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Will visit the Mansion House Stouffville, on the 19th, (if this date is on Sunday then I will call on the 21st) of each month. Mount Albert Rd. and Markham on the 23rd and 25th of Sunday then on the next day for the last two places.

Anesthetics, Crown and Bridge work, in best style, with gold.

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GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, Toronto. Treats all diseases of domestic animals by the most approved methods also special attention given to surgical operations and horse dentistry. All calls day or night promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

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For first-class Hair Dressing and Shaving. Satisfaction guaranteed.

My stock of Shaving Soap, Cosmetics, Macreux, Lather Brushes, Strops, etc., is complete. Also first-class Razors for sale and guaranteed. Razor Honing and Shears Sharpening a specialty.

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UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XIII. THE WEDDING DAY.

Four weeks had passed since Malcolm Stratton's insane attempt—four weeks of an utterly prostrating illness from which he was slowly recovering, when, one morning, Guest entered the room where Bretton was seated by his friend's couch, and made an announcement which wrought a sudden change in the convalescent.

"I expected it," he said quietly; and then, after a pause, "I will go with you."

Guest opened and shut his mouth without speaking for a few moments. Then, "Go—with me? You go with me? Why, it would be madness."

"Madness, madness, old fellow," said Stratton feebly, "but I tell you I am quite strong now."

"Very far from it," said Bretton. "And I say so too," cried Guest, "look here, old fellow, do you mean to assert that you are composit mentis?"

"Of course," said Stratton, smiling. "Then I say you are not," cried Guest, "and Mr. Bretton will second me. You are weak as a rat in spite of all our watching, and feeding, and care."

"All this long weary month," sighed Stratton. "Heaven bless you both for what you have done."

"Never mind about blessings; but a little grateful to Mr. Bretton, who has been like a hundred hospital nurses rolled into one, and give up this mad idea."

"But it is not mad," pleaded Stratton. "I only want to go to the church. I am quite strong enough now. I want to see her married, that is all. Mr. Bretton, you see how calm I am."

"Yes, very," said the old botanist, smiling sadly. "Calm with your temples throbbing and your veins too full. My dear boy, if you go to that wedding, you will overexert yourself and we shall have a serious relapse."

"If I do go," said Stratton quietly, "I shall certainly have it. I mean to go."

He rose from the couch on which he had been lying, walked into the bedroom, and closed the door.

"Did you ever see such a mule, Mr. Bretton?" cried Guest as soon as they were alone. "I was a fool to come in and tell him I was going; but I thought he had got over it, and he knew it was today."

"You are going as one of the friends?" "Yes, Miss Jerrold asked me," said Guest, rather consciously; "and of course he would have known afterward, and reproached me for not telling him. What is to be done?"

"Of course, not to tell him," replied Guest. "I was going out into the country to-day."

"Collecting?" "Yes, my dear sir, a little. My great hobby, Mr. Guest. But I will not go. We should do more harm than good by stopping him, so I'll go to the church with him."

"But I dread a scene," said Guest. "Suppose he should turn wild at seeing her lead up the aisle. Fancy the consequences. It would be cruel to the lady. It is not as if she had jilted him."

"Never cared for him a bit, did she?" whispered Bretton.

"H'm! Well, sir, I don't quite like to say. At all events, Miss Myra Jerrold accepted this Mr. Barron before poor old Malcolm spoke a word, and I am convinced that she felt certain he did not care for her."

"An unfortunate business, Guest. Poor old poor old! But there, he recovered and any opposition would, I am sure throw him back."

"But the lady?" "I have no fear; Malcolm Stratton will, I am sure, be guilty of no insane folly. I know him better than you, Guest."

"I think not," said the young man, smiling. "We will not argue the point," replied the old botanist, taking Guest's hand. "We both think we know him better than anyone else, and after all have not half sounded the depths of his nature."

"Well, I leave him to you," said Guest. "I have no time to spare. I'm off now, old fellow," he cried approaching the bedroom door.

