Supposed to be a Beaverton Man.

THE UNFORTUNATE FELLOW LYNCHED ON THE WAY TO KLONDYKE.

Among the pines on the shores of Lake Bennett on the Klondyke trail the dead body of a man swinging at a ropes end, and next to his cold breast is a faded photograph and a lock of baby hair. The body is that of Wm G Martin. He gave his address as St Louis, Missouri, but it is feared that the victim of the gold region law was a native of Beaverton, Ontario. A Wm G Martin left that pretty little town on Lake Simcoe about five years ago, and when last heard of, about three years ago he was in St Louis. His friends have been making careful enquiry but the circumstances render identification rather difficult. A hundred miles away up the trail his former companions are toiling along with stern eyes and mirthless hearts towards the gold fields. They hanged poor Billy Martin, left him and forgot him. The body swings and twists in the mountain winds. It gazes with stark eyes up the long, stony trail its companions have taken. It turns again and looks far across the pine hills toward Missouri, where a wife and little boy are awaiting a happy return Nobody who knew Billy Martin ever dreamed he would gain the dubious distinction of being the first man lynched in the Kloudyke. He arrived in Juneau late in August with an outfit weighing about one thousand pounds. He was anxious to start at once for the gold fields, but was obliged to wait the arrival of a belated party He seemed a quit, thoughtful sort of man, with nothing wrong about him. There were about thirty men in the party. All but one of them were stern, broad shouldered, bearded men, with stout hearts and iron muscles. The exception was a pale-faced, studious looking boy named Ferry. He had a cough and whenever he became over tired one of the big, whiskered giants would swing the boys pack atop his own with a good-natured laugh and carry it for a mile or two. It took the party five days to get across the pass In the meantime Martin had evidently discovered that he had made a miscalculation in the matter of provisions. His stock was running low, and it was only a matter of a few days before he would either have to return or starve. His light outfit had already attracted some attention in the camp, and his solitary and preoccupied manner was commented upon. "He is a little daffy," said one. "He is in love with his wife," said another who had seen him kissing a small and dingy photograph. Camp followed camp in monotonous succession There were the long daily tramps over the difficult trail, the hours of dogged desperate silence. the stolid dreams of gold, the twilight of awful mountains, the glimmering camp fires, the troubled slumbers and again the sunrise and the long march. So it went, until the party plunged deeper and deeper into the wilderness, came upon the shores of Lake Bennett. On the margin of the lake the camp was made, and the evening fires were lighted. Then when the miners were preparing to cook their frugal repast, Amber Davis discovered that somebody had stolen a side of bacon from his outfit. Davis strode over to the camp of John Hogan, who was regarded as the leader of the party, and made known his loss. "Dont say anything about it until after supper, Amber," advised Hogan. "Then we will hold a meeting. If we have a thief in the outfit we must clear him out quick. After the supper of bacon and bread and black coffee, the men gathered around Hogans camp fire, looking very serious. "Where is Martin?" somebody asked. "He is out on the lake fishing," replied Ferry, the sickly-looking boy. Then Hogan got up and made a sort of speech, "Men," said he, "there is a thief among us. Amber Davis has missed a side of bacon he had when he camped here this evening. There are no wolves about so early in the night. Now what I propose is that every man of us have his outfit searched. And, men—I aint saying this to any particular person, but to all of us, myself included—the one who stole Amber Davis bacon is in a mighty poor locality. Thats all I have to say." Hogans plan was agreed to. A committee was appointed and the search was prosecuted with vigour. Outfit after outfit was inspected, but nothing suspicious was found. "Where is Martins camp?" suddenly asked one of the committee. "That is so," exclaimed another, "He is camped up thar in the bresh. I saw him fixing around his fire this evening." The committee clambered up the hillside to the solitary camp. It was built in the lee of a dense clump of chapparal and mountain gorse. Martin was still absent. The fire was burning low. Everything was thoroughly searched. In a small, flat knapsack the committee found a faded photograph, soiled with much handling and a long tress of yellow hair that had been clipped from a babys head. The two were tied together with an old leather shoe string. Martins provision bag was opened. Two pieces of bacon was found. One was small and thin and scrawny. It was Martins. The other was large and streaky and good to look upon. It was Davises, It had been marked "A B" but the letters were chipped away with a knife. Another meeting was called at Hogans tent. The men gathered around it one by one, silent and determined. Wood was piled on the fire until the surroundings were as bright as day. Then the miners sat down, smoking after the fashion of Indians, and waiting for Hogan to speak. "Men," said Hogan, after a long pause, "you all know who the thief is, and you know the sneaking crime he has committed. Here we are, all honest men, trying to get to the Klondyke. We have only enough provisions to carry us through, and yet a thief who has come along without his proper share is stealing from us I move we hang this man and do it quick." Amber Davis was the next speaker: "I dont care for the bacon, and you all know that. It is the principle of the thing I am kicking about. He could have shared my camp fire if he had asked it. It is not becoming for me to vote being the plaintiff, so I will not vote but I want to say that I believe all such varmints should be strung up." Others among the miners spoke in favor of Martins execution, and a vote was taken. Two scrops of paper were given to each man. One was marked with a cross which meant death. The other was left blank; this meant life. The votes were cast one by one into a hat, ond one by one they were drawn out and read by Hogan. "Death! death! death!" fell monotonously from his