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CHIROPRACTIC

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TOASTS FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY Here are a few togata for Ht. Patrick's

Ht. Patrick was a gentleman who, thru strategy and stealth brove all the anakos from Ireland ; bere's a humper to his health ; but not too many humppers, lost we lose

our-olves, and then arget the good Raint Parrick and see the sankes again. Horo's to the land of the shanrock so Hero's to each lad and his dailing col-

Here's to the one- we line detrest and The BOND HARDWARE Co. And may God save old Ireland-that's an

life for me bath Joy or light. Tis all from thee : ly thoughts by day, my dreams by night, Are but of thee, of only thee

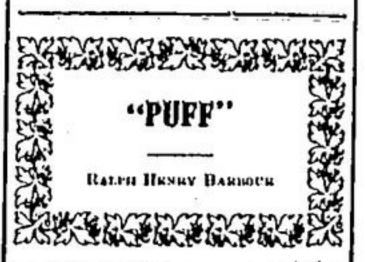
ante in the evening, or come in the morn-Come when you're looked for, or come withdut watning : thousand welcomes you'll find here before you, And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

-Old Irish Toast lere's to ould Iroland, the home av my Here's to the shamrook, that grove on her alioro; a long since I asw the hills av Killarne But, och, how I love thom, Erin authore!

Here's to ould Ireland ; may she iver have Here's to her bealth, the I'm reaming The thoughts av her beauty is iver before And broightens by loife, loke a Lig

guiding ather.

Hero's to ould Ireland ; the Irish forever ; I drink to her health in a good cup av nak ivery Irishman to remimber bla And join me in toasting Sr. Patrick's



YMYOM BURRILL draw up in the shade at the side of the road, jumped from the car with a wrench in his hand and, lifting the hood, began to inspect the spark plags. He was a healthy, well-built, intalli-

gent-looking boy of seventeen, with a lean. sun-burnet fuos. Clear grey eyes, s straight nose, a mouth that showed a sonse of humor and a chin that indicated determination, were his most noticeable features. He was tall for his yours and had the look of one who spends much time out of doors The automobile deserves quite as full description as its owner. It was small No. 13 low hung and light in weight, -more cycle car than a full grown runabout-and was painted a bright red, all except the wheels, which were nainted black. Its the bank closed at twelve, and so he did name was "Puff." There was no doubt about the name, for it was conspicuously painted in black on the geneline tank be-

car "E Pluribus Unum," since it was he had delivered the envelope that was in decidedly one out of many ! You had bis pocket at the bank and thus done his second-hand-here, there and anywhere trouble. The entall, two cylinder, twelve horse powwould never have suspected that under the two coats of brilliant red paint the with interest. Beyond, drawn up at the

confusion of the scoffers who had predicted that moment inferior to the little one.

If the truth were told, however, Yom got theless, he stopped. "I don't suppose slinest as much pleasure out of Puff in the can be of any help, sir ?' he inquired. stable as he did out of Puff on the road, for The man in the car shook his head impa he was never happier than when he was tlently, with only a glanced toward him tinkering with machinary.

little car with more than ordinary care, for | log his hands apon a hunch of waste, replihe was to make the run to Bristol and ad saroastically, "Not unless you've got a luck, a matter of forty-eight miles all told. | spare cylinder." The trip was in the nature of a supreme test of l'uff's endurance. All had gone wall until Klugston lay two miles belind. Then Puff had begun to skip and lose

bright and appeared to be firling perfectly. With a puzzled shake of his head, Tom replaced them and began to survey the wiring. It was at this moment that a sound up the road toward home draw his attention. He had barely time to reise his head and look before a huge touring car reced nest him to a cloud of dust.

Spalding of the latest model-a big. sixcylinder car painted battleship gray, with be-" bright red wheels. In the big tonness sat a single passenger, a man in a light gray overcoat and a cloth cap. The chauf. feur was in brown livery. All this Tom saw before the car was lost to aight round a bend in the road. It did not, he was sure, belong in Kingston, for there was get it," he said. "It's 10.18 now and my luga." only one six-cylinder automobile in the train leaves at 11.04. 'There's less than

He started his englise again and climbed | did not like to hear puff called a thing !"

returning from a trip to Kingston, he con- there run?"