"All right," cried Stratton cheerfully as he came back and held out his hand. "My kindest regards to Edie. Don't be afraid, old fellow; I am going to behave sensibly. You need not fear a scene."

"But I—" "But I, my lad, off with you," said Stratton, smothering at his friend's confusion; and he accompanied him out on to the landing. "God bless her!" he said. "I wish her every happiness with the man of her choice. It's all over now, and I can bear it like a man."

They shook hands and parted, and when, an hour later, Guest saw Myra enter the room, where he was just snatching a hurried word with Edie, he was startled at the white, set face, and strange, dreamy eyes, which looked in his when he spoke to her.

But what had been a bitter fight was at an end, and all its secrets hidden in the bride's own breast. For a time, as it had dawned upon her that there was something warmer than friendship in her breast for Malcolm Stratton, she shrank in horror from the idea of pledging herself to the man she had accepted; but she fought with and crushed down her feelings. Stratton must, she felt, despise her now, and she was engaged to Barron. It was her father's wish, and she had promised to be this man's wife, while that he loved her he gave her no room to doubt.

"I will do my duty by him," she said proudly to herself as she took her father's arm; and as Guest was driven in another carriage to the church, he thought to himself that his friend had been blind in his love, for Myra was hard and unemotional as her cousin was sweet and lovable.

He misjudged her again as he saw her leave the church leaving upon her husband's arm, while now he was privileged to escort Edie, one of the four bridesmaids, back to Bourne Square.

"She never would have cared for poor old Malcolm," he said to himself as he allowed the newly married couple with his eyes, Barron careworn and nearly as

pale as his wife, but looking proud, eager, and handsome, as he handed Myra into the carriage.

"The happy pair," whispered Edie as she placed her little hand upon Guest's arm. "Get me to the carriage, please, as quickly as you can, or I shall cry and make a scene."

"Yes, yes," he whispered back. "This way; but Edie, I've been looking all round the church and can't see him. Did you catch sight of Stratton?"

"No," said the girl with some asperity, "and did not wish to. I could only see that poor girl going through the ceremony, and I felt all the time I could read her thoughts. O Percy Guest, if she only had not said so much pride, or Malcolm Stratton had been as bold as he was shrinking and strange, this never could have been!"

Back at Bourne Square with all the hurry and excitement of the wedding morning, the house crowded with friends, and Sir Mark all eagerness to do the honors of his place well to all. Carriages thronged the roadway; a couple of policemen kept back the little crowd, and the admiral's servants, re-enforced by half a dozen of Gunter's men, had a busy time supplying the wants of the guests.

"Well, you two," said a voice, suddenly behind Edie, who was listening to a remark made by Guest, "don't look in that dreary way at every one. I've been watching you for ever so long. Don't you know that this is the happiest day of Myra's life?"

"No, no," said Edie shortly; "do you?" Miss Jerrold shrugged her shoulders.

"Go and keep near her, my dear, till she leaves. I haven't the heart, Edie, am I a wretchedly prejudiced old maid, or is there something not nice about that man?"

"Ah, there you are, Edie," cried the admiral excitedly. "Myra is just going to the cake. Mr. Guest, take my sister and give her some champagne. Edie, my dear, I don't like poor Myra's looks. I must see to the people, and have a word with James Barron before they start; and I've got to speak, too, and how to get through it I don't know."

"What do you want me to do, uncle?" "What I told you, my dear," cried the old man testily. "Go and keep with my darling till the last."

Edie crept to her cousin's side and stayed there during the admiral's speech, one which contained more heart than head; listened with heaving breast to the toast of the bride's health, and to the well-spoken, manly reply made by James Barron. And so on till the time when the bride might slip away to change her dress for the journey down to Southampton, the wedding trip commencing the next day on board the great steamer outward bound for the West.

