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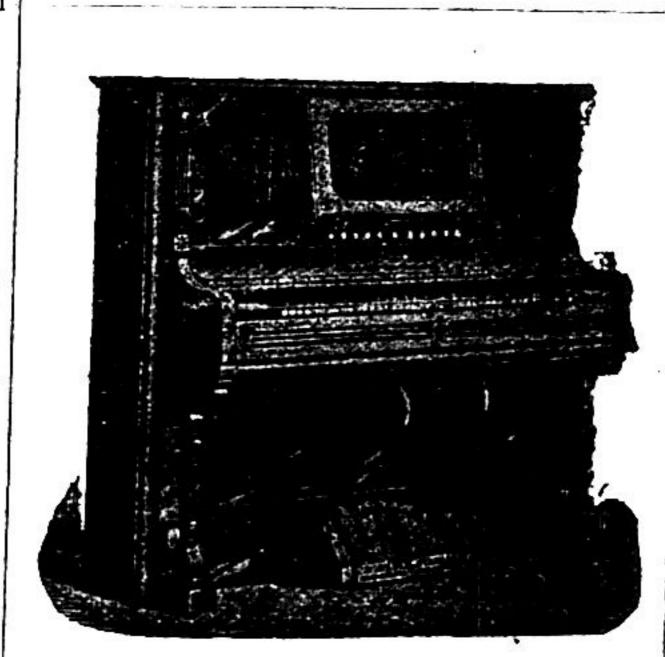
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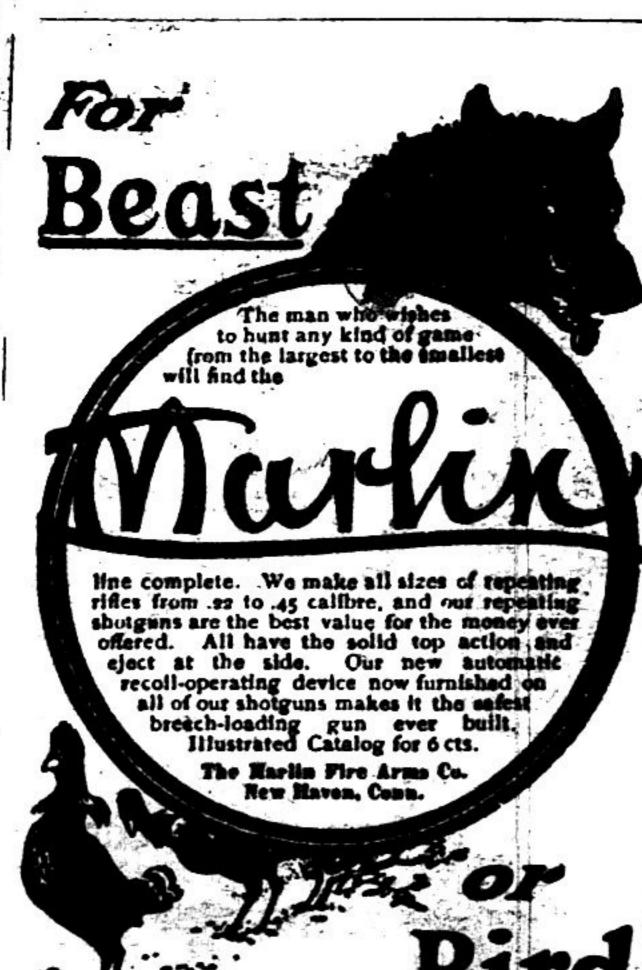


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BY BERTHA M. CLAY

"A Woman's Vengeance," "Between Two Loves," "Her Second Love," "A Fatal Wedding," Etc.

"What?" Yolande whispers back; you be my wife. Yolande?" No answer comes from frightened. happy Yolande, who can only trem- money, and arm with both hands.

presses his lips to her cheek. And then, after a little pause, in a rather formal manner and deliberate tone. he continues, "I will be a good husoand to you, Yolande. You are an amiable girl, and I know you will be has honored her above all women on her slim exquisitely-fitting gown of could not be anything else- and you—as Heaven hears me, I will!"

she loved him. And thenceforward the dream is a married her. troublous whirl of people and things -shops, dressmakers, lawyers, worry -the people not so pleasant as they might be-for old Miss Dormer is cross; uncle Silas, full of business further details of the business-like very stiffly. cross; mademoiselle is more than a her. She shrinks away from the of the locked door. the sake of the valuable services that

such as she has never before worn - the nearest sent and stares vacantly ly. her tight-laced satin bodice.

