

The Home

POVERTY CROQUETTES.

"I know it is not quite the thing to ask," I said respectfully to my hostess, "but might I know these croquettes are made?" I had "dropped in" for lunch at a friend's house, where it is quite home, writes Mrs. Curtis, and the question was a sheer ask for nothing. I had ever eaten a line of chopped, breaded, fried

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIII.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 4, 1898.

NO 37

Bargains in

Dry-Goods & Novelties!

We have the Largest Assortment
The Latest Styles.....
The Lowest Prices

You will be welcome to see what we can offer you, and may be sure it will be to your own benefit.

LACHUTE BARGAIN STORE

Denis Bros.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Gordon of Jerusalem is staying at Mrs. Massiah's, Centre Ward.

Mr. and Miss E. Creswell spent Friday last in Montreal.

Rev. Mr. Cain of Grenville was in town on Monday.

Colwyn & Berwyn announcement will interest the Ladies. See advt.

If you are alive to your interest look out for McPaul's ad next week.

Mr. G. J. and Miss Maggie Walker attended the Caledonian concert in Montreal on Monday.

LADIES JACKETS.—The newest styles. Last year's goods Half price. W. BANFORD.

Mr. Desjardins of Vide Sac is having an auction sale on the 14th of this month.

WANTED—A Good General Servant. No washing. Apply to Mrs. G. H. Christie.

If talk is anything to go by Lachute is to be kept alive with socials and such like during the winter months.

A meeting of the Parish Council will be held on Monday in the Court House at 3 o'clock.

Wool.—Wanted 5,000 lbs. by the end of this month. MCFaul Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambly are moving back into Mrs. James Campbell's house.

Mr. and Mrs. Geegan have moved into the house formerly occupied by Mr. Duncan Jones.

The butter factory will shortly be opened and once more good butter will be an easily procurable article.

Hallowe'en was celebrated in a much more rational manner than last year.

Mrs. Hume of Montreal, with her family have returned to the city after a few days visit to her former home.

The weather is becoming more winterlike and householders realizing this are putting on their double windows and banking up cellars etc.

The "WATCHMAN" will be sent to new subscribers from this date to 1st January 1899, for one dollar. Subscribe at once.

You can save money by getting your knitting done by machine equal to hand knit, at W. Morrison's Brownsburg. Give us a trial.

OATS.—Wanted at once for which I will pay the highest cash price. Communicate with, H. PILION, Baker, Lachute.

Miss Jessie Ross of Montreal has been renewing old acquaintances in town this week and was the guest of Miss Jennie Morell.

A meeting of the Directors of Agricultural Society is to be held in Rodrigue's Hotel on Tuesday at 2 o'clock.

Rev. J. W. Clarke will preach in the Baptist Church at Dalesville on Sunday morning at 11 a.m. and at the outstations afternoon and evening.

COAL, OIL! Coal Oil!!—Pratt's Astral Oil 25c. per gall., Canadian Oil 15c. per gall. at— J. R. McOUAT'S

Any who are in arrears with their subscriptions and care to wipe out their indebtedness with wood, are at liberty to do so, if brought in this month.

It may interest some of our readers to know that Mr. Creswell, former pastor of the Lachute Baptist Church accepted a unanimous call to the church at Renfrew.

WANTED.—Knitting. All kinds of socks and stockings, plain or ribbed, equal to hand knit. Prices moderate. A trial is solicited.

We must congratulate Messrs McOuat & McRae on having secured the services of Mr. Geo. McGregor, who is so favorably known throughout this county. We are glad to welcome old friends back again.

We regret to learn that Mr. P. Campbell has been confined to his bed since Friday last suffering from severe injuries to his leg caused by the falling of a stone in the Gr. St. Mill.

NEW FALL GOODS.—Schoolboys' suits just in. Men's Winter Suits. Men's Rick and Brown Overcoats. Men's Light Fall Overcoats. Men's Pea Jackets, Freize, all colors. W. BANFORD.

Shot Guns, Rifles, Air Rifles, Ammunition. Also the Enfield Rifle and Shot Gun with 20 rounds of ammunition for \$2.50 at— J. R. McOUAT'S

A very pleasant time was spent at the W.C.T.U. Social on Friday last, held at the residence of the Rev. Mrs. Mackie on Friday last. Games and Refreshments were the order of the evening and much enjoyed by a l.

The Secretary of the Agricultural Society of this County (Mr. G. J. Walker) has received the Government Grant and will be prepared on Monday to pay the Premiums awarded by the Society during the year. The Secretary hopes that all parties will call in for their prizes with as little delay as possible. G. J. WALKER.

Try our new brand of Flour. Patent Hungarian \$2.10—White Light \$2.00. Every bag guaranteed. J. R. McOUAT

We understand the Oddfellows are removing from the Oliv. t Hall some time this month, and will take up new quarters at McPaul's Hall, which has been specially fitted for Society meetings, etc.

Are you aware that Mr. W. S. Smith is agent for the Noxen Bros. Agricultural implements and that he is selling root cutters, with ball bearings, for \$9.00. Now is your chance.

Last Friday afternoon a cablegram was received by Dr. Alexander, from Timara, New Zealand, bringing the sad news of the unexpected death of his aunt that morning. Her return to this country, after an absence of several years, was looked for in the course of a few weeks.

The ratepayers belonging to White's and Powers Bridges have made a petition in appeal to the County Council from the decision of the local parish council in reference to their petition presented to said council at last meeting, requesting that the two bridges be made a parish work, the local council having refused their request.

Boys will be boys and often they run terrible risks as was evidenced on Friday when a crowd of small boys took an old buggy and climbing in commenced to roll down from the railway track towards the West End. The buggy with its contents rolled into the river and it is to be hoped that the dancing will deter young lads from such venturesome sport in future.

Mr. & Mrs. Daw left last week for Balston U.S. to attend the funeral of their niece, Miss Flossie Cooksley, who died on Thursday last after a short illness. Little Flossie it will be remembered was visiting Lachute in the summer of last year and had endeared herself to many by her bright and winning ways. We tender our sincere sympathies to those who are thus bereaved.

The cry of fire was again heard on Sunday night. The churches were soon emptied and crowds ran to the scene of the conflagration which consisted of the outbuildings belonging to Mr. J. A. Combie. It is not known how the fire originated, but the opinion is strong that it was set purposefully, but by whom is now the question? The Humboldt boys are safely lodged at Ste. Scholastique, so suspicion must now be directed elsewhere.

Miss Geegan has been elected President and Miss Christina McGibbon, secretary of the Y. W. O. T. U. Members are reminded that their fees for the present year are now due, and are to be paid to Miss McGibbon. Honorary members are asked to rally round the Y's and their standard, and help forward the contemplated winter work. To do your share attend the meetings and learn in what way and how much you can help.

The Argenteuil Rangers Rifle Association wish to acknowledge the following towards their matches, Dr. Christie, M. P. P., \$4.00, W. A. Weir, M. P. P., \$5.00, McOuat and McRae, 1 set smoothing irons, Hamelin and Ayers, 1 pair pants, Vice-Pres Hamelin, 1 Box cigars, McPaul Bros., 1 pair kid mits. The A. R. R. A. matches on Tuesday and Wednesday came off well to a certain extent there being splendid shooting both days, although the membership was very small. The scores will appear in next week's issue of the WATCHMAN.

DENTISTRY.

B. S. STACKHOUSE, S.R., D.D.S. L.D.S. SURGEON DENTIST,

Will be in Lachute last three days of each week. For six months—full set of teeth \$6; fillings and extracting half price. Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed. Painless Extraction.

LACHUTE, Nov. 1st, 1898.

AGENTS

We pay straight weekly salaries of from \$10 to \$20, according to ability, for canvassers to "sell and work of Mr. Gladstone." The demand for this wonderful book is keeping all hands working early and late. The only Canadian and British work published. Endorsed by the Royal Family and leading public men. A big, cheap book. BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Glass. Glass.

The cold weather is coming and you will require to do some repairing of windows.

Come to us, we have all sizes, and if you want irregular sizes, we will cut them for you.



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Mercantile, Schedule, and Farm Risks placed at reduced rates.

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J. D. LEDUC, L.L.B.

AVOCATE,

Ste Scholastique Que

Attorney for the revenue for the district of Terrebonne for Dominion and Provincial Governments

N. FOREST,

NOTARY,

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE.

FALL GOODS ALL IN

GO TO A FRIEND FOR ADVICE.
GO TO A WOMAN FOR SYMPATHY.
GO TO A STRANGER FOR CHARITY.

Go to J. J. PERIARD

FOR FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.
FOR THE BEST GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

He has had 29 years experience at the business so is in a position to give satisfaction.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

YOUR FEET AND PURSE

WILL BE PERFECTLY FITTED if you buy your Boots and Shoes from us. We have a large stock at—

REDUCED PRICES.

J. A. BEDARD.

If you are in need of a



call in and see my stock of

NEW WILLIAMS

The New Style "6" Drop Head is just a beauty.

Every Machine Warranted 5 Years!

As I am Sole Agent for the "New Williams" Sewing Machines for the county of Argenteuil, I am in a position to give you good bargains.

Old Machines taken in exchange.

My Stock Of

PIANOS & ORGANS

IS ALSO COMPLETE

Just received a few magnificent Piano-Case Organs. Call and see them.

J. A. Bedard,
Main St., LACHUTE.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

LOVE AND WAR

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.
By MARY J. HOLMES.

(Continued.)

Widow Simms could keep silent no longer, and brandishing her polished shears by way of adding emphasis to what she said, she began:

"And s'posin' 'tis folks as poor as poverty struck, haint they feelin' I'd like to know? Haint they got bodies and souls, and mothers, and wives, and sisters? And s'posin' 'tis democrats,—more shame for t'other side that helped get up the muss. Where be they now, them chaps that wore the big black caps, and did so much toward puttin' Lincoln in that chair? Why don't they help to keep him settin' there, and not stand back with their hands tucked in their trousers' pockets? Both my boys, Eli and John, voted t'other ticket, and Isaac would, but he wasn't twenty-one. They're all jined, and I won't say I'm sorry, for if there's anything I hate, it's a sneak! It makes me so mad!" and the big shears again clicked savagely, as Widow Simms resumed her work, after having thus delivered her opinion of the black republicans, besides having, in her own words, given "that puckerin' Miss Mathers a piece of her mind."

Obtuse as Rose was on many points, she saw there was some homely truth in what the widow had said, but this did not impress her so much as the fact that she had evidently given offence, and she was about trying to extricate herself from the dilemma when George Graham appeared ostensibly to bring some trivial message to the President of the Society, but really to see if his wife were there, and speak to her some kind word of encouragement. Rose recognized him as the young man she had seen at the war meeting, and the moment he left the hall, she broke out impetuously:

"Isn't he handsome!—so tall, so broad-shouldered, and such a splendid mark for a bullet,—I most know he will be shot!"

"Hush-sh!" came warningly from several individuals, but came too late. The mischief was done. Ere Rose could collect her thoughts a group of frightened women had gathered around poor Annie, who had fainted.

"What's the matter? do tell!" cried Rose, standing on tip-toe and clutching at the dress of Widow Simms, who angrily retorted:

"I should s'pose, you'd ask. It's enough to make the poor critter faint clean away to hear a body talk about her husband's being a fust rate mark for a bullet!"

With all her thoughtlessness, Rose had the kindest heart in the world; and forcing herself to look at the woman who was the white-faced Annie, and taking the drooping head in her lap, pushed back the thick braids of hair, noting, with her quick eye for the beautiful, how soft and luxuriant they were, how pure was the complexion, how perfect were the features, how small and delicate the fingers, and how graceful was the slender neck.

"I'm so sorry! I wish I'd staid at home; I am so sorry," she kept repeating; and when at last Annie returned to consciousness, Rose Mathers' was the first voice she heard, Rose's the first face she saw.

With an involuntary shudder she closed her eyes wearily, while Rose anxiously asked of those about her how they should get her home. "Oh, Jake," she suddenly exclaimed, as towering above the female heads, she saw her colored coachman looking for her, and remembered that her husband was to call and take her out to ride, "oh, Jake, lift this lady up, careful as you can, and put her in our carriage. Is Will there? Well, no matter, he'll just have to get out. Stand back, won't you, and let Jake come," she continued, authoritatively to the group of ladies who, half-amused, and half-surprised at this new phase in Rose Mathers' character, made way for burly Jake, who lifted Annie's light form as if it had been a feather's weight, and bore it down the stairs, followed by Rose, who, with one breath, told Annie not to be a bit afraid, for Jake certainly would not drop her, and with the next asked Jake if he were positive and sure he was strong enough not to let her fall.

Lazily reclining upon the cushions of his carriage, William Mathers was smoking his Havana, and admiring the sleek coat of his iron greys, when Rose appeared, and seizing him by the arm, peremptorily ordered him to alight, and help Jake lift the lady in.

"I don't know who 'tis, but it's somebody I made faint away with my silly talk," she replied in answer to Mr. Mathers' question, "Who have you there?"

"You made faint away!" he repeated, as he found himself rather unceremoniously landed upon the flagging stones, his Havana rolling at his feet, and his wife preparing to follow Annie, whom Jake had placed inside.

"Yes; I talked about her husband's being a splendid mark for a bullet, and all that, without ever thinking she was his wife. He looked so tall, and big, and nice, that I couldn't help thinking his head would come above all the rest in a fight, but I don't believe it will. There, Jake, we are ready now, drive on," said Rose, while poor Annie groaned afresh at this doubtful consolation.

"Drive whar?" asked Jake. "I dun know whar they lives."

"To be sure, nor I either," returned Rose, turning inquiringly to her husband, who gave the information, adding, as he glanced down the street, "Mr. Graham himself is coming, I see. I think Rose you had best give your place to him."

Rose, who was fond of adventures, wanted sadly to go with Annie, but George, when he came up, seemed so concerned, and asked so many questions, that she deemed it best to leave it for his wife to make the necessary explanations, merely saying, as she stepped upon the walk:

"I am so sorry, Mr. Graham, I really did not mean anything wrong in saying I knew you'd be shot, for you are so—"

"Rose, your dress is rubbing the wheel," interrupted Mr. Mathers, by way of diverting Rose from repeating the act for which she was expressing sorrow.

"No, it ain't rubbing the wheel, either. It isn't any where near it," said Rose, wondering what Will could mean; while George, taking a seat by Annie, smiled at what he saw to be a ruse.

Bent upon reconciliation, Rose pressed up to the carriage, and said to Annie, "you won't be angry at me always, will you? I shouldn't have thought of it, only he does look so—"

"Go on, Jake," Mr. Mathers called out, cutting short Rose's speech, and the next moment Annie was driving down the street in Rose Mathers' carriage, and behind the iron greys, an honor she had never dreamed in store for her when she saw the stylish turnout passing the door of her cottage in the Hollow.

CHAPTER III.

The 13th Regiment was ordered to Elmira, and the day had arrived for the departure of the volunteers. Bright was the sun, and cloudless the sky which shone on Rockland, that spring day; but cloudless sky nor warm spring sun could comfort the hearts about to part with their treasures, some forever, and some to meet again, but when, or where, or how, none could tell save Him who holds the secrets of the future.

There were mothers who had never felt a pang so keen or a pain so sore, as when with hearts too full of anguish for the dry, red eyes to weep, they watched their sons pass from the threshold of the door, and knew that when the golden sunlight, falling so brightly around them, was purple in the west, they would look in vain for that returning step, and listen in vain for tones which were the first, perhaps to stir the deep fountains of maternal love. Fathers, too, were there, with heads bent down to hide the tears they deemed it weak to shed, as they gave the farewell blessing to their boy, praying that God might be over and around him, both when the deafening battle roar was sounding in his ear, and when in the stillly night he wrapped his blanket about him, and laid him down to rest, sometimes with the southern stars shining upon him, and sometimes with the southern rain falling on his unsheltered head, for all these vicissitudes must come to a soldier on the field. Wives and sisters, too, there were, who shuddered as they thought how the dear ones to whom they said good-bye would miss the comforts they were leaving, miss the downy pillow, the soft, warm bed made with loving hands and the luxuries of home never prized one half so much as now, when they were to be exchanged for a life within the camp. And there were maidens, from whose cheeks the roses faded, as they gave the parting kiss, and promised to be faithful even though the manly form the lover bore away should come back to them all maimed and crushed and crippled with the toil of war. Far better so than not to come at all. At least so Annie Graham thought, as, winding her arms around her husband's neck, she whispered to him:

"If the body you bring back has my George's heart within it, I shall love you just the same as I do now," and with her fair head lying on his bosom, Annie wept piteously.

Not till then had she realized what it was to let him go. She had become somewhat accustomed to thinking of it,—accustomed to see him pass in and out, dressed in his stylish uniform, which made him look so handsome, and then she had hoped the regiment would not be ordered for a long, long time, never perhaps; but now that dream was over; the dreaded hour had come, and for a moment Annie felt herself too weak to meet it. Through the livelong night she had prayed, or if perchance sleep for a moment shut the swollen lids, the lips had moved in prayer that her husband might come back to her again, or failing to do so, that he might grasp even at the eleventh hour, the Christian's faith, and so go to the Christian's home, where they would meet once more. She had given him her little Bible, all pencil-marked and worn with daily usage—the one she read when first the spirit taught her the meaning of its great mysteries,—and George had promised he would read it every day,—had said that when he went to battle he would place it next to his heart, a talisman to shield him from the bullets of the foe. And Annie, smiling through her tears, pointed him again to the only One who could stand between him and death, asking that when he was far away, he would remember what she said, and pray to the God she honored.

"It's time, now, darling," he said, at last, as he heard in the distance the beat of the drum.

But the clinging arms refused to leave his neck, and the quivering lips pressed so constantly to his, murmured:

"Wait a little minute more. 'Tis the last, you know."

Again the drum-beat was heard mingled with the shrill notes of the fif;

the soldiers were marching down the street, and must go, but oh, who can tell of love, the pain, the grief, the tears, the wailing with that parting—or the agonized look poor Annie to take her arms off his neck, to feel him putting her away, to hear him going from the house, across the threshold, down the street, through the gate, and know that she was gone.

As a child, peril instinctively turns to the mother, who it knows has never failed to succor, so Annie turned to God, and with a moaning cry for help, sank on her knees just where George had left her. Burying her face in the foun, she prayed that He who heareth even the raven's cry, would care for her husband, and bring him home again; that that could be. So absorbed was she as not to hear the gate's sharp click, nor the footstep coming up the walk. Impelled by something she could not resist, George had paused just by the garden fence, and yielding to the impulse which said he must see Annie's face once more, he stooped softly to the open door, and stood gazing at her as she knelt, her hands clasped together, and her face hidden from his view, as she prayed for him.

"Will the kind Father keep my George from peril if it can be, but if—oh, God, how can I say it!—if he must die, teach him the road to heaven."

That was what she said, and George listening to her, felt as if it were an angel's presence in which he stood. He could not disturb her. She was in safer hands than his, and he would rather leave her thus,—would rather think of her when far away, just as he saw her last, kneeling in her desolation and praying for him.

"It will help to make me a better man," he said, and brushing aside the great tears swimming in his eyes, he left his angel Annie, and went on his way to battle.

Just off from Rockland's main street, and in a cottage more humble than that of George Graham, the sun shone on another parting—on Widow Simms giving up her boys, and straining every nerve to look composed, and keep back the maternal love throbbing so madly at her heart. Rigid as if cut in stone were the lines upon her forehead and around her mouth, as she bustled about, doing everything exactly as it should be done, and coming often to where Isaac sat trying to look unconcerned and whistling "Dixie" as he pulled on the soft, warm pair of socks she had sat up nights to knit him. Eli and John had come too, snugly tucked away in their bundle but Isaac's were different. She had unravelled her own lamb's wool stockings for the material composing his, for Isaac's feet were tender; there were marks of chilblains on them; they would become sore and swollen from the weary march, and his mother would not be there with soothing lint and ointment made from the blue poke-berries. Great pains had the widow taken with her breakfast that morning, preparing each son's favorite dish, and bringing out the six china cups and saucers, part of her grandmother's bridal dower. It was a very tempting table, and John and Eli tried to eat, exchanging meaning smiles, when they saw their mother put in Isaac's cup the biggest lump of sugar, and the largest share of cream. They did not care, — for they too loved the fair-haired, smooth-faced boy sipping the yellow coffee he could not drink for the mysterious bunches rising so fast in his throat. The breakfast was over now. Isaac was trying on his socks, while Eli and John, knowing their mother would rather be alone when she said good-bye to her baby, prepared to start, talking quite loud, and keeping up stout courage till the last moment came, when both the tall, six-foot young men put their arms around the widow's neck, and faltered a faint "Good-bye, mother, good-bye."

There were no tears in the mother's eyes, nor in the sons', but in the breast of each there was a whirlpool of raging waters, hurrying far more than if they had been suffered to overflow in torrents. Eli was the first to go for John lingered a moment. There was something he would say, something which made him blush and stammer.

"Mother," he began, "I saw Susan last night. We went to Squire Harding's together; and—and, well, 'taint no use opposing it now,—Susan and I are one; and if I shouldn't come back, be good to her, for my sake, Susan's a nice girl mother," and on the brown, bearded cheek, there was a tear, wrung out by thoughts of only last night's bride, Susan Ruggles, whose family the widow did not like, and had set herself against.

There was no help now, and a sudden start was all the widow's answer. She was not angry, John knew; and satisfied with this, he joined his brother in the yard, where he was cutting his name upon the beech tree. Thrice the widow called them back, failing each time to remember what she wanted to say. "It was something sure," and the hard hands worked nervously, twisting up the gingham apron in a roll, smoothing it out again and working at the strings, until Eli and John passed from the yard, and left her standing there, watching them as they walked down the road. They were a grand-looking couple, she thought, as she saw how well they kept step. They were to march together to the depot, she knew, and nobody in town could turn out a finer span, but who would go with Isaac?—"Stub" his brothers called him. She hoped it might be Judge Warner's son — it would be such an honor, and that brought her back to the fact that Isaac was waiting for her inside; that the hardest part of all was yet to come, the bidding him good-bye. He was not in the chair where she had left him sitting, but was standing by the window, and raising often to his eyes his cotton handkerchief. He heard his mother come in, and turning toward her, said, with a sobbing laugh:

"I wish the plaguy thing was over." She thought he meant the war, and answered that "it would be in a few months, perhaps."

"I don't mean that, I mean the telling you good-bye. Mother, oh, mother!" and the warm-hearted boy clasped his mother to his bosom, crying like a child; "if I've ever been mean to you," he said, his voice choked with tears—"if I've ever been mean to you or done a hateful thing, you'll forget it when I'm gone! I never meant to be bad and the time I made that face, and called you an old fool, when I was a little boy, you don't know how sorry I felt, nor how long I cried in the trundle-bed after you were asleep. You'll forget it, won't you, when I am gone, never to come back, maybe? Will you, mother, say?"

Would she? Could she remember aught against her youngest born, save that he had ever been to her the best, the dearest, most obedient child in the world? No, she could not, and so she told him, caressing his light brown hair and showering upon it the kisses which the compressed lips could no longer restrain. The fountain of love was broken, and the widow's tears dropped like rain on the upturned face of her boy.

Suddenly there came to their ears the same drum-beats which had sounded so like a funeral knell to Annie Graham. Isaac must go, but not till one act more was done.

"Mother," he whispered, half hesitatingly, "it will make me a better soldier if you say the Lord's Prayer with me just as you used to do, with your hand upon my head. I'll kneel down, if you like," and the boy of eighteen, wearing a soldier's dress, did kneel down, nor felt shame as the shaky hand rested once more on his bowed head, while his mother said with him the prayer learned years ago, kneeling as he knelt now.

Surely to the angels looking on there was charge given concerning that young boy,—charge to see that no murderous bullet came near him, even though they should fall round him thick and fast as summer hail. It would seem that some such thought as this intruded itself upon the Widow Simms, for where the swelling pain there came a gentle peace. God would care for Isaac. He would send him home in safety, and so the bitterness of that parting was more than half taken away.

Again the drum beat just as Annie heard it. Another pressure of the hand, another burning kiss, another "good-bye mother, don't fret too much about us," and then the last of the widow's boys was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

ROYALTY LIVING IN CAPTIVITY

The Former King of Benin Not Having a Very Bad Time.

The dethroned King of Benin has just been interviewed at Old Calabar, on the African coast by Captain Jones, and Purser Kendrick of the mail steamer Bukana. They found the King located in his new quarters on Mission Hill, and apparently very comfortable. His house—a mud one, with corrugated iron roof—comes on to the main road. It is not enclosed by the usual compound.

His former Majesty is allowed several servants, and has lost none of his regal dignity. He shook hands heartily with the Englishmen, and instantly ordered his servants to bring seats. Waving his visitors to them, he then sat down himself. Captain Jones was careful to avoid asking the King any questions respecting his captivity. His Majesty has made but little progress in the English language, "hello," and "goodby," being about the extent of his knowledge in this direction. A woman, a native of Lagos, who lives near, interpreted for the King. He said he was in good health, and did not complain of his treatment. During the interview the King wore a white robe, which hung from one shoulder and fell down to his feet on which were sandals. The other shoulder, which the robe did not touch, was quite bare. The King is now, it seems, a Presbyterian, and regularly attends the mission established near his house by the United Presbyterian body. He had expressed much concern that he could not speak to the missionaries in their own language.

The King is still fond of much ceremonial, as showing the grandeur of his once regal power. In moving from his old quarters in the barracks to the house now assigned to him he was bedecked in all the splendour of his robes and ornaments. He arranged his wives, servants and others connected with his establishment in processional order, all in single file, so as to swell the length and seeming importance of his retinue. The King, who set the slow, measured pace at which the procession should move, swung his body about in a manner that would have graced a parish beadle, and seemed highly pleased when he saw the white officials looking on—as he thought, in admiration.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

My dear, said Mrs. Richleigh to her daughter the other evening after young Woody had departed, how in the world did your hair become so disarranged?

Why, mamma, replied the quick witted miss, I guess it must be from shaking my head so much when Mr. Woody was trying to coax me to say yes.

And the mother suddenly remembered that she had once been a girl herself.

TAKING A FRESH START.

Nell—"Clara is evidently trying to make a new woman of herself."

Bess—"Why, what has she been doing?"

Nell—"Her age is 29, but she makes the 9 upside down so it will read 26."

ADVERTISING
SUGGESTIONS
Wanted
From
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years
that
the
and
covery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh. The writer, while visiting in the village could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mrs. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when informed as to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this: "Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much of it, but it gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work, and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two or three times a night," said Mrs. McKenzie to try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on several years sometimes he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever.

He was pulled down from being a stout man of 180 pounds to about 130, and was so thin and miserable that all who knew him thought it would be only a matter of a short time until he would be in his grave. For four years did he thus drag along a miserable existence, until in the beginning of 1897 some one recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Tired of medicine, with some reluctance he procured a box and gave them a trial. Almost at once a change was perceptible and as he kept on taking them, the improvement continued, and he was soon able to be about. By the time he had taken about a dozen boxes he was free from the slightest twinge of rheumatism, and as stout and strong as he had been before his affliction. So great is his faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that when he left home recently to go up the lake for the summer, he took three boxes with him as a preventative against a possible recurrence of the trouble. Mrs. McKenzie was quite willing that this story should be made public, and believes that she owes her husband's life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

SINGULAR RAILROAD ACCIDENT.
One of the most singular of railway accidents was that near Genoa by which a dozen lives were recently lost. The Glori Tunnel, in which it occurred, is very long, and so foul that the windows are shut, leaving the passengers to keep alive on what air is already in the car. But the engineers have no such support, and the accident was caused by the fact that all the drivers and firemen on the three engines needed to haul the train up the heavy grade of the tunnel were asphyxiated. The train consequently slipped back and plunged into a passenger train at the bottom of the incline.

THE BLUEJACKET'S REVENGE.
The unfailing good humor of the British bluejacket was shown the other day when a boat's load of A. B.'s from a man of war were landed for shore leave in a Cornish village. As they journeyed up the roadway to the second pub., a gentleman's wagonette passed, driven by a surly looking coachman, and one of the tars jumped on the step behind. Git orf therel shouted the coachman and being a churlish sort of fellow, he lashed the sailor viciously across the face with his whip. That was enough! In an instant the other eleven blues had closed round and stopped the trap, the bo'sun's mate in command. "Tention!" cried he, and "tention there was Dismounted the gun he shouted, and it seemed as if every bluejacket carried a whole carpenter's outfit. In three minutes they had taken the wagonette into 172 pieces, and that without so much as scratching one bit of paint or doing one solitary screw. They laid them all out neatly on the stony road, and the bo'sun's mate, after inspecting the job, cried, Good! Dismiss!

A DESPERATE MAN.
Where has your husband gone with his gun?
Gone to hunt a cook.

QUESTION AND QUERY.
Do you really think there can be jealousy without love?
Did you ever know a married woman who was not jealous?

The Home

POVERTY CROQUETTES.

"I know it is not quite the proper thing to ask," I said respectfully to my hostess, "but might I know how these croquettes are made?"

I had "dropped in" for luncheon at a friend's house, where it is quite like home, writes Mrs. Curtis, and the croquette question was a sheer accident, for nothing I had ever eaten in the line of chopped, breaded, fried things tasted like these. The man of the house looked across the table quizzically at his wife. She smiled and said, "These are poverty croquettes."

"Poverty croquettes," I repeated wonderingly. "Somehow that does not seem quite the right sort of a name for them; they are quite the best I ever ate. They do not taste like chicken, veal or sweetbread and I should be very glad to know how to make them."

"I'll tell you later," she said smilingly, "only you ought to hear my husband discuss poverty croquettes."

"You can't help it, you know," said the good man amiably, as he stuck his fork in a fourth croquette. "I eat this sort of thing about once a week and I've got to confess I like them — you never found any euche party croquettes that could touch these. Yet I should dread horribly to watch them made. I don't believe I could eat them if I were to see the things that go into them." And between remarks he speared a fifth croquette.

"Ever hear of my Grandmother Wheeler?" he queried.

"I don't think so."

"Well, the madame is just like my Grandmother Wheeler. When I was a little boy I used to hate to go to grandmother's. She never threw anything away. It was a sort of hobby of hers. She could cook cold potatoes 17 different ways. She made vegetable hash; I hated that, though I did not mind the potatoes so much. She fried cold oatmeal and tried to make us believe it was pancakes. She manufactured Dutch cheese from sour milk. The things she could make from stale bread were a marvel. She even evolved soup from water, and there was not an animal that walked, flew or swam which comes to our table. Grandmother Wheeler allowed to be buried unless its bones were picked bare. My wife is like Mary Ellen Wheeler only — a trifle more artistic as a cook."

