A TALE OF THE SEA.

apple-red cheeks and array of white chins was Mrs. Mate, and this good wo- bled folks, and bit by bit gathered as man had received instructions from Mr. Worksop the boatswain, from the first day on which he arrived, to call him every morning whilst he slept at her house at seven o'clock, neither sooner nor later; and to have his breakfast of small-beer, rashers of ham, cheese, red herrings, and brown bread ready for him in the little front parlor downstairs punctually by a quarter to eight. Mrs. Mate was always careful to humour such sailors as stayed at her house with money in their pockets. Mr. Worksop had now used the Lonely Star for five days continuously, not to speak | the pavement, and could be traced some lowing of cattle in the distance. of his being a regular customer whenever in those parts; and in those five days he had spent his money handsomely, begrudging himself nothing, tippling with a quarter-deck rather than a forecastle taste, and there was good When next morning came, then, ex-

actly at the hour of seven, Mrs. Mate went up the somewhat darksome staircase that led to the chamber in which Mr. York and Mr. Worksop had slept, and knocked at the door. She receiv- small westerly draught rippling the of amazement and indignation upon his on him when he was searched; for one of an answer. She was not surprised, sea into the flashing of diamonds unbrow; confronting him was a comely might well think that if he had been for Mr. Worksop was a stout sleeper, apart from his trick of going to bed with his skinfull. She knocked again, like silk upon the soft liquid azure past face that showed over his shoulder. hide such damnifying testimonials to and yet again, accompanying her blows it, with, noblest sight of all, the line- Close to York was his sweetheart, Jenny his guilt as the knife and the Spanish by a vigorous kicking; and failing to course, as the landlady of the house. the trick of opening it-and walked

It was broad sunny daylight outside, but the little window set close under the ceiling admited but a pitiful light. able to see that the bed was empty. She was prepared to find the boatswain alone, knowing, as we have seen, that Mr. York meant to start for his sweetheart at daybreak; but on glancing around she observed that not only was Mr. Worksop gone but his clothes like- be found at the cost of a hunt amongst with a look behind him, and in a whilst her sweetheart lay in Sandwich wise. This was unusual. She stepped the shingle. So many inquiring eyes breath almost, so quickly was it done, jail, she wrote imploringly to the ownto the bed, and more through habit, perhaps, than with design, she pulled down the bedclothes, which lay somewhat in a huddle on the side the boatswain had occupied, and instantly uttered a loud squeal of fear and horror.

There was a great stain of blood upon the sheet, with smaller stains round about it, that seemed to be sifting out even as she watched them like a newly dropped blob of ink upon blottingpaper. Mrs. Mate squealed out a second time even more loudly than before, following the outcry by an hysterical shriek of "murder! murder!" meanwhile noting, with eyes enlarged to twice their circumference by fright, that there was a pool of blood on the floor on the side where the boatswain had lain, with other marks which vanished at the door.

So shrill-voiced a woman as Mrs. Mate could not squeal twice at the top of her pipes and yell "Murder! murder l" also without exciting alarm. The first to rush up-stairs was her husband, an old man in a white nightcap, an aged frill-shirt, and a pair of plumcolored breeches. He was followed by the drawer, by a couple of wenches who had been busy cleaning rooms downstairs, and by five or six sailors, who came running out of the adjacent bedrooms on hearing Mrs. Mate's cries. Grasping her husband by the back of his neck, the landlady pointed to the bed, and exclaimed: "Mr. Worksop has been murdered! murdered, Joe, I tell done in the Lonely Star!"-uttering which, she fell upon the floor in a swoon, but contrived to rally before her thusband seemed able to grasp the meaning of what she had said.

One of the two wenches instantly slipped away to give the news. A coldrence in Deal. A Customs' man found dead with a slug through his heart, the body of a smuggler washing ashore with a ghastly cutlass-wound upon his head, the corpse of a gagged "block-Height, were mere business details, necessary items of a programme that was full of death, hard weather, miraculous escapes, murderous conflicts; but a cool midnight assassination was a genuine novelty in its way, and in a very few minutes, thanks to the serving-maid, the pavements outside the inn, the passage, the staircase, the tragic bedroom itself, were crowded with hustling men and women, eagerly talking, the hinder ones bawling to those ahead for news, and the whole rickety place threatening to topple down with the