Bristol in time for that 11.04 express. you do it ?"

Tom shook his head. "No. sir. If it's 10.18 now, there's only forty-six minutes and the distance is twenty-two miles thirty can do thirty-five if you push it. me there. Isn't that enough ?"

"Plenty, thanks," replied Tom quietly "But I'm not running very well to-day Samathing wrong with my plage, I guass ; or maybe its the wiring. Anyway..."

But Mr. Platcher was already elimbias out of his car. "Dennis I be said sharply. "Bring some spare spark plug's !" He was scross the road to a second. "Viet your pluge out," he ordered Yout,

Tom liseltated for an instant. Then be By the time the chauffer had found the new pluge Tom had taken the old ones out chauffour quickly serewed them in. A Tom connected the wires, Mr. Vistober is

my feet hare. You stay with the car and I'll sand out and have you towed home Put it in the shop and tall Morrison to give you something to use while it's being fixed. Mest the 4.10 to-morrew afternoon. All right son! Now let's see what you can da." He pulled his watch out again.

seat, threw in the clutch, changed to high speed and bounded gayly off. The seat was narrow and low, and Mr. Fletcher who was of the ordinary height and stockily hullt filled his half of it to overflowing. Most uncomfortable seat I was over in so exclaimed, "What make of a car i

lile, for goodness' sake " "Burill, two-twelve, Model A," replied Tom gravely, clinging to the wheel us the car swung round the next bend in the road. "Never heard of jt," said the other. "Wont it go any faster than this?" The hand on the speedemeter was hover-

ing back and forth around thirty. Tom drew the throttle another notch and the hand went to thirty three. The new spark plugs had evidently done the work, for in the gray coat. "You can't mend a there never was a skip now. Puff was running os smoothly as a Spalding Six ! ""That's better!" grunted the passenger

holding on tight to keep from being jouncod out. "If the thing sticks together we may make it. How much do they get for Kingston? You'll hear from me-day or these things ?" "It out me about sighty dollars," an-

"Oh, secondhand, ob ?" "There's a garage at Kingston, sir. May. "Most of it, sir. I made it myself." "Maile it yourself ?" There was both surprise and mimiration in Mr. Fletcher's

> "Well, you're a mechanic, my boy. I'l spologize for any disparaging remarks

"That's all right," replied Tom, as I town, and that was a Wright. Probably an hour, and I've got to get that train to awang almost into the ditch to get round the car belonged to Bristol, for the Spelding Chicago. Look here !" He swang round | the wagon, the driver of which was fast factory was in that city. It was doubtless toward Tom. "Will that thing you've got asleep on the seat. "It isn't muchof acar, my boy." but it does pretty well. And I haven't

"Hum !" said Mr. Fietcher. back to the seat. Pull started off well, "Will, sh?" saspped the man. "Well- wond her along, son. If she'll keep this up MO. 45 and You was congratulating bimself on there's fifty dollars in it if you'll get me to we may make it. By Yove, we've got to a letter in an envelope that here the words, and prove it.

make it! I wouldn't miss that appointment for a thousand dollars ! Let her out another notch. You've get a straight But Tom shook his head. "I'd ruther

not. We can make it this way if nothing He reached the camp, and they gave him Mr. Flotohor grunted. The little car was going at its hest speed ; to Tom, who was clutching the wheel with strained musoles and intently untelling the road

If it were alive. "So you made this yourself?" Mr. Fletcher said presently. "Must have been something of a lob, I've made a few my self, hut-"

There was a sharp crack ! Mr. Fletcher's side of the car suddenly sank, and hograbbed wildly at Tum in an effort to keep lds belance. As Tom set the emergency brake, the car awerved and came to a stop. Tom loaped out and viewed the damage. "Sprfag's busted," he reported. "I al. "Spalding Automobile Company, Bristol."

ways thought they were to light." "Spring, oh? Well, sho'll run, won't

"Yes, sir, but it's going to be uncomthe axle on your side."

wavering round thirty three miles an hour. Instructions, we temale, Twice Tom had to slow down ; once when they crossed the rout bridge and legain when they passed through the little village of West Adams. At intervals Mr. Fletcher, carefully releasing his hold on the car, took out his watch and reported the time. "Yen thirty eight," he said, us they apseciad up again beyond West Adams. "How much farther ?"