She smiled indulgently. Her husband was demolishing his sixth croquette. The granddaughter or the frugal dame of a farm is a rarely intelligent woman and the chat we had in her cozy sitting room, after leaving the dinner table, taught me a few lessons about house-keeping that have since helped me not a little. Her lecture upon "poverty croquettes" is all I shall repeat at present.

"You know I do my own house-keeping," she said. "I have survived so many trials in the shape of hired girls, that at last I engaged a maid, who confessed she knew nothing of cooking. She can scrub, do dish-washing, prepare vegetables, and all that sort of work, but I do my own cooking."

"With eight in the family," I interrupted.

Yes, and straightway I reduced household expenses \$8 a week. "It is not the wages one pays a girl that counts, it is what she contributes to the garbage barrel. The pigs fare poorly that dine from our garbage can these days. But about poverty croquettes. They say any fool can cook a piece of meat the first time, but it takes a wise woman to make it palatable the second day. That is the sort of wisdom I had to learn when I was a young house-keeper. It has come gradually. I mastered the mysteries of good hash, scalloped dishes, meat pies, ragouts, casseroles, souffles, stew and blanquettes, but after all of these were made there were always scraps of meat left that seemed an impossibility, not much good for the soup pot and too varied to classify into one dish. I invested in one of these little kitchen table sausage machines and experimented. My first poverty croquettes were a success. The small machine has proved itself a wonder and the old chopping bowl is relegated to the highest shelf in the pantry."

"I'll try to analyze the croquettes of to-day. There was a finger length of cold fried ham, a thin slice of roast beef, the pickings from a chicken leg a few morsels from a lamb-stew, a scrap of tongue, a bit of calf's liver, the end of a porter house steak (that nobody eats) cooked till tender and a veal cutlet. That represents the meats eaten at various meals in this house during the week. I always look over every scrap of food that leaves the table and everything that is fit to save in the way of meat goes in a small covered stone jar, which is kept immaculately clean and has a place in the coldest corner of the refrigerator. First, I prepare it for the chopping machine. It is attached to a bone, worth a place in the stock kettle, I trim the meat off cleanly and pare away every morsel of fat or gristle. It generally takes a week to save enough for a batch of croquettes, but nothing is wasted, from the pickings of a chicken skeleton to a bit of dried beef. It comes from the machine much more tasty than any one meat, such as chicken or veal croquettes would be. And the name for them, well, I christened them poverty croquettes. One has to learn all sorts of lessons during hard times, and I feel quite complimented when my husband

calls me Grandmother Wheeler. She made life worth living on a bleak old farm and she gave the world five sons and daughters, whose education was hard won by a mother's thrift and unselfishness. Dear old Grandmother Wheeler, I'll warrant her Dutch cheese was worth travelling miles to eat."

OYSTERS, AND HOW TO EAT THEM.

Creamed on Toast. — Drain sixteen large oysters in a sieve; melt half a tablespoonful butter in the blazer, and half tablespoonful flour, stir and cook two minutes; add half cupful milk and half cupful oyster liquor, season with half teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of white pepper, stir and cook till smooth, add the oysters, cook a few minutes and put on four slices of buttered toast.

Oyster Stew. — For two stews, procure one pint of oysters; remove them from their liquor with a fork and place them in the blazer; strain the liquor over them; add half a cupful cold water, three tablespoonfuls rolled crackers, half tablespoonful butter, one-quarter teaspoonful salt and one-eighth teaspoonful white pepper; let it stand ten minutes, then put the blazer over the lamp and cook till the oysters are plump and the edges curl; take two soup plates, and put into each one tablespoonful milk; pour in the oysters, and serve with oyster crackers and butter; have also some fine shaved cabbage, pepper, salt, vinegar and tomato catsup on the table.

Oyster Milk Stew. — Place the blazer, with half pint milk, over the lamp; when it boils, pour the milk into a bowl and set aside; put one pint of solid oysters, with their strained juice, in the blazer; add one teaspoonful butter, three tablespoonfuls finely rolled crackers, small half teaspoonful salt and one-eighth teaspoonful white pepper; place the blazer over the lamp, and cook till the oysters plump and the edges ruffle; add the hot milk, and serve.

Oysters a La Carey. — Place the blazer, with half tablespoonful butter, over the hot water pan, add twelve large oysters, without their liquor, season with half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper and one tablespoonful lemon juice, cover and let the oysters come to a boil, then take out oysters and place them in a dish; leaving the broth in the blazer; mix one teaspoonful cornstarch in flour with one teaspoonful butter; add to it the oyster broth and cook two minutes, mix the yolks of two eggs with half cupful cream, add it to the blazer, stir until nearly boiling, add the oysters and serve.

THE ELECTRIC GRATE.

Producing the semblance of a Coal Fire By the Aid of Lamps of Glass.

Gas logs are made nowadays in various sizes and with the imitation hickory logs of which they are formed piled in various shapes. The gas log is designed as a slightly and convenient means of giving out heat. There is an imitation electric grate fire that is intended for ornamental purposes only. This fire is composed of pieces of ruby and amber glass. The grate, standing in a fireplace in the usual manner, has within it an incandescent light, over which is placed a wire cage at such a height in the grate that the coal, that is the ruby and amber glass, when spread over it, is brought up to the height of an ordinary coal fire. The cage protects the burner, makes a thin layer of glass sufficient, and holds the glass up so that the light from below can shine through it all and give it the appearance of the coal fire it is made to represent. The light is turned on and off and the fire thus lighted or put out by turning a key in the usual manner, this key being located conveniently by the side of the fireplace. The electric grate is used usually in rooms where steam is used for heating.

Humbert and Margherita.

The royal family of Italy has inherited from the dynasties which once ruled over the various sections of the peninsula more castles, palaces, villas, hunting and fishing grounds, forests and lakes, mountains and lands, than it can possibly enjoy or take care of. Besides the old paternal estates in Savoy and Piedmont, such as Hautecombe, Valdieri, Racconigi, Aglie, La Venaria, Moncalieri and the range of the Gran Paradiso, which soars to the height of 13,000 feet and covers 100 square miles, there are the ducal palaces in Genoa, Parma, Modena and Venice, the ex-imperial palace in Milan, the park and castle of Monza, S. Michele in Bosco at Bologna, the Pitti and the Boboli in Florence, the royal forest of San Rossore, with no end of Medicean villas on either side of the beautiful Valdarno.

From the Bourbons of Naples they have received the Palazzo Reale, the park and casino of Capodimonte, and then Caserta, Gli Astroni, Quisisana, the forest of Persano, the Palace of Palermo, etc. Fancy what it must cost to keep these valuable properties in proper repair! One-third of the "Lista Civile," or national endowment of the crown, is absorbed by this glorious but burdensome task.

King Humbert has done his best to get rid of such places as stand lowest in the scale of artistic or historical interest. S. Michele in Bosco, for instance, has been turned into an orthopedic institute; the Palazzo Ducale at Modena into the Italian West Point; that of Parma into a smaller military college; the farm of Belladonna near Rome, and the Villa Mirafiori in Rome itself have been sold; yet what is left in his hands would be enough to satisfy the wants of all the European royal households put together.

In the routine life of King Humbert and Queen Margherita there are two distinct yearly periods — the "State" period, which is spent in Rome, from the opening of Parliament, about the 15th of November, to its closing by the end of June, and the "home" period, which is passed mostly in the Villa Reale at Monza. The long term of city or official life is made lighter to these sovereigns by their respective passion for sport and for music. The King is very proud of his shooting grounds of Castel Porziano and Castel Fusano, to which he rides or drives about once a week.

These two farms, adjoining each other, and inclosed all around either by a wall or by wire nettings, cover an area of about 30,000 acres, and extend from the chain of hills of Decimo to the seashore. Their oak and pine forests are stocked with wild boar, deer, stag, and pheasants, while the downs along the coast afford excellent sport during the quail season. I think there is also a herd of fifty or sixty American elks, which are allowed to live and multiply unmolested. The gamekeepers and the other officers live near the castle in a cozy little village, where there are an infirmary, an attending physician, a school, a church, and a small convent of Capuchin friars. The game shot by the King and by the gentlemen who are occasionally invited to take a share in the royal sport is sent as a rule to hospitals and charitable institutions.

Queen Margherita's love for music

is a great source of enjoyment, both to herself and to those whom she privileges with an invitation to the court special performances. Foreigners are not aware of the fact that Rome is a great music centre in the modern not in the old Italian, sense of the word. The royal academy of music, called Di Santa Cecilia, stands at the head of the movement under the direct inspiration of the Queen. The four leading orchestral performers have organized themselves into a "quartetto della Regina," the Queen's quartet. This quartet, at her special request, played for her every week during the winter of 1895 the compositions of Beethoven, commencing with the productions of his early youth, and continuing on to his great symphonies. Every performance of Sgambatti's Quintet or Pinelli's Societa Orchestrale Romana is graced by the presence of her Majesty. Whenever illustrious maestri accept the hospitality of the Royal Academy of Music and give a recital we are sure to see Queen Margherita give the sign of applause from her seat, or from her balcony.

I was present at the Paderewski concert, says a writer in Youth's Companion for instance, and it was evident that the Queen was deriving exquisite pleasure from them. She did not try to be sure, to check or to conceal her feelings in the Anglo-Saxon style. Paderewski was at once invited to court, and on his leaving Rome the insignia of Knight Commander of one of the royal orders was conferred on him by the Minister of Public Instruction, who, by the way, is an enthusiastic musician himself.

One thing I cannot understand is why her Majesty never leaves Rome for short excursions during the eight months of official life, but I think this seeming indifference to the points of attraction and curiosity around Rome is probably due to the Queen's kindness of heart; she knows that the villagers and farmers of the Campagna could not be prevented from expressing in a more or less costly and elaborate form their feelings of loyalty and she knows also that such excursions must be preceded, attended, and followed by certain police precautions, which are not always calculated to foster the feeling of freedom and deliverance from state life.

A visit or a private presentation to Queen Margherita is a delightful experience, indeed. Arriving at the Quirinal palace at the hour named in your card, you are shown into a waiting room, simply, but tastefully ornamented with rare specimens of tapestries and china, where one of the gentlemen in waiting welcomes you, and converses with you until the door of her Majesty's "cabinet de reception" is opened. This reception room strikes the visitor more for the magnificent view which it commands through its six great windows, opening on a terrace, than for any display of showy decoration. Dense masses of evergreens occupy the foreground, while the Janiculum and the Monte Mario shut the horizon beyond the roofs and the domes of the city, with St. Peter's and the Vatican towering between the two hills.

As I have remarked in a previous paper, there is a certain fascination for thoughtful minds in gazing at these two palaces, the Quirinal and the Vatican facing each other much more amiably than the respective situations of their tenants would lead us to believe. Perhaps it is one of the good characteristics of the Italian nation to make difficult positions bearable by mutual kindness and toleration.

The Queen speaks the four great European languages to perfection and as she keeps herself au courant with modern literature, and with the contents of the latest literary or scientific magazines, her conversation is delightfully easy and full of interest. No stranger of distinction leaves Rome without carrying away with him an ideal remembrance of this lady, equally perfect as a wife, as a mother, as a Queen.

Italians do not make as much of Christmas as the Anglo-Saxons do. Until late years gifts were made or exchanged at the Befania (Epiphany). Christmas eve being celebrated only by a family gathering and a supper maigre. But the Queen follows and has made popular the Anglo-Saxon style,

and the good old-fashioned "Merry Christmas" is fast becoming a national institution. The Christmas tree at court is a welcome celebration to the members of the royal household and to the ladies and gentlemen of the inner circle. The gifts consist mainly of admirable pieces of jewelry.

The closing of the parliamentary season at the end of June or at the beginning of July is the signal for a general stampede from Rome. The court the diplomatic body, Senators and Deputies, and even some of the Ministers of State, not to speak of minor officials, emigrate en masse in the old approved Roman fashion. It is not the degree of the heat that makes July, August and part of September very disagreeable in Rome, but its depressing quality. These months bring with them an almost complete cessation of public life. Sixty thousand persons left the capital in the summer of 1895 for an average period of forty days.

The King and Queen's headquarters in summer are at Monza, thirteen miles north of Milan. Here they own a comfortable residence, surrounded by a park many leagues in circumference, crossed, watered and made cool by the river Lambro. I have had frequent occasions to converse with ladies and gentlemen who had just enjoyed the royal hospitality at Monza, and they all concur in declaring that their Majesties are just as amiable and fascinating in their intimate family life as they are admirable on the steps of the throne in the state rooms at the Quirinal.

The King rides out early in the morning, visiting his tenants, surveying the works of improvement on the estate, or shooting in the royal preserves. After breakfast he devotes himself to affairs of state, which involve a pretty lively correspondence between Rome and Monza, and a constant running up and down of Cabinet couriers. The documents which require the royal signature are brought up once a week by one of the Ministers.

Then comes the season of the grand manoeuvres, in which two army corps take a share — something like 60,000 men, including artillery and cavalry and the Alpine regiments. The King's headquarters are generally taken up in some gentleman's villa in the neighborhood of the field where the last sham battle and the closing review are expected to take place. The army manoeuvres are followed by those of the fleet. The theme is much the same every year. A hostile squadron tries to force its way through the coast-defences of Genoa, Spezia, La Maddalena or some such harbor, and a national squadron tries to prevent it from doing so. The King watches the naval review on board his yacht Savoia.

The last and most pleasant part, I suppose, of the royal holidays is the one spent in the shooting of the bouquetin or ibex, among the crags and the seracs of the Gran Paradiso. One of the most thrilling episodes in the Queen's summer Alpine life, was the death of Baron Pecchio, of Grossone, while crossing the Lysioch, tied to the same rope, which held her Majesty and the Marchesa di Villamarina. Since then — that is, since the 25th of August 1894 — we have heard no more of royal excursions in the high Alps, although the Queen continues to repair to Grossone and to the Pecchio villa for six or seven weeks every summer.

The passion of the house of Savoy for the ice-clad giants lining the borderland between France, Switzerland and Italy brings to my recollection one of the latest achievements in the line of winter Alpine sport, in which the Queen's nephew, Prince Louis, Duke of Abruzzi, has taken a prominent share. The episode shows once more to what a manly and noble race these Savoy princes belong, and what singular ways they follow in the celebration of their Christmas holidays.

The Duca degli Abruzzi, son of the late Duke Amadeo d'Aosta, is not unknown in the United States, having spent the last weeks of his three-years' cruise round the world in visiting Philadelphia, New York and Boston. No sooner had he landed on the shores of his native country than he hurried to England to enter his yacht in the next contest with the Meteor, Britannia and such other famous craft. Once back at his place in Turin, do you think the youth willing to enjoy a rest after his peregrinations to China, the South Pole, Alaska and Newfoundland?

No. He could see from his window looming up some 12,000 feet in the sky, the pyramid of Monte Viso, with the sun just disappearing behind its icy pinnacles, in the midst of a glimmering range of lesser mountains, all clad in their winter garb. The temptation to climb Monte Viso was too powerful to be resisted. The Vice-President of the Alpine Club, Signor Gonnella, saw at once that the best policy, in fact the only alternative left, was to follow the youth up the mountain and share with him the risks of such a daring enterprise.

The party reached Crissolo in a raging snow storm on the night of March 3. At 2 o'clock in the morning of March 5, the party started on its perilous journey, led by three local guides each carrying a lantern to make clear the path. The refuge, or shelter hut, was reached at 2.40 in the afternoon, their progress being bitterly opposed by wind and blinding snow. The mercury stood at 22 degrees Fahrenheit. What with the roaring hurricane outside, the chill and the insufficient accommodations inside, the climbers had a dreary night to pass — all except Prince Louis. His Highness had brought with him an Alpine sack of the Conway pattern and a light cover of sideward; and no sooner had he laid himself to rest than he fell sound asleep, never to wake up until the morning call of the guides. The difficulties which attended the ascent the next day may be judged by the fact that it took the party one hour to scale the last sixty feet. The top was reached at 1.55 o'clock in the afternoon, and was left at 2.15. After passing another dismal night at the rifugio, the Prince reached Turin in triumph on the evening of the 7th.



THE CHARGE OF THE 31ST LANCERS.

"And through everything clean out the other side they came — those that kept up or got up in time. The others were on the ground — in pieces by now, for the cruel swords shore through shoulder and thigh, and carved the dead into fillets. Twenty-four of these, and of those that came out seventy-four had felt sword, bullet or spear. Few horses stayed behind among the swords, but nearly 130 were wounded."

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J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE MILLS QUE

last the city fathers are At a sense of the absurdity of the demand of the water-works company at the Council meeting on Wednesday that he would ask for a by-law authorizing the Council to borrow money to construct a new system of waterworks. If there are to be hydrants, let the town have the providing of them. The money saved would provide for paid fire and police officers.

The Dominion Alliance have appointed the Rev. A. A. Radley and Mrs. Massiah delegates to wait with other prohibitionists on the Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, yesterday afternoon at 3 p.m., in the Railway Committee Room of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa. The delegates will report at a Public Meeting to be held in the Methodist Church, on Wednesday evening the 9th inst. Addresses will be delivered and music will add attractions to the evening's entertainment. A collection will be taken up to defray expenses. All are cordially invited.

"Tutors, be strict; but yet be gentle too; Don't by fierce cruelties fair hopes undo; Dream not that they who are to learning slow Will mend by arguments in Perio. Who keeps the Golden Fleece, Oh, let him not A Dragon be, tho' he three tongues have got. Why can you not to learning and the way, But through the Province of Seville? 'Twas Moder tus who taught Origen; A Youth which proved one of the best of men. The Lads with Honour first, and Reason rule; Blows are but for the Refractory Fool."

The infliction of corporal punishment in schools should only be resorted to in extreme cases where every other means has been tried. The average boy can be reached either through love, reason or ambition. If the teacher, male or female, has the best interests of each pupil at heart, he, or she will learn within the first month what cord to pull to ensure obedience.

George B. Emerson, says, "The great objection to corporal punishment is the fact that it excites angry passions, not only in the child, but in the master, and more in the latter than the former. My own experience teaches me that the effect is almost necessarily bad on the individual who inflicts the pain. It excites a horrible feeling in him, a feeling which we might conceive to belong to evil spirits."

Horace Mann, says, "Corporal punishment should never be inflicted except in cases of the extreme necessity; while the experiment of sympathy, confidence, persuasion, encouragement, should be repeated forever and over."

"It is a sad fact that, in whatever countries the rod has been used, it has degenerated into an instrument of cruelty and torture."

Take any school and you will find that where the teacher is able, faithful and true the pupils will behave. This is especially so in the case of boys, and the remarks of Rev. Mr. Waddell at the meeting in the Academy on the 24th ult., were well timed when he urged the necessity of better moral training. There is where the weakness of our system

comes in, the marks given are lesson marks, not honour marks. The children are crammed with every other subject. Honour and Morality are not taught.

A very low state of morals exist in a community where corporal punishment has to be resorted to in order to keep order. Children are not taught obedience to certain laws and deference to authority. If a teacher has no control, generally through crankiness or incompetency, the pupils suffer. A teacher who cannot lovingly and loyally be obeyed by pupils is in his or her wrong place and should be removed. Love will work on the hardest heart, indulgence weakens the warmest affection. To be loved and obeyed we must be worthy of being loved and obeyed. No outside imitation should mar the harmony of a teacher's life in the school. It should be so well timed that any good note in the scholar should find a responsive chord in the teacher.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the above Council was held on Wednesday, Nov. 1st in J. W. Raitt's Hall. There were present: Mayor and Councilors Jousse, McArthur, McCrea, Todd, Gall, Christie and J. J. Jousse.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

An account of \$384 was received from the Canadian Secret Service for services rendered in connection with the late fires. Coun. Gall thought it a great pity that the Council should have been led into such expense through such deviltry, but it could not be helped no matter if the result was good or bad, and moved that the account be acknowledged and that the secretary write them for information concerning several items which appeared on their account.

The accounts of the Finance Committee were brought forward and ordered to be paid.

Moved by Coun. McArthur, seconded by Coun. Jousse, that Coun. Jousse, Gall, Todd and Lafleur be appointed as Board of Revisors. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Gall, seconded by Coun. Todd, that the Secretary be instructed to notify J. N. Fulton Esq. that unless better service was given by the Electric Light Co. they would be obliged to discontinue the same.

Coun. Jousse gave notice of motion to frame a by-law to borrow a sum of money sufficient to construct a system of water works in the town, and that the Secretary correspond with Mr. Prefontaine and ascertain if they would sell their present system and for what figure.

COUNTY OF TWO MOUNTAINS PLOUGHING MATCH.

The annual ploughing match held in connection with the Agricultural Society of the County of Two Mountains, took place on the farm of Mr. Francois Renaud, Oka, on the 25 Oct.

Being favored with one of the finest of autumn days, a large number of farmers and onlookers were present, besides a large number of ploughmen.

Thirty-five ploughs competed, and the work done in some cases was exceptionally good, especially in the superior class, in which some ploughmen's work excelled that of their seniors the medalists.

Only four medalist ploughers competed, all of St. Eustache parish. H. Belanger taking first prize, Illo La-pointe second, Theophile Belanger third and Theodulle Larin fourth.

Nine ploughmen competed in the superior class, M. Dubois of St. Augustin capturing the first prize and silver medal offered by Hector Champagne, M.P.P.

In the mens class open to ploughmen who have never taken a first prize in the men's class, 18 ploughers competed, and to no excellent work was also done in this class, M. Paquet of St. Eustache, capturing the first prize, and the plow offered by the Massey Harris Co.

In the boys class, open to boys under 18 years of age who have never taken a first prize, four competed, Gerald Robinson of St. Eustache, coming in for first prize, Horamisdes Evraire ploughman for Arch. Oswald, second, A. Ritchie, ploughman for Benjamin Bertrand, third, and Jos. St. Pierre of St. Augustine, fourth.

The judges were Messrs. Thos. Inglis of Grande Freniere, M. St. Denis of Vaudreuil and A. Desjardins of St. Therese.

CUSHING.

Miss Mary Mullen absent in Montreal.

Miss Whelehan en route a visit from Miss Sittlington on Friday last.

The last timber raft for this season is being brought through the canal this week.

Revival services are being conducted in the Methodist Church here and are well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gaston of Hawkesbury were visiting their Cushing friends on Sunday.

Mrs. J. Brverton and Mrs. Wm. Robert were visiting here on Tuesday last.

The Misses Watson have left to spend the winter in town much to the regret of their friends here.

Miss M. Bradford who has been visiting friends in Ogdensburg, returned home last week.

The auction sale at the residence of Mrs. J. Nicholson on Friday last was well attended. Mrs. Nicholson has rented her farm to Mr. H. Robert.

Notwithstanding the bad roads and weather the mission services held in St. Philippe last week were largely attended by the R. C. population of Greece's Pt. and Cushing.

The funeral of Mr. Jno. Douglas, formerly of Chatham, who died in Glenboro, Man., on Friday last, took place from Calumet Station on Tuesday to Ogdensburg Cemetery, Rev. J. Fraser officiating.

Rev. M. Fraser will administer the Sacrament in St. Columba Church Pt. Fortune on Sunday morning next and in consequence, service will be held in the evening at St. Mungo's instead of as usual, in the morning.

Dr. Foote desires to inform the public that he has removed his office to the residence of Mr. Chas. Larocque, at Chute-au-Blondeau Lock where he keeps on hand a full stock of his world renowned Gatling Gun medicines. Telephone No. 2001.

GRENVILLE.

The shed at the Episcopal Church is about completed.

Messrs A. Cook and D. Wade spent Sunday in Stonefield.

Messrs L. Cooke and C. Taylor left for Denver, Colorado on Wednesday.

Mr. Jas. Burns has returned home from Iriquois.

Miss Sadie Ganley has returned to Ottawa.

Miss Nellie LeRoy is spending a week at Highgate cottage.

Mr. H. Bradshaw has returned from England after a three months absence.

Mr. S. Hartley and son spent Sunday under his parental roof.

Miss Nellie Chambers has returned to St. Philippe.

The boys were around on Halloween as usual, removing signs and fences.

Rev. A. J. Robinson & son Bertie of Dominionville are spending a few days with friends here.

Quite a number of our village folk attended the farewell social for Miss Morrow in the Baptist Church on Tuesday eve.

BIRTH.

BURCH.—At Lachute, on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, the wife of Alfred Burch, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

WILKSON.—BLACK.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Lachute, on the 26th, by the Rev. N. Waddell, B.D. Mr. Charles H. Wilkison of Montreal, to Miss Elizabeth Black of Lachute.

DEATH.

BUCHAN.—At St. Thomas' Gore, Catherine L. C. Buchan, beloved wife of John Smith, sen., in the 78th year of her age. Deceased was a native of Perthshire, Scotland, and leaves 3 sons and 4 daughters to mourn her loss.

COOKSLEY.—At Fulton, N. Y., Oct. 27, occurred the death of Florence Louise Cooksley, daughter of Mrs. Emma Cooksley, aged 7 years, 3 months and 23 days.

MOTT.—Margaret Gilmour, eldest daughter of Patrick and Isabella Gilmour, born Nov. 23rd, 1820, in Glasgow, Scotland, coming to this country in 1828, married April 1845 to Wm. Mott, a soldier in the British Service, he died 29th Nov. 1866, they had seven children, 5 daughters and 2 sons all living. Mrs. Mott died Oct. 6, 1898, aged 77 years, 10 months and 13 days.

Miss CRESWELL'S

High-Class Millinery.

If you want the best in a Hat or Bonnet; we are adding to our stock the

NEWEST DESIGNS

and some of the prettiest trimmings we have ever had.

—o—

We are selling at a very low price.

YOU CANNOT HELP BEING SUITED.

Weak Lungs



There are many people who catch cold easily—whose lungs seem to need special care and strengthening. Such should take

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It so heals and invigorates the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes as to render them capable of resisting colds.

"I was troubled for years with weak lungs," says E. J. Furling, Lower Woodstock, N. B., "and could not get any relief, but on trying Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, it acted splendidly, healing and strengthening my lungs." Price 25 and 50c. at all dealers.

FALL MILLINERY.

Mrs. Hampton's Millinery Stock is now complete.

A large assortment of Hats Feathers Bonnets Oyspreys and everything found in a first-class Millinery Establishment.

Ladies wishing to purchase, would do well to call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

We sell cheaper than anyone in town and will guarantee perfect Satisfaction.

Call and examine our Stock and Prices.

MRS. HAMPTON, MAIN STREET.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

COLWYN and BERWYN

SEMI-PORCELAIN TEA-SETS

OPENED OUT.

- 7 Fawn "Colwyn" Tea-sets worth \$3 to be sold at \$2.50
- 7 Green "Berwyn" Tea-sets worth \$3 to be sold at \$2.50
- 7 Blue "Colwyn" Tea-sets worth \$3 to be sold at \$2.50
- 7 Fawn "Berwyn" Tea-sets worth \$3 to be sold at \$2.50
- 7 Green "Colwyn" Tea-sets worth \$3 to be sold at \$2.50
- 7 Blue "Berwyn" Tea-sets worth \$3 to be sold at \$2.50

The Floral designs, the New Shapes, and the Fine finish of the "Colwyn & Berwyn" are very attractive, and for

FRIDAY BARGAINS, NOVEMBER 11th,

TO CLEAR AT \$2.25 PER SET.

C. T. WALES, ST. ANDREWS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

GAME TALK

In Quebec the open season for Deer is from Oct. 1st, to Dec. 31st; for Partridge Sept. 15th, to Feb. 1st; for Duck and Water Fowl Sept 1st to March 1st. The best game districts of Canada are so be found on the line of, or within easy access from, the Can. Pac. Ry.

Any agent will furnish you with "Fishing and Shooting" which will direct you to the best spots for the different game.

NEW Short Line

The New Short Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Montreal & Ottawa is the shortest and most solidly built line between the Metropolis and the Capital. Try it next you visit Ottawa.

For full particulars apply to—

C. E. E. USHER, Gen. Passenger Agent.

W. J. TODD, Town " P. MONETTE, Station "



OVERCOATS

Some very fine ones now in Stock in Blue, Brown, and Black,

\$10. \$11. \$12.

Ten p. c. off for Cash.

These are the proper thing for young men now.

ULSTERS

A Large Assortment in various colors and qualities. All Sizes.

Cheaper Overcoats for men and boys. Heaps of them.

Don't forget we have a lot of Ladies' Jackets.

Wm. BANFORD.

New Carriage Shop And Shoeing Forge.

Thos. Bedford has re-opened shop at McCallum's old stand, and is ready to do any kind of Jobbing Carriage Work and also Horse-Shoeing. Mr. Bedford having secured the services of a first-class horse-shoer from Montreal, expects that his former customers will favor him with their patronage as in the past, and he will do his utmost to give them satisfaction at moderate charges.

BEDARD & Co.

*

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J. E. VALOIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Money to Loan on security.

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J. A. C. ETHIER,

ADVOCATE,

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, - Pro. Que.

Attends all courts in the district of Terrebonne, and is in Lachute every Tuesday.

G. E. BAMPTON, Q.C.

Advocate, Provincial Revenue Attorney for District of Terrebonne, Revising officer for Argenteuil.

Office:—"White Cottage" first door east of J. Drysdale's, East Ward, Main Street, LACHUTE, QUE.

Let me give

You a Pointer -

Are you aware that I have on hand a fine assortment of Dry Goods which are selling at remarkably low prices. Also a large supply of Crochery, and don't forget that the proper place to secure your BOOTS & SHOES is at

A. Cleland's,

MAIN ST. - LACHUTE.

Ville Marie Bank

LACHUTE.

W. WEIR, President. F. X. LEMIEUX, Cashier.

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INTEREST paid on Deposits. Money can be withdrawn without notice or other delay.

DRAFTS issued on any point in Canada and the United States, on favorable terms.

EXCHANGE on any part of Europe.

COLLECTIONS promptly made at lowest rates.

Hours—10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

J. D. STEWART,

MANAGER.

THE WINDSOR

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Furnished and Refitted

First-class accommodation for Commercial Travellers.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER

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VINCENT FORTIER,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Money to Loan on Security.

Office - Ste. Scholastique

MADDEST OF ALL STORMS.

THE AWFUL DISASTER IN THE HARBOR OF APIA.

The Recent West India Hurricane Recalls the Calamity—Brave Sailors Made a Fierce Fight Against Death—Remarkable Escape of the British Man-of-War Calliope.

The recent destructive work of the storm king in West Indian waters, by which so many fine ships were sunk, has started every ancient mariner of story-telling proclivities to spinning yarns of deadly hurricanes experienced in the uncertain tropics. They include stories of a sudden rush of fierce winds, a rising mountains high of waters that five minutes before were smooth, and then catastrophe, death and the escape of the narrator by a hundred to one chances. But of all the stories told of hurricane and death, none compares in interest with the narrative of the great Samoan disaster.

