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I Have 100 acres just now that is a particularly good snap It has fine barn, dwelling and other im provements and one of the best pieces of bush in Bentinck. Price about \$2,000.

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Proven Steel Rod Track A SPECIALTY.

THOS. NOBLE Next to Post Office-In Calder Block, Palaces of Waters.

The principal Palace of Waters is an immense hall which stretches in mysterious grandeur far beneath the city So many people are settling in of Constantinople. Its roof is formed of wide spanned arches supported on massive marble columns. These stand some ten feet apart, and their capitals are elaborately wrought.

This marvelous building springs from an expanse of waters which underlies the foundations of the city for miles. Its origin and extent have been shrouded in mystery ever since its discovery about seventy years ago, when some of the arches gave way. All attempts to explore by boat this marvel of construction have been either fatal or fruitless.

Another palace of waters was the stately Palace of Ice which was built in 1739 at the command of Anne, empress of Russia, to honor the nuptials of the Prince Gallitzin and a simple peasant girl. In this novel palace bride and bridegroom were housed, in rooms of which the walls and furniture and bed were constructed wholly of frozen water.

Magnet Finds Needles.

"John, buy a magnet while you're out. Ruth has lost the old one," said the head of a big dressmaking estab-

lishment to her errand boy. "What do you do with magnets here?" a woman who was being fitted asked.

"We find needles with them." "How do you mean?"

"Every day it naturally happens that my forty-five assistants drop a great many needles on the floor. To stop and look for these needles would take time. They are all left lying, therefore, till the day's end, when a cleaner goes over the room with a magnet, holding it close to the floor. Every lost needle instantly, then, jumps up on the steel and in that way all are recovered in a few minutes. To recover them by any other means would take at least an hour."

Desert Gems.

In 1889 a hunter in the northwest of New South Wales wounded a kangaroo. The animal went off through the mulga and the salt bush at a pace too fast for the hunter to follow and was soon out of sight. The hunter was a bushman and did not despair. He followed the blood trail, hopeful of a short search and a speedy bag. At one point of the pursuit it may be that the trail grew faint and necessitated a closer inspection. Anyway the hunter stooped and picked up a piece of stone. This he examined. The red spot was not on it. It was in it. It was not blood that he saw; it was opal. Such was the beginning of the White Cliffs opal fields.

King James' Last Straw.

The stodgy faced boy at the last table in the public library reading room is having a struggle most serious. He has covered both sides of a foolscap sheet with a vague smudge over which he still labors. His twisted mouth follows the motion of his creaking pencil. Before him Greene's "Shorter History of the English People" lies open at the year 1688. Of all the two pages only so much is decipherable: "The Abdicasion of Jams II. The english people had born a grate deel from James 2nd but when at last he gave birth to a son they said this thing must end."-Adele Marie Shaw in World's Work.

Dangerous Smoking.

Natives of Central America are inreterate users of pimento tobacco, which they make from dried pimento berries, or allspice. It invariably gives the smoker a sore throat and often causes cancer of the tongue. The natives of South Africa are affected in a peculiar manner by the smoke from the dried leaves of the camphor plant. The smoker trembles with fright at nothing, weeps bitterly and uses all sorts of words which do not in the least express his meaning. The wild dagga, another South African plant, poisons slowly those who use it.

A Martyr to Etiquette.

In the antebellum days a charming Virginia hostess "rather than disturb her company" sat still through the long dinner in silent torture. A hornet got caught under her cape and traveled about searching for an outlet, stinging as it went. When coffee was served in the drawing room she had to "retire." Fever came on, and she was really ill, but the force of etiquette and hospitality combined had made it an occasion to die at one's post.-Good Housekeeping.

Nature's Kindness.

"There's wan lucky thing about work," said Mr. Dolan. "What's that?" inquired Mr. Raffer-

"The fact that it's a gred deal easier to l'ave off than it wor to begin. If it worn't fur that beautiful provision in nature we'd all be dead wid industhry.".

Nothing Dangerous About It. A gentleman complained to his coachman of the grooms' scarcity of attendance at church. He thought they might

go at least once in a day. "that's what I tell 'em. I say: 'Look at a story of heroism and triumph, told in me. I go twice every Sunday, and what a straightforward, matter of fact way, harm does it do me?"-Stray Stories.

The Parrot's Nose.