faces and rich dresses, but noticing nobody except her aunt Sarjent, who is prominent in the foreground emerald velvet and sables, until she sees Captain Glynne's face as he stands before the altar waiting for her, gazing at her with calm critical eyes, without a trace of emotion

or embarrassment. This is the dream that the girl in the white silk robe and the bridal veil has been dreaming; and now she awakes, in her own room in No. 9, Rutland Gardens, to know that the dream is all real, and that her wooing and her wedding, her six weeks' engagement and her bridal morning, are all deeds of the past-done, wedded girl three hours ago, is Yo- gant, handsome, high-bred-looking was."

stock. A lot of second-hand Organs in good with dismay that she must hurry to has it."

She folds her rustling, shimmering pers Pitts coaxingly. "I know cook monie!" Why should she not open the door Yolande interrupts sharply; and know," he responds, chuckling. and wounded pride are yearning for heart is full of a desire to put her frigid haughty indignation. "You haven't been spooning her the comfort and the consolation of arms around his neck, and praise "Yery well, young lady," pulse to see him and speak to him is of cognac and a wine-glass. the impulse of the fond young heart She puts it down on the toilet their sleeves sometimes."

with the girl you love is better than a whole loaf with-"

"Hush!" Captain Glynne "You!" he says, smiling. "Will late two months ago, mademoiselle! groom's eyes at the tone of the anwas false to me for the sake of door, "They've quarrelled!" she meant to marry for says to herself. blingly cling to Captain Glynne's money, I resolved to do the same. "Please say to your mistress," elsewhere, there was no drawing ly, caressing his moustache, "that

recollects that he did not once say crueller lips of her beloved, lips of her false friend, from the does.

CHAPTER XII.

Captain Glynne's unhappy young

it dreadful!"

Making an Effort. which, with her cleverness and tact, knows just now; for her brain is beshe impresses upon her employers wildered; and a heavy weight seems with not the slightest response, lying on her heart. There is one scene in which she is She goes up the staircase and ing about the room and opening and People want to get away dressed in stiff white rustling robes, through the corridor to her own shutting drawers. She rattles the from the noise, sensational, strangely pure and splendid-looking, room again, where she drops into handle more sharply and impatienta vision of going in the carriage to at the floor. Thus the maid finds "Chere madame," she calls, with church with the heavy fragrance of her some time later when she comes some mockery—and not good-natured

a great bouquet of lilies and white in with the tea-tray, all smiles and mockery either—in her tones, "do hyacinths almost making her swoon, importance and deference to "young you hear me? We are all waiting They like to deal here where while her heart beats heavily against Mrs. Glynne," as the other maids for you and your lord has sent up are delightedly calling the bride his commands that youmm m m mm And there, in her dream, she is among themselves, and heartily en-his commands that you are to seeing in a kaleidoscope, a series of 'Law me, ma'am, it's time you had The dressing-room door opens sud-

a cup of tea!" the girl exclaims, with denly, and mademoiselle's malicious concern and something like alarm in smile fades in spite of herself. her eyes. "You're as white as your "Did Captain Glynne send you up dress, ma'am! Let me take it off at with orders to me to hurry, mademonce and put on your dressing-gown oiselle?" Yolande asks, coolly butfor a minute. It's rather tight-laced, toning her long dark tan gloves. ma'am, and its such a weight of silk! 'Orders! Well-really I beg a in the train! Oh, my goodness, thousand pardons, madame, if I have you've sat on your veil and crushed offended!" Miss Glover exclaims. with scarcely veiled impertinence in "What matter?" Yolande says, her sneering tones and saucy smiling at the maid's anxiety. "I glance. She struggles hard to conshall never wear it again, you know. ceal her surprise and chagrin at her Pull it off, and those orange-blos- unexpected rebuff, with the lady's soms, and throw them into the ward- maid standing by and demurely enrobe drawer. I'm married now, joying it all. "I did not know I gentleman appreciatively, "Glynne Volande, who has kissed and been Dallas looks sternly at her, with

I teg your pardon, ma'am," whis-sent out of the room sans cere- Knowing, however, that she is lost Yolande laughs carclessly.

for the door, though closed, is not that bad last night with a pain in shut, and, though Captain Glynne her chest that she had to have just Ormond—"why, I neither know nor loow with all the men admiring her to help him to adjust his collar and however, as it intensifies and grows

still—mademoiselfe is there too; and "Oh, good heavens! Oh, law, miss! "I thought so!" he says laughing. her—little does he know or imagine thirty thousand pounds. she is laughing a mocking little it'll get up to your head!" gasps "I thought she had some dire cause that she, with her dainty gloved "Because I wasn't as clever as reality she falls took laugh, though she speaks in a tone Pitts, nearly crying with fright. of offence against you! A woman, hand resting confidingly on his arm. you," Captain Glynne replies cross-"It is hard on you!" she exclaims.

