

The Rule of Three.

The master of the schooner Harebell came slowly toward the harbor accompanied by his mate. Both men had provided ashore for a voyage which included no intoxicants, and the dignity of the skipper, always a salient feature, had developed tremendously under the influence of brown stout. He stepped aboard his schooner importantly, and then turning to the mate, who was about to follow, suddenly held up his hand for silence.

"What did I tell you?" he inquired, severely, as the mate got quietly aboard.

The mate listened. From the fo's'le came the low, gruff voices of men, broken by the silvery ripple of women's laughter.

"Well, I'm a Dutchman!" said the mate, with an air of one who felt he was expected to say something.

"After all I said to em," said the skipper, with weary dignity. "You eard what I said to em, Jack?"

"Nobody could have swore louder," testified the mate.

"An here they are," said the skipper, in answer, "defying of me."

"They've been and gone and asked them females down in the fo's'le agin. You know what I said I'd do, Jack, if they did."

"Said you'd eat em without salt," quoted the other, helpfully.

"I'll do worse than that, Jack," said the skipper, after a moment's discomfiture. "Whats to hinder us casting off quietly and taking them along with us?"

"If you ask me, said the mate, 'I should say you couldnt please the crew better.'"

"Well, well see," said the other, nodding sagely; "dont make no noise, Jack."

Aided by the mate he cast off the warps which held the unconscious visitors to their native town, and, the little schooner drifted silently away from the quay.

The skipper went to the wheel, and the noise of the mate hauling on the job brought a rough head out of the fo's'le, the owner of which, after a cry to his mate below, sprang up on deck and looked round in bewilderment.

"Stand by there," cried the skipper, as the others came rushing on deck. "Shake em out!"

"Boggin your pardon, sir," said one of them, with more politeness in his tones than he had ever used before, but—

"Stand by!" said the skipper.

"Now then," shouted the mate, sharply, "lively, there! Lively with it!"

The men looked at each other helplessly and went to their posts, as a scream of dismay rose from the fair beams below, who, having just begun to realize their position were coming on deck to try and improve it.

"What!" roared the skipper in pretended astonishment. "What! gells aboard after all I said. It can't be; I must be dreaming!"

"Take us back!" wailed the damsel, ignoring the sarcasm, "take us back, captain."

"No, I can't go back," said the skipper. "You see, that comes o disobedience, my gells. Lively there on that mainal, dye hear!"

"We won't do it again," cried the girls, as the schooner came to the mouth of the harbor, and they smelt the dark sea beyond. "Take us back!"

"It can't be done," said the skipper, cheerfully.

"Its agin the lor, sir," said Ephram Biddle solemnly.

"Boah!" said the skipper. They're stowaways, and I shall put em ashore at the first port we touch at—Plymouth."

A heartrending series of screams from the stowaways rounded his sentence, screams which gave way to sustained sobbing, as the schooner, catching the wind, began to move through the water.

"You'd better get below, my gals," said Biddle, who was the oldest member of the crew, consolingly.

"Why dont you make him take us back?" said Jenny Evans, the biggest of the three girls, indignantly.

"Cos we cant, my dear," said Biddle, reluctantly. "You dont want to see us put in prison, do you?"

"I dont mind," said Miss Evans tearfully, "so long as we get back. George, take us back."

"I cant, said Scott, sullenly."

"Well, you can look out for somebody else, then," said Miss Evans, with temper. "You wont marry me. How much would you get if you did make the skipper put back?"

"Very likely six months," said Biddle, solemnly.

"Six months would soon pass away," said Miss Evans bravely, as she wiped her eye.

"It would be a rest," said Miss Williams, coaxingly.

The men, not seeing things in quite the same light, the girls announced their intention of having nothing more to do with them, and, crowding together in the bows, beneath two or three blankets, condoled tearfully with each other on their misfortunes.

Looking at all the circumstances of the case, the captain thought it best to keep the wheel in his own hands for a time, and dawn found him still at his post.

Three dispirited girls put their heads out from under the blankets and

sniffed disdainfully. Then, after an animated discussion they arose, walked up to the skipper, and eyed him unfavorably.

"Why, he isnt any bigger than a boy," said Miss Williams, savagely.

"Pity we didnt think of it before," said Miss Davies. "I spose the crew wont help him?"

"Not they," said Miss Evans, scornfully. "If they do well serve them the same."

They went off, leaving the skipper a prey to gathering uneasiness, watching their movements with wrinkled brow. From the fore-castle and the galley they procured two mops and a broom, and he caught his breath sharply as Miss Evans came on deck with a pot of white paint in one hand and a pot of tar in the other.

"Now, girls," said Miss Evans.

"Put those things down," said the skipper, in a peremptory voice.

"Shant," said Miss Evans, bluntly, and with mops dripping tar and paint on the deck marched in military style up to the skipper and halted in front of him, smiling wickedly.

Then the heart of the skipper waxed sore and faint within him, and, with a wild yell, he summoned his trusty crew to his side.

The crew came on deck slowly, and, casting furtive glances at the scene, pushed Ephram Biddle to the front.