weight of so many people. The story soon gathered a collected form. It was known that about nine o'clock on the previous evening a tall young fellow with his hair curling upon his back had applied at the Lonely Star for a bedroom, and was admitted by consent of Mr. Worksop to a share of the great bed in which that worthy lay. It got to be known, too, in a wonderfully short space of time that Mr. Worksop carried in his breeches' or other pockets some thirty or forty guineas and half-guineas loose, a hand-guineas and half-guineas loose, a hand-constable Budd stolidly puffed at his uncommon satisfaction on several occasions when overtaken in liquor. It also got to be known in an also equally incredibly short space of time, thanks to one of the watermen who had row- iron could impart to him. Seawards, ed Mr. York ashore from the brig Jane, where the blue of the ocean showed that the tall young man with the long steeping to the golden line of the Goodhair had owned himself worth only win Sands, hung the huge white cloud half a guinea, of which he had given of the line-of-battle ship, scarce stemfour shillings to the boatmen after a ming the slack of westerly tide, though for his bed, and a sixpenny bit for li-sails far overhanging her black sides quor, leaving him with five shillings— and grinning batteries. Little was all the money he had in the world, said by the two men as they jogged according to his own admission; "and along between the hedgerows and past quite enough," exclaimed a deep voice the sand-downs on that rosy and sparkcase, "to account for this here murder."

Presently, there was a cry of "Room Budd's mate turned and said to him: for Mr. Jawker!" The crowd made "Timothy, it's the long chap, as he's fussy little justice of the peace, with you're to take, ain't it?" the only constable that Deal possessed "Oy," said the other with a slap at -a tall, gaunt, powerfully built though his breast, where lay the warrant. cornered hat, and a flong stick—fol-lowing close at his heels. Little Mr. ed the long chap?"

Contract of the last of the la

name of Budd, to clear the room of all The name of the landlady with the save those who could throw light upon pple-red cheeks and array of white this matter. This being done, Mr. Jawker fell to questioning the assemmuch of the story as they could relate. The landlady, Mrs. Mate, was ignorant of the name of the tall young man with the long hair; but he told her, she informed his Worship, that he meant to leave her house before daybreak that morning, to be in time to breakfast with his sweetheart, who lived Sandwich way, and who was none other, as she supposed, than pretty little Jenny Bax, for 'twas the widow Bax's name he mentioned when he spoke of wadking over to his love at dawn.

At this point there was a disturb-

sprit and jib-booms to head to the her shoulders.

a stormy hubbub of voices of men eager | stature. to point out the bloodsftains. It was "You!" thundered Budd .- "Put that She and her mother were poor; but had a tragedy that went too deep for mer- knoise down.'

could be followed at varying intervals Ten minutes later, York pinioned in Mr. Jeremy York, and how neither of paused to rest; afterwards, for a hun- and marble-white, as though dead, updred paces, no sign; then half a score on the floor. more of stains, that conducted the explorers to the timber extension that projected a little distance into the sea, and there of course the trail ended. Nothing could be more damnifying in the theory they suggested than these links of blood, starting from the

bedside, and terminating, so to speak at the very wash of the water. was universally concluded that the tall young man with the long hair, name unknown, who had slept with Mr. Worksop, had murdered that unfortunate boatswain for the sake of the guineas in his pocket; and under cover of the darkness of the night, had stealthily borne the corpse to the timber extension and cast it into the Mr. Jawker started off at a rapid

pace, followed by the constable, to make out a warrant for the apprehennumber of boatmen went to work with stained with blood. creeps or drags to search for the body in they persevered in their efforts till but refused to declare more.

istrate objected on the grounds of delay, and animated with full conviction | Would York confess, or make some adhat he would find the malefactor at mission that might help to solve the

his sweetheart's house. The old village cart was drawn by a lame horse that was occasionally to be impelled into a brief staggering trot by the one-eyed driver who sat by Constable Budd's side, and who on occasions acted as assistant or "watch" to that worthy. A crowd followed the cart out of Deal, for the excitement was very great indeed; and many would have been glad to have accompanied the constable the whole distance; but this he would not suffer, sternly ordering them to turn about when they had proceeded half a mile, "lest," as he bawled out, "the criminal should catch scent of their coming and fly."

pipe, with now and again a heavy stick, and an occasional dive into his coat-pocket, where jingled a massive pair of gyves or handcuffs, for such every cloth was abroad with studdingling September morning, saving that when they were nearing Sandwich.