A small child, having been pecked on rot exclaimed: "Oh, dear; oh, dear! thought it was going to be a nose, and it's a tooth!"

All the Essentials. "Was she happily married?" "Very! Why, her trousseau alone cos over \$6.000!"-Judge.

Prosperity leads often to ambifien. and ambition to disappointment. .

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* AFTER MANY DAYS -

By FRANK HI SWEET

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

<del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del> "Here I be again, Miss Wilbur," a blithe voice called, "beggin' for flowers this time. The cows have eaten ours off clean, an' we must have a good spread for our company."

A cluster of freshly opened roses called her attention, and she ran forward to smell of them. At length she came back with flushed face and sparkling eyes. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Miss Wilbur!" she cried roguishly. "He's come-Alfred Gray, the man I'm to marry, you know."

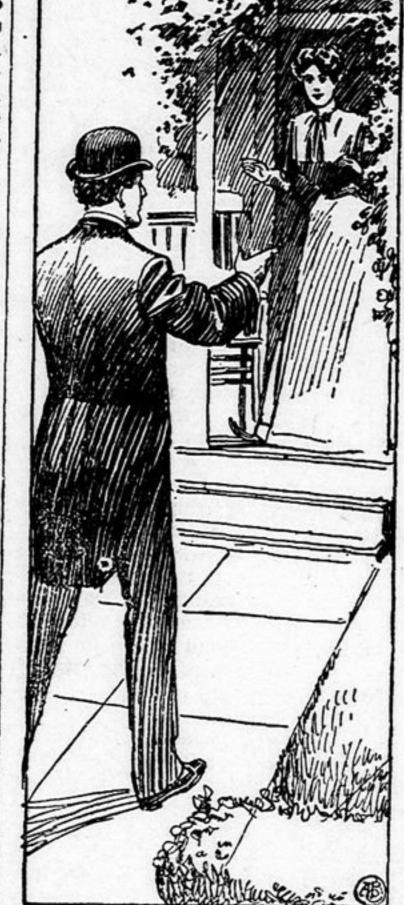
Miss Wilbur's hand closed a little more closely upon her pruning shears, but her face was calm, even smiling. Yes, she had heard the rumor.

"I thought he was not expected until next week," she observed. "At least that is what the paper said."

"Oh, I don't know," doubtfully. "We don't have a paper. But I think Charlie was expectin' him before next week. Mr. Gray's goin' to stay with him. They used to know each other. But there! I'd better get the flowers an' be goin'. They're all comin' up hurry back an' get through with my fixin' an' fussin'. An', say, Miss Wilbur, if you don't mind, I'd like to bring him up to see you 'fore he goes," looking up with a shy, pleading expression on her baby face.

"Of course," the strained lips forced themselves to say, "you must bring him by all means."

But after the girl's departure Miss Wilbur left the flowers and hurried away to the seclusion of her own room. Bring him to her, this young girl who had been but a baby when they two had been so much to each other! What



"ALFRED!" SHE SAID AS SHE WENT FOR-WARD WITH EXTENDED HANDS.

did it mean? And he had not even written to her or in any way announced his coming.

A week later she sat on the porch with her eyes fixed on the last visible point of the street before it was shut out by the althea hedge. A firm, eager step came up the sidewalk from the opposite direction, but she did not notice until her gate latch clicked; then she turned inquiringly.

She knew him in an instant, for the years had brought but a stronger step and nobler carriage, with perhaps a too liberal sprinkling of gray hair. She was conscious of a curious thrill of awe and tenderness as she rose from her chair, for even in that brief instant she remembered that there was not a single gray intruder among her own soft hair, and his she associated with the work which had conquered obstacles and adversity.

"Alfred!" she said as she went forward with extended hands.

"Elizabeth!"

"Come up on the veranda, Alfred," she said, with her eyes full of frank welcome. "I want to hear all about it. Of course I know in a fragmentary way, but it will seem new and more real from your lips."

And he told her, sitting in his old place behind the honeysuckle, with the swaying sprays sending alternate lines of sunshine and shade across his face in the same old way. And she listened with eyes full, lips half parted and with her head nodding commendation "Yes, sir," replied the coachman, or sympathy from time to time. It was without egotism or self depreciation, knowing it was her right to have it entire even as he had lived it.