There had been trouble in Samoa, the native chief Mataafa having rebelled and fired on the crew of a German man-of-war as they were rowing ashore. The United States government ordered the Vandalla, Nopsia and the flagship Trenton, under the command of Rear Admiral Kimberly, to proceed to Apia to look after American interests there. When the United States fleet reached Apia they found there one British and three German warships with a mixed lot of merchantmen. The harbor of Apia is entered through a narrow rift in a chain of coral reefs, there being just enough room for a ship of large size to get through. The chain of reefs is only three miles in circumference, and when the great fleet of warships and merchantmen lay at anchor in close proximity to each other and to the treacherous reefs the situation was not a desirable one from a Samoan's point of view.

But the sky was blue, the birds sang and the rebels were quiet on March 11, 1889, when the American ships arrived, and no one abroad thought there was anything more dangerous in prospect than a possible disagreement with the Germans, who were putting on airs and threatening to blow the rebels off the face of the earth for daring to fire on a boat's crew wearing the uniform of the Kaiser. This was Monday. On Thursday the scene changed in such an awful manner that the superstitious natives attributed it to the direct interference of Providence.

The instruments aboard the ships in Apia harbor gave the usual warning of an approaching storm, and the customary precautions were taken. Sails were furled, superfluous spars hauled down, an extra hitch taken in the ropes, the fastenings of the guns looked to, additional anchors dropped, and every care taken to be ready for the hurricane which all knew and dreaded in that quarter. Every vessel remained in the harbor, a mistake that some of the naval men had reason to bitterly regret later.

THE STORM COMES.

Thus the storm king found the vessels in Apia harbor when he burst upon them in a whirl of wrath in the afternoon of Thursday, March 14. The fight began with every man at quarters, and the knowledge, from the fury of the elements, that only the best seamanship and strictest and smartest obedience to orders would save the day. Four anchors held the Trenton fast for awhile, but in the course of the long fight the fierce seas and incessant rush of the wind broke the cable of one after another, until at last the Trenton drifted, the interior of the ship a demoralized mass of wreckage, the engine room flooded, and little between the crew and death but the hand of Providence.

More than once in that terrible night when the rudder became fouled and the anchors parted, the officers and men of the Trenton gathered on the heaving deck, and solemnly shook hands preparatory to the final plunge, but narrow as some of the escapes were the Trenton managed to keep off the deadly reefs. With the reefs only a feet from the bow of the seemingly doomed Trenton it was seen by Admiral Kimberly that unless some sail could be set the end was only a matter of seconds. To set a sail was an absolute impossibility. The men were ordered to the shaking yards to form a human sail. It looked like death to mount the rigging in that fearful gale, but the Jackies hesitated only a moment. The next they clambered up the rigging, the wind caught the compact human mass, the ship swung around, and again the Trenton was saved.

THE MORNING'S HORROR.

What a sight met the appalled gaze of the Trenton's men when day broke on March 15. On the reefs were the remains of the German warship Eber, the angry waves dashing and pounding over the poor wreck, while the wind howled a triumphant accompaniment. The Eber had been the first to fall a victim to the fury of the storm. Her misfortunes began when she collided with the American vessel Nipsic. Shortly after this the demon of the gale seized the Eber, and she was rushed on to the reefs with frightful force. Only four of her crew of seventy-five men got ashore. What the waves didn't get of the remainder were pounded to death on the coral reefs.

The Nipsic had made a game fight, but after being rammed by the Olga, she was run on the beach at a spot where the reefs gave place for a narrow space to sand. All the crew got ashore safely.

The German ship Adler was a plaything for the great seas, which lifted her up as though she had been a mere chip and flung her on her side on the coral reefs. A score of men were thrown into the water and lost. The rest of the crew of 130 men managed to cling to the stranded ship until the storm abated. The Vandalla of the American fleet collided with the British ship Calliope early in the struggle and had to be beached. Through the awful night the officers and crew clung to the rigging, but when the men of the Trenton rescued them the next day thirty-nine brave Jackies and four officers had been lost. Among the officers was Capt. Schoonmaker, who was knocked overboard by a gun that had broken loose from its fastenings. He was never seen again.

The German vessel Olga proved to be the most dangerous boat in the harbor, for she tossed around, smashing into almost every ship there. Her captain got lost out of the clutches of the storm at last by beaching her and saving her crew.

THE CALLIOPE'S ESCAPE.

The most remarkable escape of all the thrilling experiences of that terrible night was that of the British man-of-war Calliope. When the Trenton's officers looked over the devastated harbor on the Friday morning, the storm was at its height, and there seemed no more hope than before of escaping death, except for the advantage that the daylight afforded. When the Calliope came tearing through the seething waters her commander shouted to Admiral Kimberly that his anchors had gone and as a forlorn hope he was going to try to find his way out to the ocean. It was a desperate resolve, and the men of the Trenton, hardly knowing themselves whether or not they would live out the storm, gave a rousing cheer for the Britishers as the Calliope went on her way. Wonderful to relate, the British commander found the path to the open sea and then rode out the storm without the loss of a man or any serious injury to his ship, thereby making a red-letter record for her majesty's navy.

The fight continued among the survivors all that day. Towards nightfall the Trenton, in the course of her erratic and rudderless tossing, ran on a coral reef close to where the ill-fated Vandalla lay. In the rigging of the latter the survivors still clung. Life-lines were shot from the Trenton, and the Vandalla's survivors were got on board. It was done none too soon, for the storm had attacked the refuge of the Vandalla's men so furiously that shortly after the work of rescue the masts to which the Vandalla's men had been clinging were swept away.

Not until midnight did the raging storm show signs of abating. At daylight of March 16 the sun shone on as calm a sea as Samoa had ever known. Only the wrecks on the reef and sand, and the bodies that were being washed up by the waves reminded the survivors of the terrible time they had experienced.

EXCITING ADVENTURE IN INDIA

A Young Officer's Narrow Escape From a Horrible Death.

Dinner was just finished and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar-smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with a sudden alertness and in a quiet steady voice, he said:—"Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers, I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving, assure you! What's the game?" By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?" "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!" Not a word was spoken, as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra de capello which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life!" "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior; "but you did your share."

WONDERING WHY SHE DID.

Woman, when you married me, you got a wonder!

Yes, and I have been wondering ever since.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT CROP

IT'S THE GREATEST EVER GROWN, BUT NONE TOO GREAT.

Reserves Were Low and There are Every Year Six Million More Months to Fill on This Planet—Besides, There are Lean Years to Make Up For—Good Prices.

With the principal wheat crops of the world now practically secured it is possible to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the total production in 1898. From the commencement of seeding the crop scares that are usually plenty in the critical months have been missing, and this fact led many to believe some time ago that the total yield would be above the average, although few anticipated such a record-breaking crop, the world over, as is now calculated by well-known statisticians.

The most recent of these estimates is that compiled by Mr. Broomhall, the editor of the Liverpool Corn Trade News, a recognized authority both in this country and in Europe, and his figures display the stimulating effect that the recent high prices of wheat has had on the acreage sown this season in all countries. A careful study of his figures shows that in calculating the total crops of each year he has departed from the usual method and has taken for his purpose the crops grown in the second half of the years named. In the case of those countries which

HARVEST IN WINTER.

he has relegated the crops grown in the current year to the previous year; for example, the Argentine crop which was ready for marketing in January, 1898, he has reckoned in the crop of the season 1897-98, believing that the disadvantages in so doing are less than in reckoning the crops as still available which were all consumed prior to the opening of the current season. The same thing has been done with Uruguay, Chili, Australasia and India, the crops of which were ready in the first three months of the year; thus in arriving at a total for the year 1898 he has had to be content with estimates of the growing crops. In each of these cases he has allowed for rather over a full average crop except in the case of Australasia, which is so far advanced as to be calculated more exactly. On this continent alone the increase in the crop is extraordinary, the total this year reaching 54,000,000 bushels, or 12,000,000 bushels more than the previous biggest year; enough to provide an exportable surplus of over 24,000,000 bushels. Other totals are equally surprising, and the grand total for the world's crop of 2,607,000,000 bushels, compared with 2,270,700,000 last year, or an increase of 336,300,000 bushels, is sufficient guarantee that the world is in no danger of a famine just at present.

The crop of the United States has been calculated at 650,000,000 bushels, a total that is stated by many authorities on this side to be too low, but in every case the figures are conservative. Russia, from which country complaints have recently been heard of drought is still calculated as having produced 24,000,000 bushels, or including Poland and Caucasus, which do not come under the head of Russia proper, 295,000,000 bushels compared with 285,000,000 last year. Estimates on

THE FRENCH CROP

have differed considerably of late, ranging from 339,000,000 to 381,000,000 bushels, but here again Mr. Broomhall strikes an average, his estimate being 352,000,000, compared with 248,000,000, the unusually poor crop of last year. Taking European countries alone, we find that the totals exceed those of last year, by 235,500,000 bushels; the principal increases, apart from those already mentioned, being in Italy, 40,000,000; in Roumania, 23,000,000; in Hungary, 19,000,000; and in the United Kingdom 9,000,000. The only European countries which fall below last year's totals are Spain, 10,000,000; Germany, 7,000,000; Portugal 2,000,000, and Sweden, 800,000.

In America the United States shows a gain of 60,000,000; Canada, 11,000,000; and Argentina, 10,000,000, while Mexico, Chili and Uruguay also show slight gains, the total amounting to 88,000,000 bushels over last year. In Asia we find the only real falling off, the total being 312,000,000 against 332,000,000. Turkey in Asia and India are the two principal delinquents, the former producing 10,000,000 and the latter 8,000,000 bushels less than last year. Africa shows gains all along the line. Algeria, Tunis, Egypt and the Cape all helping to form the increase of 12,000,000 bushels with which she is credited.

Although the world is confronted with the largest wheat crop ever produced, it must not be immediately concluded that the statistical position of wheat is very bearish, for other considerations have to be taken into account. The present crop has been preceded by three years of comparatively small crops, and reserves have been drawn upon to such an extent to fill the deficiency caused by an underproduction that they are now acknowledged to be at the lowest point recorded for years.

Unfortunately it is impossible to obtain exact figures of the world's stocks there being no means of accurately knowing what the invisible supplies amount to, but in estimating the actual reserves on the last day of August this year at 112,000,000 bushels Mr. Broomhall is probably somewhat near the mark. Adding this total to

THE WORLD'S CROP.

We find that the total supply of wheat available during the cereal year 1897-98 amounts to 2,719,000,000 bushels. Following the same course with the records of previous years we find that in 1895 the total crop of wheat was 2,420,100,000 bushels and the reserves 296,000,000, making a total of 2,716,100,000 bushels, or very close to this year's total, while in 1894, the banner year, although the crop was less than this year's amounting to 2,588,900,000, yet the reserves amounted to 328,000,000, making a total available supply of 2,916,900,000 bu. or a larger supply by 197,900,000 bushels than we have now. Looking at it in another way we find that the total crops of the four last years are smaller by 343,400,000 bushels than the crops of the four preceding years, and that the average crop of the past four years is 2,415,600,000, compared with 2,501,400,000, the average crop of the preceding four years.

Since 1894 the population of the world has been increasing at the rate of 6,000,000 people a year, according to Sir William Crookes, and thus, comparing the present situation with that in 1894, we find that with 197,900,000 bushels less available, we have a population 24,000,000 larger to feed. It stands to reason, therefore, that there is no reason for prices to go back to the level of 1894, and present indications are that farmers the world over are not inclined to part with their wheat at low prices after their recent experiences. Ever since July last they have demonstrated their intention of holding on to their wheat, and if farmers in northern Europe follow the example of those of Italy, Greece, Spain, and America there is no immediate prospect of large supplies unless the price should rise.

WHY?

Why isn't a drunken steer corned beef?
Why are not two bootblacks a pair of rubbers?
Why shouldn't one expect to find ticks on a watch dog?
Why don't more people follow the advice they give to others?
Why does the desire to make a fool of one's self spring eternal in the human breast?
Why does a man boot a dog, shoo a hen, foot a bill, cap a climax and steal a glance?

A BETTER PRICE.

A clergyman was very much vexed by one of his congregation. An old man used to go to sleep during the sermon. The clergyman offered the old man's grandson a penny if he would keep his grandfather awake. This went all right for a month. One Sunday the old man went to sleep as usual. The clergyman asked the boy why he did not keep his grandfather awake. The boy answered: "You offered me a penny to keep him awake, but grandfather gives me twopence not to disturb him."

WILLIE'S CRITICISM.

Willie—Say pa, are you a self-made man?
Pa—Yes, my son, and I'm proud of it.
Willie—But pa, why didn't you use a looking-glass?

PROUD OF IT.

Mrs. Boozie—Aren't you ashamed? People all over town are saying you can drink enough for three or four men.
Mr. Boozie—That's envy, my dear; pure envy.

THE THOUGHTFUL MANAGER.

Mrs. De Style in theater box—What was this placard, No Loud Talking, put in our box for?
Mrs. Forundred, after reflection— I presume the manager left it there so we could show it to the people on the stage when their chatter interrupts our conversation.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

Lady—You say, professor, that tobacco is an aid to thought and a stimulant to the reasoning faculties; but Professor Greathead says tobacco is in every way injurious. How do you account for that difference?
The Professor—Easily enough, madam, Prof. or Greathead does not smoke, and consequently he can neither think straight nor reason correctly.

REPAIRS WANTED.

After a recent railway collision in Midlands, a Scotsman was extracted from the wreckage by a companion who had escaped unhurt.
Never mind, Sandy, his rescuer remarked, it's nothing serious. And you'll get damages for it.
Damages? roared Sandy. Ha! I no ha' enouch! Guid sakes, it's repairs I'm seeking the nool!

A PROPER CERTIFICATE.

Money Lender—I must have something to certify to your financial standing before I can favor you with this loan.
Rollingbroke—Er-ah-will a marriage certificate do?

THE DISTINCTION.

The minister—It is a shame that you should not be trying to earn your living at your age.
His son—Oh well, father, consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin.

The minister—But they can afford it.

WEATHER CHANGES.

Little Isaac—Fadder, it looks like rain.
Isaac, Senior—Mark dose two-toffar umprellis oop to five tollars, und sell 'em for three und a half.

About the House.

LEGEND OF RED ROSEBUDS.

When cruel hands the crown did twine
Which pressed the Saviour's brow divine.

Unconsciously a rosebud white,
Was twined among the sharp thorns tight.

And lying on His holy hair,
It saw where thorns had wounded there.

So gently from its place it slips
To kiss the wound with fragrant lips.

And ever since, the legend said,
His blood has stained the rosebud red.

Fit emblem of His love and grace,
Amid the thorns it found a place.

So every grief that here we win
Has some sweet blossom hid within.

And every sorrow, without doubt,
Some helpful lesson twines about.

Search mid the fingers of each care,
You'll find the rosebud hidden there.

CLOSETS AND SHELVES.

Many houses are built without making the proper arrangements for closets and cupboards, and it becomes necessary to provide a place for the clothing, trunks and other things that are very useful but which do not add to the appearance of the rooms, if left exposed to view, says a writer.

A corner wardrobe or closet is very convenient in a bed-room or sitting-room and is easily constructed. Two wide pieces of board are fastened to two walls which meet in a corner at a height of five or six feet from the floor. A row of hooks placed near the lower edge of the boards is used to hang the clothing on, and a three-cornered shelf rests upon the upper edge. A foot above this is another shelf fastened to the wall in the same way, and from the front edge hangs a curtain of prettily figured sateen or cretonne, of a color which harmonizes with the other furnishings of the room. The lower shelf is used for hats, and the upper one is a good place for vases and pieces of bric-a-brac, if the ceiling of the room is high. A three-cornered box with a hinged lid set on the floor, is a convenient receptacle for boots, shoes and rubbers. A panel door may be substituted for the curtain if preferred, and the expense will be slight, if you have some one in your family who knows how to use carpenter's tools.

A friend of mine has a very pretty and comfortable lounge in her sitting-room, which I was surprised to find was also used as a chest for the extra comforts and other bed clothes not needed in the summer. A box six feet long and two feet wide, with castors under the corners and a lid fastened to one side with hinges, is the foundation. The top of the box is padded with several thicknesses of old quilts, that were too badly worn to be used in any other way, then covered with blue denim, putting the light side out, and a full ruffle of the denim is placed around the front and two ends. This reaches the floor, and conceals the box from view. A large pillow, also covered with denim, is placed at the head. A lounge made like this for the dining room would do nicely for table and bed linen. Place a partition across the middle, dividing it in two parts, and use one for tablecloths, napkins, sideboard covers, doilies, etc., and the other for sheets and pillow cases. The window seats and cozy corners so much in favor now-a-days could be utilized in the same way.

A recess or jog in the wall maybe fitted up as a bookcase or closet. If the jog extends from the floor to the ceiling, have lattice panels set in at the top and under this place a pole fastened to the side pieces of wood, nailed up to secure the lattice transom. From this pole suspended a curtain, which falls before the shelves, protecting their contents from the dust and sunlight. This might be fitted up for a clothes press or wardrobe.

A convenient medicine chest is made by fastening a box twelve inches high, sixteen inches long, and seven inches deep, near the end of the mantle shelf. A strip of moulding is put on around the upper edge. It was divided into two parts, one for tall bottles and one for short, by putting in a shelf ten inches from the bottom. A curtain of moccie cloth, finished at the lower edge with bell fringe, was placed across the front. In these shelves were kept various toilet articles, glycerine, cologne, ammonia, tooth powder, mucilage, and other bottles that are useful but unsightly. The woodwork should always be stained or painted to correspond with the other woodwork in the room.

A friend of mine found, upon moving into a new home, that one of her upstairs bed-rooms was quite long and narrow, both ends being cut off by the sloping roof, until the upright walls were only four feet high. A large double window in one side where the ceiling was highest, furnished light. We have all seen such rooms, and know that the space where the ceiling is so low is almost useless. This woman called a carpenter to her aid, and the space on one side of the room was divided into three parts, and drawers made to fit in the spaces. The lower drawers were quite deep, and were nice places for skirts, capes and other

The Fall

is a Time When the Health Must Be Carefully Guarded.

With its sudden changes, its hot days and chilly nights, dampness and decaying vegetation, this season is peculiarly trying to the health. A good Fall Medicine is as important and beneficial as Spring Medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed when the leaves begin to fall; it keeps the blood pure, wards off malaria, creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and maintains the health tone through this trying season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

things that are injured by folding. The other drawers were smaller. On the other side the space was used for closets, and furnished with two panel doors. The appearance of the room was greatly improved, and as closet room was unusually scarce in this house, she has often assured me that she would not do without the closets and drawers for many times what they cost.

HOME OF THE FLOWERS.

The Scilly Islands are a little group of rocks, islets and barren crags about fifty miles off the very southwestern point of England. There is an isle or a rock for every day in the year, counting those that appear above high water—twice as many perhaps when the tide is out. Only five of the islands are inhabited and the largest is but two and a half miles long by one and a half miles wide.

In Roman days the islands were used as a place of banishment; later they became a refuge for outlaws. These outlaws became smugglers and wreckers, the latter not at all removed from pirates, and many a vessel has been lured on the rocks by false lights for the sake of the treasures to be cast up by the sea after its destruction. It is said of the islands that they are "the most extensive marine graveyard in the world," and in spite of the powerful light which now warns the mariners to keep away even when twenty miles distant every winter sees some unfortunate ship dashed to pieces on these dangerous rocks.

A branch of the gulf stream sweeps round these isles and brings them within the semi-tropical zone. The climate is months earlier than on the mainland. January in the Scillies is like April in England, thus spring begins at Christmas.

These conditions are favorable to the chief, almost, indeed, the only industry of the islands, the growing of cut flowers, chiefly the daffodil and narcissus. It may be said the conditions are the cause of the industry. Nearly every available acre of land in the five inhabited islands is set to flowers. Some of the large flower farmers have from twenty-five to thirty-five acres in flowers, but from five to seven acres is the average. The only—or at least the chief—drawback is the wind storms that sometimes sweep over the isles and blast the buds. The buds are planted in patches of perhaps a third of an acre, separated by hedges for protection from the wind.

The flowers are cut while still in bud and set in trays or pots of water in hot houses to ripen. As this occurs, boys and girls put them into bunches and pack them for shipment. They are sent to London, where every grower has his customers, while the surplus stocks the city's great flower market, Covent Garden. The grower gets about sixty-three cents for a dozen bunches and the crop from the Scillies, during its three spring months, is worth \$300,000. Some idea of the enormous output may be gained from the fact that the yearly output is 500 tons. One hundred and sixty boxes, each of which holds six dozen bunches, are allowed to a ton. Something like 69,000,000 blooms then, must be sent to market during January, February and March.

The Scillies belong to the crown and the revenue goes to the Prince of Wales. The inhabitants hold their farms under leases. If a man wants to build a house he submits his plans to the governor of the islands, who leases him the land on which to build for ninety-nine years. At the end of that time the house and all go to the crown.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Lassie's Bronchial Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

BOUND TO SUCCEED.

Village Cousin—When Elmer Todd was crossed in love and swore he'd commit suicide, everybody thought it was kind of a French duel threat.

City Cousin—But he was in dead earnest, after all.

Village Cousin—Yes, siree! Why, instead of taking poison or hanging himself or trying anything else that there was liable to be a hitch in, he ate a mess of tomatoes that an expert had pronounced to be mushrooms, and then shot himself with an unloaded gun.

AN ENTERPRISING GIRL.

He, desperately.—Tell me the truth. Is it not my poverty that stands between us?

She, sadly.—Yes.

He with a ray of hope.—I admit that I am poor, but I have an aged uncle who is very rich and a bachelor. He is an invalid and cannot long survive.

She.—How kind and thoughtful you are. Will you introduce him to me?

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLE.

THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ ABOUT TO BE COLONIZED.

Chili Will Send Settlers to the World Famed Spot Which is Not so Tropical a Place as Before Pictured.

Robinson Crusoe's Island is to be colonized. The Government of Chili has just adopted resolutions to that effect and by the time this shall have been published an inspector will have been appointed and in all probability a number of new inhabitants will have been carried to the Island of Juan Fernandez. Within the past few weeks the President of Chili has visited this island on a tour of inspection and both himself and his officials report that it can be made of great value to the country. It has been decided to give each settler a house and a certain amount of land, and the idea is to make a large fishing colony there. The codfish caught off the shores of Juan Fernandez are especially fine. They swarm about its shores, and in connection with lobsters and other shell-fish, might form the basis of a great industry. There are also many seal, walruses and other marine animals in the waters near by, and the mainland has in its woods many wild goats, wild sheep and wild mules. There are parts of the island that are very fertile and it is thought that they can really be made a valuable property.

The island of Juan Fernandez lies just about 400 miles west of Valparaiso, in the South Pacific Ocean. It can be reached only by special steamers, which make excursions there ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR.

The island is bleaker and colder than DeFoe's picture of it. It is only twelve miles long by about seven miles wide, but parts of it are the picture of desolation. It is a great mass of rocks, which rises upward from the waters for more than a thousand feet. It is made up of hills and mountains, of little ravines and valleys. The northern half of the island is covered with a dense vegetation, but the southern half is as bleak and bare as the western slopes of the Andes in the rear of the Peruvian desert. Most of the shores are inaccessible. The best landing place is the Cumberland bay, at which point there is now a fishing settlement, which includes about all the people of the island. There are, it is said, only fifteen people now living there. Back of the settlement on the bay there are cottages, or straw huts, which once formed the homes of a number of settlers who lived there. These huts are made of cane, watted with straw. There are gardens about some of them, and at one time there was an agricultural colony here. One man attempted to start a stock-raising plantation, and he had, it is said, as many as 30,000 head of cattle, and an equal number of sheep grazing in the valleys on the north of the island. Of late, however, this business has almost entirely disappeared, and cattle ARE ALLOWED TO GO WILD.

and there are now on the island wild sheep, wild goats and wild mules.

There is no doubt but that Juan Fernandez is a rich island as far as the soil of the northern part of it is concerned, and with this new colonizing scheme it may support quite a large number of people. The hills are covered now with wild oats, and there is good grass in every open spot. The fruit trees planted more than a hundred years ago by Selkirk and others have reproduced themselves, and there are many wild fruits, while the grapes found in the woods are as delicious as those which Robinson Crusoe dried for raisins. There are peaches, pears, and quinces growing wild, and also wild vegetables. A peculiar plant is the panga, which has leaves forming a cup as big as an umbrella. This fills with water when it rains, and stays full as long as it is cloudy. When the sun comes out it begins to wilt and the water flows out.

There are a number of caves on Juan Fernandez, and several are pointed out in which it is said Alexander Selkirk lived. One of these, which lies in a ridge of volcanic rock, is as large as the average parlour, with a roof from ten to fifteen feet above the floor. The door to this cave is about fifteen feet high and its extent to the rear at least thirty feet. It shows signs of having been lived in. There are little holes or pockets scooped out of the walls such as are mentioned in Robinson Crusoe's description OF HIS CAVE-HOME.

and here and there on the walls are rusty nails used by those who have lived here in the past. It is said that the cave was the resort of the buccanniers who once ravaged the coast and ships of this part of the world. Other caves are covered with ferns, and the vegetation is so luxuriant that it is easy to imagine that Selkirk, like Robinson Crusoe, might have set out hedges about his caves, which would soon have become walls of trees, and have hidden them from view.

There is a monument to Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez. It is a marble tablet set in the rocks at

DRINK

Ludella Ceylon Tea

You are missing a great pleasure if you are not one of the many who enjoy this Tea.

LEAD PACKAGES

25, 40, 50 and 60c.

Robinson Crusoe's "Lookout." It was placed about thirty years ago. The inscription reads as follows:—
In Memory of Alexander Selkirk, Mariner.

A native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this Island in Complete Solitude, Four years and four months.

He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the Duke, privateer, 12th February, 1709.

He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth, A. D. 1728, aged 47 years.

This tablet is erected near Selkirk's Lookout, by Commodore Powell and the Officers of M. H. S. Topaze, A. D. 1868.

Strictly True.

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of Putnam's. Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

AN UNPROFITABLE MONTH.

President Nickel in Slot Company—How were the profits this month? Treasurer—Less than usual. The receipts were not much greater than the expenses. President—Humph! Some of the machines must have been in order.

THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

WASHING IN EGYPT.

In Egypt washing is done mostly by men, who stand naked on the banks of the Nile, and pound the wet clothes on the smooth stones at the river's brink till the dirt is removed from them. French women pound the clothes with paddles in the same way, as the Egyptians upon the stones beside the river.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors produced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. H. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WARM.

About the hottest thing I have seen lately, Asbury Peppers remarked as he speared the last slice of melon, was an old salt with a peppery temper who had just been mustered out.

W P C 942

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL offers special inducements to young men desirous of taking up Cutting. Full particulars on application. 113 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

SAUSAGE CASINGS—New Importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, KELLER & CO., Toronto.

AGENTS CAN MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING our special books; low prices; good values and large commissions. THE HOWELL BOOK CO., Saturday Night Building, Toronto.

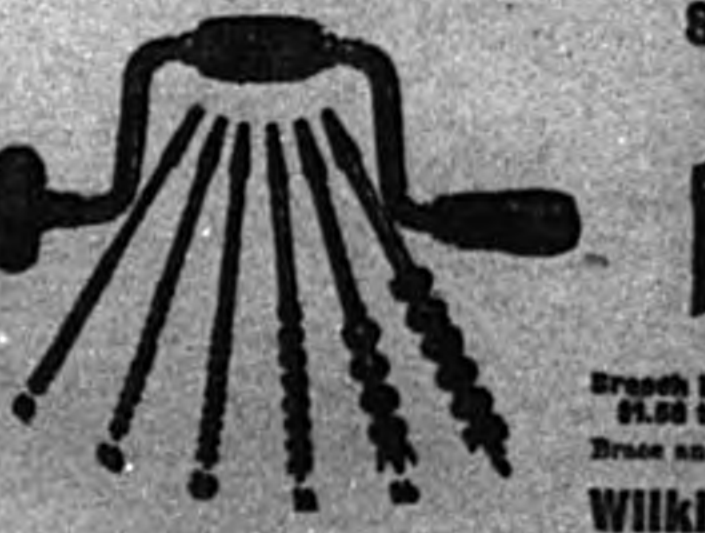
Neuralgia. Headache, Face-ache, & all severe muscular pains, instantly relieved by Creosote. Enclose 1 1/2 stamps for trial package. The Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto.

LAW Mills, Mills & Haines, Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldg., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.



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On Rubber Tire Wheels. THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., Limited. Toronto and Newmarket, Ont.

This is one of our original designs. All descriptions of Wood Working. E. LIMON, 700 Yonge St. All original designs. Write for prices. Toronto.

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THOMAS FLYNN. JOHN L. COFFEY. IF you want to either buy or sell Apples in car lots, write us. The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

TELEGRAPHY.

Shortland, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and all Commercial Subjects are properly taught in the CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, Yonge and Gerrard Sts. Full Term now open. Members admitted at any time. Night regular sessions. Splendid equipment. Write for catalogue. W. H. STAN, Principal.

Central Business College

STRAITFORD, ONT. Best Commercial School in the Province; enter now; catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

Superior Four Dollars

Complete. To be had only from M. ROBERTS, 31 Queen St. W., Toronto. Send stamp for all particulars and sample of cloth before buying elsewhere.

THE TRIUMPH

ADJUSTABLE STEEL PIPER. Easy put up and taken down. Can be cleaned, sealed, and put away in a small space. Ask your dealer for them. Manufactured by G. B. BARCLAY, 168 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. CLOSED.

Dominion Line Steamships.

Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer, and fast trips across the Atlantic in winter. Dominion Line Steamships (Yankee, Yankee, Yankee) Superior accommodation for First Cabin. Day and Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, \$20.00; Second Cabin, \$15.00; Steerage \$12.00 and upwards according to season and berth. For full particulars apply to Local Agents, or DAVID THOMSON & Co., Gen'l Agents, 17 St. James St., Montreal.

The Reid Bros. Mfg. Co., of BRILLIANT

TABLES AND BOWLING ALLEYS. For Sale and Catalogue, 207 King St. West, TORONTO.

STAMMERERS.

Only institution in Canada for the cure of every phase of speech defect. Established in Toronto, 1890. Course guaranteed. CHURCHILL AUTO-VOICE METHOD, 9 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Canada.

HEALTH RESTORED WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXPENSE TO THE MOST DISORDERED STOMACH, LUNGS, NERVES, LIVER, BLOOD, BLADDER, KIDNEYS, BRAIN AND BREATH BY

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which SAVES INVALIDS AND CHILDREN, and also restores stammering, whooping cough, and all other ailments. It is the only food that is rejected, saves 50 times its cost in medicine.

50 YEARS INVARIABLE SUCCESS. 100,000 ANNUAL CURES of Constipation, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diabetes, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Phlegm, Diarrhoea, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Despondency.