lips. "Death! death! death!" and then "life," the only one in the entire number of ballots. "The majority decides in favor of death," said Hogan; "there is only one vote in favor of life, and I would like to know the name of the white-livered person who throwed it in." Then there was a commotion. Into the circle of firelight stepped Ferry, the thin faced boy with the cough. His face was as white as death. "It was me," he began in a voice that was half a whisper, "it was me. I throwed it in. Dont do this thing, men Let Martin go. God will reward you for it. That poor man is trying to get to the Klondyke. He has sold all he had on earth to do it. He has a wife and baby at home. It was only an error of judgment. He did not have enough provisions, and has even spent the nights catching fish to eke out his store. He tried to buy provisions from you, and you know it. Yes it was me that done it, and I would vote for the life of a dog under the same circumstances. I would vote for any of you, if you were going to be killed by your brothers." Then Ferry broke down into a fit of coughing, and put his handkerchief to his face. When he took it away it was streaked with blood. "He'll know better when he grows up," was the only comment made by the miners, as they began preparations for the execution. On the outposts of civilization affairs of this kind are quickly arranged. It was not a noisy crowd that wended its way up the hill. There was nothing of the frenzied, maddened mob about it. The miners were orderly and cool, and the leader carried a rope. Under the sheltering arms of a pine, with his face gleaming in the moonlight, Martin lay asleep. The black silhouettes of his executioners were all about him One of them, said to have been Bernard Giles, roughly kicked the sleeping man with his foot. "Whats up? Whats the matter, boys?" queried Martin, sitting up and blinking sleepily. "Git up," replied the lader, roughly, "we stand no stealing in this camp. Your time has come. "We'll teach you a lesson." Martin rose to his feet. His face shone in the moonshine like carved marble. Twice he tried to speak and twice his voice failed him. "Do you want to leave a message to your friends?" asked the leader. "No," said Martin, in a hall whisper. "Do you want to pray?" "No," replied the doomed man. "If there is anything you want to say, say it quick," said the spokesman. A slip knot had been made at the end of a long rope, and the noose was put over Martins head. He was then led out from under the pine tree and under the full light of the moon. For a while he stood silent. In that brief interval his executioners could hear through the troubled blow of the pine forests the mournful run of wild wolves in the wilderness about the camp. "Boys," Martin began, in a faltering voice, "I aint a bad man, and I aint a natural born thief. You know how it is when a man mortgages his all, starts for the Klondyke, and sees that he cant get there. No matter whether you hang me or not, my life aint worth much. I dont care, only for my—my"—. Here Martins voice broke and faltered. Then he threw his head back and continued abruptly: "Ive got a thousand pounds of stuff at Skaguay, and Ill promise on my life to carry it in here for you if youll—" "Enough of that," interrupted the leader, roughly. "It would not save you even if the stuff wuz here. You stole the bacon, 'n' you know it." "Then wait just a minute, boys. Will you let me look in my knapsack?" asked the doomed man. Permission was given, and Martin, after rumaging around for a moment, brought out the faded photograph and lock of baby hair. These he kissed reverently and placed in his bosom, turning his back on the men to do so. Then he half ran and was half dragged down to the shore of the lake. It took less than a minute to lash two slender pines dressed for masts in a forked upright, and to drop another mast from a rock on the bluff over between the forks. While these preparations were being made Martin sat on a stone, waiting. "Come, now," said the leader, "off you go." "May I write a message boys?" asked Martin. "Yes, but be quick," was the short response. "Its time we wuz in bed." Martin took a soiled letter from his pocket and kissed it tenderly. He then tore it up, saving only the envelope He pulled off one of his rubber boots, and, placing the envelope on the sole of it, wrote in the moonlight the following: "Hoping that with the money I might make in the Klondike, sacrifice would go out of the door and love return through the window, I left you. Kiss Ted but never tell him. Gid." That was all. It was only a few words, but it was Martins life history. It contains volumes to those who will know and understand. It was written slowly and carefully and with many pauses. He showed the note to the crowd saying: "Boys, will some of you please send this back to the news papers?" Then he stood up manfully and announced his readiness. His hands were tied together behind him with a pack strap. There was a hurried command, a hard swing at the rope and it was all over. All except the weeping of Ferry in the darkness. "Come, boys, lets go to bed," said Hogan. Then the party of executioners went back to camp, rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep, while down on the margin of the lake the black thing that was once a man, with human hope, love and ambition, swung idly in the wind. With the envelope bearing Martins last message, his executioners sent back to Juneau a rudely written letter excusing their act as best they could. Martins body is still hanging on the shores of Lake Bennett.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor.—Please inform your readers, that if written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, particulars of a genuine, honest, home cure, by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous debility, sexual weakness, night losses and weak shrunken parts. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven I am now well, vigorous and strong, and wish to make this certain means of cure known to all sufferers. I have nothing to sell and want no money, but being a firm believer in the universal brotherhood of man, I am desirous of helping the unfortunate to regain their health and happiness. I promise my patients perfect secrecy. Address with stamp, W. S. MULFORD, Agents' Supplies, P.O. Box 38, St. Henri, Que.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