"About twolve miles. We'll do it if-" "We've got to do it !" A fow minutos later Mr. Vietcher sniffed the air. "Sho's brating up, isn't she? Got water in your radiator !"

"No sir I she's sir cooled." "Hunelle like it !" A long hill rose in front, and Tom pulled down his throttle another notch or two. Puff took the hill flying, and Mr. Vietcher grunted in unwilling admiration.

"Lots of power. What's that?" A dull pounding noise was coming from under the car. "Flat tire," sald Tom. "Wo'll have to

run on the rim." "Ten forty-soven !" Mr. Fletcher an nounced. "Can we do it ?"

udles, I think." "When you get this side of town, where the two roads branch at the powder factory, take the right. It's a poor road, but

Bompty-hump ! went the body sgainst wheel with the flat tire. Honk ! honk ! went the horn. The little car tore along Pive minutes later the smoke juli above Bristel was in sight. The road grew rough. er and wagons began to dispute the way. At the powder factory Tom swung to the right on a road that was rutted by beavy

teaming. "Just fifty-savon !" shouted Mr. Vietcher

shove the noise. Tom nodded. About of them the city with its tall chimneys talching smoke, was now in plain sight. Puff jumped and careened, but kept its pace. Three talles more and seven minutes left !

his companien sent Tom's gaze travelling far up the road. A quarter of a mile shead a drawbridge spanned a river, and ap proaching it from downstream was a tug boat. Even as You looked little puffe of gray steam rose from the tug, and an instant later the whietle blaste from reached him. She was signalling for th draw; the tender had already begun to

swing the gates. "That sattles it !" grouned Mr. Vistober. Tom calculated the distance, pulled down the throttle, and Puff sprang madly

forward.

"Reach past me and blow the horn! Mr. Fistchar obeyed. Honk ! book book ! shrisked the little car. The bridge tander had closed one of the two gates on the farther skie and was hurrying toward the other. Honk ! bonk ! Then he heard, paused, looked from car to tug

boat and, reising a hand, warned them But Tom never healtsted. On rushed the car. The bridge was only a hundred feet away now, and Mr. Flatober, shouting unintalligible words, was working the born madly. The bridge tender had half closed the second gute when he changed his mind and hastily swung it open. There was a roar of planks under flying wheels, swerve, the sound of a rear hub glancing that wherever there's bottles there's bound from the end of a closed gate, and they to be rage." - Philadelphia Public Ledger. were over. Behind them a wrathful tender

shook his fist in the air ! "Three minutes past !," gasped Mr Vistoher. But the station was in eight, and boulde the platform stood the long express. Still bonking wildly, Puff dashed through the

slow-moving traffic and pulled up with a lark at the platform. Waving at the engineer, Mr. Fletcher tumbled out. "Bag I" he oried. Tom pushed it coross with one foot. "Thanks ! I'll have to sond-that fifty.

"Tom Burrill, air, but I don't want any "All abo-o-pard I" called the conductor. "Nonsense i" Tom Burrill ? Live it

What's-the name ?"

two | By !" Mr. Flatcher rushed away, and was half swered Tom, tooting his born frantically as pushed up the steps of a parlor car as quainess becomes an added misery. He the train moved off. Ton minutes later at the bank. Tom put a question to the and loss and vexation attend him. To mun at the window :

> in Bristol, sir Y' "Fletcher? Certainly. Mr. Henry L. excellence. They are confidently recom-Flatcher lives here " "And-and what does he do, please ?" "llo? Why, makes automobiles, of

"Is there a Mr. Fletcher who lives here

sours. Haven't you ever heard of the Spalding car ?" "Oh I"murmured Tom. "Mule right here in Bristol. A fine our

"Not had," replied Tom carelessly as

ABOLISH THE BAR

its went from his home, my only son, When his country called for men ! Twas hard to part, but I had the hope That he might come lack again.