"Take those mops away from em!" said the skipper, haughtily.

"Dont you interfere," said Miss Evans, looking at them over her shoulder.

"Else we'll give you some," said Miss Williams bloodthirstily.

"Take those mops away from em!" bawled the skipper, instinctively drawing back as Miss Evans made a pass at him.

"I dont see as how we can interfere sir," said Biddle, with deep respect.

"What!" said the astonished skipper.

"It would be agin the lor for us to interfere with people," said Biddle, turning to his mates, "dead agin the lor."

"Dont you talk rubbish," said the skipper, anxiously. "Take em away from em. Its my tar and my paint and—"

"You shall have it," said Miss Evans, reassuringly.

"If we touched em," said Biddle, impressively, "it'd be an assault at lor. All we can do, sir, is to stand by and see fair play."

"Fair play!" cried the skipper, dancing with rage, and turning hastily to the mate, who had just come on the scene. "Take those things away from em, Jack."

"I'm not going to raise my hand against a woman for anybody," said the mate, with decision. "Its no part o my work to get messed up with tar and paint from lady passengers."

"Its part of your work to obey me, though," said the skipper, raising his voice. "What are you afraid of?"

"Are you going to take us back?" demanded Jenny Evans.

"Run away," said the skipper with dignity. "Run away!"

"I shall ask you three times," said Miss Evans, sternly. "One—are you going back? Two—are you going back? Three—"

In the midst of a breathless silence she drew within striking distance, while her allies, taking up a position on either flank of the enemy, listened attentively to the instructions of their leader.

"Be careful he doesnt catch hold of the mops," said Miss Evans, "but if he does the others are to hit him over the head with the handles. Never mind about hurting him."

"Take the wheel a minit, Jack," said the skipper, pale but determined.

The mate came forward and took it unwillingly, and the skipper, trying hard to conceal his trepidation, walked towards Miss Evans and tried to quell her with his eye. The power of the human eye is notorious, and Miss Evans showed her sense of the danger she ran by making an energetic attempt to close the skipper's with her mop, causing him to duck with amazing nimbleness. At the same moment another mop, loaded with the white paint, was pushed into the back of his neck. He turned with a cry of rage, and then, realizing the odds against him, flung his dignity to the winds and dodged with the agility of a schoolboy. Through the galley and around the masts with the avenging mops in mad pursuit, until breathless and exhausted he suddenly sprang on the side and climbed frantically into the rigging.

"Coward!" said Miss Evans, shaking her weapon at him.

"Come down," cried Miss Williams. "Come down like a man!"

"Its no use wasting time over him," said Miss Evans, after another vain appeal to the skipper's manhood. "He's escaped. Get some more stuff on your mops."

The mate, who had been laughing boisterously, checked himself suddenly, and assumed a gravity of demeanor more in accordance with his position. The mops were dipped in solemn silence, and Miss Evans, and Miss Evans, approaching, regarded him significantly.

"Now, my dears," said the mate, waving his hand with a deprecating gesture, "dont be silly."

"Dont what?" inquired the sensitive Miss Evans, raising her mop.

"You know what I mean," said the mate, hastily. "I cant help myself,"

"Well, were going to help you," said Miss Evans, "turn the ship round."

"You obey orders, Jack, cried the skipper from aloft.

"Its all very well for you sitting up there in peace and comfort," said the mate, indignantly. "Im not going to be tarred to please you. Come down and take charge of your ship."

"Do your duty, Jack," said the skipper, who was polishing his face with a handkerchief. "They wont touch you. Theyre afraid to." Theyre afraid to."

"Youre egging em on," cried the mate, wrathfully. "I wont steer; come and take it yourself."

He darted behind the wheel as Miss Evans, who was getting impatient, made a thrust at him, and then, springing out, gained the side and rushed up the rigging after his captain. Biddle, who was standing close by, gazed earnestly at them and took the wheel.

"You wont hurt old Biddle, I know," he said, trying to speak confidently.

"Of course not," said Miss Evans, emphatically.

"Tar dont hurt," explained Miss Williams.

"Its good for you," said the third lady, positively. "One—two—"

"Its no good," said the mate, as Ephram came hurriedly into the rigging; "youll have to give in."

"Im—if I will," said the infuriated skipper. Then an idea occurred to him, and, pukering his face shrewdly, he began to descend.

"All right," he said shortly, as Miss Evans advanced to receive him. "Ill go back."

He took the wheel, the schooner came round before the wind, and the willing crew letting the sheets go hauled them in again on the port side.

"And now, my lads," said the skipper, with a benevolent smile, "just clear the mess off the deck, and you may as well pitch them mops overboard. Theyll never be any good again."

He spoke carelessly, albeit his voice trembled a little, but his heart sank within him as Miss Evans waved them back.

"You stay where you are," she said imperiously; "well throw them overboard when weve done with them. What did you say, captain?"

The skipper was about to repeat it with great readiness when Miss Evans raised her trusty mop. The words died away on his lips, and after a hasty glance from his mate to the crew, and from his crew to the rigging, he accepted his defeat, and in grim silence took thum home again.

