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**WOOL WANTED**  
Any quantity of wool wanted for which I will pay the highest price in either Cash or Trade.  
We have in Stock a good assortment of Yarns, Blankets, Flannels, and Tweeds;  
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Prints, Gingham, Flannelettes  
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For all kinds of Bakery Goods  
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Now Don't Forget  
That we have a full line of Rubber Goods of every kind Filling Prescriptions is only one of our several specialties, if it is rubber, we have it and when we have its best of its kind in the market, our present stock of Hot Water Bottles were made expressly for our Trade and is fully guaranteed for Two Years, see that Central Drug Store is patched on every bottle.  
We always lead and just now we are more ahead than ever, names and prices don't begin to tell our rubber story.  
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Poor appetite is a sure sign of impaired digestion. A few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will strengthen your digestion and improve your appetite. Thousands have been benefited by taking these Tablets. For sale by all dealers.  
A SAD CASE.  
A sad occurrence happened at the courthouse in Brampton on Saturday last when Mrs. Osborne, of the 3rd line east, Chinguacousy, dropped dead while giving evidence in a case in which her husband was concerned. A dispute arose with a neighbor, named Eller, with the result that Eller and Osborne met on the roadside and Eller attacked the latter with a hatchet, cutting off part of his thumb, and using him up in general. The case came up before the magistrate on Saturday and Mrs. Osborne had just given her evidence and was about to be cross-examined when she fell seemingly in a faint, but was dead in five minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne came from the old country five years ago, and bought property on the 3rd line. Mr. Osborne works in the Williams Shoe Co. factory, and walks to his work every day. The deceased lady was of an estimable character and leaves two children, both attending the Brampton High school.—Shelburne Free Press.

**HIS BLADDER WAS TERRIBLY INFLAMED**  
GIN PILLS Brought Relief  
Larder Lake, Ont., March 26th.  
"I had been suffering for some time with my Kidneys and Urine. I was constantly passing water, which was very scanty, sometimes as many as thirty times a day. Each time the pain was something awful, and no rest at night.  
I heard of your GIN PILLS and decided to give them a trial at once. I sent my chum 60 miles to get them and I am pleased to inform you that in less than six hours, I felt relief.  
In two days, the pain had left me entirely. I took about half a box and today I feel as well as ever and my kidneys are acting quite natural again."  
SID CASTLEMAN.  
GIN PILLS soothe the irritated bladder—heat the tick, weak, painful kidneys—and strengthen both these vital organs. Money back if they fail.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

**EXCUSE ME!**  
**RUPERT HUGHES**  
NOVELIZED FROM THE COMEDY OF THE SAME NAME.  
ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PLAY AS PRODUCED BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.  
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**CHAPTER XXVIII.**  
**The Woman-Hater's Relapse.**  
The observation room was as lonely as a deserted battlefield and Marjorie as doleful as a wounded soldier left behind, and perishing of thirst, when the conductor came back with Snoozeleums in his arms.  
He regarded with contemptuous awe the petty cause of so great an event as the stopping of the Trans-American. He expected to see Marjorie receive the returned prodigal with wild rapture, but she didn't even smile when he said:  
"Here's your powder-puff."  
She just took Snoozeleums on her lap, and, looking up with wet eyes and a sad smile, murmured:  
"Thank you very much. You're the nicest conductor I ever met. If you ever want another position, I'll see that my father gets you one."  
It was like offering the kaiser a new job, but the conductor swallowed the insult and sought to repay it with irony.  
"Thanks. And if you ever want to run this road for a couple of weeks, just let me know."  
Marjorie nodded appreciatively and said: "I will. You're very kind."  
And that completed the rout of that conductor. He retired in disorder, leaving Marjorie to fondle Snoozeleums with a neglectful indifference that would have greatly flattered Marjorie, if he could have seen through the partition that divided them.  
But he was witnessing with the cynical superiority of an aged and disillusioned man, to him, childish behavior of Ira Lathrop, an eleventh-hour Orlando.  
For just as Marjorie moped into the smoking-room at one door, Ira Lathrop swept in at the other, his face rubicund with embarrassment and ecstasy. He had donned an old frock coat with creases like ruts from long exile in his trunk. But he was feeling like an heir apparent; and he startled everybody by his jovial hail:  
"Well, boys—er—gentlemen—the drinks are on me. Waiter, take the orders."  
Little Jimmie woke with a start, rose hastily to his feet and saluted, saying: "Present! Who said take the orders?"  
"I did," said Lathrop. "I'm giving a party. Waiter, take the orders."  
"Sarsaparilla," said Dr. Temple, but they howled him down and ordered other things. The porter shook his head sadly: "Nothin' but sof' drinks in Utah, gemmen."  
A groan went up from the club-members, and Lathrop groaned loud and clear:  
"Well, we've got to drink something. Take the orders. We'll all have sarsaparilla."  
Little Jimmie Wellington came to the rescue.  
"Don't do anything desperate, gentlemen," he said, with a look of divine philanthropy. "The bar's closed, but Little Jimmie Wellington is here with the life preserver." From his hip-pocket he produced a silver flask that looked to be big enough to carry a regiment through the Alps. It was greeted with a salvo, and Lathrop said to Jimmie: "I apologize for everything I have said—and thought—about you." He turned to the porter: "There ain't any law against giving this way, is there?"  
The porter grinned: "Not if you'll bribe the exercise-inspector." And he held out a glass for the bribe, murmuring, "Don't git tired," as it was poured. He set it inside his sanctum and then bustled round with ice-filled glasses and a siphon.  
When Little Jimmie offered of the flask to Dr. Temple, the clergyman put out his hand with a politely horrified: "No, thank you."  
Lathrop frightened him with a sudden comment: "Look at that gesture! Doc, I'd almost swear you were a parson."  
Mallory whirled on him with the eyes of a hawk about to pounce, and "The very idea!" was the best disclaimer Dr. Temple could manage, suddenly finding himself suspected. Ashton put in with, "The only way to disprove it, Doc, is to join us."  
The poor old clergyman, too deeply involved in his deception to brave confession now, decided to do and dare all. He stammered, "Er—ab—certainly," and held out his hand for his share of the poison. Little Jimmie winked at the others and almost filled the glass. The innocent doctor bowed his thanks. When the porter reached him and prepared to fill the remainder of the glass from the siphon, the parson waved him aside with a misguided caution:  
"No, thanks. I'll not mix them."  
Mallory turned away with a sigh: "He takes his straight. He's no parson."  
Then they forgot the doctor in curiosity as to Lathrop's sudden spasm of generosity—with Wellington's liquor. Wedgewood voiced the general curiosity when he said:

"What's the old woman-hater up to now?"  
"Woman-hater?" laughed Ira. "It's the old story. I'm going to follow Mallory's example—marriage."  
"I hope you succeed," said Mallory. "Wherever did you pick up the bride?" said Wedgewood, mellowing with the long glass in his hand.  
"Brides are easy," said Mallory, with surprising cynicism. "Where do you get the parson?"  
"Hang the parson," Wedgewood repeated. "Who's the gel?"  
"I'll bet I know who she is," Ashton interposed; "it's that nectarine of a damsel who got on at Green River."  
"Not the same!" Lathrop roared. "I found my bride blooming here all the while. Girl I used to spark back in Brattleboro, Vt. I've been vowing for years that I'd live and die an old maid. I've kept my head out of the noose all this time—till I struck this train and met up with Anne. We got to talking over old times—waking up old sentiments. She got on my nerves. I got on hers. Finally I said, 'Aw, hell, let's get married. Save price of one stateroom to China anyway.' She says, 'Damned if I don't!'—or words to that effect."  
Mallory broke in with feverish interest: "But you said you were going to get married on this train."  
"Nothing easier. Here's how!" and he raised his glass, but Mallory hauled it down to demand: "How? that's what I want to know. How are you going to get married on this parsonless express. Have you got a little minister in your suitcase?"  
Ira beamed with added pride as he explained:  
"Well, you see, when I used to court Anne I had a rival—Charlie Seiberling. He is—he did—here's his telegram," said Ira. "He brings the license and the ring." He passed it over, and as Mallory read it a look of hope spread across his face. But Ira was saying: "We're going to have the wedding obsequies right here in this car. You're all invited. Will you come?"  
There was a general yell of acceptance and Ashton began to sing, "There Was I Waiting at the Church." Then he led a sort of Indian waltz dance round the next victim of the matrimonial stake. At the end of the hullabaloo all the men charged their glasses, and drained them with an uproarious "How!"  
Poor Dr. Temple had taken luxurious delight in the success of his disguise and in the prospect of watching some other clergyman working while he rested. He joined the dance as gaily, if not as gracefully, as any of the rest, and in a final triumph of recklessness, he tossed off a bumper of straight whisky.  
Instantly his "How!" changed to "Wow!" and then his throat clamped fast with a terrific spasm that flung the tears from his eyes. He bent and writhed in a silent proxyism till he was pounded and shaken back to life and water poured down his throat to reopen a passage.  
The others thought he had merely choked and made no comment other than sympathy. They could not have dreamed that the old "physician" was as ignorant of the taste as of the vigor of pure spirits.  
After a riot of handshaking and good wishes, Ira was permitted to escape with his life. Mallory followed him to the vestibule, when he caught him by the sleeve with an anxious:  
"Excuse me."  
"Well, my boy—"  
"Your minister—after you get through with him—may I use him?"  
"May you—what? Why do you want a minister?"  
"To get married."  
"Again? Good Lord, are you a Mormon?"  
"Me a Mormon!"  
"Then what do you want with an extra wife? It's against the law—even in Utah."  
"You don't understand."  
"My boy, one of us is disgracefully drunk."  
"Well, I'm not," said Mallory, and then after a fierce inner debate, he decided to take Lathrop into his confidence. The words came hard after so long a duplicity, but at last they were out:  
"Mr. Lathrop, I'm not really married to my wife."  
"You young scoundrel!"  
But his fury changed to pity when he heard the history of Mallory's ill-fated efforts, and he recomended