DU BARRY and Co. (Limited), 77 Regent-street, London, W., also in Paris, 14 Rue de Castiglione, and at all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere, in this 2s., 6d., 6d., 6d. Us. Sent carriage free. Also DU BARRY'S REVALENTA BISCUITS, in tins, 2s., 6d., and 6d.

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COMING TO TORONTO AND WANTING PREMISES,

Can be accommodated with almost

ANY SIZE FLAT

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SEND FOR PRICE LIST

Brooch Loading Shot Guns \$4.00 upwards. Revolvers, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$2.00. We guarantee recovery at this price. Braces and Six Best Angle Bits only \$1.00—postpaid anywhere in the Dominion for \$1.05. 125 Dundas St. East, Toronto. Wilkins & Co., Toronto

ARUNDEL.

Miss Lucy Doig of Lachute, is teaching at No. 3 School.

Mr. Wm. Thomson, Samuel Cooke and Mr. Parsons, returned home on Saturday, from a hunting expedition.

James Neil who was accidentally shot in the leg, has been removed to the Hospital in Montreal by Dr. Smellie.

Inspector McQuat and Mr. Parmelee, secretary of the Protestant School Board were in our township on Friday. Mr. Parmelee left by train Saturday morning.

The body of young Leroux who was drowned October 25th, in the River Rouge near here, has been found. Search being made every day since for the body of George Woods, but up to time of writing, without success.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

The course of empire in Canada is gradually but steadily taking its way westward. The Immigration Office in Winnipeg recorded 24,999 immigrants between January 1st, and the end of September. Other points farther west to which immigrants from the United States proceed directly will bring up the total to not less than 30,000. The season is by no means over yet, for in November some 2,000 immigrants are expected from southern Russia. The year's record, then, will be little, if anything short of 35,000 people, the bulk of whom have settled on free-grant land, although immigrants from the United States have bought large y from the railway and land companies in the more thickly settled districts. The Galician immigrants are pushing into the extreme north-west of the Province of Manitoba and the more northerly districts of the Territories.

This is due, in a great measure, to the increasing interest in Canada taken by the leading newspapers of Great Britain. Years ago very little Canadian news was published by these great journals. But things have changed in recent years and considerable space and attention is given to Canadian topics.

AGENTS.

Never before has the death of any man caused such profound sensation throughout the world as that of Mr. Gladstone, it is, therefore, a real luxury to canvas for the memorial edition of the "Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone," because the public is ripe for it, and the work will sell on sight. Big book; low prices; liberal terms; freight paid. Send 75 cents for prospectus, which we return with first order.

BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO. LTD.
TORONTO.

SUMMARY MATTER. CIRCUIT COURT.

Canada.
Province of Quebec. } 1119
District of Terrebonne.

JOSEPH MATHIAS DORION
Agent, of the parish of St. Philippe
of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne

VS. PLAINTIFF

JOSEPH CAMPEAU, lately of the
parish of St. Hermas, said district,
and now absent of this province.

DEFENDANT

The defendant is ordered to appear
within one month.

Ste. Scholastique, Oct. 20th, 1893.
De MONTIGNY & GRIGNON,
C.C.C.

Joseph Fortier,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUMMARY MATTER. CIRCUIT COURT.

Canada.
Province of Quebec. } 1118
District of Terrebonne

JOSEPH MATHIAS DORION,
Agent, of the parish of St. Philippe
of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne

VS. PLAINTIFF

JAS GRAHAM RUTHERFORD
lately of East Templeton, district of
Ottawa, and now absent of this province.

DEFENDANT

The defendant is ordered to appear
within one month.

Ste. Scholastique, Oct. 29th, 1893.
De MONTIGNY & GRIGNON,
C.C.C.

Joseph Fortier,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

J. R. McOUAT'S ADVERTISEMENT.

SPECIAL BARCAINS IN

LADIE'S JACKETS.

- " WRAPPERS.
- " BLOUSES.
- " GOLF. JERSEYS.
- " UNDERWEAR.
- " HOSIERY.
- " GLOVES.

MEN'S OVERCOATS.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

YOUTHS' PEA JACKETS.

— CURTAIN POLES. —

WOOLEN UNDERWEAR.

TOP SHIRTS.

GLOVES.

MITTS.

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FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS.

TABLE OIL-CLOTHS.

STAIR OIL-CLOTHS.

LACE CURTAINS.

HOLLAND CURTAINS.

Try our Waterproof Long Top Leather Boots.

We offer the N. G. Brand of Rubber—Men's 25 cts.,
Ladie's and Misses 15 cts.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, real estate owners, in the County of Terrebonne, give notice that a meeting of the real estate owners of the Counties of Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier, Laval, Terrebonne and L'Assomption, will be held on the twelfth day of November next at half past ten a.m., in the market hall of the town of St. Jerome, to consider the opportunity of establishing a mutual fire Insurance Company, according to the revised statutes of the Province of Quebec, article 5264 and following articles.

L. J. A. Lambert, P. Simard, R. Castonguay, J. C. Parent, N. P. J. P. Vanier, M.D., J. M. Richard, D. D. Bastien, E. Clark, J. D. Fournelle, A. T. A. Bigonnesse, S. G. Laviolette, S. Desormeaux, F. H. Aubin, Michel Laporte, J. M. Poirier, M.D., A. Gibault, Ferd. Filion, J. N. Bisson, Dr. J. C. Prevost, Polycarpe Vézina, E. Marchand, Louis Corbeil, of St. Jerome, E. A. Nantel of Montreal E. Grignon, M.D., and H. A. Belisle, P.M., of Ste. Agathe, S. Grégoire, Jos. Charbonneau, J. N. Lachapelle and Jules Leblanc of St. Jovite, W. Grignon, M.D., and J. O. Belisle of Ste. Adèle.

C.P.R. TIME-TABLE.

The following is the C.P.R. time-table to and from Lachute until further notice.

GOING WEST—
10.05 a.m. Ottawa Express.
6.43 p.m. Local
11.33 p.m. Soo
GOING EAST—
8.32 a.m. Mont'l and B't'n Express
11.19 a.m. Local Express.
2.22 p.m. "

FARM FOR SALE.

The farm of the late James Wilson containing 100 acres of land, well watered by over-flowing spring. Dwelling house and out buildings, situated about three miles from Lachute, in the Township of Chatham, one and a half miles from cheese factory and only a quarter of a mile from School House. For further particulars, apply to,

Mrs. James Wilson,
North River.

Carriages

AGE 1856.

SUCCESS 1885.

EXPERIENCE

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

After a number of years we claim to make the best goods in the country. Our sales for the past year has surpassed any other. The capacity of our Factory is now from 100 to 125 rigs per annum. We have also reduced the price on our goods.

Mitchell & Son.

Special attention given
to Repairing.

Windsor Salt
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

Collars. - Collars.

The undersigned has a few heavy cloth and leather collars that he will sell at \$1.75 each, also farm produce taken for repairing.

WM. CRESWELL,
Clyde St., Lachute

HARD TO STOOP.

Backache and Kidney trouble make a Halifax lady's life miserable.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

It would be well if every lady in Canada understood that pain in the back and backache were nothing more nor less than a cry of the disordered kidneys for help. Hundreds of ladies have found Doan's Kidney Pills a blessing, giving them relief from all their suffering and sickness.

Among those who prize them highly is Mrs. Stephen Stanley, 8 Cornwallis St., Halifax, N.S. She says that she was troubled with a weakness and pain across the small of her back, which was so intense at times that she could hardly stoop.

Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills she got a box, and is thankful to say that they completely removed the pains from her back and gave tone and vigor to her entire system. Mrs. Stanley also added that her husband had suffered from kidney derangement, but one box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him.

No one afflicted with Backache, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gravel, or any kidney or urinary trouble need despair. Doan's Kidney Pills cure every time—cure when every other remedy fails. Price per box, or for \$1.25, at all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

of the
Township of Chatham
Incorporated September, 1890.

Head office at the Secretary's residence,
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President, A. J. McHIBBON, VICE-PRESIDENT
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DIRECTORS—D. W. Owens, Malcolm Smith, Alfred Malouin, Geo. Morrison, John Jackson, Peter J. McMartin, and William Thompson.

John McQuat, Secretary-Treasurer
Insures only farm and isolated property anywhere in the county. Its membership list is all the recommendation it requires. Call on us and get any other information desired.

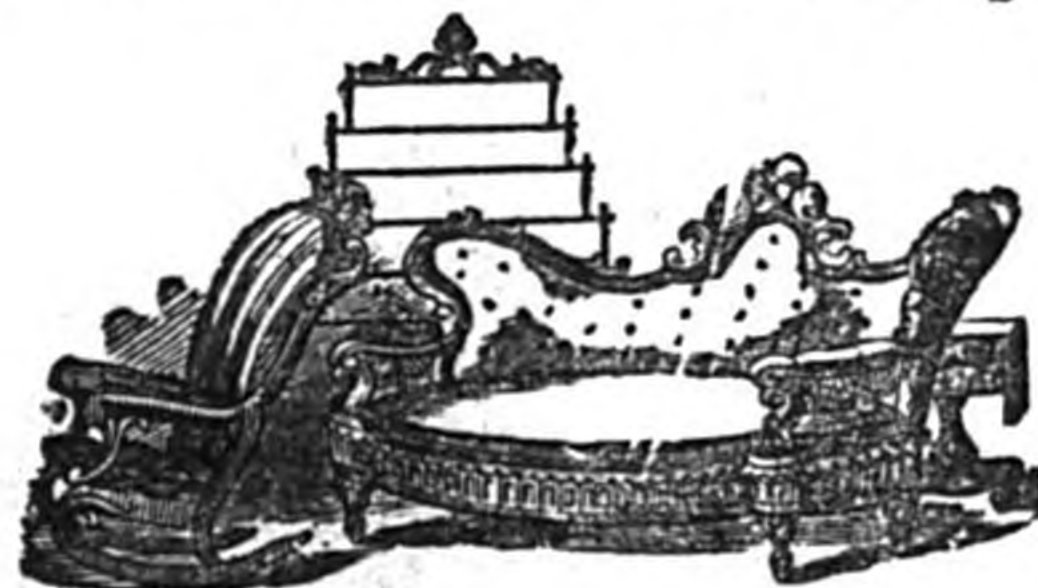
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Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Boots, Men's Heavy Shoes, (at low prices for cash) Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Ties, Complete line of Wearing Shirts, Blankets for sale cheap. Groceries as low as was ever bought for cash, Pickles, Corn, Salmon, & Tomatoes; Everything new and Fresh.

Also in Stock—Full line Farm Implements of Massey Harris make! Everything in the line of Machinery at low prices. Stoves of all kinds, Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines—All guaranteed. Buggies and Lumber Wagons a specialty. All we ask is to come and see the bargains you get.

LACHUTE

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Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

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NC. 38

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

Children Cry for CASTORIA

LOVE AND WAR

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.
By MARY J. HOLMES.

(Continued.)

Now to the shanty-like room by the mill, where the Harry and Bill rocked to and fro upon the unmade bed, and rent the air with her dismal howls, hoping thus to win at least one tender word from the two youths, voraciously devouring the breakfast she, like Widow Simms, had been at so much pains to prepare, watching even through her tears to see "if they wasn't going to leave her one atom of the steak she had spent her yesterday's earnings to buy."

No they didn't. Harry took the last piece, growling angrily at Bill, who, kinder hearted than his brother, suggested that "Hal shouldn't be a pig, but leave something for the old woman."

"Leave it yourself," was Harry's gruff response, and turning to his mother, he told her, "not to make a fool of herself, when she knew she was glad to be rid of them. At any rate, if she were not, the whole village were adding, by way of consolation, that 'he should probably and his days in State Prison if he staid at home, and he had better be shot in a fair fight, as there was some credit in that.'"

Around Harry Baker's childhood there clustered no remembrance of prayers said at the mother's knee, or of Bible stories told in the dusky twilight, and though reared in New England, within sight of the church spire, he had rarely been inside the house of God, and this it was which made the difference between that scene and the one transpiring in the house of Widow Simms. All the animal passions in Harry Baker's case were brought to full perfection, unsubdued by any softer influence, and rising from the table, after having filled his stomach about to bursting, he swagged across the room, and opening his bundle began to comment upon the different articles, he having been too drunk to notice when given to him on the previous night.

"What in thunder is this for?" he exclaimed, holding up the calico housewife and letting buttons, scissors and thread drop upon the floor. "Plaguy pretty implements of war, these!" and he began to enumerate the articles. "Fine tooth comb, black," the ace of spades. Good enough idea that; hasn't used one since I can remember; and he passed it through his shaggy hair whose appearance fully verified the truth of his assertion. "Half a paper of pins. Why don't the stingy critters give us more? An old brass tumbler, too. Here, mother, I'll give you that to remember me by," and he tossed it into her lap. The drawn then took his attention; the identical pair Rose Mather made, and though they were better than any he had ever worn, he laughed at them derisively. Trying them on he succeeded in making quite a long rip in one of the seams, for Rose's stitches were none the shortest. Then, with a flourish, he kicked them off, uttering an oath as he felt a sharp scratch from the needle which Rose had broken, and failed to extricate. The woolen shirt came next, but any remarks he might have made upon that, were prevented by his catching sight of the little brown book which lay at the bottom of the bundle.

"Hurrah, Bill, if here ain't a Testament, with 'Harry Baker' inside. Rich by George! Wonder if they s'posed I'd read it. Let us see what it says. Come unto me all ye that labor, Mother, that means you, scrubbin' and workin', you know. Keep the pesky thing. I enlisted to lick the Southerners, not to sing himes and psalms!" and he threw the sacred book across the floor, just as the first drum-beat sounded. "That's the signal," he exclaimed, and hastily rolling up the shirt and drawers, he started for the door, carelessly saying, "Come Bill take your Testament and come along. Good-bye, old lady. You needn't wear black if I'm killed. Twon't pay, I guess."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, wait. Wait Billy boy, do wait. Give your old marm one kiss," and the poor woman tottered toward Harry, who savagely repulsed her, saying, "be wan't going to have her slobberin' over him."

"You, Billy, then, you'll let me kiss you, won't you?" and she turned toward Bill, who hesitated a moment, for Harry was in the way.

Bill was afraid of Harry's jeers, and so, he too, refused, while the wailing cry rose louder.

"Oh, Billy, do just once, and I've been so good to you! Just once, do, Billy." "Shan't do it," was Bill's reply, as he followed Harry, who, as a farewell parting had hurled a stone at a cow across the street, set the dog on his mother's kitten, stepped on the old cat's tail, and then left the yard, slamming after him the rickety gate his mother had tried in vain to have him fix before he went.

Billy, however, waited. There was something more human in his nature than in his brother's. He had not thrown his Testament away, and the sight of it in his bundle had touched a tender chord, making him half resolve to read it. Watching his brother till he was out of sight, he went back to where his mother sat, moaning dolefully:

"Oh, that I should raise sich boys!—that I should raise sich boys!"

"Mother," he said, and Mrs. Baker's heart fairly leaped at the sound, for there was genuine sympathy in the tone. "Mother, now that Hal has gone, I don't mind kissin' you, or lettin' you kiss me, if you want to."

The doleful moan was a perfect scream as the shrivelled arms clasped Bill, while the joyful mother kissed the rough but not ill-humored face.

"There, now, don't screech so like an

owl," he said, releasing himself from her, and adding, as he glanced at a huge silver watch, won by gambling. "Maybe seein' I've a few minutes to spare, I'll drive a nail or so into that confounded gate, and I dun know, but while I'm about it, I'll split you an armful of wood. I had or to have cut up the hull on't I s'pose, but when Hal is 'round I can't do nothin'."

It was strange how many little things Bill did do in these few minutes he had to spare—things which added greatly to his mother's comfort, and saved her several shillings, besides making a soft warm spot in a heart which knew not many such. Glancing at the tall clock brought from New England, when Mrs. Baker first moved to Rockland, Bill remarked:

"The darned thing has stopped agin. I or to have liled it, I s'pose. It would kind of been company for you, hearin' it tick. I rum, if I hain't a mind to give you this old turnep," and again he drew out the silver watch. "You'll lay abed all day without no time. Like enough I'll nab one from some tarmal rebel—who knows?" and with his favorite expression, "Nuff said," Bill laid the watch upon the table, his mother moaning all the while.

"Billy boy, Billy boy, I never sot so much store by you before. How can I let you go? Stay, Billy, do, or else run away the first chance you git. Will you, Billy boy?"

"Not by a jug full!" was the emphatic response. "I ain't none of that kind. I'll be shot like a dog before I run. The Baker name shall never be disgraced by my desertin'." It's more like Hal to do that; but don't howl so. I'm kinder puttin' on the tender, you know, 'cause I'm goin' away. I should be ugly as ever if I's to stay to him. So stop your snivelin'," and having driven the last nail into a broken chair, Bill gathered up his bundle, and with the single remark, "Nuff said," darted through the open door, and was off ere his mother fairly comprehend it.

There was a great crowd out that morning to see the company off. Fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters,—those who had friends in the company and those who had none. The Mather carriage was there, and from its window Rose's childish face looked out, now irradiated with smiles as its owner bowed to some acquaintance, and again showered with sympathy as the cries of some bereaved one were heard amid the throng.

Widow Simms, too, was there, drawn thither by a desire to see if Isaac did indeed go with Charlie Warner, as she hoped he would, notwithstanding that he had told her he was probably too short. She didn't believe that;—he was taller than he looked, and inasmuch as Charlie was the most aristocratic of the company, she did hope Isaac would go with him. So there she stood waiting, not far from Mrs. Baker, who had dried her eyes, and come for a last look at her boys.

Onward the soldiers came, slowly, steadily onward, the regular tread of their feet and the measured beat of the drum making solemn music as they came, and sending a chill to many a heart; for 'twas no gala day, no Fourth of July, no old fashioned general training, they were there to celebrate. Every drum-beat was a note of war, and they who kept time to it were going forth to battle. Onward, onward still they came, George Graham's splendid figure towering above the rest, and eliciting more than one flattering compliment from the lookers on.

There were John and Eli, side by side,—John eagerly scanning the female forms which lined the walk for a sight of last night's bride, and Eli looking for his mother, if perchance she should be there. She was there, and what to John was better yet, she stood with her hand on Susan's shoulder, showing that thus early she was trying to mother her.

"That's him,—that's John," and Susan's voice faltered as she pointed him out to the widow, whose heart gave one great spasm of pain as she saw him, and then grew suddenly still with wrath and indignation; for alas, her Isaac, who was to have gone with Charlie Warner, son of Rockland's Judge, was marching with William Baker—Bill—who had been to the workhouse twice, to say nothing of the times he had stolen her rare-ripened and early melons! She had not looked for anything like this, and could scarcely believe her senses. Yet there they were, right before her eyes, Isaac and Bill, the former hoping his mother would not see him, and the latter trying not to see his mother, who was quite as much delighted to see him with Isaac Simms as the widow would have been had Isaac been with Charlie Warner, just in front.

Mrs. Baker had followed her sons to the hall, had heard the reason for the captain's decision, and she talked out in a loud exultant tone. "Miss Simms! Miss Simms do you see your Ike with Billy? Cap'n Johnson would have put him with Charlie Warner if he hadn't fell short two inches. Look kinder nice together, don't they? only Ike stoops a trifle, 'pears to me."

It didn't "pear" so to Widow Simms, but then her eyes were blurred so that she could not see distinctly, for, strange to say, the sharpest pang of all was the knowing that Isaac, so pure, so gentle, so girl-like, must be a companion for reckless, swearing, gambling Bill, and for a time she could not quite forgive her youngest born that he had not been just two inches taller. Blind, ignorant Widow Simms, the hour will come

when, on her bended knees, she'll thank the over-ruling hand which kept her boy from growing just two inches taller!

Onward, still onward they moved, until they turned the corner and paused before the depot.

A little apart from the rest George Graham stood, wishing that the cars would come, and building airy-castles of what would be when he returned, covered with laurels, as he was sure to do if only opportunities were offered.

He would distinguish himself, he thought, with many a brave deed, so that the papers would talk of him as a gallant hero, and when he came back to Rockland, the people would come out to meet him, a denser crowd than was assembled now. Their faces would not then be so sad, for they would come to do him honor, and in fancy he heard the stirring notes of the martial music, and saw the smile of joy alight over the weather-beaten features of the leader of the band, the man with the jammed white hat, as he fifted that welcome home. There he carries there, too, more than now and maybe there would be a carriage expressly for him, and the dreamer saw the long procession moving down the street,—saw the little boys on the walk, the women at the doors, and heard the peal of the village bells. It would be grand, he thought, if he could have a crown, just as the Roman victors used to do—it would please Annie so much to see him thus triumphant. She would not come up to the depot, he knew. She would rather be alone when she met him, while he, too, would prefer that all those people should not be looking on when he kissed his little wife. Just then the train appeared, and the confusion became greater as the crowd drew nearer together and the man with the jammed white hat who was to wife George's welcome home, redoubled his exertions, and tried his best to drown his own emotions in the harsh sounds he made. But above the fife's shrill scream, above the bass drum's beat, and above the engine's hiss, was heard the sound of wailing, as one by one the Rockland volunteers stepped aboard the train.

Bill was the last to go, for as a parting act he had fired the old cannon, which almost from time immemorial had heralded to Rockland's sleeping citizens that twelve o'clock had struck and it was Independence Day. Some said it was no good omen that the worn-out gun burst in twain from the heavy charge with which Bill had seen fit to load it, but Bill cared not for omens, and with three cheers and a tiger for Uncle Sam, he jumped upon the platform just as the final all aboard was shouted.

There was a ringing of the bell, a sudden puffing of the engine, a straining of machinery, a sweeping backward of the wreaths of smoke, and then, where so lately one hundred soldiers had been, there was nothing left save an open space of frozen ground and iron rails as cold and as empty as the hearts of those who watched until the last curfew ring of vapor died amid the cinders of the smoke, and then went sadly back to the homes left so desolate.

CHAPTER IV
A letter from brother Tom,—I am so glad. It's an age since he wrote, and I've been dying to hear from home. Dear old Tom! and dropping parasol in one place, gloves in another, and shawl in another, Rose Mather, who had just come in from shopping, seized the letter her husband handed her, and seating herself upon an ottoman near the window, began to read without observing that it was dated at Washington, instead of Boston, as usual.

Gradually, however, there came a shadow over her face, and her husband saw the tears gathering slowly in her eyes, and dropping upon the letter she had been "dying to get."

"What is it, Rose?" Mr. Mather asked, as a sob met his ear.

"Oh, Will," and Rose cried outright, "I don't believe Tom would do that! I thought people like him never went to the war. I mos know he'll be killed. Oh, dear, dear. What shall I do?" and Rose hid her face in the lap of her husband, who fondly caressed her chestnut hair as he replied:

"You'll bear it like a brave New England woman. We need just such men as your brother Tom, and I never respected him one half so much as now that he has shown how truly noble he is. He was greatly opposed to Lincoln, you know, and worked hard to defeat him; but now that our country is in danger, he, like a true patriot, has thrown aside all political feeling and gone to the rescue I honor him for it, and may success attend him."

"Yes," interrupted Rose, as a new idea struck her, "but what will his Southern friends think of him? and he has got a heap of them. There are the Blinneys and Franklins from New Orleans, the Richardsons in Mobile, and those nice people in Charleston,—what will they say when they hear he has taken up arms against them? and he always used to quarrel so with those stiff Abolitionists in Boston, when they said the Southerners had no right to their slaves. Tom insisted they had, and that the North was meddling with what was none of its business, and now he's turned abolitionist, and joined too,—dear, dear."

Mr. Mather smiled at Rose's reasoning, and after a moment, replied, "I have no idea that Tom has changed his mind in the least with regard to the negroes, or that he loves his Southern friends one whit the less than when defending them from abuse. Negroes and Southern proclivities have nothing to do with it. A blow has been struck at the very heart of our Union, and Tom feels it his duty to resent it. It's just like this: suppose you, in a pet, were trying to scratch your mother's eyes out, and Tom should try to prevent it. Would you think him false to you, because he took the part of his mother? Would you not rather respect him far more than if he stood quietly by and saw you fight it out?"

"It is not very likely I should try to scratch out mother's eyes," said

Rose, half laughing at her husband's odd comparison, and adding, after a moment, "I don't see how folks can fight and love each other too."

Mr. Mather didn't quite see it either, and without directly replying to Rose, he asked, by way of diverting her mind from the subject of her brother's volunteering, if she noticed what Tom said about the Rockland Company in general, and George Graham and Isaac Simms in particular?

This reminded Rose of Annie, who had been ill most of the time since her husband's departure.

"I meant to have called on Mrs. Graham right away," she said. "The poor creature has been so sick, they say, but would not let them send for George, because it was his duty to stay where he was. I'd like to see duty or anything else make me willing to part with you. I don't believe Mrs. Graham loves her husband as I do you, or she would never consent to be left alone," and Rose nestled closer to her husband, who could not find courage to tell her what he meant to do when he handed her Tom's letter. It would be too much for her to bear at once, he thought, as he saw how greatly she was pained because her brother had joined the army, and was even then in Washington.

To Be Continued.

POTATOES AND SALT.

'Twas all the Great German Naturalist could afford.

Richard Du Bury once said:—"The library, therefore, of wisdom, is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it." Success gives an interesting anecdote told by Agassiz, of his visit, when a young man, to the great German naturalist, Professor Lorenz Oken. The professor received his guest with warm enthusiasm, but apparent embarrassment. He showed his visitor the laboratory, and the students at work, also his cabinet, and lastly his splendid library of books pertaining to zoological science, a collection worth some seven thousand dollars, and well deserving the glow of pride which the owner manifested as he expatiated on its excellence. The dinner hour came, and then the embarrassment of the great German reached its maximum point.

"Monsieur Agassiz," he said, with perturbation, "to gather and keep up this library exacts the utmost husbandry of my pecuniary means. To accomplish this I allow myself no luxury whatever. Hence my table is restricted to the plainest fare. Thrice a week our table boasts of meat; the other days we have only potatoes and salt. I very much regret that your visit has occurred upon our potato day."

And so the splendid Switzer and the great German and his students dined together on potatoes and salt. And what must those students have enjoyed in the conversation of those remarkable men!

POOR MEMORY.

An English bishop was one day waiting at a station for a train, and being in good time was indulging in a walk up and down the platform. While thus engaged he met a young officer whose face seemed familiar to him.

As the two met a second time the bishop said, Good morning. At the third encounter he stopped and asked, How is your father?

The gallant soldier replied, He has been dead many years.

The bishop tried again with the query, How is your mother?

Well, said the officer, smiling, I think she must be all right, for she would certainly have heard if she had been indisposed.

The bishop walked away, but his curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Seeing the stationmaster he went toward him, and asked whether he could enlighten him as to who the young officer was with whom he had just been speaking.

Why, your lordship, replied the stationmaster, that is the Duke of Connaught.

The feelings of the bishop who had failed to recognize the third son of Queen Victoria, and who had asked so benevolently after the health of the young officer's mother, can perhaps be imagined.

SMALLEST IN THE WORLD.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone lighthouse stands. At low water it is 30 feet in diameter; at high water the lighthouse, whose diameter at the base is 2-3/4 feet, completely covers it. It is inhabited by three persons. It lies nine miles off the Cornish coast, and fourteen miles south-west of Plymouth breakwater. Faltholme, an island in the British Channel, is only a mile and a half in circumference, but, consisting mostly of rich pastoral land, and supports a farmhouse, besides the lighthouse, with a revolving light 165 feet above the sea.

REVERSED ACTION.

Didn't you know old Mr. Johnson, who leads the life of a recluse?

Yes. When I knew him he was leading the life of a loose wreck.

SHE SAW TOO MUCH.

She, after marriage—You told me that I was your first love, but I have found a whole trunk-full of letters from all sorts of girls, just bursting with tenderness.

He—I—I said you were the first I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me. See!

IMPROVING THE HORSES.

Young Man, at race course—What is the object of all this?

Old Stager—To improve the breed of horses, sir—to improve the breed of horses. Come, let's take a drink, and then I'll give you some pointers on how to bet.

HOW A SORE HEALS.

WHEN THE BLOOD IS PURE AND RICH IT WILL HEAL RAPIDLY.

This Fact Demonstrated in the Case of Chester Gawley, Who Had Been Tortured With a Running Sore For More Than a Year.

From the Times, Owen Sound.

In the township of Sarawak, Grey county, there is probably no better known or respected farmer than Thos. Gawley, of East Linton, P.O. Learning that his nephew a young lad now about ten years of age had been cured of a disease of his leg which threatened not only the loss of the limb, but also of the life of the little fellow, a reporter of the Times made enquiry, and we are convinced that the wonderful working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not exhausted themselves. Meeting Mr. Gawley in one of the drug stores of the town, he was asked if the reported cure was a fact. His face lighted up with a smile as he said, "Indeed it is, sir. I was afraid we were going to lose the lad, but he is now as well as ever, hearty and strong." Asked for particulars, Mr. Gawley did the most natural thing in the world, referred the reporter to his wife, who in telling the case said:—"In the month of September, 1897, my nephew, Chester Gawley, who lives with us, became afflicted with a severe pain in his left leg. In a few days the limb became badly swollen and painful, and the family physician was called in. The case was a perplexing one, but it was decided after a few days to lance the leg. This was done, but the wound inflicted would not heal up, but became a running sore. The little fellow soon was reduced to almost a skeleton. This continued through the winter months, and we thought he would never get off his bed again. In April two of the best physicians of Owen Sound operated on the leg for disease of the bone, resorting to scraping the bone. In spite of this treatment the wound continued to run, and we were in despair. In August a friend residing in Manitowish, advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We commenced to use them at once, and in a short time several pieces of the bone came out of the sore, and before the boy had taken four boxes the leg was completely cured. This was over a year ago, and Chester is now well and as strong in the left leg, which caused the trouble, as in the other. Of course I recommend highly the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Such is the story of the fourth cure which it has been our pleasure to report from Owen Sound. Chester Gawley is growing up into a strong healthy lad, and it is but adding another tribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to say that they were the instrument in his restoration to bodily vigor.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

An Interesting Clock That Still Keeps Good Time.

A most interesting old timepiece is the clock standing in William the Fourth's bedroom at Hampton Court, and which Messrs. Gaydon & Sons, of Kingston, were recently commissioned to repair says the London Mail.

The clock was made by Dan Quare about the year 1660, and is one of the most remarkable pieces of automatic mechanism in existence. It is what is commonly known as a "grandfather" clock, standing in a very tall oak case, with heavy ornate mounts. There are several particulars in which this clock is almost, if not quite unique. In the first place it goes for twelve months at a time without winding. But more remarkable than this is its ingenious mechanism. It is what is known as a "celestial" clock and besides recording the days of the month and the months of the year, it also automatically shows the time of sunrise and sunset.