"But who's to know," said the dri-

of a flea.—Whoy, look here—the long chap comes ashore wanting money, and he goes to bed with a man with noigh

to a halt opposite one of a group of mention the marks which terminated cottages—the prettiest of them all, a at the waterside. little paradise of creepers and green | Having heard the evidence, the magbushes and small quickset hedge, sha- istrate committed him to take his trial dowed behind with trees, with the dark for wilful murder at the forthcoming glass of the windows sparkling in tiny assizes to be held at Sandwich. ance outside. Budd the constable look- suns through the vegetation, and the There was probably one person lived out, and presently looked in again air round about sweet with a pleasant ing at that time who believed in Jerto inform Mr. Jawker that fresh prints farmyard smell, and melodious with the emy York's innocence, and this was his of bloodstains had been discovered on voices of birds, and the bleating and sweetheart, Jenny Bax. The widow

"They must be followed! They must cart, threw the reins over a post, and youth was guilty. How could it be othbe followed!" cried little Mr. Jawker; walked to the house-door. It stood erwise? she reasoned, as did all others open. With a mere apologetic blow upon the body of the murdered man.—Follow may be a post, and erwise? she reasoned, as did all others who discussed the matter. The myster was product the body of the murdered man.—Follow may be a post, and erwise? she reasoned, as did all others open. With a mere apologetic blow upon the body of the murdered man.—Follow may be a post, and erwise? she reasoned, as did all others open. With a mere apologetic blow upon the body of the murdered man.—Follow may be a post, and erwise? she reasoned, as did all others open. With a mere apologetic blow upon the body of the murdered man.—Follow may be a post, and erwise? She reasoned, as did all others open. low me, Budd!" with which he went ed in and swiftly peeping into a room the knife and coin in York's pocket—down-stairs, the gaunt immense conon the left-hand side, and noting that the bloodstains, the incriminating stable close behind him, and the peo- it was vacant, he turned the handle marks discovered on him- if these prospect of his remaining in the house ple shouldering one another in pur- of a door on the right of the passage things did not point to his being the assassin of the unfortunate boatswain, and stood in the threshold, filling the There was a great crowd outside, frame with his gaunt, knock-kneed fig- what, in the name of truth, could they Deal was but a little place in those ure and huge skirts.

now, and the news of the nurder-if the room was savoury with the smell he had committed the dreadful deed murder it were-had spread with some- of eggs and bacon and coffee. Half Well, that was a thing not to be conjecthing of the rapidity of the sound of a risen from his chair was the figure of tured. It was strange, no doubt, that the gun. It was a sparkling morning, a York, a table-knife in his hand, a frown money should not have been found upder the soaring sun, the Downs filled old lady in mourning, half risen too, artful enough to conceal his booty with ships as on the previous day, the and staring with terrified eyes and pale somewhere on the road to the widow's white front of the Foreland gleaming cheeks at the constable and one-eyed cottage, he would have taken care to of-battle ships, the central feature of Bax, an auburn-haired little woman of coin. But it is always through some the mass of craft, in the act of tripping eighteen, with soft dark eyes and girl- oversight on the part of the evil-doer receive any sort of reply, she lifted the her anchor and flashing into a broad ish figure and breast of snow scarcely that he is brought to book. However latch of the door-understanding, of surface of canvas with her long bow- concealed by the kerchief that covered it might be as regards the concealment

> comely old lady. The instant the little justice of the "What do you want?" exclaimed somewhere secreted, a murdered man, peace made his appearance there arose York, slowly rearing himself to his full and that York was his assassin.

However, at one glance Mrs. Mate was riment, yet one might have laughed at. York did so with an expression of not have advanced a groat in defence

of crime, as though a vessel full of for the wilful murder, oither last night rival of the constable York had told treasure had gone to pieces close aboard or in the small-hours this morning, of his sweetheart that he was in hope of the land on top of a furious inshore Gabriel Worksop, mariner, who shared obtaining the balance of his wages as gale, and there were ducats and doub- his bed with 'ee and who's missing." | secondmate from the owner of the Caeloons and pieces-of-eight in plenty to He thrust his hands into his pocket lia; and this coming into Jenny's mind were sure to discover what was want- he and his assistant had thrown them- ers of the brig, spoke of the terrible Stains unmistakably of blood selves upon York and handcuffed him. charge that had been brought against from the pavement in front of the the cart, between Budd and the driver, them had funds to enable them to Lonely Star; then into the middle of was being leisurely conveyed to Sand-Beach Street; then an ugly patch, as wich jail, whilst the widow Bax hung with all the might of her little burst-

