



Buy One of These Great Coats.

The real old Winter is with us now in all its glory. I have prepared for it with the finest stock of Overcoats ever shown in this town. Come in and see this fine range of Single and Double Breasted Ulsters with Convertible Collars. Everyone of them is a masterpiece of the tailor's art. Everyone guaranteed to give satisfaction or you get your money back. Prices to suit everyone—\$7.50, \$9, \$12, \$15, \$18.

P. J. THOMPSON

Bright Sayings of Children

The Toronto Star Weekly offers a prize of \$2.00 for the funniest story of an original childlike saying. The following were among those sent in recently:

"As I was putting my small cousin to bed, I took advantage of a softer mood to instil into him the greatness of God. 'He made just everything,' Bernard, simply everything," Bernard thought a moment, then said, "Hum! Well he never made the beds, this morning." —John Waite, Bradburnian, Prospects, Queensland, Old Australia.

DANGEROUS OCCUPATION. I was cleaning out my kitchen cupboard one day, when my little girl of four, said to her younger sister, who had taken hold of the pepper box: "Look out Evelyn, you will sneeze yourself." —Mrs. H. Oakley, 50 Danforth Avenue, Toronto.

SAGE ADVICE. Jean, aged three, had been re-

Operation for Piles Failed.

Zam-Buk Was Then Tried and Worked a Cure.

Writing from Poplar, B.C., Mrs. G. Hanson, wife of the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, says: "I suffered for years with bleeding piles. The pain was so bad at times that I could hardly walk, and ordinary remedies seemed utterly unable to give me any ease. Finally I decided to undergo an operation, and went to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane. There they performed an operation and did all they could for me. For a time I was certainly better, but within 12 months the trouble started again, and the piles became as painful as ever. I consulted homeopaths, various 'cures' and indeed everything I could think could be likely to do any good, but still I continued to suffer, and the shooting, burning, stinging pains, the dull, aching and wretched 'worn-out' feeling that the disease causes continued as bad as ever."

"One day I read about Zam-Buk and thought I would try it. The first dose the boy gave me more ease than anything else, so I sat down with the treatment." In a short time he began to feel altogether different and better, and I saw that Zam-Buk was going to cure me. "Well, I went on using it, and by the time I had used six boxes I was delighted to find myself entirely cured. That was three years ago, and from then to the present time there has been no return of the trouble."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for piles, varicose veins, abscesses, cold sores, chilblains, varicose sores, burns, scalds, bruises, blisters, sores, patches, and all skin injuries and disorders. Druggists and stores everywhere, 10¢ box or Zam-Buk Cor., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes.

Advertise in The Standard.

Mrs. Beal, of Lindsay, wants

the council of that town to pro-

vide the "days" free skating

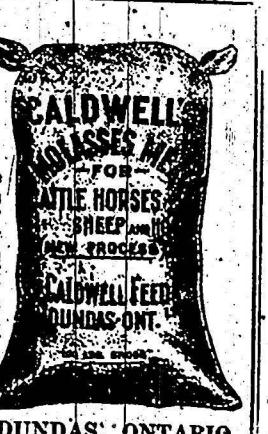
per week for the children of that

town by hiring the skating rinks.

Caldwell's Molasses Meal

The quantity an animal eats counts for very little—it's the amount it digests which tells in class and value. Caldwell's Molasses Meal lowers "Feed" Bills. It takes the place of an equal quantity of digestible Molasses Meal is 84% pure Cane Molasses—16% edible meal selected because of its known digestible action. You might as well save money and increase the value of your stock by using Caldwell's Molasses Meal. If your feedman cannot supply you write to us—write anything.

THE CALDWELL FEED CO., Limited, DUNDAS, ONTARIO



Markdale's Oldest Citizen

Mr. John Stedwill in His Ninety-fourth Year.

Everybody in England who takes an annual holiday finds him self sooner or later spending vacation in Devonshire. All concedes that it is the most beautiful of the English counties. Its northern and southern boundaries are washed by the sea; and who, that has roamed along them, can ever forget the glorious Devonshire lanes! Primroses, violets, honeysuckles, and other wild flowers scent the air in their season, and both landscape and seascapes are matchless. Devonshire cream, Devonshire junket, and other dishes peculiar to the county, have world-wide fame, while its literary, legendary and historical associations are familiar to millions of modern readers everywhere. The very names of Bideford, Westward Ho!, Dartmouth, and Torquay, to nothing of many others, are terms to conjure with; and at these famous watering-places tourists throng in thousands in the summer. The men of Devon are not wanting in appreciation of their country's worth and beauty either. An old ballad runs like this—

"Dorset, Somerset, Cornwall, Wales,

May envy the likes of we,

For the flower of the West, the first, the best,

The pick of the bunch, and ever

Squab, junket, and ever

Brew,

Richest of cream from the cow,

What old England without 'em do

Or where ud she be to now?

As crumpy as a lump of lead

Be a loaf without good leaven

And the yeast Mother England

do use for her bread.

Be Devon, glorious Devon!

