

WESTERN FAIR, LONDON.

In these days of marvelous achievements men have almost ceased to be surprised no matter what strange novelty may appear, and yet we have just learned of a sensational feat of human skill and daring that compels universal wonder and admiration wherever it is seen. It is called the Cycle Dazzle, and was originated by the world-famous king of hazardous exploits. The act is performed on the smallest racing track ever constructed and one built at an angle of 74 degrees. In this strange structure two men and two women on bicycles perform feats so marvelous that they defy description. One can scarcely imagine the terrific speed that must be attained by these daring riders on such a track, to set at naught completely the law of gravitation. We are glad to know that the people of Western Ontario are soon to have the pleasure of seeing this unparalleled sensation. The Directors of the Western Fair Association have fortunately been successful in securing the attraction for the thousands who will visit London from September 12th to 20th, the date of the great exhibition.

But this is not all the programme, for the "Western" of 1902 goes far beyond anything ever attempted in the same line. It has always been the leader in these departments, but this year will surpass itself in the beauty, variety and thrilling magnificence of its programme. A glance at the list suffices to prove that the management have spared neither trouble nor expense to give their friends the most unique, instructive and amusing entertainments ever offered to the people of this province.

Another sensational marvel which has thrilled thousands in the States will be at the Exhibition in the person of Prof. Hutchison in the person of Bomb. He takes a tremendous flight in his immense balloon and makes a parachute drop by being projected from a bomb, suspended at the lower portion of the floating gas bag.

Rosa Naylor and her wonderful flock of 63 trained tropical birds should win unstinted admiration from lovers of ornithological study. These birds are mostly Cockatoos and Macaws, and show phenomenal intelligence. The tricks they do are the result of long months of patient training and illustrate in a remarkable way the result of conscientious effort.

The marvelous Monopedes, or one-legged acrobats, Manning and Du Crow, will present their high-class horizontal bar act, which has filled vaudeville houses in all parts of the continent. The feats which these men perform, each with a limb missing, have excited the most enthusiastic praise and wonder.

Among the other acrobatic specialties will be those of the Osnatos, three of the cleverest artists in the athletic world; and the four Bard Bros., famous for the astonishing feats they have brought to spell-bound audiences, with their backward and forward somersaults, cut-aways, doubles and twisters; and then there will be on hand the four inimitable Olfans, with their amusing eccentricities and novelties. They are unrivalled comedians, singers and dancers, in an act never witnessed by the Canadian public.

The Gray Gay and his wife are the most mysterious wonder workers and magicians appearing on any platform. Gay can remove any pair of handcuffs fastened upon him, almost in tantamount, in a manner entirely inexplicable, but his greatest turn is the wonderful trunk mystery, a trick of magic so bewildering that it stands in a class by itself.

Christie Morrison Jones, Canada's greatest lady Cornet Virtuoso, will appear every afternoon and evening in numbers demanding the maximum of technical. The fireworks display has been planned along lines calculated to produce the greatest luxury of color ever seen in Western Ontario, and is a feature of the show none can afford to miss. Other special attractions are being arranged for and each stands pre-eminent in its class, but those accorded brief mention will initiate intending visitors into some, at least, of the secrets of the Fair's promised success.

Every department of the Exhibition is being strengthened and improved and in each case a distinct advance over previous years has been scored. Altogether the Western Fair of 1902 is confidently expected to excel its illustrious predecessors in the wealth of exhibits, the excellence of special programmes and consuming interest to visitors from all parts of the province, and indeed to add to the accumulated glory heaped up by this Exhibition during past years.

Pleasant Cure for Weak Lungs.
The best remedy for sore, weak lungs, is the soothing vapor of Cattarhazone which traverses every cell and passage of the breathing organs. It treats remote parts that cough mixtures and sprays can't approach, and kills thousands of germs at every breath. Cattarhazone drives away pain, congestion and inflammation; it makes breathing easy and regular, and exerts a marvelous influence on Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Deafness and Lung Trouble. Cattarhazone cures at once is delightful to inhale, and simple to use. Price \$1.00; small size 25c. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Good News!
Stage Manager—Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo. Mr. Heavy—I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part? "Immensely. You die in the first act."—"Tit-Bits."

Gazzam (after he has succeeded in making his wife)—Open the dorehli story window—Are you sober? Gazzam—Yesh. Mrs. Gazzam—Then say reciprocity.—Harlem "Life."

