

TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

Last week I told you many things about the glorious Silver Springs. There is much more to tell but for to-day I am going to give you the delightful legend of the Bridal Chamber, one of the prettiest underwater sights of the Springs. Next week I shall continue with interesting description of various portions of the River trip and the Jungle Cruise.

Always, as far back as anyone could recall, Aunt Silla had been identified with Silver Springs where she lived in a wooded cottage and hobbled about during the day, telling those she chanced to meet the tragic story of Claire Douglass and Bernice Mayo; and although she must have repeated it many thousands of times, her account never varied. She died a few years ago, professing to be in her 110th year.

According to the legend handed down by Aunt Silla, there stood near the site of old Fort King, sometime in the early 80's or before, the plantation manor of Captain Harding Douglass, wealthy and aristocratic cotton baron whose broad and fertile acres stretched away to the horizon upon either hand.

Born by the indomitable will of Captain Douglass like every other member of his household was an only son, Claire, who possessed the poetic temperament of his mother, estranged from Captain Douglass. Claire found relief from the impetuous nature of his father in hunting and outdoor sports which caused him to frequent the woods and waters of Silver Springs.

One day as he lolled upon the bank beside the deep, clear water, Claire heard a twig snap behind him and turned to catch a fleeting glimpse of what appeared a golden-haired nymph disappear down the path toward Aunt Silla's cabin; and although he gave chase and drew up panting in front of the cabin, she had gone entirely and the gnome-like features of Aunt Silla gave no hint of having seen her.

After similar meetings when upon closer view Claire seemed to recognize his forest wraith, he learned that this lady of his dreams with whom he had fallen instantly and desperately in love was no filament of the imagination as he half feared at first but a real and vibrant young woman of exquisite charm and beauty, despite her poor circumstances, who bore the name of Bernice Mayo and had but recently come from Sanford to make her home with an aunt in Ccala.

That she was Aunt Silla's "honey child" was due to the fact that the old colored woman once nursed her through a severe illness and accounted for Bernice being seen so frequently at Aunt Silla's cabin where the latter was wont to read her fortune in the cards and foretell a future of wedded bliss in the big white house on the hill with a handsome young gentleman answering the description of Claire Douglass, for Silla was really quite fond of Claire.

Therefore it required only a little cajolery on his part to bring about a meeting with Bernice which soon ripened into mutual love and a constant companionship which had as its trysting place the cabin of old Aunt Silla or the big Boiling Spring (now the Bridal Chamber) where they were wont to sit in Silla's boat for hours, watch the spring and dream.

Then came that day of all days when Bernice promised Claire to become his wife, when for want of the usual ring to bind their engagement, he slipped upon her wrist a little bracelet which he had planned to surprise her. They were happy in their great love which promised to endure until death while they swore no power on earth could ever separate them.

But they reckoned without Claire's stern father who objected strenuously to his son marrying a poor girl and contrived to send the youth away to Europe in company with a wealthy cousin and her chaperon in the hope that Claire would forget Bernice and marry his cousin who was nearer his own station in life.

When Claire took leave of his betrothed, he promised to write every day and return soon to claim her for his bride, but Captain Douglass continued upon some pretext or other to prolong his stay abroad and

intercept the letters that passed between them with the result that days lengthened into months and when nearly a whole year had passed without word of her beloved, Bernice pined away and became ill of the all-consuming grief that ate her heart away.

Even sympathetic Aunt Silla was unprepared for the emaciated little shadow that appeared at the door when, realizing she was going to die, Bernice dragged herself to the cabin at Silver Springs where she had spent so many happy hours with Claire; and there upon her death-bed she exacted a promise from the old colored woman who knelt sobbing at her side—a promise so weird and awful that Silla shivered and drew her shawl closer about her shoulders as she sealed it with a kiss upon the fevered brow of the dying girl, whom she once saved from a dangerous illness but was powerless to aid now. In the dead of night while only the stars looked on and the doleful hooting of an owl broke the eerie silence. Silla bundled the limp body of Bernice Mayo in a sack and carried it to her bateau moored to a tree at the water's edge. Tenderly and lovingly she deposited it in the boat and with her gnarled and withered hands paddled slowly to the Boiling Spring where she lowered all that was mortal of Bernice Mayo into the rocky crevice below. She had fulfilled her promise.

