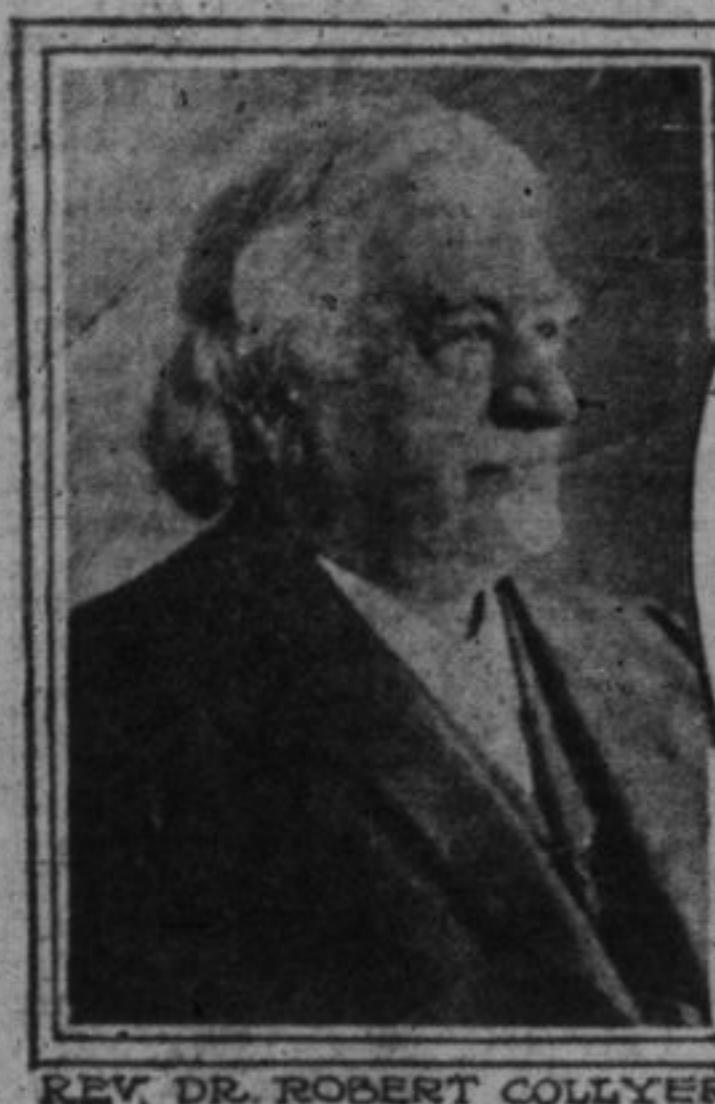


URGING REFORM IN VIVISECTION.



REV. DR. ROBERT COLLYER.



J. D. WARNER.



JOHN HENRY ISELIN.

New York, Jan. 8.—Messrs. John De Witt Warner and John H. Iselin are emphatic in declaring that needless cruelty in vivisection must be stopped. The enforcement of laws against such offenders is favored if such steps are necessary. A committee to make inquiry is urged, and they declare it time, in name of common humanity, to spare dumb animals unnecessary pain. Rev. Dr. Collyer is another who urges reform in this direction.

NEWS OF NEIGHBORS

WHAT WHIG CORRESPONDENTS TELL US.

The Tidings From Various Points in Eastern Ontario—What People Are Doing And What They Are Saying.

Mountain Grove Election.

Mountain Grove, Jan. 7.—There was a warm contest for the reevehip, by Messrs. Cronk and Flynn. The result was: Cronk, 112; Flynn, 95. Considering the united forces of reeves and assessors and others, Mr. Flynn is a most popular man to stand so well single-handed. School is progressing well. The Sunday school will hold its annual convention on the 12th and 13th.

Glendower Gleanings.

Glendower, Jan. 6.—There will be no school for the winter. Anson Timmerman is around again. T. Babcock is running the drill at the Card mine. William Webster lost a horse last week. Mrs. Vanconant's little child was badly scalded. Mrs. John Babcock is somewhat better. John Babcock is working at the barges for the Richardsons. Miss May Wilson, at Godfrey for a while, is home.

Tidings From Bath.

Bath, Jan. 6.—Miss Ethel Topliff left, on Monday last, for her school in Dornock, Ont. Mrs. James Stevenson, Jr., is visiting with friends in Violet. Mr. and Mrs. James Chapman have returned to Brockville, after visiting at Norman Riley's. Joseph F. Johnson, of Belleville, is visiting friends here.

THE TORTURE OF BOILS

Reports From Bognards.

Many Cases of This Painful Disease Have Been Cured by Us.

Stewart's Calciuim Wafers.

A Trial Package Sent Free.

Furuncles, or boils, is one of the oldest diseases of history. Every one familiar with the case of Job, of whom it was said in the Bible, that the surface of his body was completely covered with them, and the disease is referred to by many people nowadays as "Job's Disease."