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27 GOLD WATCHES

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EVERY MONTH

TO THOSE WHO SEND THE LARGEST NUMBER OF

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Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to

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Milkweed.

Many people who have lived in the country all their lives have yet to learn that the milkweeds, cut down as cumberers of the ground, are both beautiful and fragrant—the last especially true nights and mornings. Were these rare plants, we should cultivate them as we do cannas and dahlias. The orange red milk weed is more showy and more beautiful than the zinnia, and its rich color and abundant bloom would be thought very ornamental were it not classed in our minds as a weed. The taller species with its pinkly purplish umbels, is more delicately colored, yet more imposing in appearance. The flowers of these asclepiads are beautifnlly constructed to serve the mission of the plant, and deserve to be known as the circes of our waste places. They are fascinating to bees and other insects, often fatally so.

Hear what the late William Hamilton Gibson, who though dead, yet speaks to us, from writings still in publishers hands has to say of this "weed":

"The flower is but a bright anticipation—an expression of hope in the being of the parent plant. It has but one mission. All its fragrance, all its nectar, all its beauty of form and hues, are but means toward the consummation of the eternal edict of creation—"increase and multiply." To that end we owe all the infinite forms, designs, tints, decorations, perfumes, mechanisms and other seemingly inexplicible attributes.

Are you a Public Speaker?

If so you cannot find anywhere a preparation to equal **DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE** for the throat and respiratory organs. We have hundreds of testimonials from public speakers, singers, ministers and others. One rev. gentleman says: "I never think of entering my pulpit without Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at my side." Such indorsations from the ministry should give confidence in Dr. Chase's Medicine.

If you are troubled with that tickling sore throat, so common among speakers and singers, you will find **DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE** a positive and permanent cure. Teaspoonful dose, price 25 cents. Edmanson, Bates & Co., sole manufacturers for Canada, 45 Lombard street, Toronto.

Brougham

Mrs E Betts and family, Georgetown, are with Mrs T C Brown.

Mr Conner, our teacher, has been re-engaged for another year at the same salary.

Mrs John Cowie is down with the typhoid fever.

James Hogle had a husking bee the other day, and as a result he has about 200 bushels of corn husked.

W C Matthews, Toronto, was down the other day hunting and took home a bag full of meadow lark with him.

Stanley Gerow was at Toronto Saturday playing with the Riversides against the Kensingtons, at football. The Riversides won.

E Mosgrove is with Jess Hubbard for a short time. He was a resident of Brougham at one time and has therefore many friends.

