The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd).

The seaman, helpless with rage, looked to Captain Barber for guidance, and the old man endorsing the new mate's order, went forward, indulging in a soliloquy in which Ben as a proper noun was mixed up in the company of many adjectives.

Fraser, clambering into the cart looked back at the Foam. The old man was standing with his hands clasped behind his back looking down on the deck, while the hands stood clumsily by. With an idea that the position had suddenly become intolerable he sat silent until they reached the station, and being for the first time for many months in the possession of a holiday, resolved for various reasons to pay a dutiful visit to his father at Bittlesea.

CHAPTER XI.

Captain Barber walked to his house in thoughtful mood, and sighed as he thought of the uncertainty of life and the futility of earthly wishes. The blinds at his windows were all decently drawn, while the Union Jack drooped at half-m st in the front garden. He paused at the gate, with a strong distaste for encountering the subdued gloom and the wealth of womanly love which awaited him indoors, and bethinking himself of the masterless state of his craft, walked slowly back and entered the "Thorn Inn."

"No news, I suppose, Captain Barber?" said the landlady, regarding him with great sympathy.

The captain shook his head, and exchanging greetings with a couple of neighbors, ordered something to drink.

"It's wonderful how you bear up, I'm sure," said the landlady. "When my poor dear died, I cried every day for five weeks. I came down to skin and bone almost."

"Well, if I was you—" said the old man, irritably, and regarding the lady's ample proportions with an unfavorable eye.

"What?" inquired the other, pausing with her fingers on the whisky tap.

"If I was you," repeated Captain Barber, slowly, in order to give time for full measure, "I should go an' cry for five months all day and all night."

The landlady put the glass in front of him sharply, and after giving him his change without looking at him, thoughtfully wiped down the counter.

"Mrs. Church quite well?" she inquired, with studied artlessness.

"Quite well," replied the captain, scenting danger.

The landlady, smiling amiably, subsided into a comfortable Windsor chair, and shook her head at him so severely that, against his better sense, he felt compelled to demand an explanation.

"There, there," replied the landlady, "get along with you, do! Innocence!"

"It's no good, Cap'n Barber," said one of the customers, with the best intentions in the world.

"It struck me all of a heap," said the landlady.

"So it did me," said the other man.

"My missus knew it all along," said the first man; "she said she knew it by the way they looked at one another."

"Might I ask who you're talking of?" demanded the incensed Barber, who had given up the effort to appear unconscious as being beyond his powers.

"A young engaged couple," said the landlady.

The captain hesitated. "What have you been shaking your head at me and telling me it's no good for, then?" he demanded.

"At your pretending not to have heard of it," said the landlady.

"I have not 'eard of it," said Captian Barber, fiercely, as he took up his glass and walked towards the parlor. "I've got something better to do than talk about my neighbors' affairs."

"Yes, of course, you have," said the landlady. "We know that."

The indignant Barber closed the door behind him with a bang, and, excited with the controversy, returned with a short and suspicious nod the greeting of a small man of shrunken and forlorn aspect who was sitting at the other side of the room.

"Mornin', Captain Nibletts," he growled.

"Mornin', sir," said Nibletts; "how's things?"

Captain Barber shook his head. "Bad as bad can be," he replied, slowly; "there's no hope at all. I'm looking for a new master for my vessel."

Nibletts looked up at him eagerly, and then looked away again. His last command had hoisted the green flag at the mouth of the river in a position which claimed attention, respect, and profanity from every craft which passed, its master having been only saved from the traditional death of the devoted shipmaster by the unpardonable conduct of the mate, who tore him from his craft by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his trousers.

"What about Harris?" he suggested.

"I don't like Harris's ways," said Barber, slowly.

"Well, what about Fletcher?" said Nibletts.

"Fletcher's ways are worse than wot Harris's are," commented Captain Barber.

"I can understand you being careful," said Captain Nibletts; "she's the prettiest little craft that ever sailed out of Seabridge. You can't be too careful."

"If things 'ad been different," said the gratified owner, rolling his whisky round his mouth, and swallowing it gently, "I'd have liked you to have 'ad her."

"Thankee," said Nibletts, quietly.

There was a pause, during which both men eyed the noble specimens of fish, which are preserved for tavern parlors. Captain Barber took another sip of whisky.

"I'm going to use my own judgment, Nibletts," he said, slowly. "I've always rose superior to the opinions of other people. There's nobody you know would give you a ship. I'm going to give you the Foam!"