"Couldn't Lord Dunayor have broken" is made in the best of the bes

thousand. Only half what your and throat, but that doesn't mat- "We are not quite such fools as we her darling!

mademoiselle says jauntily. have some cachous for your breath, and smiles radiantly up at him.

shows a face all modest simpers and smiles. "It's Captain Glynne, ma'am. He wants to speak to you for a min- I

Pitts reddens violently as she sees again more sternly. "It was too the flash of amazement in the bride-When I knew that the girl I loved swer and the sound of the closing

once my honor was pledged Captain Glynne remarks very quietafter the immemorial fashion!" he back possible, even if Joyce Murray the four o'clock train starts in twen-became the richest heiress in Chris-ty minutes, and that, unless she detendom!" cides to go by the later one, we And Yolande Glynne, wife of three must hurry;" and, without another girl word, he turns away. she Two minutes fater Pitts hears reveres him, as the best, noblest, frou-frou of silk and the tap of high-

earth in choosing her, young and gold-colored brocade, with the pettiwill be a good, faithful husband to simple and unlovely as she is, to coat thickly ruched around the hem, bear his name, to be his wife and and the spreading train which In the dead hour of the night she his love—she hears from the cruel "sits" as nobody else's trained skirt "I have come, by the bridegroom's

> out even the formality of knocking. 'Madame will be late! Where is she, Pitts?"

and business cares, is also a little reasons which induced him to marry Ma'm'selle tries to turn the handle little cross-indeed she is overbear door with a chill sense of terror "I want you, cherie!" she calls

and go in and speak to him? She Pitts rushes off, and in less than a 'You haven't been spooning her,

settlement a week ago, my friends the value of brandy before. I feel tered the room, and is standing at and baseness and cruelty. Hapless er word until Victoria is reached. tell me; so Miss Joyce Murray has quite a different person, she adds, his elbow, looking from him to ter girl! Revenge on him whom her a nice little fortune now-lifteen smiling. 'It has blistered my lips husband with an inquiring smile.

and tugs at his moustache. A flame of color dyes the girl's 'By Jove,' mutters the young kiss the bride.

BLACK, MIXED AND GREEN GEVION

By a convulsive jerk of Yolande's hand, the cachous are scattered in a shower over the carpet; she turns and walks into the adjoining room. "Tell Captain Glynne I am not quite dressed yet, Pitts," she says deliberately, and then shuts the I door and locks herself in.

bridegroom, the darling of her soul, orders, to hasten the bride," she why he has chosen her, why he has says, smiling, and showing her white |teeth as she enters the room with-

always ailing and fidgety and a little bride does not wait to hear any room, ma'm'selle," Pitts answers

ingly tyrannical and imperious at and dismay benumbing her. Some-sweetly, but a little sharply, too. times, which has to be endured for thing dreadful has happened to her— "Your beloved is getting frightfully

was intruding, dear," she goes on, knew what he was about! She's a kissed by almost everyone else-ex- brows drawn together and lips com-"So you are, ma'am," agrees in a low reproachful tone; "and pretty girl and a charming girl, and cept her husband—draws back from pressed.

lande Glynne, a wedded bride, now. gentleman too as Captain Glynne "Captain Glynne has just been here young wife, secretly amazed and says, coolly; "we shall see you at other delightful things," he says. on the same errand himself," Yo- pleased. She was deadly pale and shy Pentreath next, I suppose?" And in a drawling tone. Do you want some tea before she begins to change "Yes," the girl-bride says, in a turning to her maid, she says, that morning in her bridal robes; looking back at all the laughing Her cheeks burn and her heart her costume, and Yolande has glad-cold precise tone and a hard matter- 'Pitts, will you change these boots and, whilst he knelt by her at the bridesmaids with their handfuls of beats fast at the sarcasm of the

estly she could see Captain Glynne Pitts, in a shocked tone, pausing in Pitts is buttoning on the other wife of a few hours, is as different the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, pages of Temple Bar, while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading to the other leading to the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, bimself in the other leading before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, and the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, before the umb, ella; while Captain Glynne, and th The New Raymond Sewing Machine, Sewing Machine Needles, Oil, Bands, Rubbers, and general repairs always in stock. second-hand sewing Machines in good order, from \$5 up.