The last time the clock was overhauled was early in the present century. For the last forty years, however, the clock had not been wound up. It speaks well for the splendid workmanship of our ancestors that, with slight exceptions, Messrs. Gaydon found the works in as perfect a condition as when the clock was originally made, and there is no reason why it should not last for another 200 years.

FURTHER EXPLAINED.

Did you say that gentleman made his fortune by some important discovery in medical lore?

Yes, answered Miss Cayenne. He discovered a new way to advertise a reliable recipe.

METEORIC.

Speaking of infant prodigies exclaimed the Chinese emperor.

Your majesty enjoys some distinction in that line, rejoined the faithful old courtier.

I should say so. Here I am a back number before most men are fairly started in life!

WHAT HE'D DO!

Wife—What would you do if you had no wife to look after your mending. I'd like to know!

Husband—Do! Why, in that case I could afford to buy new clothes.

The Home

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES.

The rule for preparing the little sweet cucumber pickles will be of small avail if the following general directions are not observed:

Use the best cider vinegar. Such vinegar always has some color, and it is not so intensely sharp as the colorless manufactured vinegar so often sold under this name.

Use the small cucumbers. Those which are no longer than the little finger make the best pickles. Full-grown cucumbers make coarse, rank pickles.

Soak the cucumbers long enough in brine to insure their being freed from their strong juices.

Pack the little cucumbers in a stone jar, in layers of fine salt. Put enough salt on top to cover them, and pour cold water over all. Lay a heavy plate or round board over all, and put a stone on it to keep the pickles under the brine. Leave the pickles in brine for nine days. Keep them in a cold place, and stir them up from the bottom every three days. Look the pickles over when they have been thus well salted, rejecting any that are soft. Throw the round ones into fresh cold water to freshen for twelve hours. At the end of this time put them into fresh cold water and let them soak for twenty-four hours longer.

For a kettle holding two gallons of pickles, powder a lump of alum the size of a large hickory nut. Lay green vine leaves in the bottom of the preserving kettle. Lay the cucumbers evenly over the leaves, and sprinkle a little of the powdered alum over the layer of cucumbers. Continue packing the cucumbers in, with layers of alum sprinkled over them, until the kettle is full.

Fill the kettle up with cold water and cover with leaves carefully spread over the cucumbers, and cover the kettle closely with its lid. Set the pickles where they will slowly heat to the simmering point, but yet not boil, for about four or even five hours. This process will make them firm and green. At the end of the time lift out the cucumbers carefully and put them into cold water while the vinegar is prepared for pickling. Put two cups of sugar in every gallon of vinegar, two dozen peppers, three dozen cloves, a dozen and a half of allspice and one dozen blades of mace. Let the vinegar and spices boil up once. Throw the cucumbers in, and when they are scalded put them into a stone pot and keep them covered. At the end of three days take out the pickles and scald the vinegar again and pour it over them. Let them stand, covered, three days longer, then drain off the vinegar and prepare a new vinegar, as before, and pour it, scalding hot, over the pickles. Let them become cold and seal them up for two or three months.

Just before putting the pickles away add another cup of sugar. Keep these pickles in a glass jar or stone pot. If you do not like the sweet flavor of such cucumber pickles, make them sour by omitting the sugar. There is only sugar enough used in these pickles to mellow the sharpness of the vinegar.

THINGS GOOD TO EAT.

Wheat Gems.—One egg, one-half cup sweet milk, one teaspoon of good baking powder sifted in a scant cup of flour; mix all together; have gem pans well greased and very, very hot; put a little butter in each, dividing amount in twelve cups or making twelve gems and bake in a quick oven. They are very light and perfectly delicious.

Corn Muffins or Gems.—To a quart of fine white corn meal add a teaspoon and a half of baking powder, two eggs, lump of butter as large as an egg and half the amount of lard. Mix thoroughly and add enough sweet milk to make a rather stiff batter. Pour at once into hot muffin rings or gem pans and bake at once in a moderate oven.

Stewed Tomato with Onion.—Mince a large onion very fine and fry in a tablespoon of hot butter. Add a tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt and a quarter of a teaspoon of pepper, and cook a minute longer, then add a quart of chopped tomatoes and a half pint of boiling water if necessary. Cover and stew for half an hour. Add a small cup of fine bread crumbs. Cook a minute longer and serve hot.

Baked Tomatoes and Corn.—Cut the top off of large ripe tomatoes, scoop out the seeds, sprinkle with sugar, salt and pepper. Fill the cavity with grated corn well seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Set the tops on tomatoes, put in a baking pan, and a little soup stock or meat gravy, cover and bake one hour. Remove cover, brown slightly and serve at once in same dish as baked in.

Fried Corn and Potatoes.—A little cold boiled corn cut from the cob or cold fried or stewed corn mixed with an equal amount of cold boiled potatoes chopped fine, highly seasoned and fried, makes a very palatable dish. A large onion chopped fine and partly fried before corn and potatoes are added is very acceptable, if onions are liked.

Rice Fritters.—To a cup of cold rice add two well-beaten eggs, a cup of sweet milk, salt and flour and baking powder as for pan-cakes. Fry on a hot, well-greased griddle like pan-cakes and serve hot. Are delicious.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter of rich sweet milk, eggs, salt, flour and baking powder as for pan-cakes. To each quart of batter add a pint of fine-

chopped, quickly cooking apples. Fry like pan-cakes and serve with syrup made from brown sugar.

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE.

The simplest rule for unfermented grape juice consists of the pure juice of the grapes pressed out and sweetened a little, brought to the boiling point, boiled and then canned, says an exchange. This juice may be weakened by adding water when it is used. A mixture of half grape juice and half water, mixed thoroughly together and poured into a tumbler, one-quarterful of crushed ice, makes a delicious summer drink.

Use rich, ripe grapes. A poor grape will not make a well-flavored grape juice. Select perfectly sound but perfectly ripe grapes; pick them from the stems and put them into a stone jar. Set this jar into an iron kettle of boiling water. Let the water reach up as far as the grapes in the jar. Put the kettle over the fire and let the water boil around the jar of grapes until they are thoroughly cooked. It will take an hour or longer, and the jar must be well covered all the time the water is boiling around it. Strain the grapes after crushing them in the jar, and extract all the juice. Boil it down for ten minutes. When the grape juice is put on to boil it should be measured. Add a cup of sugar to every quart of juice as soon as it is boiled, and can it at once. It is used as it is for communion service, in place of wine.

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

She was such a young inexperienced mother, and the baby was so cross. So when she called upon her neighbor, who had raised a large family, for advice, that lady was touched by her helplessness, and came over to see what was the matter.

Everything about the child betokened the loving care which good mothers always give their little ones. He had just been bathed and dressed, but instead of the quiet sleep that should follow, he was crying and tossing about restlessly.

"This is the first cause of the trouble," she said as she removed the dainty white dress and skirt. "If you will bring me a dress that is not starched, I will put it on, and he will be more comfortable. See his neck and wrists are chafed from the stiff bands. He is too fleshy to be dressed so warmly this sultry weather." A few minutes sufficed to find a plain slip that had been laundered without starch and it was put on.

"What would you give him when he has the colic," asked the anxious mother. "He has it so often, and I do not know whether to give him paregoric or soothing syrup."

"I should give neither," replied her visitor. "When an attack comes on heat flannel cloths, and lay them on the stomach, bowels and feet; that will usually afford relief. In very bad cases, it is sometimes necessary to remove the clothing and wrap the little body in cloths wrung out of water that is as warm as he can bear it."

comfortably. Cover with a warm blanket, and he will soon feel easy and fall asleep. But if one is careful with his diet, and does not keep him in a draught, he will seldom have the colic. Are you sure his food agrees with him?"

"No, I could not nurse him and was advised to give him cow's milk, so I have been getting milk from a dairymaid ever since, but it does not seem to be good for him."

"Well, I saw the pasture where your dairymaid's cows are kept the other day, and I am not surprised that the milk does not agree with a baby. It was full of weeds, and the water in the pond, where they drink, is covered with a green scum. I do not consider cow's milk safe for a baby, for if the pasture and water are all right, you can not be sure the cow is perfectly healthy. I was compelled to wean one of my babies at the age of two months on account of ill health, and another never nursed at all. We experimented with a great many things, but found nothing so satisfactory as lactated food. We had no trouble in feeding them, for all babies like it, and as they were the healthiest, heartiest babies I ever raised, I know it agreed with them. When a baby is two or three months old, the bottles may be discarded, and they can be fed from a cup. They are so much easier to keep clean and sweet. They need no variety in their bill of fare until they are seven or eight months old, then some of the cereals may be given, if you are careful to feed a very small quantity at a time until he becomes accustomed to it. If during the teething period, the stomach and bowels become deranged, as they are likely to do, confine his diet to lactated food exclusively for a few days and he will usually get along nicely without medicine. Strong drugs are never safe, and I always try to get along without them as much as possible."

"Is it best to try to keep the house quiet for the baby? I have heard that it is better for him to get used to noise."

"I always tried to have a quiet corner for the cradle. I would not like to try to sleep in a perpetual uproar myself, and think too much noise would have an injurious effect upon the nerves of a delicate child. But see, I have talked until the baby is sound asleep, so I will lay him down and go back to get dinner."

WHAT CHANGED HIS MIND.

I had supposed, until yesterday, doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past.

And so they are. But what changed your mind? The bill you sent me.

ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD.

Kirby, I admire your wife; she is so eloquent in a few words.

How do you know? When you told her you had brought me up to dinner she said, "gracious goodness!"

A LITTLE CHANGE.

Old Friend—Don't you remember sweet Alice, who danced with delight when you gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown?

Mr. B. Bolt, Jr.—Oh, yes. She doesn't care a cent for my smiles or frowns either, now. We're married.

TRIED TO KILL MONARCHS.

FREQUENTLY ATTEMPTED BUT NOT OFTEN SUCCESSFUL.

Seven Would be Murderers Have Attacked Victoria—Scarcely a European Ruler But has Had His Life Assailed Once or More.

The dastardly deed which has plunged the house of the Hapsburgs once again into mourning, has, unfortunately, many parallels in the history of the courts of Europe. Since the foundation of the Austrian Empire its rulers have been singularly unfortunate. Albert, the first Duke of the line, was murdered by his own nephew in 1308, and since that time all the monarchs of the country have passed through troublous times on ascending the throne.

The Emperor of Austria has himself been attacked on three occasions: On the 18th of February, 1853, Joseph Li-benyi, a Hungarian, attempted to assassinate the Emperor on the ramparts of Vienna by stabbing him in the neck; on the 27th of October, 1866, his life was attempted at Prague; and again, in 1882, by a soldier named Overdank.

Queen Victoria has never met with any serious accident, though attempts at assassination have been made on as many as seven occasions. On the 30th of May, 1842, John Francis attempted to shoot the queen.

He was only about seven feet from the carriage, when he produced a pistol and fired it, but the tragedy was averted by the prompt action of a private soldier and a constable. A month later a deformed youth named Bean attempted the same thing. He was not caught at the time—a circumstance which led to the apprehension of a large number of humpbacked people in the metropolis.

An Irish bricklayer named Hamilton fired a pistol at the Queen when proceeding down Constitution Hill on May 19, 1849, and in the following year Robert Pate, a former Lieutenant of the Tenth Hussars, attacked the Queen as she was leaving the house of the Duke of Cambridge, in Piccadilly. The man deliberately aimed a blow at the Queen with a stick which he held in his hand, striking her on the cheek and crushing her bonnet over her forehead, for which attempt he was sentenced to transportation for seven years. Another attempt was made on the 29th of February, 1872, by a lad named Arthur O'Connor; in the month of March, ten years later, Robert Maclean fired at the Queen as she was entering her carriage at Windsor Station, and the following month, Albert Young, a railway clerk, sent a letter to Sir Henry Ponsonby, threatening to murder the Queen.

Reverting to the case of the late Empress, it is sad to recall a few of the many disasters which have overtaken the family of the Hapsburgs. It will be remembered that the sister of the Empress, the Duchesse d'Alençon, was burned to death in the Paris bazaar fire. The Crown Prince Rudolph was found, under peculiarly distressing circumstances, with part of his skull blown away, at Meyerling, in the year 1889. In 1894 the Archduke William was thrown from his horse and killed.

The young Archduke Ladislaus, in the summer of 1885, was fatally shot while trailing his gun through a thicket at Agyag, in Hungary, and the Archduke Johann, who set sail for South America with his wife, has never been heard of since. Archduchess Matilda was burnt to death; Prince Louis of France drowned himself; King Ludwig, the cousin of the dead Empress, was a madman and committed suicide, and the Archduke Ferdinand, Emperor of Mexico, was executed in 1867.

The country which is looked upon as the most peculiar home of the assassin is undoubtedly Russia, and the Czars of that country ever go about in fear of their lives. Czar Paul was attacked and killed by nobles in 1801, and no fewer than six attempts were made on the life of Alexander II., and he was finally killed in 1881 by a bomb thrown by a man who was himself killed, in St. Petersburg. Two attempts were also made on the life of the late Czar Alexander III. General de Mesentzoff, the Chief of the Russian Secret Police was assassinated at St. Petersburg on the 16th of August, 1878.

Bismarck was attacked in 1868 and 1874 by Blind and Kullmann, respectively; Michael, Prince of Serbia, was assassinated in 1868, and attempts were made

TO KILL MILAN IV., Of Serbia, in 1882, and the Prince of Montenegro in 1860.

France, too, has been the scene of many such outrages. Damiani, a man of 42 years, attempted to assassinate Louis XV. in 1757, and Napoleon I. had a narrow escape from an infernal machine in 1800.

No less than six attempts were made on the life of Louis Philippe in 10 years, the most noted of which were the attempt of Alibaud, on June 25, 1836, and that of Fieschi, on July 28, 1835. The last named was a soldier and a spy, and endeavored to accomplish his end by means of an infernal machine. Napoleon III. had two escapes in 1855 and 1858. Aubertin, tried to assassinate M. Jules Ferry in December, 1887, and President Carnot was killed at Lyons by Cesare Giovanni Santo in 1894.

King Humbert of Italy was the object of a murderous attack by Passananti on the 7th of November, 1878, and Signor Crispi, the Premier, also had a narrow escape in 1874. It was only at the beginning of this year that the King of Greece narrowly escaped from a shot which was fired by two men lying in wait for the Royal carriage to pass. No less than seven shot were fired, but happily without effect.

In Spain three attempts were made on the life of Isabella II., in 1847, 1852 and 1856. Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, was attacked while King of Spain in 1872, and the late Alfonso XII. was attacked in 1878, and again in the following year. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was shot while at a theater by Wilkes Booth in 1865, and Garfield, a journalist, assassinated President Garfield with a revolver on the 2nd of July, 1881.

A PICKPOCKET'S DIARY.

A Melbourne pickpocket was recently captured by the police who had kept for some time a diary of social and political "fixtures." In it were entries like these:

July 1.—Lady Madden's garden party, crowd at gate.
July 2.—Morning, departure of the Princess company to Adelaide, fair; afternoon, opening of Parliament, good evening, theatre party at Royal, good crush in vestibule.
July 3.—Evening, Yacht Club Ball, balcony for public.
July 4.—Yankee Consul's reception, splendid.

The Yankee Consul's Fourth of July reception seems to have been the best thing on this gentleman's list.

A SECESSION FROM VEGETARIANISM.

There has been an important wholesale secession from the ranks of the vegetarians. The entire Dominican Order in England has received permission from Rome to eat flesh four days a week, instead of perpetually abstaining as heretofore. In cases of ill health or specially hard work meat is to be allowed six days a week. This important decision has been arrived at after the closest medical and official scrutiny as to the effects of perpetual abstinence from meat in a variable climate like that of England. The result is that vegetarianism has been declared incompatible with good work.

JUSTIFIABLE RUDENESS.

Mr. Smallpore—I never saw you act so rudely as you did with Mrs. Tourist. You plied her with questions about her summer trips, one question after another, so fast that she got entirely out of breath trying to answer them. What did you do it for?

Mrs. Smallpore, who had to spend the heated term in the city—I didn't dare give her a chance to breathe, or she would have asked where I went this summer.

GRAVEYARD LATIN.

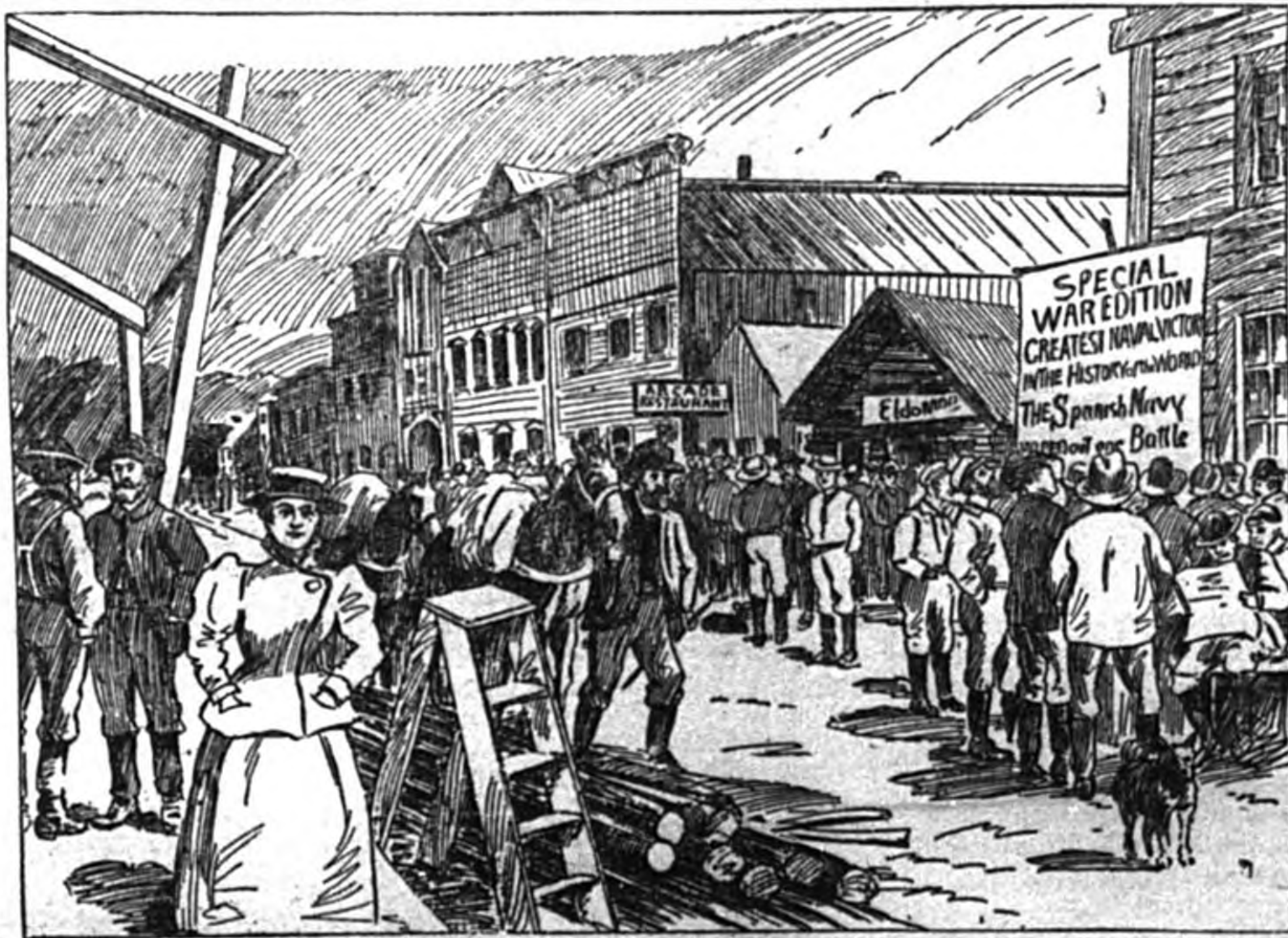
Ignorance is never shown more effectively than in an attempt to conceal it.

A countryman wandering about a cemetery, came upon a stone which bore the inscription, "Sic transit gloria mundi."

What does that mean? he asked the sexton, who was at work near by.

The sexton, not wishing to confess ignorance, replied:

Well, it means that he was sick transiently, and went to glory Monday morning.



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—MAIN STREET, DAWSON CITY.

The special artist of the "Illustrated London News," Mr. Julius M. Price, writes the following about Dawson City, which he has lately visited:—

"We had a stroll down toward the town early the next morning, for the police barracks are situated a little away from the centre. The road along the water front was already crowded with people strolling about, looking at the new arrivals in the boats, and presented a curiously holiday-like appearance, very unlike Bennett and Linderman, where everyone seemed to have no time for anything but his preparations for the journey before him. Here the long river journey was an accomplished fact, and the old miner and the newest of new-comers rubbed shoulders in the big and ever-increasing throng, of eager gold-hunters. On the main street, which is a continuous

tion of the river-front, the scene was even more animated, and almost baffled description. On all sides, big buildings were being erected with feverish rapidity; the sound of hammering and sawing was to be heard everywhere, and the roadway was encumbered with rough timber, planks, ladders, and all the paraphernalia of the carpenter and builder. Harris and I stood and looked on in amazement. We had both expected a great deal from all we heard and read, but this extraordinary scene of bustle and activity certainly outdid all that one could have looked for. Here was a big city growing before our very eyes. It recalled one of those street scenes which have become so popular at recent exhibitions, only this was before the opening ceremony, and they were hurrying up so as to get finished in time.

"The footway was crowded to such an extent with men walking or standing about, or sitting on the piles of lumber, that it was with difficulty we

could get along. Many very smartly dressed women were to be seen, looking, indeed, strangely out of keeping in such surroundings, for the men were absolutely the roughest, raggedest, and most unkempt lot I have seen anywhere, or am likely ever to see again. There was a certain picturesque quality about their dirt, though, as there is, for instance, in the squalor of the Italian beggar, and with their long boots, faded yellow flannel coats and slouch hats, they added considerably to the stage-like effect of the whole scene. As one gradually worked one's way through this big crowd and caught scraps here and there of the conversation, one realized that all these rough, dirty-looking fellows were not what they outwardly appeared, and that this was not entirely a gathering of roughs or hobos, but a cosmopolitan assemblage, representative of all nations of the earth, attracted hither by the mighty ring of the Klondike gold. While I was in Dawson I had ample opportunity of verifying this first impression."

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1898.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.
J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada and the United States for \$1.00 in advance, or \$1.50 at the end of the year.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE MILLS - QUEBEC

MR. LAFOREST AND THE WATERWORKS.

The Montreal 'Herald' has for some time been coming out with charges against Mr. Laforest of the waterworks department of Montreal and who is so well known in connection with our present waterworks system in town. In its issue of Nov. 9th it reprints a letter Mr. Laforest has addressed to the Montreal 'Gazette,' and gives a list of the charges. Amongst others there are these two items of special interest to Lachute:

"Used the city's workmen to make articles required by him in outside places; 100 keys for street services at Lachute made by city's blacksmith; boxes to hold them made by city's carpenter; 400 street numbers for St. Agathe cut by city's plumber, painted by city's painter.

"Used city material, tools and men for the construction of aqueducts at Lachute and Ste. Agathe. Several loads of tools, iron bands, lead pipes and sweeps for street services were sent out and not returned."

Just how far these charges are correct we are not in a position to know, but they have not as yet been denied by Mr. Laforest.

With all charges against public officials there is this trouble, that to enable these men to commit the first frauds, some one in authority must have, so to say, winked at them, and when we find in Montreal and Ottawa, the elected civic authorities hand in glove with those known or suspected defrauders of the public, we cannot but feel that below this is the character of the people who will elect such men to office.

As a specimen of the state of thought that exists, here is what the Ottawa 'Citizen' gives as Mayor Bingham's opinion in regard to the waterworks scandal in Ottawa. By it we see how young men are encouraged to do wrong.

"People talk about the condition of affairs being disgraceful. I don't think there is anything disgraceful about it. People have a wrong conception of what constitutes a disgrace. Something that can be rectified by the substituting of a few dollars previously taken cannot properly be classified under that head. The mere fact of a man being out on a little 'time' and happening to have a few dollars of corporation money in his pocket, spends them for self gratification, gives us no right to allege that he has disgraced himself. — Mayor Bingham on the waterworks scandal."

This is an extraordinary statement to come from the chief magistrate of Ottawa. Not taking into consideration the lack of the moral perception apparent, we would like to know if the Mayor approves of such looseness in connection with the keeping of the civic cash that any clerk or official can carry it about on his person for his own use. All civic moneys should either be banked at 3 o'clock or placed in the vaults of the city hall when the offices close. How does it come that a clerk can take cash out of the building unless he steals it? Does Mayor Bingham allow his own

office employees to carry his cash around in their pockets and use it as they like. Does any bank or financial institution in Ottawa allow its clerks to take cash that does not belong to them out of the building?

This purely philanthropic publication lays down the broad principle that the man who intercepts cash on its way from the ratepayer to the vault or bank account of the city of Ottawa is a criminal, whether he pays back the money when found out or not. The city of Ottawa, through the proper authorities, must mete out to these delinquents the same treatment that has been accorded to Mann or else withdraw the charge against the latter, and we do not believe the Crown prosecutor would stand by and see that done.

The civic conscience in Ottawa seems to have become ossified.

The prohibition delegation to Ottawa last week was received under what may be termed almost prophetic conditions. The Railway's committee room being too small to hold them they were invited to take seats in the House and for the first time in its history the members seats were occupied by both men and women, all brought together for the good of the country and no party was represented except what will eventually be the party, the fearless exponents of truth and right taken from both, constituting an independent party.

At the meeting of the Directors of the Agricultural Society held Tuesday last, the following members were present:—George Fraser Esq., Vice-President and Directors Alex. LeRoy, Thos. Dobie, Felix Hamelin, George Morrison, Wm. Nicholls. Only some minor business was transacted and the meeting adjourned to meet in LeClair's Hotel, St. Philippe, on the 21st of December next, the day appointed for the holding of the annual meeting for the receiving of reports and election of a new Board of Directors.

MIDNIGHT REPORT.

MAJORITY FOR ROUGH RIDER ROOSEVELT IS ANYWHERE FROM EIGHTEEN TO TWENTY THOUSAND.

New York, Nov. 8.—(Midnight)—Theodore Roosevelt, Republican, late colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, has been elected Governor of this state by a plurality anywhere from 18,000 to 20,000. All Col. Roosevelt's associates on the Republican state ticket are probably elected with him. The returns from both Greater New York and from the counties outside of this municipality, are incomplete, but enough have been received to indicate a heavy falling off in the vote up the state, while that in the city was well sustained. The consequence is a falling off in the Republican plurality in the state from 212,000 to the approximated figures given above. Outside of Greater New York the vote of Van Wyck is only about one-fifth of one per cent, above that of Porter in 1896. There appears to be a loss of four Republican congressmen in the Republican districts, the 2nd, 4th, 5th and 6th. Congressman Quigg, who had a majority of about 9,000 at the election last year, has been defeated by William Astor Chanler.

GENEVA.

The social held here last Tuesday evening was an enjoyable affair. The programme being short, there was plenty of time for games, refreshments etc.

We are glad to be to report that Miss Jessie Fraser is much improved and is able to be out again. Mrs. Fraser was also indisposed for a few days this week, but has now recovered.

Mr. R. Watson spent a few days in Montreal this week.

The Misses McKimmie spent a few days here recently, the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Bradley.

WEDDING BELLS.

A pleasing event took place at the home of Mr. Wm. Blair, Ogdensburg, on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, when his daughter Miss Mary Ward was united in marriage to Mr. D. McGillivray of Thurso. The Rev. J. C. Kain, of Grenville, assisted by Rev. Mr. Robinson of Dominionville, tied the nuptial knot. The bride was ably sustained by Miss Annie Horner, while Mr. George Blair, performed the same office for the groom. Presents were numerous, and the happy couple left on the evening train for their future home in Thurso. We join in wishing them a pleasant voyage on the matrimonial sea.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Aiden's Church, Louisa, on Wednesday, October 19th, when Arthur E. Tomalty of Louisa was united in marriage to Margaret A. Morrison of Lachute. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. B. Given of Lachute. Miss Margaret A. Christie, cousin of the bride, acted as bride-maid, while the groom was supported by Mr. D. McDougall of Dunany. The bride was attired in cream tulle, tastefully trimmed with silk lace and ribbon, and the bridesmaid wore pale blue cashmere. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's uncle James Morrison at Louisa, where the many relatives of the bride and groom were hospitably entertained. The presents were numerous and valuable.

ARUNDEL.

We are glad to learn that James Neil, who was accidentally shot, is doing well, in the hospital at Montreal.

Inspector McQuat and Mr. Parmelee were in our township last week.

Mr. Samuel Rothwell is here visiting his brother.

CUSHING.

Mrs. Chas. Wade is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Brombey, at Montreal.

J. McGowan, Senr., of Carillon was in this vicinity on Friday last.

Miss Nolan of Montreal spent a few days here this week.

Mr. Peter Cameron of Greece's Pt., who has been absent since last spring in Dakota returned home on Saturday last.

Miss MacArthur who has been enjoying a vacation of some weeks with friends in different parts of the country, is home again.

Mr. D. M. Dewar of Montreal spent a few days of last week at his home here.

Our Methodist friends are attending the revivals being held this week in Grenville by Rev. Mr. Winter of Montreal.

Our eyes were refreshed by fleeting glimpses of our old friend C. F. Kains last week.

Our cheese factory closed on Saturday last after a satisfactory season, and Mr. Kahala has once more disappeared from our midst. There are those who say that his next visit to this province will not be one of business, but of this we are unable to speak positively, for nothing is so uncertain as the movements of some men.

NORTH RIVER.

Rev. A. A. Radley conducted a prayer meeting in the school house, on Tuesday, last week.

Miss Robini, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Mitchell, returned to her home in Middletown, Conn., on Thursday. Mrs. Mitchell accompanied her to Montreal.

The Misses N. and A. Bradford went to Montreal last week.

Mr. Robt. Brown left for Denver, Col., on Wednesday.

Mr. E. Steen visited friends in this place last week.

Miss Sarah Wilson spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Graham.

Mr. Knox visited friends in Stonefield on Sunday.

Miss Eunice Wilson spent Sunday in Lachute.

Mrs. Andrew Graham was the guest of Mrs. Mitchell this week.

Miss Sadie Wilson visited friends in Cushing last week.

Mr. J. Cooke closed the cheese factory on Monday.

Try our new brand of Flour. Patent Hungarian \$2.10—White Light \$2.00. Every bag guaranteed.

J. R. McQUAT

J. N. A. CARRIERE'S ADVERTISEMENT.

We respectfully announce to our many patrons that we have just received a large assortment of
Fall and Winter Goods
We intend selling at somewhat reduced prices, and shall be pleased to see you when you want anything in the
Dry Goods, Groceries, or Crockery Lines.