"But it is good to be home again, the finger while trying to stroke a par- | Elizabeth," he concluded, with a satis-I fied sigh, as he leaned back in his chair and surveyed the veranda and the flower garden beyond. "The memory of these flowers and their owner has been with me through all the tweniy years I have been away. Many times have I been on the point of giving up and returning to them, and, indeed." a trace of reserve coming into his voice, "I might have done so but for what you said and the look you

gave me when we last stood together among your honeysuckles. I knew I could only return to the sentence of a deserter who had forsaken his colors." She was looking at him in a wonder-

ing, startled way, with the color coming softly into her face.

"But-you never wrote, Alfred." "Yes, twice. One of the letters was lost, however, for I heard later of the ship's going down in midocean."

"I never received it." Then, "But you have been in the place a week, Alfred, and only just called."

He looked puzzled. "I came in on the train an hour ago, Elizabeth, and would have been here before but for a complication over a telegram. It seems there is another man of the same name in town." "But Susie?"

"Never mind Susie, whoever e may be. I have gone through my probation and have done my work with all the strength that God gave me. Now I have come 10,000 miles for my reward -for you. If there is more work, bid

me do it; but for charity's sake do not refuse your companionship in the la-She was not looking at him now. Her heart was too full for speech, almost for thought. The dog rubbed against her, and an oriole lifted up his voice in a sudden ecstasy of song. She stroked the one tremulously and looked at the other with the tenderness of

the great joy that had come to her. Then the gate clicked, and she roused herself with an effort. A young this evenin', an' ma said for me to man whom she did not know stood before her, and with him was Susie.

"I've brought him at last, Miss Wilbur," the girl cried merrily. "But I just had to drag him, he's so bashful. Mr. Gray, this is my Sunday school teacher I told you about." Then, disregarding further formality, and with bubbling gladness in her voice, "An', oh, say, Miss Wilbur, we've coaxed him to stay with us for good an' all. He's goin' to open a grocery next the post office." Here she caught sight of the gray haired, soldierly figure in the background and stopped in sudden con-

"This is Mr. Gray, too, Susie," Miss Wilbur said, with something in her voice which the girl could not understand, "and we, too, are-going to be married."

Very Narrow Escape.

A queer reminiscential gleam crept dew is on with white hellebore. into the eyes of the barber with the long, low, rakish forehead as he suddenly rested his razor while shaving sharply, and the plant will come out. the Adam's apple of the lean, nervous looking man in the chair.

"I was King Louis XIV. of France last night," said the barber suddenly, the razor still poised about half an inch above the lean customer's Adam's ap-

The customer blinked and breathed hard, the shaved side of his face being nearly as white as the still lathered other side.

"Wait a minute," he said, placing a shaking hand on the barber's shaving

He sat up straight in the chair with a wild look, and then made a bolt for the door.

"Wew!" he yelled as he went. "What ashes is around the base of the fruit an escape! King Louis XIV.! Bug trees. Put a mound of them around house! He wouldn't have done a thing each tree. Borers will not be so apt to to me"- And, with a towel streaming | trouble them. in the breeze and one side of his face still lathered, he loped down the street.

"Well, I'll be dadbinged!" muttered the barber. "Now, what kind of cogs has that fellow got in his conk? I was only trying to tell him that I was King Louis XIV. at the barbers' masquerade ball last night, and look at him going after the mile record."-Detroit Free Press.

The Oldest Joke.

It will be difficult to discover an older practical joke than that of the coppersmith and the maker of brazen images for the temple of Osiris, which is embodied in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the reign of Menes, founder of Memphis, who ruled over 7,000 years ago.

According to ancient records there dwelt between these two craftsmen a quiet man whose desire was for peace and who was sadly disturbed by the noisy occupations carried on by his busy neighbors. He therefore asked each of them to say for what sum they would change their dwellings. This they did; each calculated the amount required, and he, being satisfied, paid it over to them.

"Now," he asked of the coppersmith, "where is your new dwelling?" "I have taken that of the maker of images." was the reply. "And you?" queried the quiet man of the latter, "whither goest thou?" "To the house of the coppersmith!"

This is one of many tales told in all ages which are woven into myth and legend and differ only in local color.