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mademoiselle is sure to tell her of it again; but Yolande feels, in her present excited, overwrought state, as if she would rather like to defy her hardly touched your tea!"

Mole manner is rather feverishly gay, but charmingly different from his smarting from the pelting he has resulted to the word of the other usual tame placidity—so Dallas surd to even think she can go by the pletives in smothered tones as her pletives in smothered tones as her been, I see!"

Whole manner is rather feverishly gay, but charmingly different from smarting from the pelting he has received; and he utters some ugly expletives in smothered tones as her pletives in smothered tones as her been, I see!"

The white stations with their and her opinions; and, without giving herself time to hesitate,

she the young wife replies hoarsely and loud enough for half a dozen people is all too late, within his reach. He man can touch it, throws himself lamps all glimmering now, the cuting and her opinions; and, without giv'No, I can't drink it—I can't!''
four o'clock train'' -- this quite false lost love who is now, when it is all too late, within his reach. He man can touch it, throws himself lamps all glimmering now, the cuting and the bridges fly by with the cuting and the cuting a opens her door, and glides softly wildly. "I feel cold and faint; my to hear, including Major Hutchinson despises her, he almost hates ler, back into a corner, and flings his roar and a rattle; but the position down the thickly-carpeted stairs to very heart feels cold and feeble, and the "best man" George Ormond. for her falseness; but he hungers for rice-laden hat upon the opposite and aspect of the passengers withthe door of the small drawing-room Pitts, as if it were going to step "I think she is worried about tight her sweetness and brightness and her seat. Glynne—she does not yet dare to say "A drop of brandy, Miss Yolande— thing of that sort. I know I was him forever. gloves, or tight boots, or some-fickle girlish fondness—now lost to "Disgusting tomfoolery!" he ut- in that railway carriage remain unaltered: and Captain Glynne, who ant

now he is the first he has sold himself! She and her drinks on sourly, "Sh!" he adds suddenly, as attractive that he feels for the first he has sold himself! She and her dark to read and leaning bush now he is not alone, and worse the fiery liquid "neat." he raises his eyes for an instant. time a thrill of pride at possessing love are only tiresome adjuncts to

en'his neck in the hunting-field a tea, nor any other slops," Yolande Glynne's flashing glance and frown lagging hours that must clapse be lande rejoins, in a curious tone and and mind little sooner than yesterday, or not says cartly. Don't be foolish, Pitts. of warning have come too late. Mr. fore the time comes when she can be with a disdainful smile; and neither broken it at all? He had signed the It has done me good. I never knew Ormond sees that the bride has en-

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Pitts, with a respectful, envious, ad-Captain Glynne is impatient, and she dotes on him! How precious mademoiselle with a haughty smile. who was Yolande Dormer, an un- miring smile, "and to such an ele-bade me to tell you how late it lucky some fellows are!"

bridesmaids, relatives, and every one for a few minutes' rest and to give a handsome man and a well-bred for the other pair of Pinet's? These ding-breakfast, his heart went back that ridiculous stuff over me and "No, thanks, none of them!" she for a few minutes' rest, and to give her time to think,

her time to think,

have married him, you know. I sup- knows of course we can not go by false lost love—winsome, laughing, and, before they can guess her inten
the four o'clock train'' she adds.

ding-breaklast, his heart went back that ridiculous stun over me and with pangs of fierce regret to his spoil my bonnet!'' she says curtly; answers briefly. "Temple Bar will false lost love—winsome, laughing, and, before they can guess her inten
They get into a carriage in which

over by the day service the next cal smile. "I wonder has anything snubbed and mortified, is obliged to girl is from a dull plain one. Her about his nock and shoulders, and ly from beneath the bran of his hat orning to Paris.