**CHAPTER XXIX.**  
**Jealousy Comes Aboard.**  
There was an air of domestic peace in the observation room, where Marjorie and Marjorie had been left to themselves for some time. But the peace was like the ominous hush that precedes a tempest.  
Mallory was so happy with everything coming his way, that he was even making up with Snoozeleums, stroking the tatted coat with one hand and holding up his newspaper with the other. He did not know all that was coming his way. The blissful silence was broken first by Marjorie: "How do you spell Utah?—with a y?"  
"Utah begins with You," he said—and rather liked his wit, listened for some recognition, and rose to get it, but she waved him away.  
"Don't bother me, honey. Can't you see I'm busy?"  
He kissed her hair and sauntered back, dividing his attention between Snoozeleums and the ten-nining game.  
And now there was a small commotion in the smoking room. Through the glass along the corridor the men caught sight of the girl who had got on at Green River. Ashton saw her first and she saw him.  
"There she goes," Ashton hissed to the others, "look quick! There's the nectarine."  
"My word! She's a little bit of all right, isn't she?"  
Even Dr. Temple stared at her with approval: "Dear little thing. Isn't she?"  
The girl, very consciously unconscious of the admiration, moved demurely along, with eyes downcast, but at such an angle that she could take in the sensation she was creating; she went along picking up stares as if they were bouquets.  
Her demeanor was a remarkable compromise between outrageous flirtation and perfect respectability. But she was looking back so intently that when she moved into the observation room she walked right into the newspaper Mallory was holding out before him.  
Both said: "I beg your pardon."  
When Mallory lowered the paper,

only to lend Mallory—his minister at second-hand, but also to keep the whole affair a secret, for Mallory explained his intention of having his own ceremony in the baggage-car, or somewhere out of sight of the other passengers.  
Mallory's face was now aglow as the cold embers of hope leaped into sudden blaze. He wrung Lathrop's hand, saying: "Lord love you, you've saved my life—wife—both."  
Then he turned and ran to Marjorie with the good news. He had quite forgotten their epoch-making separation. And she was so glad to see him smiling at her again that she forgot it, too. He came tearing into the observation room and took her by the shoulders, whispering: "Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie, I've got him! I've got him!"  
"No, I've got him," she said, swinging Snoozeleums into view.  
Mallory swung him back out of the way: "I don't mean a poodle, I mean a parson. I've got a parson."  
"No! I can't believe it! Where is he?" She began to dance with delight, but she stopped when he explained:  
"Well, I haven't got him yet, but I'm going to get one."  
"What—again?" she groaned, weary of this old bunco game of hope.  
"It's a real live one this time," Mallory insisted. "Mr. Lathrop has ordered a minister and he's going to lend him to me as soon as he's through with him, and we'll be married on this train."  
Marjorie was overwhelmed, but she felt it becoming in her to be a trifle coy. So she pouted: "But you won't want me for a bride now. I'm such a fright."  
He took the bait, hook and all: "I never saw you looking so adorable."  
"Honestly? Oh, but it will be glorious to be Mrs. First Lieutenant Mallory."  
"Glorious!"  
"I must telegraph home—and sign my new name. Won't mamma be pleased?"  
"Won't she?" said Mallory, with just a trace of dubiety.  
Then Marjorie grew serious with a new idea: "I wonder if mamma and papa have missed me yet?"  
Mallory laughed: "After three days' disappearance, I shouldn't be surprised."  
"Perhaps they are worrying about me."  
"I shouldn't be surprised."  
"The poor dears! I'd better write them a telegram at once."  
"An excellent idea."  
She ran to the desk, found blank forms and then paused with knitted brow: "It will be very hard to say all I've got to say in ten words."  
"Hang the expense," Mallory sniffed magnificently, "I'm paying your bills now."  
But Marjorie tried to look very matronly: "Send a night letter in the day time! No, indeed, we must begin to economize."  
Mallory was touched by this new revelation of her future housewifely thrift. He hugged her hard and reminded her that she could send a day-letter by wire.  
"An excellent idea," she said. "Now, don't bother me. You go on and read your paper, read about Mattie. I'll never be jealous of her—him—of anybody—again."  
"You shall never have cause for jealousy, my own."  
But fate was not finished with the "militation of the unfortunate pair, and already new trouble was stroiling in their direction.

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Moses Lang, 80 years of age, and a native of the township of Mornington for 60 years, died on the 29th of April from heart failure. He was born in Fermanagh, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day, in 1833, and came to Canada in 1846.  
The township of East Garafraxa carried a by-law authorizing the council to issue \$13,000 debentures for building new bridges over the Grand River. The debentures extend over a period of 20 years. Only 71 votes were recorded, 42 for and 29 against the by-law, a favorable majority of 13; an unlucky number.  
Lame back is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the back, for which you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.