Upon the morrow, Claire Douglass returned. It was the date they had set more than a year before, the day he and Bernice were to have been married had everything gone as they planned and their hopes not been frustrated by parental interference. Small consolation that, when he had not heard from her in a whole year although he had written regularly as he promised. He supposed she had found a new sweetheart in his absence, one she loved more than himself. Women were fickle like that, had he not often heard his father say? He would have just one more look at the Boiling Springs he and Bernice had loved so much to watch, before returning home to pay court to the wealthy cousin his father had chosen for his wife.

Aunt Silla sat with downcast eyes in her boat at the bank. Throughout the long night she had sat like that, scarcely moving, and she did not raise her eyes or respond to Claire's greeting when he clambered into the boat and steered toward the Boiling Springs where, allowing the boat to drift, he peered deep down into the crevices of the rock eighty feet beneath him.

Suddenly he started in horror at the sight of a woman's hand protruding from the rocks, for upon the wrist he recognized through the crystal-clear water the bracelet he had given Bernice.

Straight down into the cavern he dove and though the pressure of the deep water pained his ears terribly and his lungs felt as if they would burst, forced himself to the bottom and into the rocky crevice until he could seize Bernice's arm. Vainly he strove to raise the dead weight of her but her body was caught in the rock and try as he would he could not dislodge it.

Then he drew himself down beside her and clasped her dead body to him in an embrace that has defied time and elements, for Aunt Silla swore that when he did so the rocks opened up to receive these unhappy lovers to the bosom of Mother Earth, then closed again over their dead bodies; and people do say their bones still repose there.



Saugeen Lodge No. 327 Markdale, Ont.

MONDAY, JAN. 6th—A Regular meeting for general business.

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Religious Forum

To all readers we wish a very happy and prosperous New Year.

The year 1935 has gone. The bells have rung out the Old and rung in the New. 1936 is born, and has hidden in its futurity many things which will in due time be brought to view. It is well for us we cannot look down through the coming days and know all at a glance; but we need not therefore go on blindly, because the coming year will be to a great extent what we make it. We may retrospect and profit by the year we have just bidden farewell, and whatever has been of profit or benefit, mistake or ill, we may gather all up and say, "Let the past be as it may, the future is untarnished, and we will, by now commencing rightly, make the New the best of years".

Good resolutions are always worth while, especially when they are well founded and backed by a feeling heart. They fail if not well founded, and the years have been cluttered with broken promises and forgotten resolves. But let that be, 1936 may be, and can be, the greatest of all. Our past failures may be used, if there is 'grit' enough in us to make stepping stones to success.

We have a relationship to one another and to the daily happenings which cannot be properly or successfully borne except we realize our relation to the One who created us, redeemed us, and has the first claim to us and all our concerns. Man's fall into sin was bad enough, but to reject or neglect God's all-efficient remedy is worse still. Let us take God with us into the New Year. Let us adjust ourselves to His requirements by acknowledging our wrong and trusting His mercy. Then whatever the days hold for us we will be prepared to meet, whether it be friend or foe, good or ill, gain or loss, and if our lives are spared to see next Dec. 31st we will be able to bring a glad tribute of praise to the One who has travelled with us along through the year, and has brought us off victoriously, gladly rising above all to that which is noblest and best.

In looking back let us trace a watchful and careful hand that has guided and shielded us. Let us not be the victims of our mistakes but the victors. In looking forward let us not drift, but carefully plan and guide our bark into that which is profitable and best. In short, let us live in 1936 as, when we shall look back from the long day of eternity, we will wish we had lived. Never forget that this life is but probation—our preparation time—and eternity for which we prepare lies just beyond.

SAUGEEN JUNCTION

Here's wishing you all a prosperous New Year.

Mr. John and Miss Maggie Dow visited with Mr. and Mrs. Sam. McMurdo at Swamp College on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Bert Badgerow spent the holiday with her brother at Markdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey White and Mr. and Mrs. Everett White of Toronto spent the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. White. Miss Alma returned home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Sewell visited on Christmas with the latter's mother in Flesherton and Mr. Lorne Wright visited at his home in Feversham.

Mrs. Ha Cooper and children are visiting with friends in Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes. Dever of Proton spent Christmas at Mr. Thos. White's and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Park spent Christmas in Dundalk.

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In Days of Yore

(Continued from page 2)

was a shock to many here where he was well known.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. P. Quigg attended the usual family gathering at Mr. Mark Stewart's on New Year's day.

Miss Swayze, milliner at F. G. Karstedt's, left a few days ago to holiday at her home at Welland.

Miss Matheson, milliner at Boyd, Hickling & Co.'s store, is leaving this week to holiday at her home at Acton.