It was in this garden of Eng-

land that ninety-three years ago the oldest resident of Markdale first saw the light. Mr. John Stedwill was one of four sons born to William Stedwill and Elizabeth Saunders his wife. The home of the family was at Bradford parish, in the north-west part of the county, and only a few miles from Budle Bay. The father was by trade a carpenter, and had one brother of such physical altitude that he was able to qualify for a position among the giants who constitute the Royal Life Guards.

Mr. Stedwill, Dear Sir—No doubt you will be surprised when you read this short letter asking a favor of you. As I have not got money to employ a lawyer for my trial up here I was wondering

if you would think it too much

trouble to see what money you could collect in Fletcherson for me.

It is real hard for me to have to ask for help, but what else can I do? If you could collect some for me you could leave some with Mr. Wright—that is Lawyer Wright mean. Please drop me a few lines and let me know what can be done. C. H. Love.

Henry Love, the man who is awaiting trial for wife murder in the County Gaol at Owen Sound, has written a letter to the Fletcheron Advocate appealing for some financial aid to assist him at his coming trial in March. The letter which is dated Jan. 30th, speaks for itself, and is as follows—

Mr. Thompson, Dear Sir—No

doubt you will be surprised when

you read this short letter asking a

favor of you. As I have not got

money to employ a lawyer for my

trial up here I was wondering

if you would think it too much

trouble to see what money you

could collect in Fletcherson for me.

It is real hard for me to have to

ask for help, but what else can I

do? If you could collect some for

me you could leave some with Mr.

Wright—that is Lawyer Wright

mean. Please drop me a few lines

and let me know what can be

done. C. H. Love.

Our oldest citizen seems to have

been the only one of the family

gifted with the spirit of adventure

and with the fortitude that

with his young wife and one

child, he set sail from

Plymouth in a vessel containing

256 passengers, and commanded by

Captain Moon. They were six

weeks and three days on the voyage

and Mr. Stedwill laughs heartily as he tells how "sick, sore and tired" they were from being

tossed so long in their wind-driven

craft on the vast Atlantic. Captain Moon made him promise before reaching Quebec that he would assist in loading the vessel for her return trip, so he had remained working immediately upon landing, and this kept him employed for the next two or three weeks.

From Quebec he came up to the

township of Darlington, where

he made his home for the next two years. He was then induced to come back into the inviolated forest of Grey County, which was at that time the undisputed domain of the deer, the wolf, and the bear. This was before the advent of even such old families as the Armstrongs or the Irwins. Toronto was then an inconspicuous place.

Orangeville was represented by

Markdale, nor the earlier "Tormatans," was yet existent. There were two small shanties in this vicinity, it is true. One belonged to George Walker, and the other to Mr. Stedwill, first settled in the woods near the Saugan, close to the site of the present village. One would think that both he and his wife would have suffered from a depression indecisive as they contrasted their wild surroundings with the loveliness they had left behind in farmland Devonshire. But strange to say, so many other pioneers, they found something peculiarly congenial in the life of the new land, and the young husband would certainly walk to Shelburne and back, carrying 70 pounds of flour upon his return journey through the woods. Mrs. Stedwill, who lived to the good old age of 83, was born Ann Bragg, and was a native of the Devonshire parish of Thornbury. After sixty years of married life, she passed away on May 16th, 1904.

Mr. Stedwill's later home was

lot 118 on the Flesherton Road,

and here he brought up his family.

Those were the "days" when

whiskey could be purchased for

twenty-five cents a gallon, but he

made little or no use of it, and

absolutely none of tobacco, and

to these facts, combined with the

care he has always taken of his

general health, he attributes the

great age to which he has lived,

despite his laborious life. Between

the sites of Markdale and Flesherton,

in those days, there were four

or five places where one could

wet his whistle, and one pioneered

brought in the fire-water for his

own consumption by four barrels

at a time.

Mr. R. McGrath and Mrs. W.

Flesher, of Markdale, are daugh-

ters of the subject of this sketch.

Another daughter is Mrs. Henry Green, of Tacoma, Washington.

His only son is Mr. William Sted-

will, of Port Williams.

DURHAM

New Firm.—Mr. George McKechnie having bought an interest in the business hitherto conducted under the name of Frank Lenahan and Co., a new partnership has been formed to be known as "Lenahan & McKechnie."

Took Al Cold Plunge.—On Tues-

day afternoon of last week, Ma-

guire, the little 10-year-old

daughter of Mr. F. W. Kelsey, was

crossing the ice ahead of a little

companion, just south of Lambton

St., bridge, when she broke

through. In dropping, she clutched

the unbroken ice, and was

spinning out, when it broke

down, she went again, this

time over-head, as her toe was

found to be frozen to his hair, af-

terwards. She luckily managed

however to catch on to finer ice

and this time pulled herself out.

On being hurried to her father's

shop and exchanged for dry

garments, and with a warm net

drinks as well, in a few

hours she was none the worse, for

her dip. It is now but a chilly re-

membrane, but will probably be

a lifelong lesson to her to exercise

greater caution.

The strict corner baker that was

here at the last horse fair, has

not been held in the highest es-

teem by some citizens since then.

His language is said to have been

blasphemous and offensive, and

steps were taken to bring him to

trial, but he got away before

summons was served on him to ap