When York was searched, they found with a ring through the end of it, capprotect the butt-end of a pistol, upon

noon, watched by hundreds of people The first hearing was before the antly indicated the ownership), to the ashore as well as by the innumerable mayor of Sandwich and a bench of money in possession of the boatswain ships' crews who crowded the shrouds magistrates. The room was crowded; at the time of his disappearance, to the and tops to observe the result of this never in the memory of the most an- circumstance of Jeremy York having patient dredging, nothing more than a cient inhabitant had anything of the shared the bed with him, to the avowvery old anchor, which was supposed to kind excited so much interest, not in- ed poverty of the young man, to the have belonged to one of Tromp's ships, deed, in the district, but throughout blood-marks terminating at the timber the south-eastern portion of the extension, from which point beyond all county. It was universally agreed that question the corpse had been thrown The world moved very slowly in those Mr. Worksop had been murdered, and into the sea. days, and Deal's solitary constable, Tim- by whom; if not by Jeremy York? But, The judge summed up, making but Jane, still lying in the Downs, the mag- had been swept without result. Would dead. ompleter evidence be forthcoming?

> The landlady of the Lonely Star, along with other witnesses, proved that the knife and the gold coin had belonged to Mr. Worksop. The landlady stated that she had frequently handled the coin, and that on the day preceding here was a quarrel over the fare, and hat they had to be satisfied with four

York's statement on the other hand, having lain with the boatswain for make all my own things after this and pleasure of her existence for over 30 bout an hour. He was then awakened by the oppression of the atmosphere, every man has such a wife. I'll wear years. which made him fear that he would it to the progressive euchre club tosuffocate; and being parched with night. I know not another single wo- tellectual cast came in for treatment. he atmosphere, he resolved to seek for sew in this last sleeve and I'll have in his office, was different from that would be sure of the relief of fresh air.

As he could not lift the latch of the door, he searched Mr. Worksop's arm.

There was a shriek, and the fall of She had made both sleeves for the same afflicted. I looked at samples of both arm.

When at home. He believed that he was afflicted. I looked at samples of both arm. described, as slept with the bo'sun, that clothes, not choosing to disturb the man, who had shown himself querulous and grumbling, as though in pain, and found a knife with which he succeeded in opening the door. It was a little past two o'clock when he returned to his of this here idea of the progress of the straight. Some of the boys advised her

sop worn't a man to shed the blood had lain upon a chair, was gone. He was hand forty guineas in gold. It speaks ed and walked forth into the night, and for itself. Willum; it speaks for itself. that he would return presently. He -Now, then, probe this old clothes-horse, will 'ee? We shall be all noight until, hearing some distant clock strike four, he rose, clothed himself, took his They rumbled through the streets of bundle and left the house, carrying Sandwich, over the quaint old struc- away the boatswain's knife, which he ture that bridged the little river of would have left behind, had he remem-Stour; then to the left, into the flat bered that it was in his pocket. He was plains-dashed here and there with unable to account for his posession of spaces of trees-that stretched pretty | the Spanish piece of gold, which the witnearly level all the way to Canterbury; nesses swore had belonged to Mr. Workand as the great globular watch in sop; nor could be explain how it was Constable Budd's breeches' pocket point- that there was blood-stains upon his ed to the hour of ten, the cart came | shirt, in the bed, on the floor, not to

Bax, after much mental swaying to and Budd and his man got out of the fro, arrived at the conclusion that the signify? But what had he done with days; indeed, it is but a little place A little table was laid for breakfast; the guineas, to obtain which, of course, of the guineas and the retention of the north and east presently for a cruise "It's the Deal constable!" cried the knife and coin, it was beyond all dispute manifest that Mr. Workshop lay Jenny alone believed in his innocence.

the widow been well to do, she would the eager postures of square-sterned amazement. The constable procured of the man whom she believed a murd-boatmen bending in all directions in his warrant. search of new links of the crimson chain "I'm here," he cried, "to arrest you ers had been together before the arprocure counsel; and she prayed them though the burden of the body had weeping bitterly over the form of her ing heart to send her the money her proved too heavy, and the bearer had daughter Jenny, who lay motionless sweetheart said was owing to him, that some effort might be made to rescue him from the gibbet. In response to this piteous entreaty, the owners of the brig sent her fifteen guineas, with which money she hastened to Canterin his coat pocket a large clasp-knife bury and there engaged the services of the likeliest lawyer that that ancient ped, where the ring was, by a mount- city contained. This lawyer had severing of copper such as formerly might al interviews with York, and he was candid enough to represent to Jenny which the words "Gabriel Worksop" Bax that though he would do his best, were rudely scored. The knife looked there was little or no hope. Beyond to have been newly cleaned. There was his solemn assurance of innocence couplno stain of blood or anything approach- ed with the carelessness, which cering such a mark visible upon it. In tainly did not look criminal of his sufthe pocket where this knife was they fering the knife and coin to remain in found a Spanish gold piece minted in his pocket, the young man seemed in-1690, with a hole through it, as though capable of stating a single point upon he coin was used as a charm or an which the defence could rely or which ornament. His bundle contained mere- it could make anything of. And it ly a few trifles of wearing apparel. turned out as the sagacious lawyer had They also found upon him four shill- predicted: the evidence that had been ings in English money and other arti- previously tendered was gone over cles of no moment as evidence. But again; and far more diligently examinsion of the tall young man with the when they came to strip him, they ed; the blood-stained shirt, the knife, long hair for wilful murder; whilst a found the left side of his shirt heavily the coin, were produced. The landlady of the Lonely Star along with her hus-All that he said was, he was inno- band and six other witnesses were prethe vicinity of the beach; but though cent of the crime charged against him, sent to testify to the coin, to the knife,

