Badly Mixed.

Mr. Middleton was in love—hopelessly, irretrievably in love—and he felt sure that his passion was returned. That being the case, and his financial condition warranting him marrying whenever and whomever he pleased, one might expect him to be a very happy man indeed, instead of which he was plunged into the lowest depths of despair.

The trouble was this: Mr. Middleton was in love with two women instead of one, and he positively could not decide which of the two he wanted to marry. He loved them both with all heart, and he was certain that each of them was only waiting for him to make his declaration in due form to tell him how much she loved him in return.

The first young woman at whose shrine he worshipped was Dora Paine, a sprightly little brunnette, with charming manners, a beautiful face and unusual intellectual gifts. He had known her only a year, but they were on terms of the most friendly intimacy.

He was a constant visitor at her father's house, and her ready attendant at places of social amusement. He felt that he must become either less or more at once. His manly instincts demanded that he should delay the matter no longer.

But there was Agnes Moulton. During the preceding winter an old friend of his mother had visiting her a young orphan girl by that name.

Agnes was in great sorrow and shunned all gay society. Mrs Grytan begged him to come often to help her cheer her visitor, and this cheering process had led to his second infatuation. He had corresponded with Agnes ever since she went back to her brother's home, and he was sure from the tone of her letters that she returned his affection.

What was he to do? He puzzled over the relative merits of blonde and brunette, weighed in the balance the numerous virtues of each, tried every possible and impossible plan for finding out one's own mind—all to no purpose. He was too thoroughly ashamed of himself to take any one into his confidence. Mrs Grytan was his nearest matronly friend, but she stood in too intimate relations with Agnes to be considered for a moment. If it were any other matter, he would go to Josephine, but he could never own himself such a fool to her.

He had known Josephine Ferris all his life. Only a year his junior, she seemed quite passe compared to the girl to whom he paid his addresses nowadays.

He was 35 now, and he remembered with what impatience he had waited for the day he attained his majority, that he might lay his fortune at her feet in truly heroic fashion.

She was 20 then, and she laughed at him for a silly boy. Their friendship had remained unimpaired, however, and Josephine had gone on teasing and lecturing him just as she had done since they were babies. In later years their friendship had grown to be a very pleasant one, and Josephine seemed to him like an older sister.

He went to her in all his perplexities, and she had had no little share in his professional success. But he had never spoken to her of love affairs—indeed till this present dilemma he had never had any since his boyish devotions to Josephine herself.

So he hid his trouble and brooded over it. He spent evenings at the Paine's, vowing to decide before he went home He came home more deeply in love with Dora than ever, to find a letter from Agnes had still all its old power over him. He was growing thin. Where was this matter to end?

One night at the club he said to a brother member, "Hal, what do you do when you can't decide between two apparently equally equally good courses of action?"

"Toss up. Settle things every time, feeble brain over decisions that won't decide. Here you are, Gus. Heads or tails?"

"Heads." For Agnes, he said to himself.

Hal threw up the coin. He watched the result eagerly.

"Tails!" exclaimed Hal, and tails it was.

"Thank you, I'll follow the coin. Good night. Have an engagement."

He started for the Paine's, cursing himself all the way for his treatment of Agnes, yet happy beyond measure in the thought that the matter was finally settled. He would write to Agnes to-morrow and tell her of his engagement to Dora, but no one else must know it for the present except Josephine.

No one was at home at the Paines', Stupid of him to forget that they left town that day to attend a wedding and were not to be home till Thursday. He went around to Josephine's and spent the rest of the evening. She played for him as she could only play and chatted of books, his work, the theatre, all with her matchless charm. Dora must be intimate with Josephine when they were married. He could not give up his friend even for the dearest little wife in the world, he thought.

The next morning came a letter from Agnes, and, joy of joys! she wrote him that she was engaged to be married! "Bless that cent!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "This makes all clear sailing. Dora will be home to-morrow, and I'll be an engaged man before another week. Thursday night is the Beldon ball. I'll settle matters there."