A LARGE quantity of McCormick Binding Twine to be disposed of at the Durham Foundry.

Observations of John Henry.

DOWN the Lins With John Henry" is the title of an amusing little booklet of sketches in up-to-date slang by the pseudonymous writer, Hugh McHugh, who is disputing particular niche left vacant by the death of the entertaining "Billy Baxter." John Henry is a sportsman-about-town, the very antithesis of Richard Harding Davis's refined Van Bibber. From his account of his experiences at the races with his best girl, we quote a few characteristic extracts:

When we got to the track they were bunched the bones for the first race, so I told Clara Jane I thought I'd crawl down to the ring and plaster two or three thousand around among the needy. Two or three thousand, and me with nothing but a five-spot in my jeans, and the return ticket money in that!

"Sure!" I said; "I've got a pipe!" "Well, I hope you won't smoke 'em near me. I hate pipes!" she said. "All right; I'll take my pipe down to the betting ring and smoke it there!" I said, and we parted good friends.

In front of the band stand he met a number of friends ready to give him tips on the winners. Every Breezy Boy I met had a different hunch, and they called me into the wharf and unloaded. I figured it out that if I had bet five dollars on each good thing they gave me I would have lost four hundred thousand dollars.

Then I ducked under, sopped up a stein of root beer, and climbed up again to the hurricane deck. "Did you bet?" enquired Clara Jane. "Only seven hundred and thirty dollars," I said; "a mere bag o' shells."

I leave a call for 7.30 every morning, and I suppose that's the reason I was so swift with the figures. "My! what a lot of money!" said the Fair One; "do point out the horse you bet on!" I shall be awfully interested in this race!

John Henry picked out a horse at random, declaring that the only way it could lose "was for some sore-head to get out and turn the track around." Sure enough, the favorite galloped ahead of the other clams.

I win over two thousand two hundred dollars—conversation money—and Bonnie Brighteyes was in a frenzy of delight. I had a nervous chill for fear she'd declare herself in on the race-off. But she didn't, so I excused myself and backed down the ladder to cash in.

(Still the wary John Henry listened to the tips and refrained from betting.) When I got back to the stand I had a preoccupied air. The five-spot in my jeans was crawling around and begging for a change of scene. When Clara Jane asked me how much I had bet on the race just about to start, I could only think of nine hundred dollars.

When she wanted to know which horse I pointed my finger at every toad on the track, and said: "That one, ever there!" It won. At the end of the third race I was \$19,218 to the good. Clara Jane had it down in black and white on the back of an envelope, in figures that couldn't lie.

(John Henry remarked that when Clara begged him to be content with his winnings and not bet any more, he promised, "but she didn't notice that I had my fingers crossed.") I simply had to have a roll to flash on the way home, so I took my lonely V and went out into the Promised Land after the nuggets Maddy had put me wise to.

(Pretty Boy was his choice, despite the fact that the bookmakers told him he had made a mistake.) When the horses got away with Pretty Boy in front I started in to stand on my head, but changed my mind and swallowed half the programme.

Pretty Boy at the quarter! Me for Rector's till the put the shutters up! Pretty Boy at the half! Me down to Tiffany's in the morning dragging tittars away in a dray! Pretty Boy at the three-quarter pole! Me doing the free-library gag all over the place!

But just as they came in the stretch back after it. The roach quit me cold at the very door of the safety deposit vaults. (Of course Clara Jane never guessed his plight, for he "rushed down among the ramblers and made a swift touch on the price of a couple of rides home," and on the way back promised Clara Jane that he would be awfully careful of his \$19,218—conversation money.)

School Humor.
AN English paper gives some further examples of children's unconscious humor in answering examination questions: Alexar er the Great was born in absence of his parents. The chief clause in Magna Charta was that no free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.

When Victoria Was Crowned.

In the Marquis of Lorne's "Life" of Queen Victoria there is a chapter on the coronation now quite interesting in view of the much-discussed ceremony which is to take place in London in June. The former Governor-General's description of the pageants is too impressionistic to be very effective, but the following account of the coronation, one of the Lady-keepers of the Queen, given by Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, later by the Duchess of Cleveland, is very amusing. She writes:

The Queen looked very well and was perfectly composed. She wore a circlet of splendid diamonds, and was dressed in gold tissue, over which was fastened a crimson velvet mantle, bordered with gold lace, and lined with ermine, with gold fringe cape, which very ponderous appendage we were to support. . . . We were all dressed alike, in white and silver. The effect was not, I think, brilliant enough in so dazzling an assembly, and our little trains were serious annoyances, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them. We ought never to have had been so dressed, and there certainly should have been some previous rehearsal, for we carried the Queen's train very jerkily and badly, never keeping step properly, and it must have been very difficult for her to walk, as she did, evenly and steadily, and with much grace and dignity, the whole length of the Abbey.