"Guest, my lad," said the admiral, drawing the young man aside, servants are all very well, but I'd be thankful if you'd see yourself that Mr. Barron's carriage is up to the door in time. Myra is not well, and she has sent a messenger to fetch her luggage."

"I will see to it," said the young man, who will have all the slipper and rise throwing tomfoolery."

"You may depend upon me, Sir Mark," said Guest eagerly; and he set about his task at once, greatly to the butler's disgust.

The minutes went swiftly then; the guests gathered on the staircase and crowding the hall, while the carriage, with its servants, stood waiting, with an avenue of people down to the door.

Guest was on the step seeing that the wraps and various little articles needed on the journey were handed in. Barron, looking flushed and proud, was in the hall, with his hand grasped by Sir Mark, and a murmur of excitement and cheer announced that the bride was coming down, when the bridegroom's carriage began to move on.

The sudden starting of the horses made Guest turn sharply, and he saw about his feet the luggage of the bride. "Hi! Stop! Do you hear?" he shouted, and several of the servants waiting outside took up the cry. "Coming down." But the carriage moved on and a four-wheeled cab took its place, amid a roar of laughter from the crowd.

At the same moment three businesslike-looking men stepped into the hall, and before the butler and footmen could stop them they were close up to the foot of the staircase.

"Sir Mark turned upon them angrily, but one of them gripped his arm and said quickly: "Sir Mark Jerrold?"

"Yes. What is this intrusion?" "Upstairs, sir, quick. Stop the young lady from coming down."

The man's manner was so impressive that it forced Sir Mark to act, and he shouted up the broad staircase: "Edie! One moment—not yet."

Then, as if resenting the fact that he should have obeyed himself as he turned sharply in time to hear the words: "James Dale—in the queen's name. Here is my warrant. No nonsense; we are three to one."

The bridegroom was struggling in the policemen's arms, and in the hand which he freed there was a revolver.

CHAPTER XIV. STRATTON'S THANKSGIVING.

There was a slight struggle, the sharp click of steel, and before Sir Mark could find words to express his rage and astonishment, Barron was being hurried out of the hall by two of the men who had made the unceremonious entry, while the two policemen there for another purpose, in answer to some froresomony of the force, opened the cab door and saw the vehicle driven off.

Sir Mark had meantime made an effort to follow, but the man who had spoken barred his way.

"You scoundrel! Who are you?" roared the admiral. "What does this mean?"

"Superintendent Abington, Great Scotland Yard, sir," was the quiet reply. "It means, sir, that I've saved the young lady from a painful scene, and you from a terrible mishap."

"But, oh, there is some horrible blunder! That is my friend, my son-in-law, Mr. Barron."

"No, sir, an alias, James Dale, whom we have wanted for months. Dodged us by keeping abroad. Couldn't run him to earth before—stayed on the Continent; and he was off abroad again, but we were just in time."

"I tell you," thundered Sir Mark, "it is a horrible mistake. Here, Guest—the carriage; we must follow them at once."

Rebecca, go up to Myra and keep her in her room. A little mistake; Barron has been called away—a business mistake. Tell her to be calm. Now, sir," he cried sternly to the officer, "do not leave my side. Mr. Guest come with us."

"Where to, Sir Mark?" said the man quietly. "To Scotland Yard."

"Excuse me, sir; it is no mistake. I'll go with you, of course, but you will thank me one of these days for being so prompt. You have been imposed upon by one of the cleverest scoundrels of his time. James Dale is—"

"Mr. James Barron, man."

"No, Sir Mark; James Dale, charged with swindling the Russian Government of a tremendous sum by the issuing of forged ruble notes."

"And just off to Venice, Ayres."

"To the West Indies, man—to his estate."

"Yes, sir," said the man dryly; "he's going to his estate, but it isn't there."

Sir Mark looked wildly round at the crowd of friends who were drawing away, and without another word accompanied the officer to the carriage, where, as soon as they were started, the latter addressed himself to Guest, the admiral having sunk back in one corner, trying to collect his thoughts, but only to begin listening intently.