Captain Nibletts, rising from his seat, crossed over, and taking his hand, thanked him in broken accents for this overpowering expression of confidence in him. Then he walked back, and taking his whisky from the table, threw it on the floor.

"I've had enough of that," he said, briefly. "When am I to take her over, Cap'n Barber?"

"So soon as ever you please," said his benefactor. "Old Ben 'll stay on as mate; Fraser's gone."

Captain Nibletts thanked him again, and, clapping on his hard hat, passed hastily into the bar, his small visage twisted into a smile, to which it had long been a stranger. With the customers in the bar he exchanged remarks of so frivolous a nature in passing that the landlady nearly dropped the glass she was wiping, and then, crimson with indignation, as the door swung behind him, realised that the melancholy and usually respected Nibletts had thought fit to publicly address her as "Gertie."

In the same high spirits the new master swung hastily down the road to his new command. Work had already commenced, and the energetic Ben, having been pushed over once by a set of goods in the slings owing to the frantic attempts of the men at the hand-crane to keep pace with his demands, was shouting instructions from a safe distance. He looked round as Nibletts stepped aboard, and, with a wary eye on the crane, bustled towards him.

"Wot can we do for you, Cap'n Nibletts?" he inquired, with a patronising air.

"I'm to be master," replied the other, quietly.

"You?" said Ben, with offensive astonishment, as he saw the death of his own ambitious hopes in that quarter. "You to be master?"

Nibletts nodded and colored. "Cap'n Barber just gave me the berth," he remarked.

Ben sighed and shook his head. "He'll never be the same man ag'in," he affirmed, positively; "'e want away from 'ere dazed, quite dazed. 'Ow was 'e when you saw 'im?"

"He was all right," was the reply.

Ben shook his head as one who knew better. "I 'ope he won't get no more shocks," he observed, gravely. "It'll be nice for you to get to sea ag'in, cap'n."

Captain Nibletts raised his weather-beaten countenance and sniffed the air with relish.

"You'll be able to see the Diadem as we go by," continued the sorely aggravated Ben, "There's just her masts showing at 'igh water."

A faint laugh rose from somebody in the hold, and Nibletts, his face a dull red, stole quietly below and took possession of his new quarters. In the course of the day he transferred his belongings to the schooner, and, as though half fearful that his new command might yet slip through his fingers, slept on board.

On the way back to London a sum in simple proportion, set by Joe, helped to exercise the minds of the crew in the rare intervals which the new mate allowed them for relaxation: "If Ben was bad on the fust v'y'ge, and much wuss on the second, wot 'ud he be like on the tenth?" All agreed that the answer would require a lot of working. They tarred the rigging, stropped the blocks, and in monkey-like attitudes scraped the masts. Even the cook received a little instruction in his art, and estranged the affection of all hands, by a "three-decker," made under Ben's personal supervision.

The secret society discussed the matter for some time in vain. The difficulty was not so much in inventing modes of retaliation as in finding some bold spirit to carry them out. In vain did the president allot tasks to his admiring followers, proceeded by excellent reasons why he should not perform them himself. The only one who showed any spirit was Tim, and he being ordered to spill a little tar carelessly from aloft, paid so much attention to the adverb that Joe half killed him when he came down again.

Then Mr. William Green, having learnt that the mate was unable to read, did wonders with a piece of chalk and the frying-pan, which he hung barometer fashion outside the galley when the skipper was below, the laughter of the delighted crew bearing witness to the success of his efforts, laughter which became almost uncontrollable as the mate, with as stately an air as he could assume, strode towards the gallery and brought up in front of the frying-pan.

"Wot's all that, cook?" he demanded, pointing to the writing.

"Wot, sir?" asked the innocent.

"On the frying-pan" replied Ben, scowling.

"That's chalk marks," explained the cook, "to clean it with."

"It looks to me like writing," snapped the mate.

"Lor', no, sir," said the cook, with a superior smile.

"I say it does," said Ben, stamping.

"Well, o' course, you know best, sir," said the cook, humbly. "I ain't nothing of a scholard myself. If it's writing, wot does it say please?"

"I don't say it is writing," growled the old man. "I say it looks like it."

"I can assure you you're mistook, sir," said the cook, blandly; "you see, I clean the sorsepans the same way. I only 'eard of it lately. Look 'ere."

He placed the articles in question upside down in a row on the deck, and Tim, reading the legends inscribed thereon, and glancing from them to the mate, was hastily led below in a overwrought condition by the flattered Mr. Green.

"Cook," said the mate, ferociously.