The Abbey itself was a beautiful coup d'oeil, as we marched up amid thunders of applause and handkerchiefs and scarves waving everywhere. The Queen acknowledged her reception very graciously. I think her heart fluttered a little, as we reached the throne; at least, the color mounted in her cheeks, brow, and even neck, and her breath came quickly. However, the slight emotion she showed was very transient, and she stood perfectly motionless while the archbishop, her our undoubted sovereign and liege lady.

The burst of applause in the Abbey when the crown was placed on her head, and the sight of all the peers and peeresses crowning themselves at the same moment, was really most impressive, and in the midst of the cheering Handel's magnificent anthem, "The Queen Shall Rejoice!" thundered in. After this the Queen was enthroned, and we took up our station on the steps of the throne during the homage, and amused ourselves with watching Lord Surrey, the treasurer of the household, dispensing medals in the midst of a most desperate scramble, and nearly torn in pieces in the universal excitement. The pages were particularly active, and some of them collected ten or twelve medals apiece.

I saw little of the homage. The Duke of Wellington was prodigiously cheered. Lord Rolle fell down, and was carried away by two strong peers. . . . After the Queen, we returned with the homage to the chapel, where her mantle—now a purple one—was fastened on, and we waited for three-quarters of an hour for the procession to form in the same manner as on entering the Abbey.

The Queen complained of a headache from having the crown very ceremoniously knocked by most of the peers—she actually clutched hold of it; but she said she had guarded herself from any accident or misadventure by having it fast to fit her head tightly. She had, besides, to bear the heavy orb and sceptre across the Abbey; but when she reached the robing-room, she disengaged herself of them, unclasped her mantle, took off her crown, and having got rid of all her royalty, sat down on the sofa and amused herself. We, too, were allowed to sit down for the first time.

But her day of fatigue was not yet over, for she had to entertain one hundred persons at dinner in the palace. The Duke of Wellington had a great ball at Apsley House, two thousand persons having been invited, the cabinet ministers gave state dinners, the illuminations, fireworks, a fair in Hyde Park, and free admission to the theatre. Her Majesty's subjects in London. There was no accident of any importance, except in one case where a balloon made a bad descent. The House of Commons voted \$350,000 on account of the coronation, a very small sum given for similar ceremonies abroad. A number of peers were created or raised a step in the peerage, among these being the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Methuen, and twenty-nine baronets, among them Lytton Bulwer and William Herschell.

Mystifying the Audience.
At the first production of Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," at New Haven, Robert Edson, the star, made the first speech to the cheering Yale boys. Then there were calls for Richard Harding Davis, author of the novel, and Augustus Thomas, who had dramatized it. A large, smooth-haired man, who talked with the description of the novelist, appeared and thanked the students for their kind reception of his book in play form, and he hoped it would awaken new interest in the book, enlarging his sale, and that he would like to have Mr. Thomas dramatize his latest novel, "In the Fog," which name he impressed upon the possible buyers. About a third of the audience knew that the man who had represented himself to them as Davis was really Mr. Thomas. The rest saw the joke when Mr. Davis came out and said: "Of course this reception is very gratifying, but I don't think my dramatization of Mr. Davis's story is particularly good. But then, to a man who has written a play like 'Arizona,' that and recently was praised by the King and Queen of England, dramatizing a novel by a mere Richard Harding Davis seems unimportant and trivial."

The panic in the diamond market is growing worse. Instead of better, it is now almost impossible to get No. 2 whites in carload lots; No. 1 blues can be obtained only in bushel lots; and No. 1 straws are no longer quoted, except by the peck.—Chicago "Tribune."

Penelope—Mercy! Why did Mabel ever marry that young Slimkins? He's such a poor excuse of a man! Ann—Well, a poor excuse is better than none.—Chicago "Daily News."

Unrewarded Solicitude.
Hostess (to guests, who have come to spend a few days)—We're so glad you've been able to come. Mrs. Gushington; but I do hope you are going to enjoy yourself much. Miss Gushington—Oh, but, my dear Lady Hostess, we didn't come here to enjoy ourselves. We came to see you.—"Punch."