Be sure to call on

Yours truly,

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL.

MISS GRESWELL'S

High-Class Millinery.

If you want the best in a Hat or Bonnet; we are adding to our stock the

NEWEST DESIGNS

and some of the prettiest trimmings we have ever had.

We are selling at a very low price.

YOU CANNOT HELP BEING SUITED.

DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY
PINE
SYRUP



HEALS AND SOOTHES THE LUNGS AND BRONCHIAL TUBES. CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. QUICKER THAN ANY REMEDY KNOWN. 25¢ A BOTTLE AT ALL DRUG STORES.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The Power of Cash

— IS MAKING ITSELF FELT AT —

"THE PEOPLE'S CASH STORE"

ST. ANDREWS.

Wales is offering grand values in the
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Men's and Boys' Tweed Suits, Trousers, Overcoats, Underwear, etc.

Ladies' Winter Jackets in Latest Styles.

C. T. WALES,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
ST. ANDREWS.

N.B.—Snider Rifles at Snap Prices. Ammunition, Ball and Shot can be supplied.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

GAME TALK

In Quebec the open season for Deer is from Oct. 1st, to Dec. 31st; for Partridge Sept. 15th, to Feb. 1st; for Duck and Water Fowl Sept. 1st to March 1st. The best game districts of Canada are to be found on the line of, or within easy access from, the Can. Pac. Ry.

Any agent will furnish you with "Fishing and Shooting" which will direct you to the best spots for the different game.

NEW Short Line

The New Short Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Montreal & Ottawa is the shortest and most solidly built line between the Metropolis and the Capital. Try it next you visit Ottawa.

For full particulars apply to—
C. E. E. USHER,
Gen. Passenger Agent.

W. J. TODD, Town " "
P. MONETTE, Station " "



OVERCOATS

Some very fine ones now in Stock in Blue, Brown, and Black,

\$10. \$11. \$12.

Ten p. c. off for Cash.

These are the proper thing for young men now.

ULSTERS

A Large Assortment in various colors and qualities. All Sizes.

Cheaper Overcoats for men and boys. Heaps of them.

Don't forget we have a lot of Ladies' Jackets.

Wm. BANFORD.

TURKEYS FOR ENGLAND.

The Minister of Agriculture for Canada, intimates that advices have been received from the agent in Great Britain of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, saying there is a good demand in Great Britain for well-fattened turkeys of good size. No cutting or mutilation should be apparent on the outside and birds ought to be fasted 48 hours before being killed. About eight ornamental feathers are left on each wing. In nearly all cases the tail feathers are picked off. Turkeys of nearly the same weight should be sorted into boxes together. Only choice birds are wanted; others do not fetch good prices. Shipments sent in November, and those sent as late as February, are likely to do better than those sent immediately before Christmas, when there will be a glut in the market. Birds of extra large size do particularly well before Christmas time.

JUST A BAD COLD.



A sharp stinging pain in the back—you think it doesn't amount to anything—be all right in a few days—but it doesn't get all right—kidneys are not doing their duty, and the poisonous matter that they ought to remove is going all through the system—causing rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, headaches, backaches—all sorts of ills.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Cure the disease by removing the cause.

W. D. Popham, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I have for a long time had serious back and kidney trouble. My back was so stiff and painful that when I sat down I had to have something to assist me to get up. I have taken four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have taken the stiffness and pain from my back and enabled me to straighten up without pain or difficulty."

Price per box, 3 for \$1.00, all druggists. Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

AUCTION SALE—There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of the late John Gordon, Riviere Rouge, on Wednesday, 16th November, the following articles—

2 work horses, 5 milch cows, 4 2-yr. old heifers, 2 1-yr. old heifers, 2 heifer calves, 2 pigs, mow, horse-rake, lumber wagon, tombril cart, light wagon, a berlin, pair of bob sleds, iron plow, set of wooden harrows, set of iron harrows, cultivator, wheelbarrow, set of double harness, set of cart harness, set of light harness, 150 bushel of moulie, 600 bushel of oats, 100 bushel of potatoes, 20 ton hay, a quantity of corn fodder, factory can, churn, spinning wheel and reel, double stove, whippie trees, chains, forks, and also a quantity of stove wood and other articles too numerous to be mentioned.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

TERMS—Under \$5.00 cash, over that amount ten months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE—There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of D. D. McGibbon, Brownsburg Grist Mills, on Tuesday November 15th, the following effects—

2 work horses, 3 milch cows, 1 Jersey Cow, 1 Jersey calf, 1 2-year old heifer, 1 yearling heifer, 2 calves, 2 young pigs, about 30 fowls, 2 waggon, hay rack and box complete, 1 express wagon, 1 spring cart, 1 Orilla dog cart, 1 top buggy, set of double harness, set of single harness, set of cart harness, mowing machine, 1 Frost & Wood reaper, horse rake, Noxen seeder, land roller, chains and whippie trees, set of iron harrows, Aligator harrow, iron plow, pair of bob sleds almost new, double sled, 2 cutters, 1 berlin, a snow plow, leader churn, 2 creamer cans, 2 factory cans, lot of syrup cans, 30 tons of hay, about 10 ton of straw, double stove, box stove, lot of stove pipes, sewing machine, tables, cupboards, bedsteads, chairs, bureaus, washstands, pictures, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m.

TERMS—Five dollars and under cash, over that amount ten months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, London, Ont.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M.D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, real estate owners, in the County of Terrebonne, give notice that a meeting of the real estate owners of the Counties of Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier, Laval, Terrebonne and L'Assomption, will be held on the twelfth day of November next at half past ten a.m., in the market hall of the town of St. Jerome, to consider the opportunity of establishing a mutual fire Insurance Company, according to the revised statutes of the Province of Quebec, article 5264 and following articles.

L. J. A. Lambert, P. Simard, R. Castonguay, J. C. Parent, N.P. J. P. Vanier, M.D., J. M. Richard, D. D. Bastien, E. Clark, J. D. Fournelle, A. T. A. Bigonnesse, S. G. Laviolette, S. Desormeaux, F. H. Aubin, Michel Laporte, J. M. Fournier, M.D., A. Gibault, Ferd. Filion, J. N. Bisson, Dr. J. C. Prevost, Polycarpe Vézina, E. Marchand, Louis Corbeil, of St. Jerome, E. A. Nantel of Montreal E. Grignon, M.D., and H. A. Belisle, P.M., of Ste. Agathe, S. Grégoire, Jos. Charbonneau, J. N. Lachapelle and Jules Leblanc of St. Jovite, W. Grignon, M.D., and J. O. Belisle of Ste. Adèle.

A BRITISH SOLDIER

Tells how Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Conquer Disease.

Like the conquering armies of Britain, which are marching to victory in every quarter of the globe, Milburn's Heart



and Nerve Pills are everywhere triumphing over sickness, weakness and suffering.

Mr. David Walsh, of Carleton Place, Ont., a man who has served with distinction and credit in the British army, and is now an employee of the C. P. Railway, says, "While in the army I got broken down, and my nervous system was completely shattered."

"I was much troubled with liver complaint, loss of appetite, etc. My rest became broken and was disturbed by vivid dreams. This had been going on for 14 years, although I took a great many remedies to escape from the troubles which afflicted me."

"However, I got no relief until I started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I used together with Laxa-Liver Pills, and now after having used a few boxes, I am better than I have been for years. My nerves are restored to full force and vigor, I eat and sleep well, and my entire system has been toned and strengthened."

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists."

"Laxa-Liver Pills," says John Doherty, 38 North Street, St. John, N.B., "cured me of Constipation and distress after eating. Their action is natural and effective."

ASK THE FIRST MAN YOU MEET Who Makes The Best Clothes? HE WILL TELL YOU KENNDY

We have now received in our supply of—

FALL & GOODS

And are prepared to make up suits at shortest possible notice.

GOOD PATTERNS, GOOD MATERIALS.
GOOD WORKMANSHIP, IS WHAT COUNTS.

These are features of our firm.

New Assortment of Gent's Furnishings. Latest Designs.

A. D. KENNEDY,
Merchant Tailor and Gent's Furnisher,
— LACHUTE —

AUCTION SALE—There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of William Jose, Daleville, on Friday, 25th November, 1898, the following effects—

Twelve milk cows, one hay cart, one tombril cart, buggy, wheelbarrow, plow, set of wooden harrows, a stone bolt, pr. of bob sleds, long double sled, single light sled, cutter, horse-rake, mowing machine, fanning mill, scythes, rakes, hay-forks, 2 barrels, 125 sap cans and spouts, a lot of milk pans, set of double harness, set of cart harness, a lot of old harness, 4 log chains, pair of leather traces, pair of chain traces, set of whippie trees, a lot of clevises, riding saddle, 2 hoes, step ladder for orchard, a dozen cow ties, cow bell and strap, crowbar pick, shovel cant-hook, 3 cross-cut saws a lot of carpenter's tools; new washing machine, grindstone, watering can, about 30 tons of hay, neckyoke, cooler, scalding trough, and part of the household goods, comprising tables, chairs, bunks, cupboards, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. Sharp.

TERMS—Five dollars and under Cash, over that amount ten months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.

CIRCUIT COURT.

In and for the County of Argenteuil

CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. } 2525.
DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE }

DANIEL V. CAMERON of the Township of Chatham, said county and district, Trader,

PLAINTIFF

VS.
JOHN A. CAMERON formerly of the same place, now an absentee, Farmer,

DEFENDANT

The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month.

Lachute, 20th Oct. 1898.

THOMAS BARRON,
C.C.C.

R. P. DeLaronde,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The best and most popular route to Toronto, Niagara Falls, London, Detroit, Chicago, and all points in the United States and Canada.

Fast Express Trains leave Montreal for Toronto and the West as follows—

	Daily.	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. MONTREAL.....	8.00 a.m.	*10.25 p.m.
Arr. TORONTO.....	8.30 p.m.	7.15 a.m.
Arr. HAMILTON.....	8.55 p.m.	8.45 a.m.
Arr. NIAGARA FALLS.....	9.40 p.m.	10.55 a.m.
Arr. BUFFALO.....	10.00 p.m.	12.00 p.m.
Arr. LONDON.....	11.10 a.m.	11.30 p.m.
Arr. DETROIT.....	6.15 a.m.	2.00 p.m.
Arr. CHICAGO.....	2.00 p.m.	9.10 p.m.

*On Sundays leaves Montreal at 8.00.

The above trains make close connection at Chicago with fast express trains for St. Paul, Winnipeg, and all points in the Western States, including California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and the Pacific Coast.

The Grand Trunk Railway System is also the most direct route to Portland, Boston, and all points in the New England States, also to New York.

For tickets, reservation of space in sleepers apply to—

J. M. DORION, Lachute or St. Philippe
or to
D. WILLIAMSON, Grenville, Pro. Que.

Collars. - Collars.

The undersigned has a few heavy cloth and leather collars that he will sell at \$1.75 each, also farm produce taken for repairing.

WM. CRESWELL,
Clyde St., Lachute

AGENTS

WANTED:—Farmers' sons or other industrious persons of fair education, to whom \$40 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.

T. H. LINSOTT, Toronto.

The War With Spain is Nearly Over, but Ours is Just Beginning.

We have on hand a lot of

READY-MADE SUITS

that we shall sell during the next 30 days at Slaughtering Prices for Cash Only. Space will not permit us to quote many prices, but the following will convince you that these are Real Bargains:

\$5.00 Suits for	\$3.75	\$9.00 Suits for	\$6.75
6.50 "	5.00	10.00 "	7.50
7.50 "	5.75	11.00 "	8.50
8.00 "	6.00		

Boys' and Children's Suits reduced accordingly.

The balance of our Ladies' Skirt Waists at less than cost.

Now is your time to secure one cheap.

Scotch Gingham, Muslin, and all Fancy Dress Goods from 14c to 28c for 10c.

New Fall Dress Goods are arriving daily in Beautiful Colourings and Patterns. Priestly's Black Goods in plain and figured are beauties.

McFAUL BROS.

GRAND

Fall & Winter Opening.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED

The Nicest Hat that could be caught, and the cheapest. A visit is solicited.

A Big Stock of Cloaking, of all kinds and colors.

Men's Working Boots from \$1 up.

Men's Fine Rubbers for 40 cents.

Scotch Tweeds for 40 cts a yd. all wool.

Gent's Underwear all wool, \$1 a set up

Beautiful Dress Goods, Double Width, for 28 cents.

A CALL WILL PAY ANYONE.

J. D. LALONDE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Main St. - LACHUTE, P.Q.

DR. J. N. PLOUFFE,
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Office—Rodrigue's Block, LACHUTE

A. RIVEST,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Rodrigue's Block, - LACHUTE

J. A. C. ETHIER,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, - Pro. Que.

Attends all courts in the district of
Terrebonne, and is in Lachute every
Tuesday.

G. E. BAMPTON, Q.C.
Advocate, Provincial Revenue Attorney
for District of Terrebonne, Revising offi-
cer for Argenteuil.
OFFICE:—"White Cottage" first door
east of J. Drysdale's, East Ward, Main
Street, LACHUTE, QUE.

**Let me give
You a Pointer - -**

Are you aware that I have on
hand a fine assortment of Dry
Goods which are selling at re-
markably low prices. Also a
large supply of Groceries, and
don't forget that the proper
place to secure your BOOTS &
SHOES is at

A. Cleland's,
MAIN ST. - LACHUTE.

Ville Marie Bank
LACHUTE.

W. WEIR, F. X. LEMIEUX,
President. Cashier.

CAPITAL - \$500,000

INTEREST paid on Deposits. Money
can be withdrawn without notice or other
delay.

DRAFTS issued on any point in Canada
and the United States, on favorable terms.

EXCHANGE on any part of Europe.

COLLECTIONS promptly made at low-
est rates.

Hours—10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays
10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

J. D. STEWART,
MANAGER.

THE WINDSOR
LACHUTE

Furnished and Refitted
First-class accommodation for Com-
mercial Travellers.

Capt. A. F. Gardiner, Prop

N. FOREST,
NOTARY,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE.

Malcolm Smith,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the District of Terrebonne.

ales conducted in French and English.
P.O. address—Box 128
Lachute, Quebec.

VINCENT FORTIER,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Money to Loan on Security.
Office - Ste. Scholastique

On the Farm.

DAIRY FARMING.

Many farmers in seeking some line
of agricultural pursuit that may prove
remunerative to some degree are turn-
ing their attention to dairy farming.
There are advantages that come from
his line of effort, one of the chief of
which is an acknowledged improvement
of the farm. This is an important
consideration, but not the sole one to
be thought of. While it is best to
pursue such course as will secure the
improved condition of the farm, there
should always be a desire which is laud-
able to get a fair income as a result of
labor performed and of capital invest-
ed.

All who engage in dairy farming do
not make it a success, but some do.
Upon this point Prof. Patterson says:
"Success in dairy farming depends
really upon three facts—the man, the
cow and the feed." Regarding the
man, he should have a good range of
knowledge and be possessed of sound
judgment. He should give regular
and proper attention to the business;
he should be a keen observer and have
a proper sensibility of neatness and
cleanliness; he should have a mild and
even temper, so that it may not be
said of him as of the man who was
ugly to his cows and thought "the
devil was in his cows," who, on being
rebuked in his treatment, acknowl-
edged that "the devil was in him-
self."

Regarding the cow, no dairyman
should be satisfied with any animals
but those of the best; they may cost
some more, but it must be remembered
that the cost of feed for a good cow is
no more than for a poor one, while
the returns are very many times
greater; neither is the care and atten-
tion any more for a good one than for
a poor one. It is a fact that the feed,
labor or care and attention are dis-
proportionate in a poor animal when
compared with a good one.

It is not necessary that cows should
be thoroughbreds to secure good re-
sults; excellent animals are found
among natives and grades, and it is
these that should be sought after at
all times. The great object should be
to secure those that have descended
from well known milk and butter
strains.

Dairymen can hardly expect to get
satisfactory cows on the market, for
one who sells will hardly sell his cows,
and as any section of country advances
in dairying and the records of animals
become known, the more difficult will
it be to purchase good cows.

Regarding feed, it is hardly neces-
sary to mention so plain a fact as that
one cannot expect to secure something
from nothing. With good cows but
poor and insufficient feed no satis-
factory results need be looked for.
Cows should be supplied with a good
quantity of coarse feed of first quality
supplemented by grain rations. In
this age of general discussion of prop-
er rations for animals it is not neces-
sary to even suggest articles of food,
but it is important to urge that one
be satisfied only with those that are
recognized to be the best for the spec-
ific purpose of milk or butter produc-
tion.

Observing these considerations, the
farmer who desires to launch into the
field of dairying may look for a reason-
able degree of success; without them,
he may expect disappointment.

PURE BREEDS BETTER THAN COMMON.

With all classes of stock it will have
to be acknowledged that the better the
stock the better the price it will bring.
We find this rule, says a writer in an
eastern exchange, will apply to poul-
try, and pure-bred stock will pay bet-
ter than common even for market pur-
poses.

But, says one, why will pure breeds
pay better? In answering this ques-
tion we will say that, in the first place,
they are larger, we are now speaking
of market poultry, not the smaller
breeds, grow faster and mature ear-
lier, besides their bodies are more com-
pact and quality of meat better.

Suppose you have two flocks of chick-
ens—one common, the other pure-bred
—they are the same age and have been
fed in the same way. Now send fifty
each of these to market and see the
result. We will suppose them to be
about three weeks old. The fifty com-
mon chickens will weigh about seven-
ty-five pounds and the other 100 lbs.
—a difference of twenty-five pounds,
would be \$2.50. The care has been
the same and cost of feed the same.

Again, the difference in egg pro-
duction is quite an item. The average
common hen will not lay over about
8 dozen eggs per year, while the pure-
bred hen will lay an average of about
twelve dozen per year—a difference of
four dozen, which, at fifteen cents,
about the average price for this sec-
tion of the country, would be sixty
cents per hen, and if 100 hens were
kept would amount to \$60.00 per year
more than the common hen.

Still another advantage in having
pure-bred stock is that you can always
sell a few sittings of eggs at extra
prices, and then in the fall sell a few
cockerels at fifty cents to one dollar
apiece, which is much better than rais-
ing common stock and having to sell
the cockerel at fifteen to twenty cents
each. That there is good money in
raising common fowls we do not deny
but when there is more money in pure
breeds, with no more trouble or ex-

pense to care for, why not have the
best?

PACKING ICE ON THE FARM.

Many farmers put up a small quan-
tity of ice during the winter, but find
it difficult to keep it through the sum-
mer. In the large ice-houses the im-
mense quantity of ice keeps the tem-
perature in the building so near the
freezing point that a little marsh hay
put on the top is sufficient protection
from heat. In a small ice-house, says
a writer, a greater proportion of the
ice is exposed around the sides, and I
have found it necessary to use six in-
ches of saw dust between the ice and
boards, and three inches on the top
before putting on the hay. Even with
this precaution, the ice melted rapidly
and September usually found me with-
out ice. Finally, I dug down three
feet below the surface, and this part
of it keeps perfectly, even the soft
snow put between the cakes, can now
at the end of summer, be taken out in
handfuls. Here there is a gravel
bottom, so to give good drainage. It
is natural for heat to rise and there
seems to be no way for the heat to get
into the excavation. One cold winter
the temperature in our cellar was
thirty-two degrees F. and we warm-
ed the room over it to eighty degrees
F. and opened the door, but the heat
would not go down and we found it
impossible in that way to raise the tem-
perature one degree. While the heat
is very obstinate about going down-
ward, we must not infer that cold is
as obstinate about going upward. The
region of perpetual snow upon the tops
of our highest mountains, proves that
cold does not always seek the lowest
points upon the earth. Never, in sum-
mer, have I seen butter so hard as
when a plate of it is set upon a milk
can kept in ice water, where the but-
ter is higher than the ice.

WHITE SCOUR IN CALVES.

In reply to a question on this sub-
ject asked of the North British Agri-
culturist, a correspondent of that
journal wrote as follows: "At one time
I was greatly troubled with this
scourge and lost many calves. About
six years ago I got the following cure
from a neighboring farmer, and it has
never failed: When a calf is seen to
be affected give from three ounces to
six ounces castor oil or linseed oil, ac-
cording to age; then next morning,
two hours before the calf is fed, give
the following: One-third ounce pow-
dered rhubarb, one drachm flowers of
sulphur, four ounces brown sugar,
given in two gills of warm milk or wa-
ter. If given in time one dose stops
the scour, but if not, repeat the second
morning, and always make the calf
fast two hours after, and feed sparingly
for a few days. In very bad cases a
third dose may be needed. I do not
think anyone who tries the above and
keeps his calves comfortable need ever
lose a calf with white scour."

MAKING A CEMENT FLOOR.

A good way to make a cement floor
is to excavate to the depth of about
five inches and fill in about four in-
ches of this with broken stone, as in pre-
paring for macadamizing a road. Mix
the cement with sand and water, so
that it will be quite thin, and will run
easily. Let it fill all the openings
and cover all the stones. Allow this
to set. Then give the whole a coat-
ing with a trowel the same as in ce-
menting a cistern, using one part of
cement to three parts of good sand.
A floor built in this manner will last
indefinitely if the cement used is first
class.

LOST ON THE TURF.

It is estimated that as much as be-
tween, £40,000,000 and £50,000,000 is
lost yearly upon the turf, England
contributing its share to the extent
contributing its share to the extent of
from £7,000,000 to £10,000,000. Australia
that no less than £20,000,000 changes
hands there yearly. The French suffer
most next to the Australian colonies,
most of the remainder of the amount
being contributed by other British col-
onies and the United States.

DIFFICULTIES OF EQUALIZATION.

If these millionaires could be made
to divide, every man in de country
could have money in his pocket.

Well, said Meandering Mike, dat 'ud
be purty good. Still I'd rather not be
bothered wit' financial cares. I'd jes'
send an order to have my share de-
posited to me credit in a brewery.

COULDN'T SCARE HER.

Katharine, you spend too much
money on bric-a-brac; if I should die
you would land in a widow's home
somewhere.

Well, Henry, what of it? Think
what a lot of pretty things I would
have to decorate my room with.

PLEASING HIS WIFE.

Jinks—Why do you offer such a large
reward for the return of that contem-
ptible pug dog?

Winks—To please my wife.

Jinks—But such a reward will be
sure to bring him back.

No, it won't. He's dead.

TAKING HIS MEASURE.

Dudeleigh—I aw would like some
collars.

Salesman—Yes, sir. What size,
please?

Dudeleigh—I aw, guess fowteen in-
ches is about the pwoprah thing.

Salesman—Yes, sir. Height or
length?

WHAT AILS ELMROOT?

Some of the Reasons Why This
Country Town, After Progressing
to a Certain Point, Now Stands
Still.

BY MACK, in Toronto Saturday Night.

Why is it that so many of our Can-
adian towns, after climbing half
way up the hill, have squatted
down to rest as if to say: "I'll
climb no farther upwards, come
what may?"

The above is the opening paragraph
of an item, or an editorial, that is just
now appearing in nearly all the coun-
try papers. It is followed by some of
the alleged reasons for the mildewed
condition of country towns, and it has
occurred to me that the town of Elm-
root is a case in point, and that I
might assist the enquiry by explaining
the situation in that village. Being
quite familiar with the place, yet in-
dependent of it, I can, perhaps, be
more candid than the country editor
dare be in speaking of his own town.

Nothing on earth seems able to move
again the arrested progress of the
town of Elmroot, Ont. It lies, de-
caying in the sun all summer and
shrouded in snow all winter. Why
should it stand still? Why should it
grow? All the hamlets cannot grow
to be villages, all the villages to be
towns, all the towns to be cities. Yet
why should not this grow as well as
another?



THE RIVAL DOCTORS.

As a matter of fact the village of
Elmroot attained any size or growth
ever possessed through the workings
of Sheer Necessity, and not through
the enterprise or capacity of its citi-
zens, past or present. It had its be-
ginnings when two high-roads crossed
there, and a small stream afforded wa-
ter-power for a saw-mill and a grist-
mill. Later on a railway was being
built and chanced to go near the vil-
lage. Sheer Necessity also required
one or two blacksmith shops, wagon
shops, general stores, churches, tav-
erns, a drug store, a doctor, a tele-
graph office, a photograph gallery, a
milliner, a dressmaker, a cobbler, a
local newspaper—and necessity not
quite so sheer soon called for a second
newspaper, a second doctor, and two
lawyers. There were necessarily some
builders and laborers, a school and a
couple of teachers. Elmroot, once
built up to this measure, stood still,
and grows no further.

Perhaps there is no need for any-
thing further. Perhaps the place
could dispense with much of itself.

This is clear, that Sheer Necessity
has done her utmost, will do no more,
and any further development must be
the result of human enterprise. It
is therefore interesting to study the
efforts of the citizens to make Elm-
root a big and prosperous place. One
would suppose that they would strive
towards progress, but do they?

There are five or six general stores
carrying only such goods as can cer-
tainly be sold, and selling these at the
very highest price that can be got for
them. The customer must take what
he can get and pay what is asked; the
merchant follows tradition and car-
ries in stock the things he used to sell,
and the customer who is not suited
becomes talked of in the village as a
"stuck-up" person. The merchants
only advertise in charity to the local
newspaper—do not change their ad-
vertisements or make them useful, but
doze along, growing more old-fogeyish
every year. These store-keepers are
scarcely on speaking terms with each
other.

There are two taverns, not hotels,
where the cheapest liquors and cigars
that can be had in all Canada are sold,
driving the villagers and farmers to
insanity or teetotalism, and making
any restrictive law sure to carry by
the votes of the insane and the non-
drinking. The bar-man cannot make
a shady-gaff, nor a John Collins, nor
a cock-tail, nor any other fancy drink;
he has no wine, but something made of
logwood, which he calls "native." In
fact, he has nothing but rye, gin and
beer, and unless you take what he can
pump up easiest, he demands to know
"who you think you are."

There are two weekly papers that
spend most of their time and space in
quarrelling with each other, edited by
men who by their methods confess
themselves beggars and not business
men, and look for support to the pol-
itical parties which they injure by the
unintelligence of their partizanship.
They issue papers that would not in
a hundred years over-persuade one ad-
versary. These editors are forever
publishing items warning their readers
against fakes, yet they are through
fraudulent advertising agencies bun-
cood offener than the village idiot.
They print a ten dollar advertisement
for one dollar if paid in advance; or
they will accept the promise of forty

dollars for the same advertisement,
print it faithfully, and never get the
money. When they send their bills in
nobody lives at the address given. Each
proves that the other is a robber in
regard to village and township print-
ing, that the other paper has no
circulation, no reliability. Yet these
men do unheard-of kindnesses, giving
away their space for the good of others,
although their space is their stock-in-
trade as much as the merchant's goods
are his. These witless men are am-
iable to all but themselves. They
cross-cut and chop each other down,
and their competition is a starving-
match for themselves and families.

There are rival doctors, one a Me-
thodist, and the other a Presbyterian,
and these learned men accuse each



THE LOCAL EDITORS CUT PRICES.

other of murder whenever anyone
dies. Each is backed by his church,
but not by all without exception, and
so there is a bitter feud and constant
striving to snatch patients from each
other and the grave. If one doctor
gets one chance at a patient of the
other he cures him—which is very un-
professional and spiteful.

There are two lawyers who also dis-
agree in religion, if it is religion that
draws them to church. They keep
the town in hot water with law-suits
and politics. They do not speak to
each other. Each lawyer chums with
one of the rival doctors, but it is the
humble patizans of these two cliques
that fight and get broken noses.

There are rival preachers who bow
solemnly to each other as they walk
towards the rival newspapers with an-
onymous letters of three columns
length, grinding at some theological
question in a discussion that lasts for
months and ruins the circulation of
both papers. The editors dare not
choke off these stuntily bull-dogs.

Politics are very keen in Elmroot.
The man who would change over be-
cause of any public question would be
called a turn-coat, and might as well
commit suicide. They do not know,
as city people do, that politicians are
self-confessed humbugs who are vir-
tuous only when in Opposition.

On so-called moral or social ques-
tions the people are dictated to by the
pulpits, and the man who refuses to
obey is openly charged with being a
child of the devil. The Pope of Rome
never pretended to greater infallibility
in deciding what is right and what is
God's wishes, than do these obscure
parsons of the little village of Elmroot.
They do not speak in public halls
where argument might ensue, but re-
tire to their pulpits, where, in the
name of God, they dispense with the
necessity of using common sense. They
drive reasonable men to either aban-



THE LAWYERS DO NOT SPEAK.

don the churches or to conceal their
intelligence under a mien of placid
assent.

And so on. Thus they live in Elm-
root. If a citizen of the town invents
a gate no one will use it until they
learn that he stole the idea from abroad
—then they consider the idea good be-
cause not local in its origin. And this
applies to everything as well as gates.
Why does Elmroot stand still?

HE KNEW THEM.

He was an Irish pilot, and the skip-
per felt rather doubtful as to his abili-
ty to navigate the vessel out at sea.

Are you sure you know all the rocks
in the harbor? he asked, for the second
time, as the ship gathered speed.

Sure an' I do, yer' auner, said the
pilot, ivery wan of them. That's wan
now! as, with a loud crash, the Mary
Jane ran hard and fast aground.

CHARACTER STUDY.

I rather think she prefers a pensive,
thoughtful man.

Ah!
Ah. At any rate, when I told her I
loved her she advised me not to get
gay.

SPAIN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

HER EXTORTIONS AND CRUELITIES DESCRIBED BY A. SPANIARD.

Sources of Weyler's Fortune—The Tax-Burdened Natives—Blanco's Punishment of a Wholesaler—Murderer—Tragedy of Dr. Rizal—Duck's Eggs—Hatched by Natives. Dr. Pinto de Guimaraes, a Spaniard and resident of Manila, prints in the Revue des Revues de Paris an article on "The Spanish Reign of Terror in the Philippines." In it he says:

"No stranger can form any idea of vexations, formalities and regulations so ruinous to private and public interests as those which the Spanish officials have invented and put in force in the Philippines. These gentlemen have but one object in life, to make as large a fortune as possible during their terms of three or six years in the archipelago and then return to Spain to escape the curses of the unhappy natives. The notorious Gen. Weyler was Governor-General of the Philippines for three years and was a shining model of well-regulated economy. His annual pay was \$40,000. Out of this custom compelled him to disburse large sums for his personal expenses and to subscribe generously to various public works and charities. Notwithstanding all these demands upon his purse this prudent General contrived to economize and deposited in bank, at London and Paris, an amount which his own compatriots estimated at from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000. The conduct of his successor, Despañol, gives a clue to the mystery of the General's economy. On the day of the arrival of this new Governor-General at Manila one of the richest Chinese merchants of the city offered him a present of

\$10,000 AS A TRIBUTE

of respect and esteem and was struck in the face for his pains.