"No mistake, sir," said the officer. "I wish for the gentleman's sake there was a long time ago a copy of the printer's name named Henderson—Samuel Henderson. We took in an hour ago, and it was through a letter we found in his pocket that we knew he was going on here, and arrived just in time for the young lady."

Guest glanced at Sir Mark and met his eyes.

"Quite the gentleman, our friend Dale," continued the officer. "Schoolmaster once I found. Speaks languages, plays and sings. Greatly gifted man. Deceive anybody but his own's up and down. Couldn't live in England; it was. Where did he say he was going—West Indies, sir?"

Guest nodded.

"Well, he was going on farther south. He had taken tickets for the River Plate."

Sir Mark started suddenly.

Guest said a few more moments, and Guest's resentment against Myra died out as he thought of the poor girl in the power of a scoundrel thousands of miles from home.

"Lay it money, I suppose?" whispered the officer from behind his hand. Guest gave a sharp nod, and then felt annoyed with himself, but the officer took no heed of what he said.

"Of course," would have, sir. Well, my gentleman, it is to be able to tell me and I suppose there will be no difficulty about giving a divorce."

At those words a flood of thought flashed through Gu's brain, and he recalled conversations hid with Edie respecting the marriage, and the girl's boldly expressed belief that he could not possibly have drawn back for her promise and her pride.

He would hurried off to Bencher's Inn with the admiral, but he was bound to go on to the police office and see the matter settled. Sir Mark, said in his own mind, had hardly closed his eyes when he was helped to execute the

warrant, and the whole aspect changed as he saw the admiral and Guest enter.

"Hah!" cried, "at last. Now, Mr. Inspector, whatever you are, this is Admiral Sir Mark Jerrold, my father-in-law. The whole affair is one of mistaken identity. For Heaven's sake, my dear sir, satisfy these people as to my responsibility, and there will be no Southampton to-day. How does Myra bear the shock?"

Sir Mark's opinion veered toward the speaker directly, and turning to the officer, who had been in company from the house, he said with a smiling appearance: "There, sir, I told you it was all a mistake."

"Yes, Sir Mark, you did," said the man respectfully; "and then this couple of policemen went sharply. What an escape!"

"The luggage!" cried Guest as he saw what was being borne in by the men.

"Yes, sir," said the officer. "I stepped back to give instructions to our men to bring on everything from the carriage, and the trunks sent on to Waterloo. They must be searched for incriminating evidence, and the luggage will be sent back to Bourne Square at once."

"The insolence of the scoundrel! I cried Barron. "My dear Sir Mark, pray get this wretched business finished."

"I can save the gentleman a good deal of trouble, Dale," said the inspector in charge. "As you addressing me, sir?" said the prisoner haughtily.

"Won't do, Dale; the game's up," said the inspector, smiling. Then to Sir Mark: "I am sorry for you, sir, but this is no case for bail."

"But I will be his security for any amount," cried Sir Mark, who crushed down the belief that he had been deceived.

"Yes, of course, of course," cried the prisoner.

"No good, Mr. Dale. You can renew the application to the magistrate," said the inspector.

He made a sign, and after a furious burst of protestations the prisoner gave up.

"Communicate with Garner of Ely Place at once for me, Sir Mark," he said at parting. "It will be all right. Comfort Myra, and tell her it's an absurd mistake," he continued as Guest was looking at a letter the detective officer held for his perusal; and then he turned indignantly as Barron held out his hand.

"Sir Mark was about to take it when Guest struck his hand down.

"How dare you?" began the prisoner. "Don't touch the scoundrel, Sir Mark," cried Guest fiercely. "It is all true."

"You out!" roared the prisoner. "Reason for that, my friend, is that you have rejected the reason for that: our friend the rejected Bencher's Inn."

"Come away, Sir Mark," cried Guest. "The man is an utter knave."