And he never crussed the sea ! . Ho was hurt, and died, my darling boy, And he'll never come back to me. Ho was no drankard, O God in heavon, That heavon where no drunkards be ; shoul, it seemed to loop past the fences as I've still the hope, that when I um called

He'll be there to walcome mes He was not to blame, but cruel men, Who for greed will make and sell The cursed stuff, the demon drink, That is soudly greates to hell.

Thorow a blugger fight, and flercer foc, And a deadlier curse than war, Oh, then brothers fight, with all you . might. And my "Abolish the Bar."

-A Mother.

The inclosure was brief. He read : Dear Sir: We are instructed by the Prosident, Mr. Henry L. Fletcher, to deliver to you or your order one of our Model fortable, because the body's right down on | 14 Runabouts, fully equipped. The car is here at your disposal. Kindly call or send They went on, with the speedometer for it at your convenience. Awalting your

Respectfully yours, Spalding Automobile Company. per W. W. Morrison, Manuger. "And what," inquired Tom's father a a little later, "will you call this new automobile of yours? E. Pluribus Flotcher ?" Tom did not hasitate. "I gdees," he said loyally, "I'll call it l'aff the Second."

TWENTY YEARS AGO From Our Issue of the Proc Pross of Thursday, March 10th, 1806

William Colemanfina purchased from Edward Forbes, of Huntaville, the brick house on Main Streat in which he formerly lived

It is removed that Mr. John Watson, ir. has purchased the farm of his father, Mr. Robt Watson, lot 27, con. 5, Esquesing, and will shortly remove from Manitolia, where he has realded for a number of years. Miss May Warwick is leaving Acton toreside in theveraville, N. Y., and was on Vriday evening last, at the close of the service

in St. Alban's Church, presented by Rev. Mr. Golden on behalf of the congregation with an address and a handsomely chased gold bracelat. Miss Warwick's services in leading the music, and as a Sunday School teacher, was much appreciated. it's a mile shorter and goes straight to the Churchill, was invaded by about seventy of The home of Mr. Harry Gibbons, at the congregation, without a word of previous intimation. They came well laden with the necessaries of a social evening.

Mr. and Mrs. tilbhons were presented with a very appreciative address touching their worth and work in the church, accompanied by a beautiful gold chain and seal for Mr. Gibbons, and for Mrs. Gibbons a splended silver crust stand. A very pleasent social evening was spent. Mr. Thos. Edmiston returned home from Bracebridge last week for a short vacation.

Miss Ida Thomas who has been visiting at her father's here, for some time, has returned to Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Jamos Stavenson, near Crawsons Corners, died suddenly while working with

the home two days previous. MARRIED ARKER-STRVKNSON-At the home of the bride's father, on March 11th, by Rev. D. Heranchan, John Parker, to Martha Ann,

KLILE-BOOT - At the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. Henry Caklwell, Mr. John William Nellia, Namagraweya, to Ellan A., daughter of Mr. James Boott. Liquiding.

Bravenson-Near Crawsons Corners, on March 13th, James H. Stevensen, sged Conquinux-At her home in Nassagawaya,

BOTTLES and RAGS Homer Rodsheaver, the musical director

dress at Han Francisco: "Once on a visit to England I noticed that the ranmen instead of shouting 'Rage, bones, old front' as we all do, shouted "Rage and bottles! Rage and bottles!"

t is that my experience has shown me

RIDDLES What portion of the Mediterranean to the common cord of music like?

Why is an old lady's can the most scon omical article of human clothing? Ans. - Recause also never wears it out.