"The officers composing the central Government at Manila are many and well paid. The islands are divided into military, civil and mixed provincial Governments. Each is composed of a Governor and a numerous staff, all paid, from the revenues of their Governorships. This system gives ample opportunity for fiscal malversation and oppression which fall upon the unhappy natives. Under Spanish law every inhabitant of the colony is compelled to carry a personal card which answers the purpose of a passport. No one can travel without one. Its cost varies from \$2.50 to \$5 and it must be renewed annually. Those who pay less than \$3.50 are compelled to give their personal labor to the Government for fifteen days or pay an additional tax of \$7.50. As the daily wages of workers ranges from 5 to 50 cents, the severity with which this tax weighs upon the masses can be imagined.

"Throughout all the islands the taxes are uniform and innumerable. Every native who keeps and fastens an animal for food is taxed; if he has a horse or some coconut trees he is taxed for each. If he wishes to make coconut oil he is again taxed for the privilege. There are taxes on weights and measures, on stores and shops; a tax on land, on all kinds of manufactures and on alcoholic spirits. Native tax collectors are made responsible for the collection of the total taxes in their districts. At Siquilor forty-four of these native functionaries were exiled to Bohol after their houses, land and cattle had been confiscated, because they had not been able to make good the arrears due by their fellow countrymen.

THIS IS THE PRICE

which the natives of the Philippines pay for their Government on 'Christian principles.'

"And yet, owing to the marvellous fertility of their soil, the oppressed, tortured, ruined islanders manage to exist. A primitive system of cultivation has produced, in one year, eight millions of dollars' worth of hemp, six of sugar and four of tobacco. Gold, iron, copper and coal are found on the islands. The exactions of Spanish functionaries and the vexations of the fiscal agents so hamper all foreign merchants and those who come to engage in business that they finally give up the attempt to do any profitable trading and leave the country.

"Such was the state of the colony when as suddenly as a flash of lightning, the insurrection of 1896 came. It was the result of speeches made by Spanish officers at an army reunion and banquet, who then and there proposed to 'exterminate the savage natives in their lairs,' and declared that 'they would give no quarter,' but slaughter these rascals to the last man. At first the insurgents were checked by want of arms and supplies, but the first detachment of Spanish troops which opposed them were so few and behaved in so cowardly a fashion that they were easily cut to pieces, and the rebels secured several hundred rifles and thousands of cartridges.

"The memory of the Death Hole at Manila will never be effaced while the present generation of natives and their children live. The Death Hole was a noisome dungeon, built in the foundations of the rampart, on the River Pasig side of Manila. This prison had been unused for more than 100 years. It was half full of foul water, the home of rats, snakes and all kinds of vermin. One hundred natives were shut in it. During the

Was Very Weak

Blood Was Poor and Thin—Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Strength.

"After being in the hospital for a long time I was very weak and hardly able to walk. My blood was thin and I was as pale as death. When I reached home I was told about Hood's Sarsaparilla, and procured five bottles and began taking it. In a few months after I began its use I found I had gained twenty pounds in weight, and I felt so much better that I continued the use of the medicine until I was as well as ever. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my life." Arthur Mills, Dresden, Ont. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
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night they were heard shrieking and begging to be knocked on the head or taken out. The Spanish Lieutenant in charge, annoyed by their groans and complaints, stopped up the only opening by which fresh air could reach them.

ALL WERE FOUND DEAD

In the morning, Gen. Blanco, was then Governor-General of the Philippines. When he heard of this atrocity he summoned the butcher Lieutenant before him, and, after upbraiding him for his cruelty, kicked him downstairs! The General knew that if he had court-martialed this officer the latter would have been acquitted.

"As shocking was the fate of Dr. Rizal. This enthusiastic patriot was an intelligent, learned man, who had been educated in Spain and France. For writing a book against Spanish oppression he was exiled to the island of Dapitan. There he met a young woman of Irish parentage, with whom he fell in love. They were engaged to be married when, on some pretext, the doctor was brought back to Manila, sent to Madrid to be tried, and from Madrid sent back to Manila. The unhappy girl to whom he was betrothed told the rest of the story.

"Every one knew that Dr. Rizal was innocent. All that could be brought against him was the publication of his book, and the Spanish officials who tried him had never even read it. Nevertheless, he was condemned to death. I then asked permission to be married to him, and they granted my request, thinking to add to the horror of his martyrdom. The marriage was celebrated by a friar the same day on which he was sentenced. I passed that whole night on my knees in prayer before the prison door which shut my husband from me. When morning dawned the doctor came out surrounded by soldiers, his hands bound behind his back. They took him to the Luneta, the fashionable promenade of the city, where all military executions take place. The Lieutenant in command of the firing party asked my husband where he would prefer to be shot. He replied, 'Through the heart.' 'Impossible,' said the Lieutenant. 'Such a favor is granted only to men of rank, you will be shot in the back.' A moment after my husband was dead. The soldiers shouted

"HURRAH FOR SPAIN."

and I, 'Hurrah for the Philippines and death to Spain.' I asked for the toly. It was refused me. Then I swore to avenge his death. I secured a revolver and dagger and joined the rebels. They gave me a Mauser rifle, and the Philippines will be free."

"An execution at the Luneta was considered in the light of a spectacle. It usually took place in the cool of the early morning. Hundreds of women of the upper classes were present. The spectators stood up in their carriages and drank champagne while waiting for the appointed hour. When the officer in command of the firing party lowered his sword and the shots rang out the women waved their handkerchiefs and sunshades joyously. The firing squads for these barbarous executions were each made up of five men placed about ten paces from the condemned and were at first composed of native troops. It was found, however, that their sympathies were with the insurgents not wishing to inflict mortal wounds on their fellow countrymen they aimed at the arms or legs of the victims, thus adding to the horror of these scenes. On one occasion thirteen men were led out to be shot at the same time, all members of a secret revolutionary society called the Catapanan. Not one of these unfortunates was killed at the first fire. Most of them did not die until the third or fourth round. When all was over a military band played lively airs.

"After learning these facts no one will be surprised at the manner in which the natives have welcomed the success of the Americans. For centuries Spain has treated the natives of these unfortunate islands with such ferocity that she can never make adequate atonement. The United States may not annex Cuba, but she will find ample compensation in taking possession of the Philippines."

In Dr. Guimaraes's description of the city of Manila one of its industries is worth noting.

"Ducks are very industrious in all the islands, especially in that of Luzon, where thousands of them are to be seen sporting themselves in the river Pasig. The eggs of these ducks are not hatched by female ducks, but by Tagal Indians, many of the males making it their sole occupation. The eggs are placed in large nests of wood ashes and the Tagals sit on them for hours. The banks of the river are lined with these queer human incubators, who eat, drink, smoke and play cards, but always hatch out their settings successfully without breaking an egg. During the last few years artificial incubators have been introduced and are now replacing the picturesque Indians in Manila. But in the interior of the island Tagals are preferred because they cost less."

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.

Forecasts of Noted Men and What Became of Them.

Just previous to the assassination of the Empress of Austria the emperor was heard repeatedly to remark, "I fear something awful is about to transpire. I wish the jubilee year were safely over." This brings to mind other instances of forecasts fulfilled, says the London Mail.

Just over thirty years ago a visitor to Edinburgh was being shown over the High Court of Justiciary. He made some remark concerning the dock and its duties, and in reply the official jokingly said the visitor might one day be sentenced to be hanged in that very room. The sightseer was the notorious Dr. Pritchard; two years had barely passed when in the dock he had so closely inspected he was doomed to death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law.

To many watchers of the political weathercock the rapid rise of Mr. Asquith to renown as a statesman was little short of miraculous; to the late home secretary himself, however, it was but the natural outcome of his own resolve. When a youth at the city of London school he informed all and sundry that he meant to take high honors at Oxford, enter the house of commons, and become an influential member of the cabinet.

The Earl of Rosebery, so it is historically recorded, while passing his boyish years at Eton, foretold that in the coming years he would win the Derby, and more important still, be prime minister. Both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith prophesied the things whereof they knew.

A gentleman conceived the idea that he would only live a certain time, so he made a nice calculation of his fortune, which he so apportioned as to last just the same period as he guessed his life would extend to.

Strangely enough his calculations came correct to the letter, for he died punctually at the time he had previously reckoned; he had so far exhausted his estate that, after his debts had been discharged, a solitary pair of slippers represented the entire property he left.

His relatives buried him, and a representation of the slippers was carved on the tomb; to-day in a churchyard at Amsterdam his grave may be seen, the only inscription on the stone being two Flemish words: "Effen nyt," i.e., "Exactly."

The late George Moore came to London from Cumberland a poor, friendless boy. He entered a great commercial house, and from the beginning declared he would eventually marry his employer's daughter and become his employer's partner. He accomplished both ambitions, became very wealthy and a man of whom his generation might well be proud.

When Warren Hastings was a lad his great grief was that his family had lost their paternal estate at Daylesford, and he was constantly heard to say: "I will buy it back." He grew up to make both history and a famous name, and he died at Daylesford.

Among the many records of Harrow school is that of a boy, the son of a poor local tradesman in a very small way of business. His schoolfellows often taunted him about his family poverty; their thoughtless jeers, although hurting his feelings, drew from the lad the retort: "I intend before I die to ride in a coach and four."

The years slid by and lo and behold! the poverty-stricken youngster of Harrow had developed into Dr. Parr, the greatest scholar of his time, whose customary and favorite means of locomotion was a coach and four.

The seventh child of the German emperor and empress is a daughter, their six being sons. The house of Hohenzollern has a tradition that in one year three emperors of that house will reign in Germany the third will have seven sons and will bring ruin to the nation as well as the empire to an end.

This direful prophecy has seen the fulfillment of its first part; whether the arrival of a seventh son will bring the calamities predicted the future will show.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Money is the root of the manufacturing plant.

But few women have time to look like their portraits.

Gossip is always short lived unless it is properly ventilated.

Wise is the famous man who doesn't overwork his popularity.

The present is the child of the past and the father of the future.

When the king loses he always comes within an ace of winning.

It's never too hot in summer or too cold in winter for the ice man.

The more vanity some people possess the easier it is to make them happy.

Satan never gets tired of jollying people who imagine they are prize beauties.

Time may be a success as a wound-healer, but it seldom removes the scars.

An old bachelor says the average wait of women is until they are asked to marry.

Money brings happiness to some men because of the interest they derive therefrom.

We never heard of husbands and wives quarrelling about which loved the other most.

The bigger the bore a man is the smaller the hole he leaves when his days are numbered.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but it invariably manages to get a seat in a crowded car.

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One trial and you will use no other. Lead packages. 25, 40, 50 and 60c.

It's always tough on the tight rope walker when he steps from the straight and narrow path.

Some actors are like some eggs—they go upon the stage when they are no good for anything else.

It is said that sunlight is of less benefit to a growing crop of wild oats than the electric light.

The courting of an heiress is a business suit, but the courting of a flirt is merely a masquerade suit.

Probably the happiest day in the average farmer's life is when his best pig takes a \$3 prize at the county fair.

A scientist has discovered that thirst drives 90 per cent of mankind to drink. Science is a wonderful thing.

Whenever a girl begins to lecture a young man on financial economy, he can safely ask her to name the happy day.

Many a man who wouldn't think of making a wife of his cook has no scruples about making a cook of his wife.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. **W. E.**

Nothing disconcerts a girl more than to brace herself to meet the shock of a marriage proposal and the shock fails to materialize.

TO THE EDITOR.

Many readers have Catarrh, irritable throat, bronchitis etc. We desire to send them a free sample of a remedy absolutely sure to cure. It is neither a snuff, nor a wash, nor an ointment, but a pleasant remedy which is carried by atmospheric air to every part of the throat, lungs and nasal passages. For a short time we shall gladly send to any address a trial outfit of this famous preparation pre-paid. Address N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston Ont.

UNABLE TO SAY.

Which side does that speaker belong to? asked a latecomer at a political debate.

I don't know yet, I've only been here fifteen or twenty minutes, and I haven't heard him mention any names. I'm waiting till he gets through telling what good people his party is.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. H. H. Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 6 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A curious incident occurred during a game of golf which was being played on the St. Duthus course, Tain, the other day, a ball struck by one of the players, coming into contact with a bird perched on a neighboring hillock, and killing it instantly.

THOMAS' PHOSPHATE POWDER

W P C 943

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LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1898.

NO 89

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MAIN STREET.

LOCAL NEWS

The town looks like itself again now that the electric lights are on.

Just a minute please! Read Wales' adv't.

Mrs. Wm. Drennan is recovering from her late illness.

Miss Giles returned home on Tuesday last from a three weeks visit to Montreal.

Mrs. Geo. Christie and daughter *Nancy*, left this morning for a few days visit to Montreal.

Just received, Shot Cartridges for Snider Rifles. Call and get some.
W. BANFORD.

A large number of our citizens anticipate spending Thanksgiving Day in Montreal.

Mrs. Jas. Cullen is in town and will spend the winter months at the Victoria Hotel.

Mr. Mulock is to celebrate the Imperial penny postage scheme by issuing a new stamp.

Dr. H. C. McConnell will be at La-belle's Hotel, Calumet, on Tuesday next, Nov. 22nd.

The body of the late Mr. George Woods who was drowned in the ferry accident some few weeks ago in Arundel, has not as yet been found, though diligently searched for.

The C. P. R. are running cheap excursion rates during Thanksgiving week. Tickets sold at one way first class fare on Nov. 23rd and 24th, and good to return until Nov. 25th.

Rev. Professor Ross of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, speaks to-night at 7.30 in Henry's Church. All are invited to come. Refreshments after the address—price 10 cts.

We are pleased to report that Miss Little Hammond has sufficiently recovered to be able to return home, after an absence of seven weeks in the Royal Victoria Hospital.

The Italian anarchist, Luigi Lucceni who stabbed and killed Empress Elizabeth of Austria, on Sept. 10th ultra, has been sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for life.

The WATCHMAN will be pleased to receive reports from the secretaries of local benevolent societies of any meeting, whether regular or special the societies may hold. We deem items of this kind of general interest.

The Lachute Hockey Club is to re-organize some time this week and to judge from the spirit of the boys we have talked to, there will be a strong season this year.

A Thanksgiving Social will be held in the Town Hall, St. Andrews, on Thanksgiving evening, Thursday 24th inst. Good programme and refreshments provided. Admission 10 cts., Children 5 cts.

Coun. Jousse gave notice of motion at the last Council meeting to borrow sufficient money to inaugurate a waterworks system of our own. Its a good thing, and should be pushed along.

The Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches will hold a union service on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday 24th inst. in Henry's Church at 11 a.m. The Rev. Mr. Silcox will preach the sermon. A liberal collection is solicited for the Protestant Insane Asylum at Verdun.

We request that all correspondence be mailed to us not later than Wednesday of next week owing to Thursday being a holiday.

Mr. L. E. Denis, of the firm of Den's Bros. made an assignment to Gault Bros. of Montreal, on Monday of last week. The liabilities amount to \$11,000. A meeting of the creditors is called for the 26th, for the appointment of a curator.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The family signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Watch out for the new hardware store to be opened up next week.

The Genoa folks are preparing themselves for a tea-meeting on Tuesday week, Nov. 23rd. Those who have had the pleasure of meeting on former occasions are loud in their praises of the hospitality of our East Settlement friends. Admission 25 cts.

The quarterly meeting of the Clerical Association of the Deanery of St. Andrews, will assemble in Grenville on Tuesday, November 22nd. There will be the celebration of Holy Communion at 10.30 a.m. in the parish church, the sermon to be preached by the Rev. Mr. Hutchings.

There excellent Lord and Lady Minto who are to represent Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in the Dominion for the next five years, arrived in Montreal on Sunday last by the Dominion Liner S.S. "Scotman," and were extended a welcome befitting their high rank.

Mr. Roberts and family of Ormond Ont., arrived in town on Friday last, and have taken up their residence in the property adjoining the carriage factory formerly occupied by Mr. Robitaille. Mr. Roberts comes among us as a hard working, industrious, and skilled workman, and we bespeak for him a liberal share of the business in his line.

The Ottawa Lumber Coy's mill at Calumet closed last week, after sawing 170,000 logs. Owing to the large amount of lumber on hand the company will not operate in the woods this winter, consequently the mills are not likely to resume next summer. This will leave about 160 men out of employment.

The meetings in Hugh St. Hall commence Thursday, 24th inst., (Thanksgiving Day) continuing over Lord's Day, Morning 10 o'clock, afternoon 3 o'clock, Evening 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

The Lachute Women's Association is holding the bicycle track and grounds belonging to the Agricultural Society for the term of five years. We understand that the club has made arrangements for and intend holding a series of dramatic entertainments during the winter months in the endeavor of securing funds to replenish their treasury. Success is sure to follow if the boys stick to it.

A meeting of Sunday School workers was held on Monday last at the Methodist Parsonage at which meeting it was decided that an Institute, should be convened for some time in February (due notice of which will be given) conducted by Mr. Archibald, Secretary of the Sunday School Union, and assisted by Mr. St. John the noted Sunday School specialist. The session will cover about 4 days and an invitation will be extended to all teachers and Sunday School workers in the County.

A very impressive marriage service was the one that united Monsieur Philibert Sarrasin to Mademoiselle Rose Beaulne. The happy day was Tuesday last and Rev. Father Carriere was the officiating priest. Mr. Edmond Rodrigue gave away the groom and Mr. Napoleon Beaulne, the bride's brother, acted as father to her. The musical portion of the service was very fine. The dresses of the party were beautiful and in excellent taste. The popularity and esteem in which Miss Beaulne was held was demonstrated by the very large attendance at the Church and the numerous presents given by her Protestant friends. Long and happy may their union be.

The "WATCHMAN" will be sent to new subscribers from this date to 1st January 1900, for one dollar. Subscribe at once.

BIRTH.

DESCHAMBAULT—At St. Jerome, Que. on Nov. 2nd, the wife of J. A. Deschambault, of a son.

SHAW—At St. Andrews, on October 28, 1898, to Mrs. Wm. Shaw, a daughter.

DENTISTRY.

B. S. STACKHOUSE, S.R., D.D.S. L.D.S. SURGEON DENTIST.

Will be in Lachute last three days of each week. For six months—full set of teeth \$6; fillings and extracting half price. Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed. Painless Extraction.

LACHUTE, Nov. 1st, 1898.

Something For Boys!

BOYS' UNDERWEAR
BOYS' MITTS
BOYS' GLOVES
BOYS' TQUES
BOYS' RUBBERS
BOYS' BOOTS
BOYS' MOCCASINS
BOYS' TIES
BOYS' CAPS
BOYS' SKATES
And other articles for Boys

AT
FRASERS'
LACHUTE

LADIES JACKETS.—The newest styles. Last year's goods, half price.
W. BANFORD.

Wool. Wanted 5,000 lbs. by the end of this month.
MCFARL BROS.

WANTED.—About 20 lbs. of Hops. Apply to, L. D. TAYLOR.
Lachute Mills, Que.

COAL OIL! Coal Oil!!—Pratt's Astral Oil 25c. per gall., Canadian Oil 15c. per gall. at—
J. R. McQUAT'S

Are you aware that Mr. W. S. Smith is agent for the Noxen Bros. Agricultural Implements and that he is selling root cutters, with ball bearings, for \$2.00. Now is your chance.

WANTED.—A good strong boy. Apply to, L. D. TAYLOR.
Lachute Mills, Que.

NEW FALL GOODS.—Schoolboys' suits just in. Men's Winter Suits. Men's Black and Brown Overcoats. Men's Light Fall Overcoats. Men's Pea Jackets, Freize, all colors.
W. BANFORD.

JUST RECEIVED.—A cart of Flour, Bran and Shorts. Flour and Feed for sale for Cash.
P. CAMPBELL & CO.

C.P.R. TIME-TABLE.

The following is the C.P.R. timetable to and from Lachute until further notice.

GOING WEST—
10.05 a.m. Ottawa Express.
6.43 p.m. Local
11.33 p.m. Soo
GOING EAST—
6.32 a.m. Mont'l and B's't'n Express
11.19 a.m. Local Express.
8.22 p.m. "

AGENTS

We pay straight weekly salaries of from \$10 to \$20, according to ability, for canvassers on "Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone." The demand for this wonderful book is keeping all hands working early and late. The only Canadian and British work published. Endorsed by the Royal Family and leading public men. A big, cheap book.
BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

FALL GOODS ALL IN

GO TO A FRIEND FOR ADVICE.
GO TO A WOMAN FOR SYMPATHY.
GO TO A STRANGER FOR CHARITY.

Go to **A. J. PERIARD**

FOR FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.
FOR THE BEST GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

He has had 29 years experience at the business so is in a position to give satisfaction.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

YOUR FEET AND PURSE WILL BE FITTED

PERFECTLY if you buy your Boots and Shoes from us. We have a large stock at—

REDUCED PRICES.

J. A. BEDARD.

If you are in need of a



call in and see my stock of

NEW WILLIAMS!

The New Style "G" Drop Head is just a beauty.

As I am Sole Agent for the "New Williams" Sewing Machines for the county of Argenteuil, I am in a position to give you good bargains.

Old Machines taken in exchange.

My Stock Of

PIANOS & ORGANS

IS ALSO COMPLETE

Just received a few magnificent Piano-Case Organs. Call and see them.

J. A. Bedard,
Main St., LACHUTE.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

Good-Bye To Life

I.

"And to-morrow you leave me, and go back to that horrid London?"
"Only for three months, dearest. Then I shall come back to Rocksea and claim you."

Jessie Poole laid her pretty head contentedly on the rough tweed shoulder of the Norfolk jacket.

Will Preston was a clever young artist. Looking round for a suitable place at which to stay the summer, he had stumbled across the little creeper-clad cottage where Jessie Poole lived and nursed her bedridden father, and had induced them to let him make their home his abode during his stay. A thorough woman was Jessie, and as such she appealed to the artist's temperament. Beautiful she could hardly be called, but her clear gray eyes and the curve of her small firm mouth went straight to Will Preston's heart, and before he was aware of it the inevitable had happened.

Presently the shapely head was raised from the collar of the Norfolk jacket, and a low voice inquired:

"What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon, Will?"

"Oh, I'm going to row out to that picturesque old wreck, and take a few sketches of it."

"But you're not going alone, Will, are you? You know it's off a very dangerous part of the coast, and there are a lot of cross currents and sunken rocks."

"Oh, that's all right, little one. Your old admirer, Jem, Barclay, is 'bossing' the show. He knows every inch of the coast, and I've every confidence in him; so you need have no qualms, dear, that I shall not be back safe before dark."

As he mentioned the name of his guide Jessie looked up suddenly and seemed about to speak, then appeared to alter her mind, and was silent.

"So ta-ta, dearest," he went on, bending down and fondly kissing the sweet lips upturned to his. "I must be off. The tide will soon be on the turn, and it's a good two miles row."

II.

The wreck toward which the little boat was rapidly cutting its way was all that remained of the schooner Bonnie Belle. A year ago she had been driven by a storm on to a sunken rock. At high tide merely a few feet of her sole remaining stump of a mast was visible, but at low water she was only partially submerged.

As Will Preston lay back in the stern of the boat fingering the tiller ropes, he could not but admire the stalwart figure in front of him. Jem Barclay was a young fisherman, living down in the village about a mile from Jessie Poole's lonely cottage. Over six feet in height, and proportionately broad, his muscles stood out like bands of steel as he pulled untiringly at the oars.

Soon they reached the wreck, and, as it was now low tide, the boat was pulled alongside, and they clambered up on to the slippery deck. The schooner was but a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the inky blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion.

"A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"
"There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-by to life."

"Then you can say good-by to yours, for that's where you're going my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement, at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When his senses came slowly back to him, he found himself propped with his back against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handkerchief bound tightly round, forming a most efficient gag. Before him stood Jem Barclay, his arms folded and his black eyes flashing triumphantly.

"You see, I've changed my mind," he began. "It seemed a pity to chuck you down in 't hold. You wouldn't ha' had time to think over things. Oh, yes, I know she refused me a year ago, but I'd ha' won her right enough in time if you hadn't come with your fine ways and oily tongue. Now I'm going to wish you good-by. It'll be high tide at 9 o'clock, and then 't sea will be a foot aboon your head. Happen you'd like to see how 't time goes, though. Well, you shall."

He took his knife from his pocket and drove the point into the mast a few inches above his victim's head; then he approached the artist with the intention of taking his watch from his pocket to hang it upon the improvised hook, but Preston, though his hands were tied, had the use of his feet, and as his tormentor came within reach he lunged out with all his force.

Taken unawares, the man sprang backward to avoid the blow, and, forgetful of the hatchway behind him, lost his balance and fell down it. In falling he turned half round, and with

sickening thud, his temple came into contact with the further side of the opening as he fell.

Will heard the splash of his body in the water, and waited, horror-struck, for any further sound, but nothing met his ears save the wash of the waves. He struggled to free himself, so that he might try and save his would-be murderer, but though he strained until the cords cut into his wrists, it was useless.

The fisherman had done his work only too well, and had himself kept back the help that might, perhaps, have saved him.

And as the utter impossibility of freeing himself and the increasing peril of his own situation became apparent to Will, pity for his dead rival gave place to horror at the death so slowly but relentlessly approaching. He tried to wriggle up by clasping the mast with his legs; he found it impossible, and black despair began to creep over him.

The tide had already turned, and was creeping through the broken bulwarks, and soon the first wave came gently washing along the deck, nearly reaching his feet. Again he strained and tugged at his bonds in vain. He turned his eyes longingly toward the boat, which had been moored to the side of the schooner, and then indeed he gave up hope, for it was gone!

The rope had been too loosely tied, and there was the boat, already fifty yards away, drifting with the incoming tide.

The sun was dipping toward the cliffs overhanging his sweetheart's cottage and he knew that he had but an hour or two longer to live, unless help came, and that he felt was almost impossible.

Soon the water reached his knees, then in little ripples circled round his waist.

Another half-hour passed, and the cliffs were lost to view, while the lights began to twinkle in the village and along the little wooden pier. Higher and higher rose the water until it reached his shoulders, and he began to feel chill and numb. Presently the beat-beat of a steamer's paddles came wafted over the shimmering sea, and with a wild thrill of hope he turned his head.

Yes, there she was, gliding along swiftly and smoothly her portholes and saloons brightly lit, and the strains of the band coming to him cheerily as she churned her homeward course, the passengers joining in song in happy content after the pleasures of the day.

Click! click!

He's a monkey on a stick.

they sang; and the shadow of a smile stole across the doomed man's face at the apposition of the "Geisha's" words. Oh, if he could only get rid of that suffocating gag, his cries might be heard. But no sound came from his aching throat and the pleasure steamer glided on her way.

And now the water reached his chin, and he knew his life could be numbered by minutes only. He fixed his weary eyes upon one light that glimmered starlike on the side of the cliff, away from the others. He knew it came from the little room where his love would be waiting and wondering what kept him.

And as he gazed the light seemed to go out for an instant; then it appeared again; again disappeared, and once more flashed into sight. What did it mean? Suddenly it struck him that it was something on the surface of the water which kept coming between his eyes and the light. Could it be a boat? He strained his ears, and fancied he could hear the rattle of the oars in the rowlocks. Yes, yes, it was a boat; coming straight toward him too. And at last a straggling moonbeam came alighting across the sea, and doubt gave place to certainty, for, although still a long way off, he could distinguish a figure in the boat—a figure that caused his pulse to throb wildly, the figure of a girl. Would she, could she do it in time? He was standing now on the very tips of his toes, and even then an occasional wave, higher than the rest, would wash into his nostrils, and give him a foretaste of what was to come. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and higher rose the water. Could he hold out? The strain was awful.

III.

"Whatever can have come to those two?" queried Jessie, as the shadows lengthened, and still no Will appeared. Throwing a shawl around her, she strolled out into the evening, and looked away over the sea. She could not make out the mast of the wreck in the falling light, but something bobbing about at the foot of the cliff arrested her attention.

"It looks like a boat!" she gasped with sudden foreboding. And in an instant she was speeding down the path, a moment more and she had reached the shore, and there, not twenty yards away, she recognized Jem Barclay's boat—empty, and something of the truth flashed upon her.

"Merciful Heaven!" she moaned. "The boat has got adrift and left them on the wreck!"

There was no time to run to the village for help. What had to be done must be done quickly. With a fervent prayer the brave girl dashed into the water, clambered over the side, unshipped the oars, and in another minute the bow was once more turned seaward and the little boat was speeding to the rescue.

At last, after a lifetime of doubts and fears, she turned and saw the sunken mast standing out in bold contrast to the silvery pathway caused by the rising moon; and at the base, on the surface of the water, there was something else—something round and dark. With redoubled energy and panting breath, she tugged desperately at the oars, heedless of the blisters on her little hands.

It was indeed a race for life or death, and it seemed that, after all, her effort had been in vain, for as the boat bumped against the mast the head of her lover drooped forward and sank out of sight. With a piercing cry she

flung herself forward and caught him by the hair; then, moving her hand lower, she grasped his collar and pulled with all her might.

In an instant the gag was removed, and then poor Jess was plunged into despair again as she found his hands tied and she realized that her little fingers were powerless to loose the knotted rope, and she had no knife. Then her eyes caught sight of Barclay's knife sticking in the mast above his victim's head. With a cry of delight she seized it, and in another moment the bonds were severed. At the risk of capsizing the boat she dragged the precious burden slowly and painfully on board; and at last he lay, unconscious still, but breathing, with his head pillowed on her lap.

As Will Preston and his wife stood before the picture of the year at the ensuing Academy she looked up at him with a little smile, and said:

"And what have you called it, after all, dear?"

"Well, I thought of giving it the title, 'A Monkey on a Stick,' but it's been catalogued 'On Board the Bonnie Belle,' by W. Preston."

"R. A.," proudly added Jessie, as they turned away homeward.

OFF GUARD.

The Most Careful Man Will Sometimes Make a Mistake.

On the day after the recent robbery of a bag of one thousand sovereigns from the Bank of England was announced, a depositor at a private banker's office near by expressed his opinion with great emphasis while transacting his own business.

"Such monstrous carelessness was never known!" he declared. "The gold was taken from the counter under the eyes of the bank clerk and the messenger. The thief got away with it before he was seen by any detective, and before anybody knew that anything had been taken. Everybody seems to have been asleep except the light-fingered robber."

"Clerk, messenger and detectives ought to be sentenced to prison for four months of hard labor. It would be a timely warning against the consequences of criminal carelessness. Everybody in a bank ought to have his wits about him and to keep his eyes upon the gold that is in front of him!"

The worthy man grew red in the face as he expressed his scorn of careless and sleepy clerks and messengers, and strode out of the banking office with an air of virtuous indignation. Two hours afterward he returned with an anxious face.

"Did I leave my money behind me when I was here this morning?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," said the clerk, grimly. "We found it on the side-counter after you had gone."