We are pleased to learn that Marie Wilson has been granted a certificate of having passed the entrance examination into high schools, her appeal having been sustained by the county board of examiners.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures

COUGHS and COLDS

In a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. McCONNEN & Son, Stoneham, Que.

[illegible] Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. [illegible] of severe cold, fever and bronchial [illegible] and also cured W. G. McCombe of a long-standing cold.

Mr. J. H. [illegible], C.E., 528 [illegible], writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup, Pyny-Pectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. As one who has been wonderfully cured I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough syrup."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

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MONTREAL

How to Wean a Calf.

To give an easy mode of weaning a calf. There is no difficulty when the calf is young. Sometimes we allow such a calf to draw the milk from the cow once or twice, but more often not at all. Take the warm milk fresh from the cow and give the calf your submerged finger to suck. Do not be in a hurry; the young one will not perish if it does not drink for six hours after birth. Generally the calf will smell and taste the milk and suck the finger. Withdraw the hand gradually, and after two or three times it will drink without the finger. It requires a good stock of patience, because, generally, the calf objects to put down its head, while nature intended it should hold its head up to get at the teat.

The older the calf is when weaned—that is, if it has drawn its rations from the dam direct, the harder it will be to wean, unless old enough to eat grass or hay. Such a calf should be allowad to fast half a day; then it should be given a thimbleful of the salt, when it will drink the more readily. Follow up the hints given above, and above all in each case separate dam and calf and let them not come together For a calf a month or six weeks old it is difficult to teach it to drink, but it can be done. In such case have also a box placed so high that the calf cannot tread into it, and in this box keep a handful or two of bran; put grass into the mouth of the young thing and it will learn to chew it, get thirsty and then drink. Handle the animal as frequently as possible and teach it that you are not an enemy but a friend.

Nourish Him.

That's the whole secret in a word. We can cure no disease unless we can keep up the patient's strength. And there's only one way to do that—feed him. But if the system refuses food? Then use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It goes STRAIGHT TO THE BLOOD. stops the wasting, rekindles the vital fire, makes new flesh and so renders a hopeful fight possible against ANY disease.

Especially is this so in bronchial and lung troubles, in the relief and cure of which Scott's Emulsion has won its reputation. Book about it free.

Scott's Emulsion is no mysterious mixture. It is palatable, non-nauseating and infinitely preferable to the plain oil. The genuine has our trade-mark on salmon-colored wrapper. Get the genuine.

For sale at 50 cts. and $1.00 by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Saved Her Drunken Husband.

She Finally Administered a Remedy, Without his Knowledge, and Cured Him.

A correspondent writes: I had such a happy home and a noble, big-hearted husband till he took to drinking, first through sociability, then because the fiendish desire would come over him, crazing him for drink.

"I was heart-broken. My happy home was fast becoming one of misery till a friend told me to try a liquor cure called Anti Booze. I was willing to try anything, 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 others about it. They will send full information without charge to any who will write them.

"J. D. H."

Had La Grippe.—Mr A Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr Dr Thomas Eclectric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured.

Thomas McFadden, a Pittsburg farmer, went out rowing in a hired boat at Kingston, and it is feared he is drowned.

Baby Eczema and Scald Head.

Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventualy become chronic. Dr Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin and we can confidently recommend Dr Chases Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

Mr Alex Pirie of Dundas was nominated by the Liberals of North Wentworth for the Legislative Assembly.

Fagged out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They fell as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelees Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelees Pills.

There is a demand in Winnipeg for 500 men to work on the Crows Nest Pass Railway.

To remove the constipated habit, the only safe treatment is a course of Ayers Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm that good, therefore leading physicians recommend Ayers Pills, especially as a family physic.

Lt. Col. Campbell, Registrar of Halton, died very suddenly in Iowa, where he was visiting his brother.

DODD'S

For the successful Treatment of all Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs,

Kidney

Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Paralysis, and all forms of Blood Poisoning.

Pills.

These Pills are put up in large wooden boxes at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers—never by count or in bulk, and never under any other name than DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

The Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen—A new medicine called Dodd's Kidney Pills has been recommended to me by my physician, and, by his advice, I send one dollar, the price of two boxes. Please send them without delay.

Yours truly, ANDREW FILKINS.

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In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action.