Thursday night came. Dora was bewitchingly attired in a floating mass of pale yellow gauze which made her look like an escaped sunbeam. Toward the close of the evening he managed to get her away from the circle of admirers into the conservatory—that paradise of lovers—where he poured out his passion. What was his astonishment and indignation to meet with a decided refusal.

She was already engaged, she assured him. Her lover was poor, and she was young, and it had been thought best not to announce it at present. He reproached her with unfair conduct toward to himself, and she replied: "I am sure I never dreamed of your meaning anything by your little attentions to me. Every one thinks you are engaged to Miss Ferris, and Miss Grytan told mamma months ago that she was sure there was an understanding

that he would marry before either of those girls should do so. Who was his partner for the next dance? Lilly Edgerton. He would propose to her as soon as it was over. She was a nice girl enough, used to be a great belle, had flirted desperately, but what of that? Marry he would, and at once. He carried out his intention. Miss Edgerton was much astonished. and she may have had a shrewd suspicion of the truth, but she was too clever a woman of the world not to profit by her opportunity, and she accepted him immediately.

He went the next evening to see Josephine before going to place his betrothal ring on Lilly's finger and told her of his engagement. Her face was a study in which sorrow and surprise were blended. "She thinks me an ass," he muttered to himself as he left the house, "and she thinks about right."

Less than a month later the fashionable columns of the daily newspapers chronicled a brilliant wedding in which Mr Augustus Middleton and Miss Lillian Edgerton were the contracting parties. There was a trip to the Bermudas, a series of receptions in their new home, and all the feting and attention usually shown a newly married pair.

On one of these occasions Mrs Middleton said to her husband: "Do you see how devoted Fred Cartester is to Josephine Ferris? I hope it will make a match."

"Josephine!" he exclaimed in an annoyed tone. "Impossible!" He had come to regard Josephine as his own especial property. Surely his friend was not going to desert him too."

"Why impossible?" demanded Mrs Middleton sharply. "She is no older than I and much more agreeable than those chits of girls.

"She is 32. I thought you were 24.'

"So I am to the world at large. You don't suppose any woman out of her teens tells the truth about her age, do you?'

Mrs Middleton had no intention that the intimacy between her husband and Miss Ferris should continue, and she spoke her real sentiments when she said she hoped for the match. It was not made, however, and a month later Miss Ferris left town for an extended trip abroad.

Mr Middleton, having married in haste, now had time to repent at leisure. He found that his wife was a selfish, worldly woman, with not a little of the shrew in her makeup. She cared nothing for him and for his home, only that she might exhibit its beautiful appointments to the outside world. He missed his old friends with whom his wife would have nothing to do, and he could not endure the fashionable circle with which she surrounded herself, so he gave his days to the club and sighed sometimes for the bachelor days when he was free to picture an ideal home of domestic felicity. But if Mrs Middleton did nothing else for her husband, one thing she did with entire thoroughness—she took the conceit out of him. He was a much smaller man in his own estimation than when he had offered his name and his fortune to Lillian Edgerton. He knew now that he had never loved any one but Josephine Ferris, and he felt himself to have been an egregious fool that he had not tried to win in his mature manhood what she had denied to his callow youth. He did not suspect the truth, though his wife did, that he would have been entirely successful.

To end in the regulation way, Mr. Middleton ought to have found himself a widower at the end of the year with a tiny baby girl dependent upon him for love and care, and Josephine on her return from Europe should have been prevailed upon to be a mother to the little creature, but things do not end in the regulation way in real life.

On the contrary, Mrs Middleton presented him with a bouncing boy and was soon in the full tide of fashionable life once more, and he scarcely saw Josephine again. She married an American artist whom she had met abroad and removed to a distant city, while Mr. Middleton devoted his life to his profession and to his children and found in them some of the happiness that in a moment of pique he flung away at the Beldon ball.

Take Care of the Tools.

Take care of the fram implements and machinery, It would seem that no word of suggestion or warning is necessary on this point, but it would surprise the general reader if he were travelling over the country to note the evidences of carelessness which are so often seen. The provident and painstaking farmer has a place for his implements, where he sees to it that they are housed and properly cared for when they are no longer required in the cultivation of crops. His improvident neighbor sometimes leaves his implements where they were used last, or about his premises without shelter. Even his harvester or mowing machine is left in the field long after it has been used, subjected to all kinds of weather and inevitable injury.