The Sense of Humor.

He was an ordinarily mild and inoffensive little gentleman who had lived for many happy, uneventful years in further Chelsea, when a volume of theatrical anecdotes came into his hands. In this he read of delicious practical jokes played with unflinching success by Vivier and Sothorn, and of how that great comedian, J. L. Toole, brought confusion to a baker's shop displaying in the window a sign, "Families supplied," by requesting that three girls and a boy should be sent round as soon as possible.

"This," he said, "is the exercise of true wit." Then he went out, still chuckling. In further Chelsea, where custom is drawn by halfpence from the needy, stands an eating-house which endeavors to attract the hungry by pasting on its front this dubious message, "Everything as nice as mother makes it."

"The very place," said the little gentleman, and entered. "I can have a meal?" was his first query. "Yes—straight through," said the woman behind the counter, pointing to an inner partition of the shop. "Any everything as nice as mother makes it?" he asked. "That's in the window."

"But how nice does mother make it?" "Jim," said the woman, calling into space, "here's a cove wants to know how nice mother makes it," and she laughed. "Garn," came a beery voice; "must be balmey on the crumpet. Turn 'em out."

Nothing daunted, the little man went on: "Supposing she doesn't make it at all nice? Supposing she makes it very nasty, what then?" No answer. The woman went on frying onions, but her eye glanced.

"What if I don't remember any mother? What if she never made anything at all? What if—?" He got no further, but found himself thrust violently through the door to the pavement outside, while a voice admonished him: "Ere, you, don't come interfering—ere-if yer wants a sausage and mashed, say so. If not, get out." And as he retreated hastily, though with dignity, the voice followed faintly: "Bedlam—that's the place for the likes of you—Bedlam!"

The discomfited little gentleman had walked nearly a mile before his recovery was completed by a sign, hung over a boot shop, which caught his eye. "Wear Parkinson's Boots," ran the legend. The little man fairly leaped into the shop. "Why?" he asked, in mild enquiry. "Beg pardon, sir," said the assistant who had hurried forward to greet him. "Why should I wear Parkinson's boots?" "Because they are the best, sir. We use nothing but the best leather."

"What's the matter with my own?" The assistant glanced down. "Uppers want mending and heels leveling, sir. Do you a perfect boot for fifteen shillings." "But supposing Parkinson's don't fit me?" "We keep all sizes, sir."

"Yes, but I don't know that I care about wearing another man's boots." "Of course, sir, if you prefer to go on buying boots like those you've got on; but," with a deprecatory smile, "we can turn you out a much better article for fifteen shillings."

"But my name is Pettigrew, and I don't think it would be legal for me to wear Parkinson's boots—it looks like robbery?" "Robbery?" said the assistant sharply. "Our prices are as low as they can be for sound wearing qualities. If there's nothing further to-day, sir," holding open the door, "good morning!"

"Some people," said Pettigrew to himself, as he waited for his homeward bus, "have no sense of humor. I wonder how Toole managed it?"—"Punch."

A Keen Sense of Smell.
One of the sorrows of childhood is the slowness of some older people to take a hint. It is often quite a strain on good manners to be obliged to reinforce a suggestion that should have been adequate in itself.

A little girl, calling at a neighbor's house, saw near a plate containing some apple-parings. At last, unable to keep silence any longer, she said, "I smell apples." "Yes," returned her hostess, "it's those parings." "No'm," said the little girl, solemnly. "I smell whole apples."

Is the Novel Dying?
Science and the stern reality of life are bound to destroy the novel. It is out of harmony with the scientific and more industrial spirit of the age. The few, the fewer novelists have she; only a few people produce great novels. The fable, the national tale, the folk-song, have died. Why not the folk-tale, it is subject to the law of evolution. It has seen its acme, its highest point, and is on the decline.—Novoye Vremya, St. Petersburg.