South Brook

The harvest in this section is progressing favorably and will soon be all in. Crops are turning out excellent and promise good results.

Preparations are well under way for our annual fall show at Sunderland. Of course it will be the best in this section.

Making an Asparagus Bed.

Asparagus roots may be planted in spring, or fall, provided the ground is moderately dry, otherwise it is better to plant in the spring. The land must be well prepared and can hardly be too rich. Good strong, one-year-old plants are by many preferred to older ones. For garden culture the rows should be not less than three feet apart and the roots planted two feet apart in the rows. In field culture, where horse cultivation is practiced, three to four feet of space is given each way. The easiest way of planting is to make furrows with the plow, 10 to 12 inches deep. Level and mellow the bottom of these, and if the ground is not already very rich, spade in some decomposed manure, filling up the trenches so that the bottom is about six inches below the surface of the land. Plant the roots in these, covering them with three inches of soil, and as the shoots grow, fill in the trench gradually until it is level. The ground is to be kept mellow and clear of weeds throughout the season. After two years a few stalks may be cut off each year, but a full crop should not be cut before the third year.

Wife—Heres a wonderful case of endurance. A fellow was in the rigging of a wrecked vessel three days and didnt seem to mind it.

Husband—He had probably been used to riding on an anatomical bicycle saddle.

Keep Up Your Scott's Emulsion in Summer-time

What are your resources for the summer? Have you an abundance of health stowed away for the long, hot, depleting days, or does summer find you low in vitality, run down, losing flesh, and weak? Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil will give you the proper reserve force, because it builds up the system on a solid foundation. A tonic may stimulate; Scott's Emulsion not only "boosts," it sustains.

It is a wise precaution always to have at least a small bottle of Scott's Emulsion in the house. Unappreciated, it will keep healthily. Tightly corked, after being kept in a cool place, it will remain sweet for weeks.

For sale by all druggists at 50 Cents and \$1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore, Md.

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"I was heart-broken. My happy home was fast becoming one of misery till a friend told me to try a liquor called Anti Booze. I was willing to try any thing, so I sent \$1.00, as she suggested, to the Oriental Chemical Co., 20 St. Alex is St., Montreal, and by return mail I received in a plain wrapper a little box of pills. I put one of these in his coffee every night and morning without him knowing it, (as they dissolve immediately), and in less than a week, to my delight, he stopped drinking entirely.

"Anti-Booze has changed my drunken husband into a sober, industrious, happy man, and I feel it my duty to tell other about it. They will send full information without charge to any who will write them.

"J. D. H."

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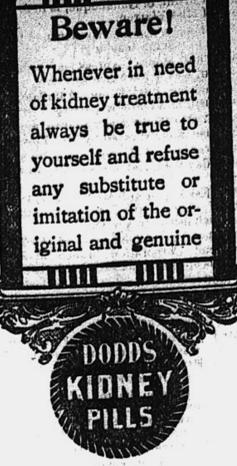
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DAVID ORMISTON, B. A.,
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G. YOUNG SMITH, LL. B.,
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WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL
Men or Women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago.—17-8.

Sittings Of The Division Courts.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO 1896.

WHITBY—D. C. Macdonell, Whitty, Clerk
Jan. 8; Feb. 8; March 8; April 8; May 2; June 2; July 7; Sep. 2; Oct. 2; Nov. 8; Dec. 2.

OSHAWA—D. C. Macdonell, Whitty, Clerk;
Jan. 4; Feb. 4; March 4; April 8; May 4; June 3; July 8; Sep. 8; Oct. 8; Nov. 4; Dec. 8.

BROUGHTON—M. Gleason, Greenwood, Clerk—Jan. 6; March 6; May 6; July 9; Sep. 4; Nov. 6.

PORT PERRY—J. W. Burnham, Port Perry, Clerk—Jan. 29; March 9; May 15; July 20; Sep. 28; Nov. 18.

UPPER GROVE—Joseph E. Gould, Uxbridge, Clerk—Jan. 30; March 24; May 19th; July 14; Oct. 14; Dec. 16.

CANNINGTON—George Smith, Cannington, Clerk—Jan. 31; March 26; May 20; July 16; Oct. 16; Dec. 17.

BEAVERTON—Geo. F. Bruce, Beaver-ton, Clerk—March 28; May 21; July 16; Oct. 16; Dec. 18.

UPPER GROVE—Thos. P. Hart, Uppergrove, Clerk—March 27; May 22; July 17; Oct. 17; Dec. 19.

By order,
J. E. FAREWELL,
Clerk of the Peace.

October 7th 1896.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL
Men or Women to travel for responsible established house in Ontario. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago.—17-8.

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DENTIST.
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THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE NAMES OF THE PIONEERS WHO SETTLED IN THE TOWNSHIP OF WHITBY, ONTARIO, IN THE YEAR 1800.

JOHN STANTON, Foreman.
HENDEBSON & GRAHAM, Proprietors.
JOHN STANTON, Foreman.