where we took the steamer for our sail up Loch Lomond. Every mile of the Loch shore has its story. It is a strange and impressive bit of country, a fitting environment for the many wild legends related of its picturesque glens and towering gray mountains—with their patches of iracken green and purple heather—which the magic pen of W. L. Scott and Burns have ever kept living in song and story.

Among the "marvellous array of lofty mountains, which rise on all sides and gradually fade away in vague infinitude through the hazy distance, lie the shimmering, opalescent waters of Loch Lomond. On the right of the loch, Ben Lomond, either glowing in the sunshine or veiled in the grey Highland mists, looks down on the lake decked with its green islets, where all summer long the musical sound of lapping waters is heard, and over which the bright sunlight and deep shadows follow each other in rapid succession. The steamer slowly glided through the maze of islands, and passed up the Loch to Inversnaid where Rob Roy's Cave came in sight and just beyond we saw his old home. Here it was where Wordsworth saw his Highland girl and sang her charms—

"Sweet Highland girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower." We left the steamer line at Inversnaid and took coach, climbing up the rocky mountain side. "The rugged mountains scanty cloak Was dwarfed shrubs of birch and oak, With shingles bare, and clefts between, And patches bright of bracken green."

past Loch Arklet to Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine which "In all her length of winding bay With promontory, creek and bay, And islands, that empurpled bright Floated amid the livelier light." The little steamer plying this loch took us through the enchanted

region over which the "Lady of the Lake" has cast such a romantic glamour, that as the boat swept around Ellen's Isle in all its sweet wildness of natural charm, we almost expected to hear again the blast of the hunter's horn and forth starting at the sound That slanted from the islet rock. A damsel guider of its way. A little stiff shot, to the bay."

The end of the loch remains as Scott described it—"A narrow inlet still and deep," and from the rustic pier clinging to the mountain side we drove away through the winding road and bare fells of the bosky Trossachs, and along the strath beyond, by the shores of Loch Achray and Loch Venachan. Down in the deep glens and up the sides to the mist-covered hills, herds of Highland cattle with great horns and long shaggy coats grazed on the moist, green grass.

At the foot of the lovely Pass of Leny we passed from this land of blue loch, purple mountain and bleak wild moor lands, so rich in romantic tradition, into Callendar, a town of modern life. For the first time we understood the poet's lament when he cried— "Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north, The birthplace of valour, the country of worth, Wherever I wander, wherever I roam The hills of the Highlands forever I love."

From Callendar we went by train through Stirling, the most picturesque and historic city of Scotland, next to Edinburgh. The old castle stands on the high hill up the steep, straight street, and from its ramparts is seen the most wonderful view of Middle Scotland. Over the hills we saw the old "Key of the Highlands," the high old bridge of Stirling which was for centuries the only dry passage between the South and North.

Then Edinburgh, the "Modern Athens" and capital of Scotland, which is one of the most beautiful of European cities. It has been the site of a mighty fortress for twelve centuries. The grim old castle crowning the great rock—four hundred feet above the Forth—is half palace and half prison, a monument of the feudal days. In it Queen Mary and her adherents found refuge, when all other fortresses had succumbed, and under its walls James VI mustered his troops before Flodden. The city occupies a picturesque position on a cluster of eminences, from the centre one, Calton Hill, the whole city and miles of surrounding country can be seen. Princess Street, with its beautiful gardens and monuments to Sir Walter Scott, is said to rank with the most beautiful streets in the world. Holyrood Palace, with its memories of guilt and gloom, is one of the chief places of interest, for here Queen Mary and Darnley were married and Chas. I was crowned. In the palace are preserved the unfortunate Queen's bed-chamber and the little turret room with its secret stair, where she was listening to the lute playing of Reggino, when Darnley stabbed him at her feet. We saw the home of John Knox on High Street, a picturesque old place with a steep outer stair. The windows look out on the wynds and closes of the ancient old town where once the Scottish nobility lived, but now they are the squalid

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HASKETT BROS.

lairs of poverty and misery. We attended the Sunday morning service in ancient St. Giles' Cathedral, where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the prelate preacher. One of the sights we will ever remember was the march of the Highland troops to camp, and as they passed to the sound of the bagpipes and band, they looked every inch the brave soldier laddies. From lovely Edinburgh we went to see the knightly home of Sir Walter Scott—Abbotsford—situated on the banks of the Tweed a few miles from the little village of Melrose. The house is a fine large stone mansion almost covered with ivy and moss. Lovely green terraces slope to the river, and artfully arranged flower gardens decorate the side lawns. The house is just as the poet lived in it and left it, and is filled with costly and curious relics and treasures. His library, study and bedroom with their secret entrance, his chair, his desk, and the window from which he loved to gaze, were viewed with feelings of peculiar reverence. From Abbotsford we drove to see the ruins of Melrose Abbey, plundered and unroofed by the cupidity of its conqueror. It has been left open to the sky, to decay under the influence of time. Built in 1136 by David 1st of Scotland, it is like all other ancient churches laid out in the shape of a cross. Its former greatness and exquisite beauty can still be seen in the foliage tracery, grotesque corbels and other ornamental sculpture. The fine workmanship is the wonder of the 20th century, and in its moldering fragments are still seen the matchless beauty of its past perfection. The beauty of the large eastern window is worthy of the poetic tribute paid it by Scott, who describes it so exquisitely in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

"The moon on the east oriel shone Through slender shafts of shapely stone By foliaged tracery combined, Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand Twixt poplars straight the osier wand In many a freakish knot, had twined A spell, when the work was done And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

We congratulated the society on all the favorable conditions which contributed to the day's success.

The Priceville Fair. (From the Durham Chronicle.) The Priceville people were favored with ideal weather for the annual fair of the Artemesia Agricultural Society, held on Friday, Sept. 30th. In attendance, as exhibits, the show was ahead of any previous year, and the management is justly delighted with the results. The concerts in connection with this annual event are always well patronized, and the last was certainly not an exception to the general rule. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Hector McKinnon, and everything was passed off well. Piper Hector McDonald and his little daughter, Jessie, contributed to the program by bagpipe selections and fine exhibitions of Scottish dancing. Mr. Stewart Barker, of the Metropolitan church, Toronto, delighted the audience with his splendid baritone solos, being of a high order and rendered in first class style. Ted Parker, of Toronto, was the comedian entertainer, and rendered good ghost selections in a highly pleasing manner. Miss Rita Irwin was the musical accompanist, and gave also some piano solos with good effect. The day passed off well, only one accident occurring. This was in the farmers' trot, when Mr. James Sullivan, of Irish Lake, fell from his buggy and had his ear badly torn. We congratulate the society on all the favorable conditions which contributed to the day's success.

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