"Sir," said the other.

"I wont' 'ave the sorsepans cleaned that way."

(To be continued).

LORD CURZON A TIRELESS WORKER

HE IS A MAN OF MOST IMPOSING APPEARANCE.

Monumental Industry and Wonderful Driving Power—His Rule In India.

Two important announcements with regard to Lord Curzon were made on the same day this week. One was that he had been appointed a member of the War Council and leader in the House of Lords of the Lloyd George Government. The other was that he had become engaged to be married. He is a widower, and he will be 58 years old on the 11th of next month. His first wife, who died in 1906, after 11 years of married life, was the beautiful daughter of the late Mr. Levi Leiter, of Washington.

His bride to be is, like his first wife, an American. She is, moreover, a widow, being Mrs. Grace Duggan, widow of Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Aires, and daughter of the late Mr. Munro Hinds, formerly American

Lord Curzon.

Minister to Brazil. Lord Curzon has no present heir to his earldom. But (in the absence of any male heir being born to him) his eldest daughter will inherit his barony of Ravensdale, and his brother Alfred, his junior by one year, his viscounty of Scarsdale.

Lord Curzon is a man of most imposing appearance, and one who would attract attention anywhere. He is over six feet in height and finely proportioned, with a brisk and masterful walk characteristic of the man. But, in spite of what looks like a superb physique, his health has never been good. For many years he suffered from a painful spinal malady, but he never allowed his ill-health to interfere with his devotion to work.

Works Like a Demon.

For it is his industry—industry of the most effective kind—which is Lord Curzon's outstanding characteristic. It transcends even his ambition, even his ability, even his arrogance. On all with whom he has been brought in contact he has made the same impression—in the House of Commons, in the Foreign Office, in India, in the Cabinet—an impression of tireless industry which is almost stupefying. Particularly was this the case with him in India. No doubt the life of every Indian Viceroy must be one of ceaseless toil. But no Viceroy, in love of work and power of getting through it rapidly, has ever been his equal.

It is not too much to say of him that all his life long his interest in all kinds of political questions has been literally insatiable. Politics is with him a passion. And all through his life he has been closely in touch with history in the making. Yet, surprising as it m[illegible] in view of the vast number o[illegible] topics—ranging from the partition of Bengal to the Welsh disestablishment bill—over which his interest has ranged, the last charge which could ever be justly brought against Lord Curzon would be that of superficiality.

And not only does Lord Curzon work like a demon, but he makes others work like demons, too. Impatient of stupidity, he reserves his bitterest scorn for indolence. "If there is any work in him, I will undertake to get it out of him," he once grimly remarked of one of his subordinates who was supposed to have more aptitude than liking for work. Combined with his monumental industry he possesses driving power not less exceptional. From early manhood he ruled himself with an iron hand. He trained himself to be absolutely methodical in everything he undertook. It is safe to say that no public man of his standing ever wrote so many letters with his own hand. "His papers," says one who knows him, "are always a miracle of orderliness. Some one has said that his capacity for work is inhuman, and certainly to unmethodical men he seems to toil with the unswerving certitude of a machine."

The Real Ruler.

I have often been struck with the erroneous idea that many people interested in India have formed of Lord Curzon as a ruler there. Those who want to know something of the real nature of his rule ought to read Lovat Fraser's "India Under Curzon and After." If they expect to find Curzon as Indian Viceroy an autocratic ruler, striving for the maintenance of "Imperial" pomp and power, and, out of sympathy with the aspirations of the common people, they will find their expectations strangely falsified. Zealous for the welfare of his subordinates of the lowest class, ever ready to investigate and redress the grievances of the humblest, resolute to ensure justice to all India's teeming and toiling millions—that was Curzon in India. "We are here," he said once, "to give justice, and one single act of injustice in India is, in my opinion, a greater strain upon our rule than much larger errors of policy or judgment."

He had a genuine sympathy of the deepest kind with the patient, humble, silent millions of India, and his labors on their behalf were unceasing. Those who delight to associate his rule in India mainly with the strife in which it closed are strangely oblivious of the fact that India had never previously known a rule so benevolent, so humane, and so progressive as his. The great series of reforms which he introduced into the land revenue policy of the government of India, the establishment of co-operative credit societies, the promotion of scientific agriculture, all testify to the sincerity of his declaration that "the peasant has been in the background of every policy for which I have been responsible." It is by his work for the land and the people—for the Tory in England was the out-and-out reformer in India—that his rule in the East will be enduringly remembered.