W. D. CONNOR
Manufacturer of And Dealer in
Pumps of all Kinds.
Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.
Pumps from \$2 upward.
ROP open every afternoon.
ALL REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

W. D. CONNOR, July 2nd.—6.

SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH
MAKE NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN.
THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach manhood, but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life—the farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions. Nervous Debility and Sexual Weakness are guaranteed cured by our New Method Treatment or the Pay. You run no risk 25 years in Detroit. Bank security. CURED WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED. No cases used without written consent. "I am 33 years of age and married. When young I led a gay life. Early indiscretions and later excesses made trouble for me. I became weak and nervous. My kidneys became affected and I feared Bright's Disease. Married Life was unsatisfactory and my home unhappy. I tried everything—all failed till I took treatment from Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method built me up mentally, physically and sexually. I feel and act like a man in every respect. They treated me six years ago. They are honest, skillful and responsible financially, no swindlers, Quacks and Fakirs when you can be cured by reliable doctors."—W. A. Belton.
Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, 148 Shelby Street, Detroit, Mich.

In every town and village may be had, the **Mica Axle Grease** that makes your horses glad.

Pumps.
I BEG LEAVE TO INFORM MY CUSTOMERS and the public in general that I am prepared to furnish
NEW PUMPS AND REPAIRS, DRILL, CURB, RE-CURB, & PRESSURE WELLS. All orders taken at the old stand near McGowan's Mill will be promptly attended to.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED at "Live and let live" PRICES.
GEORGE WHITMORE,
Mar. 23, 1902. DURHAM.

Furniture . . .
That is sure to please can always be purchased here.
UNDERTAKING PRICES CUT.
Also a First Class Hearse always in connection. Embalming a specialty.
JACOB KRESS.

The Best of Everything.
Deering Harvester Co.'s Tilling Tools and Harvesting Machines
Wilkinson Plow Co.'s Plows and Steel Rollers.
Palmerston Carriage Co.'s and McKee's Buggies bought for cash in carload lots.
Snowball, Chatham and Miller-Walker Wagons in carload lots. See them.
McClary's and Buck's Stoves and Ranges.
Bell and Berlin Pianos and Organs to please all.
Raymond and New Williams Sewing Machines.
United States Cream Separators always on hand.
Dawson's Churns, Washing Machines and Wringers.

OUR BUGGIES AND WAGGONS are bought for cash in carload lots, and cut prices are away down. Call and see our goods before purchasing.
C. McKINNON
Garfield Street, — Durham, Ont.

W. D. CONNOR
Manufacturer of And Dealer in
Pumps of all Kinds.
Galvanized and Iron Piping; Brass Lined and Iron Cylinders.
Pumps from \$2 upward.
ROP open every afternoon.
ALL REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

Farm for Sale.
BEING LOT 9, CON. 14, GLENVIEW, containing 100 acres—50 acres cleared and in first class state of cultivation, well fenced, well watered, with good frame dwelling and good out buildings. Frame barn 54x64 on stone foundation, another frame barn 25x30. Good bearing orchard of nearly 100 trees, will be sold reasonable and on easy terms. For particulars apply to the owner.
GEORGE LAMB,
Or at this office, Dafer, Mich.
July 1, 1902.

Farm for Sale.
BEING LOT 53, CON. 3, SOUTH DURHAM ROAD, Township of Glenelg, 50 acres under good cultivation. There is a neat brick house, Post barn and stable, well and pump, small orchard. Convenient to school, church and post offices. For price and further particulars apply to
MRS. MARY MCCLUTE,
or to D. MCCORMICK,
JOHN MCCARTHUR,
Priceville P. O., Ont.

Farm for Sale.
A BARGAIN ON EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT. Lots 24 and 25, 150 acres, near Grey County, half a mile from school, a mile and a quarter from church and post office and a mile from saw-mill. 145 acres cleared, 60 acres in good state of cultivation remainder pasture land. 50 acres good hardwood bush and 3 acres cedar. 2 orchards in full bearing. There is a bank barn on stone foundation 70x45, a brick vacated house, 2 wells on property and one never-failing spring in rear. Well fenced. For further particulars apply to
ALEX. TAYLOR, CHESLEY,
July 2nd.—6.

ACHES CO.
old backs, Young backs, Strong backs,
FEW ESCAPE FOR
IS KIDNEY TA
Every mail adds evidence that Dr. Pitches Kidney Tablets act in lines from other medicinal quick and permanent backache and kidney trouble are a revelation to suffer kidney complaints, and a victim of merit because of relief gained in unexpected. The backache kidney trouble doubts their worth before a few doses impart a sensible relief that foretells the story. The following result was witnessed with one bottle of Pitches' Backache Kidney Tablets and this is the report:
Mr. Wm. Benton, Michigan, writes: "Some three years ago, after a long flour dust and exposure to a kidney and liver trouble severe pain in the back and trouble becoming gradual. I got a bottle of Dr. Pitches' Backache Kidney Tablets at & Co.'s Drug Store, and they are a splendid medicine using the one bottle my back bother me at all, and I again. The complexion clear, and this, I think, evidence of their worthability."
Dr. Pitches' Backache Tablets are put up in vials, with green wrapped portrait and signed Pitches, M. D. Each box 50 Tablets. Price fifty cents. Manufactured by the Pitches Co., Toronto, Ont.