Boils consist of large, projecting points of inflammation situated on the skin, and extending into the connective tissue. They usually terminate in a suppuration and the formation of a central slough or core; and when the boil comes to a head and breaks, the abscess tends to heal, leaving a cicatrix, or scar.

This disease occurs most frequently on the back of the neck, although they may occur anywhere on the surface of the skin.

Boils seldom occur singly, but usually come in considerable numbers, and frequently succeed one another in rapid succession for a considerable period, and their presence always indicates a lowered state of vitality, and a depraved, depleted and impoverished condition of the blood.

The pain attendant on a single boil is prolonged for three or four days, and no sooner is the pain of one gotten rid of, than that of another begins, until the person is completely worn out with suffering.

When the boil involves a nerve filament, the pain is most excruciating and almost insufferable.

The treatment for the cure of furuncles or boils should be directed toward rectifying errors of nutrition, improving the general health, eliminating poisons and impurities from the blood, and toning up and strengthening the kidneys, bowels, and other eliminating organs.

The preparations of sulphur have the most pronounced influence in curing boils, and of these preparations the sulphide of calcium is by far the most powerful and effective.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS, which contain calcium sulphide, have been exceedingly successful in the treatment and cure of boils, as they diminish the inflammation and suppuration, and besides act so powerfully upon the blood that the impurities which are the underlying cause of boils, are completely eliminated, and the disease having nothing further to keep it going, rapidly disappears.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers not only cure boils, but all other blood and skin diseases except leprosy, which is incurable by any treatment, and if suffering from any of the various skin manifestations, dependent upon impure blood, you should give this celebrated remedy a fair trial.

Secure a box on your way down town this morning for 30c, and drop me a card requesting a sample, which we will gladly send you. Address, F. A. Stuart Company, 175 Stuart Building, March, Mich.

this week. Harry Mott and Miss Lena Mott have returned from their visit with friends in Brockville. The bay here has frozen over and in a short time it is expected that it will be in condition for people to travel over if the weather continues cold.

Echoes From Wolfe Island.

Wolfe Island, Jan. 7.—The remains of the late John Henderson, who died in Thomas Fawcett's, on Sunday evening, Jan. 22nd, were placed in the vault here on Tuesday. The stage line is again in operation across the island. It is said that D. H. Hinckley has sold his share of the line to Thomas Macklin. It is rumored that William Davis will manage the Wolfe Island cheese factory for the coming season. Henry Fawcett, who conducted Wolfe Island cheese factory for the past three years, has secured the position of head maker with the Wilsted cheese and butter company. Mrs. Earl and family, of Hartington, are visiting on the island. The islanders are glad to know that the crossing is good to Kingston.

Budget From Picton.

Picton, Jan. 6.—The local option campaign was quite a spirited one. The repeating of the Christmas anthem, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks" under Dr. Smith's management, was especially well rendered on Sunday night. Mabel Rorke is teacher in No. 3, Hollowell, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Fox, C. H. and W. M. Fox visited at Mrs. Walter Collier's last Friday. Mrs. Claude Wannamaker has returned to her home at Salem. Misses Shannon and Carr have gone back to their schools. A. Emory has returned to Victoria University. Miss C. Fox, B.A., left for Kingston on 3rd Inst., to resume school work at Garden Island. Mr. Moore has moved on the property formerly occupied by G. Stevens.

Westbrook News.

Westbrook, Jan. 7.—At the school meeting, on Wednesday of last week, George Kell was appointed trustee. G. W. Kell, of Elginburgh, spent the holidays with his cousin, Howard Kell. Mrs. Lorraine Smith has returned to Toronto, to resume her studies at the normal school. Mrs. Kerby entertained a number of friends on Thursday evening. A baby girl has arrived at Joe Howie's. The Christmas tree entertainment of the Methodist Sunday school, and also the tea-meeting were successes. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Anderson and family, of Kingston spent a few days recently at J. A. Sirou's. Mrs. Jennings Gates is visiting in Kingston. Miss Estella Moon, Conway, is the guest of Miss Inn Allport. Rev. Howie spent a week recently at Hay Bay. Miss Daisy Hillard, of Kingston, is visiting at W. Reynolds'. Percy and Charles Marshall, spent the holidays with their sister, Mrs. J. I. Sprout, Westbrook.

News From Northbrook.

Northbrook, Jan. 5.—John Broadhead returned to Buffalo on Thursday, after spending the holidays with his family. Mr. Marshall Preslar and children are spending a few weeks in Tamworth. Among those who took their Christmas dinner in town were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clarke, of Flintton, at Mr. Wm. Both's; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Plevna, at Irvin Wood's; Mr. and Mrs. L. Shier, at William Atkinson's; Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkpatrick at Philo Peterson's; Mr. and Mrs. William Ruttan and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ruttan and two children at Robert Abbott's. Mrs. Thomas Preslar and Mrs. A. Brownson, of Clare, Mich. were the guests of the latter's brother James Preslar, for a few days. Misses May and Ruth Lloyd, of Napavine, spent the holiday under the parental roof. Quite a number from this village attended the oyster supper in Clove, on New Year's night. Miss Adda Preslar spent Christmas day at Keladar street, the guest of Mrs. Alexander Fleming. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Rombough spent the day in Harlowe at W. Scott's. Stanley Wheeler has purchased the farm owned by William Ruttan and Henry Vaness, the farm owned by Peter Vassar. The teacher, Miss Gertrude Bendall has resumed her duties, after spending the holidays at her home in Deseronto. Miss Edna Curtis, of Myers' Cave is spending a few days with her sister, Miss Henry Lloyd. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wheeler are visiting friends in Tweed.