FRANCE ENROLLING WOMEN

Many Are Now Replacing Men Near Firing Line.

A woman's committee presided over by Mme. Emile Boutroux, wife of the celebrated philosopher, has been organized to enroll women volunteers in the service of the country. It is appealing to all women to inscribe their names, with a statement of their aptitudes, and the time they will be able to devote to work in different categories when their services may be needed.

Enrolling offices will be opened soon and a comprehensive effort will be made to enlist all the women of France in the services of the nation.

French women are playing a vastly more important role in the great war than a casual observer might imagine. The activities of the fair sex are not confined to Red Cross work, and operating street cars and a few taxicabs; they are creeping into every department of the nation, except, perhaps, into the actual firing line, although there have been cases where supposed "poilus" have proved to be young women masquerading as men.

In the hospitals the women are not only nurses, they are frequently doctors and surgeons, and very often dentists. Mme. Giraud Mangin is Aide Major of the second class at Verdun, and has remained there during all that nine months' battle. Mme. Thyss Monod is a doctor in charge of a hospital in Verdun.

Of course, in all the departments—war, munitions, Interior—there are thousands of women doing the work formerly done by men who are now in the army, but it is at the depots, or the barrack bases of the various army corps that the women are engaged in their most picturesque work.

Behind the lines, but not always safe from shell fire, the women act as camp cooks, bakers and waitresses and handle many regimental messes entirely. They peel potatoes and clean carrots and wash dishes and perform all the other duties that the soldier hates.

It is not permitted to estimate the number of women engaged directly helping the army, as the figures would indicate to the enemy the number of men thus released for the front, but the figure is very large and is growing daily.

If you bring up your boy in the way he should go, it won't be your fault if he takes some other path after he grows up.

PRACTICAL FARMING

Raising a Calf on Skim-Milk.

There is no getting away from the fact that whole milk is the ideal feed for young animals. It is rich in protein and ash, in fact every nutrient required to build up a strong, healthy body is contained in correct proportions. Whole-milk calves usually are fleshier and look smoother at weaning time than calves forced to subsist on milk from which the fat has been removed. Six months after weaning the difference is not so marked if the calves have been properly fed. Those fed on whole milk make most rapid gains at first, but it is at greater cost. In a trial at the Kansas Experiment Station the average daily gain for a number of calves fed skim-milk was 1.5 pounds at a cost of $2.26 per hundred pounds gain. Whole milk calves made an average gain of 1.9 pounds at a cost of $7.06 per hundred pounds of gain. At the present price of whole milk the cost is greater. These same calves were turned in the feeding lot after weaning and those fed skim-milk made an average daily gain of 2.1 pounds and required 439 pounds of concentrates to make 100 pounds gain. The calves raised on whole milk averaged 1.9 pounds per day, and required 470 pounds of gain. This is an argument in favor of raising calves on skim-milk except the fat. This ingredient can be substituted by various feeds. However, many feeders make a dismal failure of rearing calves, unless they have a liberal supply of whole milk. In most cases the fault is in the feeder, not the feed. No hard and fast rules of feeding can be given as the success of raising calves depends a good deal upon the skill and judgment of the feeder. It has been demonstrated time and again that heifer calves carefully fed on skim-milk and some fat substitute develop into a large framed, heavy producing cows as do those reared on whole milk.

Minimum Cost For Feed.

Dairymen shipping cream have a splendid opportunity to raise calves at a minimum cost for feed, but there are certain requirements which must be met if the greatest success would be obtained. A calf should always be given milk of its own mother for a few days. The first milk is not normal, but is prepared by Nature to stimulate the calf's digestive organs. It pays to feed whole milk for the first two or three weeks at least, and then change gradually to skim-milk. The fatal mistake of changing too rapidly is oftentimes made. It must ever be kept in mind that whole milk is the natural feed and that the calf's stomach is so constituted that it can digest it readily. The digestive tract must undergo a change with the change of feed. Ten pounds or four or five quarts of new milk per day, fed in two feeds for a strong calf, and three for a weakling, is sufficient for a start. When changing to skim-milk best results have been obtained by substituting one pound at each feed until the calf is entirely on its new diet. At four weeks of age 12 pounds of skim-milk can be safely fed, and as the calf grows this should be gradually increased to 15 or 18 pounds; the latter amount is sufficient for a five-months-old calf.