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AJAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE *ALL Nervous Diseases*—Failing Memory, Impotency, Sleeplessness, etc., caused by Abuse or other Excesses and Indiscretions. *They quickly and surely* restore Lost Vitality in old or young, and fit a man for study, business or marriage. Prevent Insanity and Consumption if taken in time. Their use shows immediate improvement and effects a CURE where all other fail. Insist upon having the genuine Ajax Tablets. They have cured thousands and will cure you. We give a positive written guarantee to effect a cure in each case or refund the money. Price 50 CTS. per package; or six pkges (full treatment) for $2.50. By mail, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of price. Circular free. AJAX REMEDY CO., 79 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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Over Gross & Granger's. Whitby.

Open every Saturday night.

Miscellaneous.

Sittings Of The Division Courts.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO 1896.

WHITBY—D. C. Macdonell, Whitby, Clerk Jan. 3; Feb. 3; March 3; April 2; May 2; June 2: July 7 Sep. 2; Oct. 2; Nov. 3; Dec. 2.

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

BROUGHAM — M. Gleeson, Greenwood, Clerk.—Jan 6; March 5; May 5; July 9; Sep. 4; Nov. 5.

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

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

CANNINGTON—George Smith, Cannington, Jan. 31; March 25; May 20; July 15; Oct. 15; Dec. 17.

BEAVERTON—Geo. F. Bruce, Beaverton, Clerk—March 26; May 21; July 16; Oct. 16; Dec, 18.

UPTERGROVE—Thos. P. Hart, Uptergrove Clerk,—March 27; May 22; luly 17; Oct. 17 Dec 19.

By order,

J. E. FAREWELL,
Clerk of the Peace.

October 7th 1895.

W. H. WARNER.

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—AND—

TAKE NO OTHER.

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AUCTIONEER; WHITBY, ONT.

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C. SCOTT

Whitby, Nov. 29, '94

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Oct. 20th, '96

Whitby Chronicle,

Established 1856.

$1 per annum in advance, otherwise $1.50 Subscriptions always payable at the office of publication. The publisherr do not undertake to deliver the paper at any post office but Whitby. Any paper which fails to reach its destination will be replaced upon notification as a matter of courtesy. Advertising rates unless by contract, 10 cents per line, nonpareil first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion Locals, 10 cents per line.

All changes for yearly advertisements must be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

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JOHN STANTON, Foreman.

A RECITATION OF THE MERITS —OF— AYER'S Cherry Pecto

would include the c every form of dis which affects the and lungs. Asthma, Bronchitis, Whoo Cough and other s complaints have other medicines yielded to

Ayer's Cherry Pe

A KINGSTON MER

TELLS OF HIS RELEA THE PAINS OF RHEU

It Had Afflicted Him for Ten Years and Many Re Tried in Vain —Dr W Pills Effected His Release

From the Freeman, Kingsto

Fifteen years ago M O'Brien, the popular F tailor, was one of the most men in Kingston, both as and otherwise. Eleven y commenced business and wards was stricken with which caused him much pai and neglect of business. he tried many doctors an cines, all to no avail. Ove friend advised him to tr Pink Pills, and though he confidence in them, or ad cine of any description, at quest of his friend he decid

pills a trial, and according it was a lucky venture. box had been taken, cu the change, and when been finished the result His strength had returne blood renewed, musc rheumatism almost disap a slight stiffness in knee gradually going, and i months he has done m tailoring establishment, complished in the prev A Freeman representati change in Mr O'Briens him to what he attribu good health after such a ness. Without hesitati "Well, I have taken no past year other than D Pills, therefore I attrib condition solely to their such a good effect rheumatism out of building up my shatte that my wife whose he too good also tried th boxes remedied her ill is as loud in her praise Many of my customers witnessed the effect of constitution commenced they relate the same sto you. I am as well now my life.

Dr Williams Pink P to the root of the disea and build up the blood the nerves, thus driving system. Avoid imitati that every box you pu in a wrapping bearing mark, Dr Williams P People.

UDORA

Mrs C Peers is slowly her recent illness.

Miss G Stephenson, Sunday in our midst.

Miss B Tennyson ha after a two weeks holid

We are sorry to hea phreys illness, but hop speedy recovery.

Quite a number fro the Uxbridge [illegible] and spent a good time.

We be[illegible] that Udo of bearing from Sunde for carriage horses.