"I will not believe it," cried Sir Mark. "Read later, then," said Guest, "written on paper bearing your crest, from your own house, to his confederate, Samuel Henderson, the printer of the forged Russian notes."

Sir Mark sat silent and thoughtful in the corner of his carriage as he and Guest were driven back, till they were near the house, when he turned suddenly to his companion.

"Thank you, Guest," he said warmly. "Nothing like a friend in action. Hang it, sir, I'd sooner take my ships into action than admit meet my guests here at home. But it is to be done, he said, "and our side beaten. I will not believe that Mr. Barron is guilty, nor yet that I could have been made a fool. The man is a gentleman, and



THE MISSING LINK.

THE MISSING LINK.

A REMARKABLE PAINTING THAT IS BEING MUCH DISCUSSED.

It Represents the Monkey as He Appeared Just Before He Became a Fully Developed Man—This is Darwin's Theory on Canvass.

The latest work of Gabriel Max, the Munich maestro, whose genre pictures of monkey life have attracted great attention during the last few years, is herewith faithfully reproduced in THE EARTH. The artist calls it the "Pithecanthropus alatus, the European Ape-Man," and dedicated his work to Prof. Ernest Haeckel, the celebrated naturalist and zoologist.

"Natural History of Creation," in which he defends the Darwinian theories on the origin of man and his history. The popular name for the painting will probably always read "Missing Link."

Prof. Max says that this picture represents the results of scientific investigation, and that it is not a "scientific legend," like the work of the French writer Jules Verne. "I have done away with fanciful tales, fables and myths," he says. "My painting is grounded on a scientific hypothesis."

The hypothesis was, no doubt, furnished by the work of the French writer Jules Verne. The works on anthropology have always been studied with great care by the painter, the latter himself being an expert in all questions of anatomy.

"By these studies," says Max, "I was forced to the conclusion that the relations between monkey and man are much less obscure than generally accepted. The artist pursued his studies both in his library and the continental zoological gardens, which contain a great many fine and rare specimens of the monkey family.

The result is this "Reconstruction of the Ape-Man," which

HAS BEEN HAILED WITH DELIGHT in European art circles, while scientific men of the totem rank are giving it much attention. As long as the missing link itself has not been discovered, the reconstruction will be regarded an excellent substitute. Prof. Haeckel, it is said, gave Prof. Max hints as to the anatomical construction.

The ape man and woman, which the painting represents, are intended to show the missing links as they appeared in the little consistory half-way down to the habit of mere animals and cultivated the spark of intelligence. The artist himself says that he expects anatomists and anthropologists to attack him on account of the form he has computed to the ape-man. His chief intention was to invest his figures with character that should show in

THE EXPRESSION OF THE COUNTENANCE.

According to Prof. Haeckel, the ape-man was unable to speak. He lived in the virgin forest. This forest was situated in the interior or the middle part of Europe.

The picture exhibits brownish-yellow tints, representing the semi-darkness of the forest. The skin of the ape-man has the complexion we are wont to associate with the people of Southern Italy. The ape-man is darker. The hair of both is of the blonde tint.

Especially remarkable are the full lips of both man and woman, and it is worth noting that the artist painted the length of the nose of the ape-man. Scientists have repeatedly asserted that Africa, or Asia was first populated. The lips of the figures represented are eminently African. And

THE MALE MISSING LINK

animal traits and sensations still predominate. We see him grasp the branch of the tree at his first upright step into an unknown sphere, but behind the half-closed lids his eyes look with semi-intelligence down upon his wife and child. They seem to express pride and at the same time care and perhaps also regret.

His lips are parted as if to speak an encouraging word. Perhaps it would have pleased the fact that his ape-man was not endowed with the gift of speech. The male gives the impression that he is in the act of saying something.

The female missing link is far more interesting. She seems to have forgotten her surroundings in the care for the child she nurses. Her eyes are wide open, staring into

FINANCIAL.

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