For Sale.
50 ACRES, LOT EIGHT, N. D. R., Glenelg. Well fenced and watered and in good state of cultivation. Easy terms. Apply to
DONALD MCCOSKERY,
April 1. 11 Peter St., Toronto.

For Sale.
A HOUSE AND LOT ON QUEEN Street, the property of Mrs. J. L. Browne. The house contains 12 rooms, conveniently situated, and quite new. Will make an excellent boarding house. For particulars apply to
J. L. BROWNE,
July 10th, 1901. Photographers.

Building Lots for Sale.
IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM, seven buildings lots on the west side of Albert street, being part of Lots 10 & 11. Also building lots on the east side of Garfrax street, being part of Lots 10 & 11. Now is your time to secure building lots. For further particulars apply to
J. M. HUNTER,
April 30th.—4f, Durham.

Farms for Sale.
THE BELL PROPERTY—NEAR Drumore, being Lot 15, Con. 19, and Lot 15, Con. 20. On both farms there are good buildings. Very reasonable terms. Apply on the premises to
WM. BELL, Drumore.
June 1, 1902. Im.—c

Building Lots for Sale.
ANY PERSON WISHING TO PURCHASE desirable building lots would do well to take a look at John A. Warren's plan of subdivision of Park Lot number 10, north of Chester street, in the town of Durham, at the office of J. P. Telford, Durham, or at the office of the undersigned. For further particulars apply to
ARCHIBALD DAVIDSON,
Clerk Division Court.
Jan. 20th, 1902—pd, DURHAM, ONT.

Teacher Wanted.
MALE OR FEMALE—APPLICATIONS will be received by the undersigned up to Friday, July 18 for S. S. No. 1, Egremont and Normandy. Applicant will state experience, name salary and furnish copies of testimonials. Duties to commence on Monday, Aug. 12.
JOHN KERR, Secretary,
June 28th, 1902. 2nd. VARNEY P. O.

Farm for Sale.
BEING LOT 9, CON. 14, GLENVIEW, containing 100 acres—50 acres cleared and in first class state of cultivation, well fenced, well watered, with good frame dwelling and good out buildings. Frame barn 54x64 on stone foundation, another frame barn 25x30. Good bearing orchard of nearly 100 trees, will be sold reasonable and on easy terms. For particulars apply to the owner.
GEORGE LAMB,
Or at this office, Dafer, Mich.
July 1, 1902.

Don't Spit on Sides
"Don't spit on the side" is the new command of the Board of Health. Through the board began its anti-side by forbidding spitting upon feary-boats, trolley cars, and in car now the sidewalks are protected. The justification measures is the state twenty years ago almost in every hundred in New were caused by tuberculosis last year the deaths from numbered only about two in the hundred.

Short Horn Bulls for Sale.
FOUR YOUNG BULLS FROM 12 to 20 months old. Two reds and two blacks. Call and see our goods before purchasing.
H. PARKER, Durham.
April 14th.

Farm for Sale.
BEING LOT 53, CON. 3, SOUTH DURHAM ROAD, Township of Glenelg, 50 acres under good cultivation. There is a neat brick house, Post barn and stable, well and pump, small orchard. Convenient to school, church and post offices. For price and further particulars apply to
MRS. MARY MCCLUTE,
or to D. MCCORMICK,
JOHN MCCARTHUR,
Priceville P. O., Ont.

An Absent-Minded
A good thing is told by one of the Lion's teeth of his pastor, which occurred day morning recently. He went to church as usual, presiding. The opening given out and the sermon was offered up. The speaker read and another to the surprise of all the was pronounced and the gation dismissed, the man having forgotten to sermon. Whether he mission the next Sunday dress of double proportion. —Wiarion Echo.

TO CURE A COLD IN
Take Laxative Bronzo Quinine. It restores the money if R. W. Grove's signature on each