othy Budd, had not fairly started for then, what had become of the body? little of the circumstance of what he the house of the widow Bax on a road .The marks of blood that it had been referred to as the heedlessness of York that would have brought him in time dragged to the timber extension were in retaining upon his person such into the ancient and beautiful minister conclusive enough; yet it was almost criminating articles as the knife and of Minster, until the clock in Deal inevitable that a corpse thrown into the coin. The jury conferred a few church showed the hour to be a quarter shallow water close inshore should be moments without withdrawing and rebefore nine. He was mounted on a set upon some part of the beach by turned a verdict of "Guilty." Whereclusmy village cart, like to what Ho- he action of the tide, unless weighted upon his lordship put on the black cap, garth has more than once drawn, arm- by a heavy sinker, in which case there and after a tedious sermon on the hided with the warrant, a full descrip- would be a chance for the grapnel. But cousness of the crime for which the tion of the tall young man, to the ob- lay after day, a broad tract stretching prisoner was to suffer, sentenced him taining of whose name from the brig | rom Deal Castle to Sandown Castle to be hung by the neck until he was

(To Be Continued).

ITALY'S SOLDIER KING.

There is but one monarch in Europe who can show the scar of a wound realled in war. It is King Humbert. The latter, at the battle of Custozza, his disappearance or death, she had which resulted so disastrously for the asked him to sell it to her; but he re- Italians, endeavored in vain to stem plied that it had been given to him by the tide of defeat, throwing himself rethat he would not part with it for a peatedly into the thick of it, and givton of gold. She and other witnesses ing evidence of a courage that can also testified to Mr. Worksop having only be described as heroic. Bleeding sician at a large city hospital, rebeen in possession of some thirty or from a severe saber cut, he was at length literally swept off the field of ments, but a great many more only bettle by his father's officers and by that the company might know a jolly his own friends, who fully realized the think they have, and that makes them sailor need never be a pauper. The two | irreparable injury that would be sus- even more burdensome than if they reboatmen that had rowed Jeremy York | tained by Italy on the event of the ashore gave evidence that he confessed | popular heir to the throne, as he was he was only worth half a guinea, that then, being either killed or captured.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

And what a surprise it will be to was as follows: He said that on the dear George! she was saying to her- great emergency, but her rheumatism night in question he fell asleep, after self. It fits lovely, and I mean to -never! It has been the pride and hirst, besides desperately fevered by man will have a new thing on. I'll just He stated that his handwriting, when

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A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

Queer Incidents Revealed by a Hospital "Humanity in general seems very

much inclined to have something the matter with it," said a resident phyat cently. "A great many people have ail- fliction and they come to be mu ally had. For instance, I know an old lady a widow, who owns, beside a little house and lot, one of those migrating cases of rheumatism. She might had been burned part with her little property in some

him-Oh, well, no matter what I gave attend conventions.

"A young lady came in last week and wanted some medicine to straighten Jawker approached the side of the bed and after taking a long look, full of knowingness, at the blood-stains, he ordered the constable, giving him the ordered the constable, giving him to see that the bed was empty. He also took notice that all right, but they needn't take the trouble to divide no labor with me.

Or this here idea of the body advised her to visit a doctor, who by giving sometor to visit a doctor, who by giving sometor thing that would make her nose crookally right or the theory through her or the country bein' mostly doo to the dividence of the long chap?"

Wayworn Watson—Oh, I guess it is all right, but they needn't take the trouble to divide no labor with me.

who had had a cough for something entirely relieved, and when ass

neither walk nor talk. She soon re

Mrs. Brown-What's that, my Brown-As soon as a woman bed unconventional she does nothing

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