Lombardy's New Council.

Lombardy, Jan. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Barker and children and Mrs. W. Aggett, Pojaysan, Man., are visiting relatives in this vicinity. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th, the marriage took place in Trinity church, of Miss May Griffin and Walter Taylor. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. A. Barcham. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left for a short wedding trip and in the spring will go west. Colgate Hotel, Detroit, Mich., is visiting his father, Francis Healy. Mr. and Mrs. H. Perry, Smith's Falls, spent New Year's Day with Mrs. Patterson. Miss Mary Kelly, left recently for Uxbridge to visit her brother. A merry crowd drove to Kilian Ferry on New Year's evening, and spent a few hours in the rink there. Miss Rosella O'Mara is taking charge of Lombardy school for 1910, in succession to Miss M. Poppey, who taught here during the past five years. Mr. and Mrs. P. Hunt, Caintown, visited friends here recently. Miss Annie Leggondy, Tamworth, and Miss Marcella Donnelly, who is attending Ottawa normal school, were recent visitors at Stewarts' Derbyday's.

The new council for 1910 is: H. S. Hunter, reeve; M. Ballantyne, W. W. Burns, H. Botter, G. E. Joynt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee and family. Smith's Falls were guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. Folk recently.

Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere.

In Beecham's
Good Health

is within reach of nearly every man and woman who earnestly desires it. Start right with

At the Sign of the Blue Teapot.

By JANE OSBORN.

was producing it, she had a whisper conversation with her.

"You understand, don't you? Thank you, so much," Ransom heard her say. She took the card and, crossing off the "Miss Louise Elting," wrote "Miss L. Preston." Then she hesitated a second and gave her address in Chicago, in care of another aunt. "My mail will be forwarded from there."

Further argument being useless, Ransom gave himself up to such impersonal conversation as happened to come into his head, and when he left the two at Philadelphia, he thought he saw a look of regret come into Lucy's eyes, and then, just for a moment, something seemed to linger on her lips, trying to be said. "Goodbye," he said, "I'll write soon."

For the next two days Ransom was in a state of great perplexity. "Perhaps I've offended her," he thought, as he realized how often during the last year in her letters she had gone unanswered for weeks. "But surely," he added, "she knows how I like letter writing. Anyway," he concluded, "if she is offended she cares a little, and if she cares a little, she might care more."

With this optimistic conclusion, Ransom sat down to one of the hardest tasks he had ever undertaken. Writing was a burden at best and any conventional expression of devotion that he could think of seemed to him extremely cheap. At least, by dint of much self-control, he wrote a letter so frank and open in its declaration even the doubtless Lucy would have to be convinced of his sincerity.

The letter written, Ransom sought the little card that Lucy had given him, for the necessary address. "She ought to get this in three or four days," he thought. "If she is near Chicago, and if she writes me I can be with her on Christmas after all."

Ransom made these observations, he tucked the card in contemplation. "Hello," he said aloud as his eyes caught the reverse side of the card. "It looks as if Lucy's aunt had given away a memorandum. He read the names on the back, written in a delicate feminine hand, "The Sign of the Blue Teapot, 1679 Hemlock street, Luncheon 11-2. Tea 3-6. Fancy articles. Home-made delicacies. Special list of Christmas pies and puddings."

During the next four days Ransom was in a mood of expectancy and perfect confidence as to the outcome of his proposal, but when Christmas eve arrived with no telegram he began to have misgivings. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he would have to spend Christmas alone; and then with a distinct impression as to what sort of Christmas dinner the French cook at the club would probably produce, he recalled the notes on the back of Miss Elting's card.

"I'll get some home-made things and have them sent over," he thought as he walked toward the new tenement in Hemlock street, late that afternoon.

Ransom never had been in a tenement before, and he felt singularly out of place in the Sign of the Blue Teapot. The feminine, would-be Japanese atmosphere of the place, the hanging paper wisteria, the slight bamboo chairs and tables, the cheap Japanese prints and pottery, and the inappropriate array of holly and evergreen struck him as being exceedingly fragile. He walked with careful steps past the cases filled with home-made, holly-nimmed, pastry. Then, as he passed the desk, his eye caught sight

"To be sure," he answered. "Just tell me why you're thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."

"I suppose it was because we were here living there. You are still there, aren't you?" she asked with a smile.

"I am here with my aunt," explained Lucy, "but we aren't going to be here long; it is not very long."

"But come," Ransom urged her. "I have told you why I was thinking of you, now it's your turn to tell me why you were talking about me."