It is not by any means en regle, muses. "She do look dueer, and her muses. "She do look dueer, and her Glynne." she says, returning to the brilliance, her cheeks are softly flush-donically—"there is nothing like sendonically—"there is nothing like sendonically is not like sendonically is not like sendonically is not like sendonically It is not by any means en regle, this reappearing of a bride in her voice doesn't sound like her own Glynne," she says, returning to the dining-room. "Your first conjugal whole manner is rather feverishly was fool enough to be afraid.

has the right. But the sudden, im- minute returns with a flask half ful have you, ,, old boy? Governesses tie unse fish adoring tenderness of him and pet him and caress him out Yolande's heart; but, alas and alas, of his ruffled temper. carry their tender little hearts on of his shy girl-bride, which is yearn-table, and as she turns round for the "I have never spoken a civil . And little does he know or im
he does not want her words or her ity to sulk to your heart's conshe knows this not! ing for a few soit low-spoken words, water carafe, Younde pours out a word to her beyond what I agine that the pretty dark-haired caresses; he wants nothing of her a reassuring touch of his kind hand, sherry-glass full, and, ere the horri- was obliged to do," Dallas answers girl who is looking so clegant and but her wretched money for which

soul loves, who is her demi-god and scom, I trust, Mr. Ormond," the But Captain Glynne does not even "You look ever so much better, says gaily. "And what sentiments to dimly suspect that there is anything pers?" Captain Glynne asks carelessm'ss," Pitts declares, trying to re inculcate in the mind of a newly-mar-wrong and not merely wrong, but ly, as they pass the book stall in says mentally—"so shy and strange "Hush, hush!" Dallas Glynne cries cover herself, but watching Yolande ried man! I shall take my husband woefully wrong, woefully strained with scared eyes. 'But, gracious' - away from you;' and she slips her in the relations between him and his "No, thank you," and a fond re- help us both! We are chained to "Well, of course, it's too late with a scandalised giggle-"you must daintily-gloved hand within his arm, newly-wedded girl-love, until at the "If the news had come only a week you know, ma'am, or Captain Glynne George Ormond stares admiringly mademoiselle moment of their departure, when imongst relatives and bridesmaids to

Miss Florence Allan (%) Their Health And Beauty By Taking Peruna. Miss Florence Allan, a beautiful Chicago girl, writes the following to Dr. S. B. Hartman concerning his catarrhal tonic, Pernna:

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tion, for palpitation of the heart, for dyspepsis. None of these medicines do any good because they do not reach the cause of the complaint. Peruna at once mitigates all these symptoms by removing the cause. Systemic catarrh is the trouble. Systemic catarrh pervades the whole sys-

tem, deranges every organ, weakens every function. No permanent cure can ! be expected until the systemic catarrh is removed. This is exactly what Peruna will do. Miss Cullen Was Exhausted From Over

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denly chilled after an evening party, I and catarrh for several weeks would be the result. One bottle of Peruna cured I me, and I shall not dread colds any more ? as I did."-Blanche Myers.

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Co., of Columbus. Ohio.

"Here It is then; and here are the

But now, as she rouses herself and looks at the clock, Yolande sees plague my heart, as the old saying "It is absurd to even think of such But now the quiet, shy maiden and, catching up her velvet skirts, there are three other passengers — looks at the clock, Yolande sees plague my heart, as the old saying "It is absurd to even think of such But now the quiet, shy maiden and, catching up her velvet skirts, there are three other passengers — ladies—and Yolande settling herself a thing when it wants only twelve Yolande Dormer has been transform- darts cut to the carriage, the show- ladies-and Yolande, settling herself

white robes about her, and pauses has a little in her room, so I can irresolute in the deep narrow entry; get it in a second. She was taken against Yolande as well as against truly and passionately, his fair little while her very fingers are twitching while her very fingers are twitching hotly angered. His anger cools altered; and Captain Glynne, who ait now, with all the men admiring her brush off the grains of rice from his however, as it intensifies and grows "Get it for me! Get it at once!" "Mademoiselle can be spiteful, I and envying him. His slighted love dear broad shoulders, while her more serious, and by the time Chatham is reached he is in a mood of "Very well, young lady," he says to himself: "two can play at that

> out with excitement and emotion and also from the effects of the dose

Captain Glynne can just see the sensitive girlish lips below her hand -very pale, pure. gentle lips they are now; and there is a languor and helplessness about the slim girlish figure in repose which touches him "Do you want to look at any pa- into softer vexation.

euch other for life. It is the fool-"Oh, yes, please!" Yolande says ishness of folly for us to try to make eagerly. "There is a new story in each other miserable. Poor little Temple Bar I am longing to go on girl, I must try to cheer her up!" To be continued

15 GOOD TEA.

proachful glance.