Scours is the common ailment of the skim-milk-fed calf. This can largely be controlled by paying attention to the cleanliness and temperature of the milk. It should always be fed sweet and at a temperature as near that of blood heat as possible. Too many fail to realize that milk will cool several degrees from the time it is drawn until it comes from the separator, even under the most ideal conditions. Sometimes the milk is allowed to stand for some time before it is fed; cold milk chills the stomach so that the digestive processes are checked and disturbances are bound to follow. Cool milk, or failing to feed it at a constant temperature from day to day, is a direct cause of many unthrifty, skim-milk calves. Over feeding may cause trouble. It is not kindness to the calf to give it all it will drink, as a calf's appetite for milk is hard to satisfy. The scales should be used frequently, if not all the time, in order to be sure that the calf gets the proper amount. Pails cannot be kept sweet unless they are scalded regularly. The condition of some calf pails is enough to put the young animal off its feed. Sweet skim-milk in the right quantities, at uniform temperature, fed in clean pails at regular invervals, in conjunction with some concentrates to furnish fat, will produce thrifty calves, provided they are kept in a clean, well-ventilated stall or yard. The feeder must watch the young animals and rectify any disorders the moment they are noticed. Prevention of calf aliments is easier than effecting a cure.

To Replace Fat Removed.

Some feed must be given in conjunction with skim-milk to take the place of the fat removed. The nutritive ratio of whole milk is 1:4.4 and for skim-milk 1:2.1. This shows the latter to be richer in protein than the former and requires a carbonaceous food rather than one rich in protein to make a suitable ration. It is the heat and energy-producing factors that have been removed, and fat or carbohydrates are required to replace the fat removed from the milk. Whole oats have been used successfully. A [illegible] chop gives good results. A [illegible] of two parts ground corn and two parts crushed oats gives as good results as any grain that can be supplied. The calf can be allowed [illegible] it will eat of this mixture up to [illegible] pounds, which should be the limit until it is weaned. It is not necessary or advisable to feed high-priced nitrogenous feeds to skim-milk calves. A calf commences to pick at hay when quite young, and as it grows its first stomach or paunch develops and digestible roughage is required. Well cured clover or alfalfa hay is preferable for growing calves, and at five months of age about 5 pounds will be required daily. The manger or rack should be cleaned before each feeding, as leaving the hay to accumulate from day to day soon turns the calf against its feed. Pulped roots are relished by the youngsters and can safely be fed. Silage can also be fed in limited quantities; some calves may be very fond of it. A calf requires water to drink besides skim-milk. Many dairymen find that it pays to have water accessible to the calf at all times. It requires salt as well as the grown animal.

The following ration should give fairly good results for a calf from three to six months of age: Skim-milk about 15 lbs. a mixture of two parts corn and one part oats, [illegible] 2.5 lbs. per day; clover or alfalfa hay, 4 or 5 lbs., and a couple of handfuls of pulped roots or silage. A thrifty calf should gain from 1.5 to 2 lbs. daily up to six months of age. To make the calf fat should not be the aim, but it is necessary to keep it vigorous and in a growing condition. Strength and muscle is required. At six months of age the calf should be ready for weaning, and 2 lbs. daily of a mixture of 75 lbs. corn chop and 25 lbs. of oats or bran, together with all the good hay the calf will eat should keep it in good growing condition. Go[illegible] pastures without concentrates will keep the calf thrifty. From six to twelve months of age the gains will not be as rapid.

Good Food Necessary.

A calf born in the fall usually has a better start in life than one born in the spring and, at less cost. The spring it is large enough to run on pasture with the rest of the herd. The spring calf will require very much the same treatment as outlined for the fall calf. To get the best results it must be kept in a paddock or pasture throughout the summer where it has protection from the sun and flies. It is not advisable to turn it with the older stock. The first winter it will require some high-priced feed in the stable. The calf must be fed liberally and kept growing at all times. A poorly-fed calf will not make as good a cow as it would have, had it received proper attention. While the stunted calves may recover somewhat from the effects, if well fed in later life, it is poor practice to try to raise calves on a limited amount of feed. The second year the heifer is able to withstand rough it, and can be brought through the winter in good condition on a liberal supply of clover hay and roots. The first year is the most critical time of the calf's life and the time which exerts the greatest influence on the size and capacity of the mature animal.—Farmer's Advocate.

THE CIGARETTE IN WAR

Both French and English Soldiers Fond of Them.

Those among us who believe that the cigarette is one of those factors that lead a man to perdition, will say that their contention is verified after reading reports from the various battle fronts and viewing pictures from the trenches.