Ball Play In Church. Was ball playing in church ever al-

In the fourteenth century, at Chester and at other places in England, ball playing on Easter Monday was universal in every rank. Even the clergy could not forego its delights and made this game a part of the service. Bishop or dean took the ball into the church, of a size not to be grasped by one hand, and, at the opening of the antiphone, began to dance to its time, throwing the ball to the choiristers, who tossed it on from one to another. All presently retired for refreshment, which consisted of a gammon of bacon and a tansy pudding to symbolize the bitter herbs appropriate to the paschal feast. An old rhyme commemorates these curious customs thus:

At stool ball, Lucia, let us play For sugar, cakes or wine, Or for a tansy let us pay. The loss be thine or mine. If thou, my dear, a winner be At trundling of the ball. The wager thou shalt have and me

And my misfortunes all

WHEN BURGLARS CALL.

The Proper Thing to Do and the

Proper Way to Do It. "Events that are apparently trivial in the daytime assume an immense importance in the dead of night. A slight noise, out of the ordinary, will sometimes have its bearing on the married lives of two people," says Tom Masson in Life.

"When, therefore, your wife wakes you up with that intensely nervous movement that indicates a brooding horror do not lose your presence of mind. Keep from shaking if possible, and while secretly your heart may be in your throat do not betray yourself. Above all, do not wake up too soon. Begin by groaning slightly, and roll over. At the second pull on her part it will be entirely proper for you to start slightly, rub your eyes and mutter any unintelligible sentence. Then, as you gradually wake up and she becomes more persistent, you may allow yourself to say, 'Oh, nonsense!'

"Remember that up to this moment the formula for a husband waked up by his wife who hears a noise is always the same and should only be varied later. Now, however, is the time

"Dash quickly from the bed and either reach for your revolver, or if that isn't handy take the first thing that presents itself-fire tongs, curling irons or a chair-and rush madly to the

"If you have acted your part correctly and courageously you will find your wife there before you, barring the en-

"By this time, if you have made noise enough, the burglars, if there were any, have without doubt departed, and when you have persuaded your wife that the thing must be done you can search the house at your leisure and ever afterward pose as a genuine hero who was thwarted in his purpose at the critical moment."

#### FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

The northern slope of a hillside is the best location for an apple orchard. The pear will come as near bearing a crop of fruit every year as any other kind of fruit.

If the currant worm makes its appearance, dust the foliage while the

In transplanting plants from pots invert the pot and rap the bottom of it

An overloaded grapevine will not mature its fruit. If it bears more than it ought it will ripen its fruit Air slaked lime sprinkled on rose-

bushes when the dew is on will destroy insects without injuring the bushes. Rose plants should have plenty of

light and heat. Nothing will blight their buds sooner than shade and moisture. Nearly all cultivated fruits are liable

to overbear. This is always injurious and should be prevented. One of the best preventives is thinning.

One of the best places to use coal

The Russian Amsterdam.

St. Petersburg is one of the few great cities which have been made and not born. During his residence in Holland Peter the Great was so impressed by Amsterdam, perched upon the waters, that he determined to abandon Moscow and build a new capital which should have canals for streets. In his campaign against Sweden in 1702 he noted an island situated in the midstream of the Neva. "Here is my Russian Amsterdam!" he exclaimed and immediately began the building of a city there, The site was a marsh in summer and a frozen morass in winter. Two miserable huts were the only buildings. The erection of the citadel, a great fort in the shape of a hexagon, with a tower 360 feet high, on the north bank of the Neva, was his first care. The cottage in which Peter lived while laying out the city still exists.

Children In Somaliland. Children are regarded as a chief asset in the belongings of a Somali native. A man may have as many as four wives, and most of the patriarchs boast of tremendous families. One old chief of a tribe near Berbera was the head of a family consisting of 23 sons, 29 daughters and 390 grandchildren. A 31 yds long, 54" wide, knitted edge, father sells his daughters for camels and often builds up for himself a fortune in this way. The children are named according to the circumstances of their birth, as Wa Berri (born in the morning) or Robleh (born in the

Revenge.

The doctor's wife went to the door. She and the woman next door were not on friendly terms, but the tramp did not know that. "De lady next door," he said, "give me a piece of her homemade pie and I t'ought"-

"I'm sorry," interrupted the doctor's wife, "but the doctor isn't at home just now. However, there's a physician in the next block, and if you hurry he may be able to give you relief before much harm is done."

Sudden.

Ethel-There, I've forgotten to attend a function to which I was invited. How careless! George-You should have an engage-

ment calendar. Ethel-Oh, George, this is so sudden!

A terrible lot of money is spent on parlor scenery at a wedding that is longed for to buy kitchen scenery later on.-Atchison Globe.

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