Ann .- A kitten's tail. A Pill That Lightens Life. - To man who

It Will Cure a Cold, -Colds are the commonest allments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the brossobial passages of inflamnation speedly and flammation it will stop the cough because it



LIEUT. II. R. HARE Late District Representative of Department

of Agriculture for Halton



W. P. STRONG Successor to Lieut. Hare as District Hoprosontative

having unwittingly repaired the trouble when again the engine began to miss fire. It seemed very puzzling. His errand made t necessary for him to reach Bristol before not dare to spend too much time on the road. As long as Puff made its twenty miles an hour-and it was doing that and more, as the small specioneter showed-Tom's father had proposed calling the he decided that he would keep on. After

built it himself , he had got the parts at father's errand, he would lack for the "If I can't find it," he said to himself er engine that supplied the motive power with a smile, "maybe I'll drop round to the Tom had ploked up for a song at a repair Spalling factory and exchange Puff for one shop in Kingston. The body he had made of those 'six-sities' ! Only," he added half himself, and the engine hood he had had aloud as he awang round the turn, "they will have to give the something to book ! The next instant he was staring ahead if you want to earn that fifty."

hood was nothing more than a fair quality side of the road, stood the big car. The said, "I'll do the best I can, sir." chauffour was leaning under the raised The car was air-cooled and chain driven, bood and the passenger was watching from and when Tom drate it over rough roads the car. As Tom approached he slowed Fortunately, the new once fitted and the It ratifed like half a dozen dich pana. But down a little. He would have been less for all that it could do its thirty miles an than human had he experienced an instant hour, and perhaps better were it permitted of wild satisfaction. Puff had coat him to ! Tom but spent most of his spare time something like eighty dollars, whereas the that spring in building the car ; but he big Spalding, as Tom well knew, was priohad had a great deal of pleasure, to say " at nearly four thousand dollars; and

nothing of his final triumph when he made cortainly, as far as the quality of "get his first trip through Kingston, to the there" was concerned, the big car, was at As Tom appreached, he noticed that the But Pull had its troubles, just as larger | man in the gray overcost looked cross and and more expensive care have theirs, and so irritated, and that the chauffeur was worfar that summer much of its life had been ried. It seemed rather ridioulous for him spent in the stable, undergoing renairs, to offer sasistance, he reflected, but, never

"Piston's broken, sir. Thought maybe

It was only the valve was stuck or some

"But lumping cate ! snapped the mi

"No. sir, not to speak of. She's nushing

the charge back into the carburetor. We

might limp along about ten miles an hom

that we'd not spoil another cylinder."

Can we get unother our around here?"

"A matter of three miles. I guesa."

Mr. Fletcher, but I shouldn't like to say

"But I've got to get back by eleven

"About two and a half," Tom corrected.

The passenger looked at his watch and

but the chauffeur, casting a quick and This morning he had overhauled the woodering look over the small carend wip-"What?" oried the man in the car

power, and Tum had at last been forced to thing, but I guess it's the piston, all The investigation, however, was not very successful; both spark plugs were broken piston rod !"

Vet it did not travel so fast that Tom failed to identify the make. It was a

"Yes, sir," answered Tom coldly. He

"Cylinder gone "

"And she won't run?"

"How far back in it?"

rowned impatiently.

This car can do thirty on good roads, but-"Tut ! tut! tut! Any our that can de tell you I'll give you fifty dollars if you get

sued directions to the chauffour. "Got my har, Dennis. Put it between

You've got forty-four minutes !" Tom started the engine, sprang to the

se saw a wagon alead.

"I suppose it wou'd take half an hour to | may have made. Borry I hurt your fact.

"If sha'll hold together ! It's only six

the axis! Thumpty-thump I went the

hay in his barn on the 13th of this month. Suddenly an exclamation of dismay from His daughter's welding had taken place in

fith daughter of Mr. Jan. H. Blevenson,

on Monday, March 16th, the widow of the late John Colquhoun, aged 101 years 2 months.

of an evangelist, said in a temperance sal-

"I asked an English regman one day : " 'Why do you yell rage and bottles especially? What's the point of it? " 'Well, sir,' he answered, 'the point of

Ans. - E. O. and U. (Asgean See). What is the differen hetween the Mayor f Cork and a child's rooking horse ! Aus .- One is Mayor of Cork, and the ther a horse of wood.

What is worse than raining cats and Ans .- Halling omnibuses What is most like a cat's tall?

is a victim of indigestion the transaction of cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks such a man Parmelen's Vogetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great mended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

"Weak in the cylinders, subsequent attack. And as it eases the in-Four days later at breakfast Tom received | allays all irritation in the throat. To