The cost for repairs is necessarily increased under such inexcusable neglect, and the period when a new machine will be necessary is much shortened. The care of tools is an important factor in farm economy, and a word in season, while not necessary for the provident man, may be serviceable to such as are too remiss in this direction.

Waste of Corn Stalks.

While it is not true that corn stalks exposed to rains will decay like clover hay, there is altogether too much loss in it, if not secured in time, for any farmer to afford. Green stalks dried without rainfall retain their fresh color inside where not exposed to the sun. But the fading of the outside of the stock does not affect its nutritite value or its palatableness. We have many times fed cows and watched them while they were eating. While they would select the stalks that had been slightly softened by heating, there was no apparent preference for those that had retained their green color over those that sunlight had bleached

Seed time

The successful farmer has learned by experience that some grains require far different soil than others. He knows that a great deal depends on right planting at the right time. No use complaining in summer that a mistake was made in spring. *Decide before seed-time.* The best time to treat coughs and colds is before the seeds, or germs, of consumption have begun their destructive work.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, promptly cures lung and throat troubles. *Do not neglect your cold.*

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (*Ask your doctor.*) This is because it is always *palatable*—always *uniform*—always *contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.*

Insist on **Scott's Emulsion**, with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

UXBRIDGE.

A simple accident happened to Mr. Robert O'Hara on the 7th con of Scott on Saturday night, being the dislocation of his jaw while yawning.

The steady advance in wheat is the best piece of news the farmers have heard for a long time. And it seems to be still advancing, bringing up some of the other grains at the same time. Prices of cereals are stiffening all around, but potatoes have taken a drop to 20c. a bag here. Buyers say there is no market for them.

An enthusiastic meeting was held on Tuesday night, when it was decided to form an Athletic Association, with the following officers:—President, Mr Taylor, (accl); Vice Pres, E McCabe; Sec, R Nix; Treas, W Gray; committee, N Hamilton, L Kay, I Gould, J Breen, E Shannon, G Campbell, J Grey and J Doyle. In about two weeks a number of sporting events will be run off.

A trial was called for Tuesday between Mrs Stickwood and William Knowles. The latter has been a tenant of the former's house. She now occupies it herself. A few days ago he returned to the place to secure his garden crop, and trouble arose. A pitch fork figured in the affray. The lady in the case was the complainant at court, but the magistrate dismissed the case.

The Midland Mutual.

Owing to Mr A Graham resuming the oat milling business he found it necessary to have his whole time to devote to it, and was therefore obliged to resign as secretary of the Midland Mutual Insurance Company. At a meeting of the directors, therefore, held at the Company's office on Saturday last his resignation was accepted and a successor appointed in the person of Mr A D Williams, whose long experience as town clerk renders him well fitted to keep the affairs of the Company in a neat and orderly manner.

Golden wedding.

On Friday last Mr and Mrs N N Nickerson of Midland, formerly of Uxbridge, celebrated their golden wedding. The gathering was a very large one, including the civic dignitaries of the town and friends from various places, including Uxbridge, Whitby, Toronto, Atherley &c. The relatives who attended from Uxbridge were Mr and Mrs Wm Nicholls (who have also passed their golden anniversary), Mrs Geo P Thompson and Mrs N B Munro. The presents given on the occasion were numerous, as well as valuable and handsome—Journal.

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST MOST FRAGRANT, MOST REFRESHING AND ENDURING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One to two bottles cure Dropsy, Swelling, Pain in Back, Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Complaints, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Sudden Starting, Dreaming, Melancholy, Short Breath, Irregular Appetite, Fickleness, Dullness, Lassitude, Cold Feet, Lack of Ambition, Want of Confidence, Easily Startled, Feel Worse in Crowds, Want to Be Left Alone, Want to Be Let Alone, Want to Be Let Alone, Want to Be Let