The one ruling desire of all officers and men, is to obtain the "fag." From the moment a man becomes a recruit until he is put away either under the earth or in the hospital, he is after cigarettes. He is depicted in the field hospital having a wound dressed, and the surgeon hands him a smoke to puff while the painful job is being done. While awaiting attacks from the enemy, or prior to an offensive movement, provided it is daytime, the troops, both French and English, are always smoking cigarettes.

Those privileged visitors to the front have always recognized the magic of the weed, and have taken a large stock in their auto and have found that a packet has brought cheer and grateful thanks from the recipient. The English and French always give the German prisoners cigarettes, and this is regarded by both giver and receiver as the best gift that can be bestowed.

Altogether, cigarette smoking appears to have more potency to boost the fighting man's comfort than anything else.

Courageous Tommy.

Mother—Tommy, if you eat any more of that pudding you will see the bogie man to-night.

Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—Well, give me some more anyhow. I might as well set my mind at rest about that story, once and for all.

FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM THE BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

[illegible]

The Markdale STANDARD

Is published on Thursday by [illegible] W. RUTLEDGE. [illegible]

Markdale, Ont.

Subscription, $1.50 a year. Two [illegible] if not paid in advance. No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

All [illegible] payable in advance. Advertisements charged at the following rates per inch for insertion:

1 Year Contract	[illegible]
9 Months "	[illegible]
6 " "	[illegible]
3 " "	[illegible]
2 " "	[illegible]
6 Weeks Contract	[illegible]
4 " "	[illegible]
3 " "	[illegible]
2 " "	[illegible]
1 " "	[illegible]

Preferred position, 10 per cent additional.

All Advertisements under 1 inch are charged as one inch.

Professional cards of 1 inch per annum, $3 [illegible]

Readers, Notices inserted in the local columns 10c per line to transient advertisers, and 5c. per line to regular advertisers.

Advertisements of Farms and Real Estate for sale, not exceeding 1 inch, inserted for first month and each additional month [illegible]

Strayed, Lost, Found Notices not exceeding 1 inch, 50c. for first insertion, and 25c. for each subsequent insertion.

Transient Advertisements, such as Sales, etc., 10c. per line for first insertion and 5c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Memorial poetry 10 cents a line.

Advertisements without specified instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All Advertisements subject to approval of the Publisher.

Inferior position, covering Special contracts, to be supplied [illegible]

All correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to The Standard, Markdale.

Standard Clubbing List

Standard and Weekly Mail	[illegible]
Saturday Globe	[illegible]
Christian Guardian	[illegible]
Family Herald	[illegible]
Weekly Witness	[illegible]
Weekly Sentinel	[illegible]
Toronto Sun	[illegible]
Farmer's Advocate	[illegible]
Daily Globe	[illegible]
Daily Mail	[illegible]
Daily World	[illegible]
Daily Globe	[illegible]
Daily Sun	[illegible]
The Canadian Farm	[illegible]
The Catholic Register	[illegible]
Farm and Dairy	[illegible]
Canadian Farm	[illegible]
Canadian Poultry News	[illegible]
Northern Messenger	[illegible]
The Canadian Countryman	[illegible]

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BARRISTERS, ETC.

J. W. PATTON, [illegible] Office: Sauer Block, Markdale. Business attended to promptly.

W. O. DAVIS [illegible] Barrister and Solicitor. Estimates given. Collections a specialty. Money to Loan. The latest Law Paper kept and [illegible]

R. J. SPROULE [illegible] Conveyancer, Notary and Money Lender. Mortgages, Leases and Agreements of Sale and Purchase prepared. Valuator and Auctioneer. Office: R. J. Sproule [illegible]

LEGAL.

McCULLOUGH [illegible] Solicitor, etc. Office: Main street, Markdale. [illegible]

S. RANEY [illegible] Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Offices: Lucas Block, Main street, Markdale. Bank [illegible] Lucas, K.C., W. E. D. Henry, B.A.

DENTISTRY.

J. A. MacARTHUR, D.D.S. Dentist. Office in Artley Block (hardware store), [illegible] corner of [illegible] street.

G. CAMPBELL (L.D.S., D.D.S.) Surgeon. Graduate College of Dentistry, Toronto. Office [illegible] Office hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Parties calling after hours will find residence [illegible] on room of dental [illegible]

G. H. MILLER, M.B., M.D., C.M. Rockton, Ont. Graduate of the Medical Faculty, University of Edinburgh. Late House Surgeon in the Royal Infirmary and Royal Hospital for Children, Edinburgh. Office hours: 12:30 and 6:30. [illegible]