Mr. Harvey Wilkinson and little daughter of Manitoba are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Grainger.

Messrs. Jeff. Thistlethwaite, Wilfred Whitten and Arthur Wardrobe of Toronto were New Year's visitors at their respective homes.

Mr. Bert Barnhouse of Toronto visited friends in town on New Year's.

On Monday we were shown some interesting Chinese curiosities which Dr. Anna Henry of Chentu Mission, China, sent to Dr. Murray and family as New Year's gifts. The presents are very highly prized by Dr. Murray as coming from one with whom he was associated while attending college in Toronto seven years ago.

Married—In Flesherton on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1905, at the bride's parents, Cora L., third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bellamy, to Mr. George N. Best, eldest son of Mr. Robert Best. Rev. Dr. Caldwell performed the marriage ceremony.

Our citizens received a rude awakening at one o'clock on Saturday morning last when the Methodist Church bell rang out the fire alarm. The two-storey section of Mr. M. K. Richardson's brick block, which contained Wesley Lyons' harness shop, the Standard bank, W. J. Bellamy's conveyancing office and an occupied residence on the upper flat, was the scene of the conflagration which soon lit up the sky and in a couple of hours' time had done its devouring work. The blaze started from some unknown cause in the harness shop.

Election Results

Markdale—For Reeve, J. Chapman 123, W. J. Shortell 91. For Councillors, J. H. Stephenson 123, Albert Jackson 121, Thos. H. Wilson 115, L. G. Campbell 106, Jeffrey Artley 89, Thos. Kells 7. First four elected. For School Trustees, Rev. A. Shepherd 151, W. L. Young 135, W. A. Armstrong 115, R. W. Ennis 57. First three elected.

The By-Law to aid Armstrong Bros. in establishing a wagon factory in Markdale was carried almost unanimously. For the By-Law 140, against 19.

Euphrasia—Reeve, Jas. Erskine. Councillors, Lorenzo Rennie, Robt. Johnston, Robt. Conn, Wm. Ellis.

Holland—Reeve, Wm. Hampton by acclamation. Councillors, Messrs. B. S. Whieldon, S. C. Greenaway, R. J. McIntosh and W. J. McLean.

Osprey—Reeve, E. W. Norman 395, R. N. Kinnear 288. Council-

lors, Wm. L. Taylor 271, J. Gordon 257, A. E. McCallum 240, D. W. Clinton 230, Jas. Speers 228, Thos. Stephens 198, Chas. Service 196, R. J. Scilley 107. First four elected. For Local Option 379, against 273.

Artemesia—For Reeve, Alex. Muir 454, J. A. Boyd 440. Councillors, Robt. Best 485, T. R. McKenzie 473, H. D. McLoughry 453, Alex. White 356, J. A. Carson 351, R. D. Purvis 298, M. Beard 252.

SHOP IN MARKDALE.

AUCTION SALE

Of Valuable Farm Properties in the Township of Euphrasia

There will be offered for sale by Public Auction on WEDNESDAY, January 15th, 1936 at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon at the Revere Hotel, in the Village of Markdale

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the sale the following properties:

Parcel Number One—The east half of lot number 25 in the ninth concession of the Township of Euphrasia containing 100 acres more or less.

There is said to be erected thereon—A frame dwelling 20 feet x 30 feet, frame barn 40 feet x 60 feet and implement shed 20 feet x 30 feet.

Parcel Number Two—The east half of lot number 25 in the tenth concession of the Township of Euphrasia containing 100 acres more or less.

There is said to be erected thereon—A brick dwelling 28 feet x 30 feet and an addition 15 feet x 30 feet, a frame barn 50 feet x 50 feet and a hog pen 20 feet x 20 feet.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money is to be paid down at the time of the sale. For balance terms will be made known at the sale. These properties will be offered subject to reserve bids. For further particulars apply to Leonard & Leonard, Solicitors, 320 Bay Street, Toronto, or to W. L. Young, Markdale, Ontario.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of Peter Smith, late of Markdale in the Province of Ontario, Retired, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of Peter Smith, late of Markdale in the Province of Ontario, are required to send the same with particulars of the security, if any, held and verified by statutory declaration, to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of January, A.D., 1936, after which date the assets of the estate may be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which the undersigned shall then have notice.

Dated at the Village of Hawarden in the Province of Saskatchewan this 5th day of December, A.D. 1935. Ernest Ptolmey, William J. Boyle, Executors.

Claims to be addressed to Ernest Ptolmey, R.R. No. 3, Markdale, Ont.

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