The severe critic, who had wished to punish careless clerks by condemning them to hard labor as convicts, had left behind him a bag containing several thousand pounds in securities.

"I am greatly relieved," he said, "to find it here. I could not tell whether I had left it in a cab, or whether I had been robbed in the street."

This man had been as confident of his own vigilance as the chief of the coin delivery service of the Bank of England had been a few years before. He had boasted that it would be impossible for anybody to rob a delivery-wagon which was under his charge.

The officials decided quietly to put his vigilance to the test. One day he was sent with four men to a railway station to receive from an incoming train a large amount of gold. They carried the gold to their delivery-wagon, but while they were putting it in, a bank detective, cleverly disguised in appearance, succeeded in snatching up a bag containing a thousand sovereigns, and walking away with it under his coat.

The bag was not missed until the delivery messengers arrived at the bank and transferred the gold to the vaults. They were utterly dismayed when the bags were counted, and the detective produced the missing one.

TELEGRAPHIC TYPEWRITER.

An invention recently exhibited at a conversation of the Royal Society of England, seems likely, so far as private house-to-house calls are concerned, to supersede the telephone. This contrivance is a telegraphic recorder, without a battery, invented by a Mr. Steiges. It requires no skill and typewrites the message on the desk of the receiver, while retaining an additional copy in the hands of the sender. It is such a revolution in telegraphy that the Post Office, on the advice of Mr. W. H. Preece, has adopted it, and will install it wherever required by the public at a small cost. The Home Secretary has just sanctioned its introduction to Scotland Yard, where forty instruments have already been ordered.

TIME SPOON.

Something valuable has appeared in the way of a new time spoon. There is convenience attached to it. On its handle is a dial about the size of a quarter of a dollar, upon which are engraved numbers, after the fashion of a clock face. There is a little indicator in the center, which may be turned at will, to show when the next food or medicine is to be administered.

Poet—My dear, I wish you would take the children out for a walk. I'm going to write a poem. Wife—Are you sure that you feel the proper inspiration? Poet—Oh, I'm inspired all right. I need the money.

LONDON'S GRIM POVERTY.

BETWEEN FORTY AND SIXTY PER CENT. ARE PAUPERS.

Where Rag, Hunger and Misery Abide—A Tremendous Problem in Social Engineering—Socialism No Cure.

One need not look alone to fanaticism and sentimental rhetoric for evidence of the reduced condition of a large proportion of the population of London, writes E. P. B., in the Chicago Record. The carefully sifted facts in the case are abundant, and not to be questioned. Mr. Charles Booth and his assistants in their remarkable series of statistical enquiries, the results of which appear in a book entitled "Labour and Life of the People," show that 30.7 per cent of all London is "in poverty." Nor does this large percentage include any of the regularly employed and fairly paid working class. It is further shown that the entire middle and upper classes of this city number only 17.8 per cent of the whole population. In the percentage of poverty given the rich districts are taken with the poor; but in thirty-seven districts, each with a population of 30,000, and all containing a total of 1,179,000 persons, the proportion in poverty in no case falls below 40 per cent, and in some of them it reaches 60 per cent.

As an observer passes amid the conditions from which the statistics quoted were obtained, he finds an excuse for Mr. Henry George's apparent extravagance when he declared it to be his deliberate opinion that "if, standing on the threshold of being, one were given the choice of entering life as a Terra del Fuego, a black fellow of Australia, an Esquimo in the Arctic circle, or among the lowest classes in such a highly civilized country as Great Britain, he would make infinitely the better choice in selecting the lot of the savage." But it is not only such temperaments as Mr. George's that are profoundly affected by the spectacle of pauperism as it is presented on all sides in many parts of the richest city in the world. These conditions have so deeply moved Prof. Huxley, the leader of science in England, that he exclaims, "If there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away as a desirable consummation." And again Prof. Huxley asks: "What profits it to the human Prometheus that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant, and that the spirits of the earth and air obey him, if the vulture of pauperism is eternally to tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction?"

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Before any great amount of good can be accomplished in the direction of lifting up the submerged classes I believe the world must better understand their condition and more keenly feel their misery. It seems to me, therefore, that one renders a service to society who gives some idea as to the harshness of the lot of the poor. There are pathos and tragedy in their isolation and loneliness. In all parts of Whitechapel and the contiguous parishes the observer sees an utter waste. He stands in the midst of complete spiritual and material desolation. The abodes of the poor are in hovels, cellars and garrets—places of overcrowding, squalor, rags, blasphemy and immorality—places that reek with the germs of physical and moral disease.

Nor do the poor suffer alone from congestion and wretched sanitation. They have no pleasures. They are exiled from all good things. The "mighty world of eye and ear" is to them a blankness and an oblivion. While others see the limpid lake, the changing cloud, the towering mountain, these see only their narrow court or alley, paved with granite blocks, hemmed in with brick and mortar and roofed by the fogs of London. They have no pictures on their walls. Music never comes to quicken their faculties into life and to kiss their souls into blossom. To them literature and art are as if they never had been. They know nothing of the world's beauty, nothing of its poetry; they know only of its rags and hunger and misery. They have never travelled; they have no pictures in their minds; the galleries of their memories stand empty. And the result is that for all the joy they have they are narrowed to the present, with its deadly monotony and its chronic privation.

THE REMEDY FOR IT.

What remedy can be applied to this disease of the social organism? Are poverty and its concomitant evils a necessary feature of progressive society—that feature which exemplifies the operations of the law science calls "natural selection"? Certainly no one seems to dispute that the ameliorative forces at work in East London fall far short of satisfactory results. The Christian and philanthropic enterprises here found, vast and potent though they be, are but luminous isolations in the waste. Universal and compulsory education is not enough. The criminal law is not enough. The poor law system, broad and sympathetic beyond question, is a palliative, and not a cure, while charity, as at present administered, presents a doubtful logic.

In my opinion the social equilibrium is not to be established by anarchism, or socialism or communism, or any other theory of government or no government. It is not an affair for party settlement. It is not something that can be accomplished by legislation.

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LACHUTE, P. Q.

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G. E. BAMPTON, Q.C.

Advocate, Provincial Revenue Attorney for District of Terrebonne, Revising officer for Argenteuil.

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The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1898.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada and the United States for \$1.00 in advance, or \$1.50 at the end of the year.

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Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE MILLS

QUE

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP THE REMEDY.

The proposition said to have been made to our city fathers that the town purchase the present water-works at \$50,000 is another instance of the unparalleled cheek of some speculators. Professedly \$20,000 has been spent on it and it is not by any means complete and yet at once they expect to double their money. They must think we are green and tender and calf-like, the greatest fools the century has produced. Now is the time to boycott the whole scheme and have a waterworks of our own, whose revenues shall be spent in improvements and surplus in such fire protection as shall make us again a safe place for insurance risks. Our want of protection has already caused three companies to withdraw from doing business in our town.

We understand that a reliable party is prepared to construct and operate a sound system for the sum of \$15,000 to be at their own expense and risk until it has been demonstrated that it is good and practical in its working; the town then to take it over.

By all means avoid playing into the hands of the present extortionate owners and let us have waterworks of our own.

The more factories, the better position a town holds in the financial world. It speaks well for the facilities of Lachute when the well-known firm of Thomas Ross & Sons, so justly famed for their enterprise in dairying lines, have chosen to build a butter factory and have at present in operation here a box factory. The buildings are situated on Foundry St., on the site of the one recently burned which was rented from Mr. Larmonth.

As an evidence of the appreciation of the farmers there are at present 70 patrons contributing milk and the average daily receipt is 14000 pounds.

THE STANDARD WORTH THE STRUGGLE.

At no very distant day there will be one marked change in our public-school system. Promotion will cease to be regulated by two or three given dates in the year. The Superintendent of Public Schools in Philadelphia, Dr. Brooks, announces that the proportion of pupils in the grammar grades is less than one-fourth of the entire number attending the public schools, so that upwards of three-fourths of the children obtain less than four years' schooling. Without a doubt this is equally true of every large city in the country. The Philadelphia "Times," commenting on this statement, says it is a fact that "the elementary schools are the really important part of the whole system, the essential foundation that should be most carefully perfected in preference—if preference must be shown—to any part of the superstructure." Certain it is that there can be no more il-

logically devised system than that which permits of fifty, even eighty, pupils under one teacher in a primary-school room, when the possibilities are that less than one-fourth of these will ever pass into the grammar grade, and then pays the highest salaries in grammar grades, where there are the smallest classes, where discipline requires less time, where the child has acquired some idea of how to use its faculties. We simply must reconstruct our standards of what a public school should be. We must put the best teacher where the demand is greatest, and she must have only that number of pupils which she can control without loss of power, and whom she can really teach and not merely keep in order; her classes must be small enough for individual work. This day will never come to any community until rational standards have been established as to what education is, and until the eyes of the people have been opened to the value of those first five years in the child's school life, and to the fact that all that the child can ever attain after that time. Whether life until thirty is spent in acquiring an education in order to make a living, or whether one passes out of the school-house at fourteen, all that the man or woman can ever hope to be depends on what has been done with head and heart and hands between the ages of five and fourteen.—*Outlook.*

There are some seventy-six agricultural societies in Quebec Province, with a membership of 12,770 at the beginning of 1897. They received government grants of \$25,905 for the year 1896; their members' subscriptions amounted to \$18,922; while from sundry sources, such as entry money to grounds, sums paid towards competitions, etc., enough was derived to make their total receipts \$77,320. Of this there was expended for prizes at exhibitions \$24,630; for farm competitions, ploughing matches, purchase of cattle, etc., \$20,000.

GRANVILLE.

Mr. Robt. White has returned from Montreal.

Mrs. Wm. Cooke of Calumet, spent a few days in our town.

Revs. Boshart and Winters are conducting revival services in the Methodist Church.

Winter is about here the first snow fell on Thursday and some of our young people will find it rather chilly sitting on the steps.

Quite a commotion there was to meet, About the walking on the street, Judging by the way some spoke, They did not take it as a joke.

We are very sorry to learn of the departure of Mr. Chapman the cheese maker.

We are pleased to see Mr. Johnston of Stonefield, in the Methodist choir, as we were in bad need of a tenor voice.

Owing to the bad roads on Sunday the "Cleaveland" failed to put in an appearance.

Judging from report a wedding is not far off "Mizpah" rings look rather conspicuous.

What is the matter with the surprise parties, time something was done in the way of having another.

Not so lively now since the Ka-na-to Medicine Co., has left but we notice as many of our young girls are seen walking on the streets as when they were here.

THE GLEN.

The Rev. Mr. Hutchings gave a lecture here in the School House last week, on "Mission Work in Arundel and the surrounding country." The building was well filled with attentive listeners. The views were excellent.

Mrs. Wm. Higginson of Lakeview, has returned home from a visit to Hawkesbury.

The Rev. Mr. McKerracher, preached here last Sabbath morning.

Mr. Duncan of Calumet has commenced lumbering in our neighborhood. We wish him success in his undertaking.

UPPER LACHUTE.

Miss Mary McAdam of St. Canute, is the guest of her Aunt, Mrs. G. H. Hills.

We are pleased to report that Miss Mary McFarlane who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever is now on a fair way to recovery.

Mrs. Jas. Berry of California is home on a visit to her mother Mrs. A. Doig.

Miss Agnes McFarlane returned to Burlington last week, after spending a few weeks with her parents here.

The yellow horse from Beech Ridge occasionally winds its way to the brick house in Upper Lachute on Sunday evenings, "I Wonder Why?"

Mr. R. Canning of Vide Sac, returned to his home in Stonefield, where he intends spending the winter with his parents.

We are glad to learn that Mr. James McQuat is once more able to be out.

Miss Louisa Morrison returned to Bathurst after spending a couple of weeks with her Aunt, Mrs. R. Doig.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leishman spent Saturday in East Settlement, the guest of Mrs. Wm. Black.

CHATBORO.

Our old friend Winter has once more put in an appearance and the young folks are anticipating a good time, as they all heartily enjoy the merry jingle of the sleigh bells.

Wedding Bells, it is rumoured, will soon be ringing as our jolly boys are all returning. John got a hustle on, Jim will follow up.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. D. Douglas who left last spring for Washington, D. C., is seriously ill in the hospital there, with appendicitis.

Mr. James Douglas who has been spending a few days with friends here, returned to his home in Manitoba on Friday last.

Miss Mary Pinkerton purposes leaving shortly for Montreal on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chambers were the guests of Mrs. Donaldson last week.

Miss Mary O'Brien was home on a visit to her parents on Sunday last.

Miss Annie Pinkerton is visiting friends in Carillon.

The Grey horse is still seen wending his way around the corner as usual, the saying goes there is game in the wind.

ARUNDEL.

Mr. Guilbeault jr. is building a small cottage near his father's residence.

Mr. A. B. Filion is offering building lots for sale on Main Street, at reasonable rates.

Dr. Hooper, Inspector of Superior Schools, intends visiting here on Friday.

Mr. Bellinger of Montreal has rented Mr. James Cooke's farm.

A number of commercial travellers were in our town last week.

NORTH RIVER.

Mr. Wm. Knox is spending a few days in Montreal.

Mrs. Wilson is contemplating selling her farm, and will probably remove to the city to live.

Quite a number of North River people attended the shooting match at Mrs. J. Smith's on Saturday.

The regular fortnightly prayer-meeting in the School House was well attended on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Tuck, who has been spending the summer here, returned to her home in Montreal on Monday, accompanied by her son Roy.

Mr. S. J. Tuck of Montreal, and Mr. E. P. Steen of Lachute, were the guests of Mr. Albert E. Mitchell, on Saturday and Sunday last.

Trade prospects in Canada for the fall are decidedly bright. The prices paid for agricultural products are now much higher than they have been for a long time. The effect of this on general business is bound to be felt sooner or later. It is said, too, that the trade in supplies for the new mining districts is already no small item. The prompt action of the Government in preparing to administer the Yukon cannot help but ensure the bulk of the trade to be done there will be from Canadian centres. A revival in business will be certainly welcome.

J. N. A. CARRIERE'S ADVERTISEMENT.

We respectfully announce to our many patrons that we have just received a large assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods

We intend selling at somewhat reduced prices, and shall be pleased to see you when you want anything in the Dry Goods, Groceries, or Crockery Lines.

Be sure to call on

Yours truly,

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL.

Miss CRESWELL'S

High-Class Millinery.

If you want the best in a Hat or Bonnet; we are adding to our stock the

NEWEST DESIGNS

and some of the prettiest trimmings we have ever had.

We are selling at a very low price.

YOU CANNOT HELP BEING SUITED.

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.

From one end of the Dominion to the other people are praising Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and all Lung Affections.

Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine
Syrup.

agc. at all druggists.



Children Cry for CASTORIA.

We have been telling the Public and our Patrons about special values in the CLOTHING DEPARTMENT, and it will also be to their interest to look through our varied stock of

Footwear

coarse and fine for any man, woman or child.

SOMETHING NEW

IN GLOVES AND MITTS.

C. T. WALES,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
ST. ANDREWS.

N.B.—Remember our stock of Ladies' Winter Jackets

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

GAME TALK

In Quebec the open season for Deer is from Oct. 1st, to Dec. 31st; for Partridge Sept. 15th, to Feb. 1st; for Duck and Water Fowl Sept 1st to March 1st. The best game districts of Canada are to be found on the line of, or within easy access from, the Can. Pac. Ry.

Any agent will furnish you with "Fishing and Shooting" which will direct you to the best spots for the different game.

The New Short Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Montreal & Ottawa is the shortest and most solidly built line between the Metropolis and the Capital. Try it next you visit Ottawa.

For full particulars apply to—

C. E. E. USHER,
Gen. Passenger Agent.
W. J. TODD, Town " "
P. MONETTE, Station "

OVERCOATS

Some very fine ones now in Stock in Blue, Brown, and Black,

\$10. \$11. \$12.

Ten p. c. off for Cash.

These are the proper thing for young men now.

ULSTERS A Large Assortment in various colors and qualities. All Sizes.

Cheaper Overcoats for men and boys. Heaps of them.

Don't forget we have a lot of Ladies' Jackets.

Wm. BANFORD.



CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.
District of Terrebonne.

A SESSION OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, holding Criminal Jurisdiction in and for the District of Terrebonne, will be held at Ste. Scholastique, district aforesaid, ON THURSDAY THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, AT TEN O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON.

In consequence I give notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the common Goal of the said district and all others, that they must present then and there. And I also notice to all the Justices of the Peace, Coroners and peace officers in and for the said district, that they must be present with their Records, Rolls, Indictments and other documents, in order to do the things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriffs.

Sheriff's office,
Ste. Scholastique, 8th November, 1898.

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. } 435
DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE }

Dame Adria Mary Haines of the Parish of St. Andrews, said district, vs. William Barclay of the same place, action for separation as to property.

St. Scholastique, November 14, 1898

R. P. DeLaronde,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

39-42.1

SUPERIOR COURT.

CANADA.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. } 363
DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE }

Dame Catherine Fraser of the village of Grenville, said district, vs. John Wade of the same place, trader, an action for separation as to property.

St. Scholastique, Nov. 14, 1898.

R. P. DeLaronde,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

39-42.4

A UCTION SALE—There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of M. M. O. MacArthur, Brownsburg Post Office, on Monday, November 21st, the following effects—

Dumb stove, parlor stove, coal-oil stove, hall, coal stove, lot of stove pipes, coal scuttle, new extension table, large dining table, centre table, 4 wicker tables, 2 side tables, 3 dining room chairs rocking chair, book-case, washstand, 2 wooden bedsteads, iron bedstead, child's iron crib, a lot of curtain poles, pins and rings, 6 mattresses, windlass, flower stand, and part of the general stock, comprising hats, caps, jackets, mufflers, mitts, moccasins, boots and shoes, hay-rakes, forks, shovels, pick-handles, 3 wringers, washing machine, a lot flower pots, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m., sharp.

TERMS—\$5 and under, cash, 10 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.

PROOF FROM Port Hope, Ont.

Mr. W. A. Russell, the Popular District Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Proves that Doan's Kidney Pills Cure Kidney Pills.

This is his statement: "I suffered for five or six years with pains across my back, headaches, dizziness, and kindred kidney troubles. I got very bad, and when driving would often have to stop the horse, as the pains were so severe that I could not stand them. I tried a great many medicines, but they did me no good. I then got Doan's Kidney Pills at Watson's drug store, took them for one month, and am completely cured. I regard the cure as a remarkable testimony to the virtues of Doan's Pills, and am only too glad to recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble in any form."

Doan's Kidney Pills are a never-failing remedy for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism and Weak Back, Gravel, Sediment in the Urine, and all Urinary troubles of children or adults. Price per box, 25c, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pills, Toronto, Ont.

Remember the name—Doan's—and where

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. F. FLETCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Rhubarb -
Sulphur -
Ginger -
All-India -
Menthol -
Castor Oil -
Syrup -
Essence of Peppermint

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

See Similar Signature of
NEW YORK

100 months old
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

1000 DROPS OF VEGETABLES.

**SEE
THAT THE
FAC-SIMILE
SIGNATURE
—OF—
Charles H. Fletcher
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA**

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Charles H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada.
Province of Quebec. } 87
District of Terrebonne }

The Gault Bros., Co., Ltd., a body politic and incorporated, having its chief office and place of business in the city and district of Montreal.

VS. PLAINTIFFS

Edmond Denis of the Town of Lachute, county of Argenteuil, district of Terrebonne, merchant and there doing business as such under the name and style of "Denis Bros."

IN SOLVENCY—Defendant.

On petition of the Plaintiff's to that effect, the creditors of the said insolvent in this matter are ordered to meet at Ste. Scholastique in the Court House in the district of Terrebonne, on the twenty-sixth day of November instant at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to then and there give their advice on the nomination of a curator and one or more inspectors to the effects of the said insolvent and on all other matters which may be legally submitted to them.

GIVEN at Ste. Scholastique, the tenth of November, 1898.

De Montigny & Grignon,
P. S. C.

F. X. Mathieu,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

We should be glad to hear from any party who is willing to act as correspondent for Dalesville or St. Andrews.

**ASK THE FIRST MAN YOU MEET
Who Makes The Best Clothes?
HE WILL TELL YOU KENNEDY**

We have now received in our supply of—
FALL & GOODS
And are prepared to make up suits at shortest possible notice.

**GOOD PATTERNS, GOOD MATERIALS.
GOOD WORKMANSHIP, IS WHAT COUNTS.
These are features of our firm.**

New Assortment of Gent's Furnishings. Latest Designs.

**A. D. KENNEDY,
Merchant Tailor and Gent's Furnisher,
—LACHUTE—**

A UCTION SALE—There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of William Joss, Dalesville, on Friday, 25th November, 1898, the following effects—

Twelve milk cows, one hay cart, one tombril cart, buggy, wheelbarrow, plow, set of wooden harrows, a stone bolt, pr. of rob sleds, long double sled, single light sled, cutter, horse-rake, mowing machine, fanning mill, scythes, rakes, hay-forks, 2 barrels, 125 sap cans and spouts, a lot of milk pans, set of double harness, set of cart harness, a lot of odd harness, 4 log chains, pair of leather traces, pair of chain traces, set of whippie trees, a lot of clevises, riding saddle, 2 hoes, step ladder for orchard, a dozen cow ties, cow bell and strap, crowbar, pick, shovel cant-hook, 3 cross-cut saws, a lot of carpenter's tools; new washing machine, grindstone, watering can, about 30 tons of hay, neckyoke, cooler, scalding trough, and part of the household goods, comprising tables, chairs, bunks, cupboards, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—Five dollars and under Cash, over that amount ten months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH,

LACHUTE GRIST MILLS.

The undersigned having again leased the Lachute Grist Mills, from J. C. Wilson & Co., are now prepared to do all kinds of gristing, etc., and guarantee full satisfaction.

We keep always on hand Flour and Feed of all kinds, Oatmeal, Pot Barley, and Buckwheat Flour, Bran, and Shorts.

P. CAMPBELL & Co.

TELEPHONE NO. 44.

Orders delivered anywhere in the town.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The best and most popular route to Toronto, Niagara Falls, London, Detroit, Chicago, and all points in the United States and Canada.

Fast Express Trains leave Montreal for Toronto and the West as follows—

Daily.	Ex. Sun.
Live. MONTREAL..... 9.00 a.m.	10.25 p.m.
Arr. TORONTO..... 5.30 p.m.	7.15 a.m.
Arr. HAMILTON..... 6.35 p.m.	8.45 a.m.
Arr. NIAGARA FALLS..... 8.40 p.m.	10.55 a.m.
Arr. BUFFALO..... 10.00 p.m.	12.00 n/n
Arr. LONDON..... 3.10 a.m.	11.30 p.m.
Arr. DETROIT..... 6.15 a.m.	2.00 p.m.
Arr. CHICAGO..... 7.00 p.m.	9.10 p.m.

On Sundays leaves Montreal at 8.00.

The above trains make close connection at Chicago with fast express trains for St. Paul, Winnipeg, and all points in the Western States, including California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and the Pacific Coast.

The Grand Trunk Railway System is also the most direct route to Portland, Boston, and all points in the New England States, also to New York.

For tickets, reservation of space in sleepers apply to—

J. M. DORION, Lachute or St. Philippe or to
D. WILLIAMSON, Grenville, Pro. Que.

Collars. - Collars.

The undersigned has a few heavy cloth and leather collars that he will sell at \$1.75 each, also farm produce taken for repairing.

WM. CRESWELL,
Clvde St., Lachute

AGENTS

WANTED:—Farmers' sons or other industrious persons of fair education, to whom \$40 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.

T. H. LINSCOTT, TORONTO.

The War With Spain is Nearly Over, but Ours is Just Beginning.

We have on hand a lot of

READY-MADE SUITS

that we shall sell during the next 30 days at Slaughtering Prices for Cash Only. Space will not permit us to quote many prices, but the following will convince you that these are Real Bargains:

\$5.00 Suits for	\$3.75	\$9.00 Suits for	\$6.75
6.50 "	5.00	10.00 "	7.50
.50 "	5.75	11.00 "	8.50
8.00 "	6.00		

Boys' and Children's Suits reduced accordingly.

The balance of our Ladies' Skirt Waists at less than cost. Now is your time to secure one cheap.

Scotch Ginghams, Muslins, and all Fancy Dress Goods from 14c to 28c for 10c.

New Fall Dress Goods are arriving daily in Beautiful Colourings and Patterns. Priestly's Black Goods in plain and figured are beauties:

McFAUL BROS.

GRAND

Fall & Winter Opening.

I
HAVE
JUST
RECEIVED

The Nicest Hat that could be caught, and the cheapest. A visit is solicited.

A Big Stock of Cloaking, of all kinds and colors.

Men's Working Boots from \$1 up.

Men's Fine Rubbers for 40 cents.

Scotch Tweeds for 40 cts. yd. all wool.

Gent's Underwear all wool, \$1 a set up

Beautiful Dress Goods, Double Width, for 28 cents.

A CALL WILL PAY ANYONE.

J. D. LALONDE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL

LOVE AND WAR

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.
By MARY J. HOLMES.

To Rose it was some consolation that Tom was captain of his company, and that his soldiers were taken from the finest families in Boston. This was far better than if he had gone as a private, which of course he would not do. He was too proud for that, and she could never have forgiven him the disgrace. Still, viewed in any light, it was very sad, for Tom had been to Rose more like a father than a brother. He was the pride, the head of the Carleton family, upon whom herself and mother had leaned, the one since the day of her widowhood, and the other since she could remember. He it was who had petted and caressed, and spoiled her up to the very hour when, at the altar, he had given her away to Will. He it was, too, who had been the arbiter of all the childish differences which had arisen between herself and Jimmie, teasing, naughty Jimmie, wandering now no one knew where, if indeed he were alive. And at the thought of Jimmie, with his saucy eyes and handsome face, her tears flowed afresh. What if he were living and should join the army, like Tom? It would be more than she could bear, and for a long time after her husband left her, Rose sat weeping over the picture she drew of both her brothers slain on some bloody battle-field. The shadow of war was beginning to enfold her, and brought with it a new and strange sympathy for those who, like herself, had brothers in the army.

Again remembering Annie Graham, she sprang up, exclaiming to herself, "I'll go this very afternoon. She'll be so glad to know what Tom thinks of George!" and ere long Rose was picking her way daintily through the narrow street which led to the cottage in the Hollow. It was superior to most of the dwellings upon that street, and Rose was struck at once with the air of neatness and thrift apparent in everything around it, from the nicely painted fence to the little garden with its plats of flowers just budding into beauty.

"They have seen better days, I am sure, or else Mrs. Graham's social position was above her husband's," was Rose's mental comment, as she lifted the gate latch and passed up the narrow walk, catching a glimpse, through the open window, of a sweet, pale face, and of a thick stout figure, flying through the opposite door, as if anxious to avoid being seen.

Poor Annie had been very sick, and more than once the physician who attended her had suggested sending for her husband, but Annie, though missing him sadly, and longing for him more than any one could guess, always opposed it, begging of Widow Simms, who of her own accord went to nurse her, not to write anything which would alarm him in the least. So George, ever hopeful, ever looking on the sunny side, thought of his blue-eyed wife as a little bit sick, and nervous it might be, but not dangerous at all, and wrote to her kind, loving, cheering letters, which did much to keep her courage from dying within her. Annie was better now, was just in that state of convalescence when she found it very hard to lie all day long, watching Widow Simms as she bustled out and in, setting the chairs in a row with their six backs square against the wall, and their six fronts opposite the table, stand and bureau, also in a row. She was just wishing some one would come, when the swinging of the gate and the widow's exclamation, "Oh, the land, if that stuck up thing ain't comin'," announced the approach of Rose Mather.

"I'll make myself missin' for mercy knows I don't want to hear none of your secession stuff. It fairly makes my blood bile!" was the widow's next comment; and gathering up her knitting she hurried into the kitchen, leaving Annie to receive her visitor alone.

Not waiting for her knock to be answered, Rose entered at the open door, and advanced at once into the room where Annie was, her fair hair pushed back from her forehead, her blue eyes usually brilliant, and her face scarcely less white than the pillow on which it lay. Rose had an eye for the beautiful, and after the first words of greeting were over, she broke out in her impulsive way—

"Why, Mrs. Graham, how handsome you are looking! Just like the apple blossoms. I wish your husband could see you now. I'm sure he wouldn't stay there another hour. I think it's cruel in him, don't you?"

The tears came at once to Annie's eyes, and her voice was very low as she replied:

"George does not know how sick I have been, neither do I wish to have him. It would only make his burden heavier to bear, and I try to care more for his comfort than my own."

This was a phase of selfishness wholly new to Rose, and for an instant she was silent, then remembering Tom's letter, she seated herself upon the foot of the bed, and throwing aside her bonnet, took the letter from her pocket, telling Annie as she did so that she, too, was now interested in the war, and in every one whose friends had gone.

"I never knew how it felt before," she said; "and I've made a heap of silly speeches, I know. Don't you remember that time in the Hall, when I talked about your husband being shot? I am sorry, but I do think he's more likely to be picked off than Tom, who is not nearly as tall. You are faint, ain't you?" she added, as she saw how deathly pale Annie grew, while the drops of perspiration stood thickly about her lips.

"Simpleton, simpleton!" muttered Widow Simms, listening through the keyhole in the kitchen, while Annie whispered:

"Please don't talk that way, Mrs. Mather. I know George is very tall, but unless God wills it otherwise, the bullets will pass him by as well as others."

Rose saw she had done mischief again, by her thoughtless way of speaking, and eager to repair the wrong, she bent over Annie and said:

"I am sorry. I'm always doing something foolish. You are faint; shan't I tell the servant to bring you some water? She's in the kitchen. I suppose," and ere Annie could explain, Rose had darted into the next little kitchen where Widow Simms was stooping over the stove and kindling a fire, with which to make the evening tea.

"Girl, girl, Mrs. Graham wants some water. Hurry and bring it quick, will you?"

Rose called out a little peremptorily, for there was something rather suggestive of defiance in the square, straight back which never moved a particle in answer to the command.

"Deaf or hateful," was Rose's mental comment, and as it might possibly be the former, she wished she knew the girl's name, as that would be more apt to attract her.

Most every Irish girl is Bridget," she thought to herself, "and I guess this one is. Any way she acts like the girl that used to order mother out doors, so I'll venture upon that name."

"Bridget, Bridget!" and this time the voice was decidedly authoritative in its tone, but what more Rose might have added was cut short by the widow, who dropped the griddle with a bang, and turning sharply round, replied:

"There's no Bridget here, and if it's me you mean, I am Mrs. Joseph Simms!"

Rose had good reason for remembering Mrs. Simms, and coloring crimson, she tried to apologize:

"I beg your pardon; I did not see your face. I supposed everybody kept a girl; and your back looked like—"

"Don't make the matter any worse," interrupted the widow, smiling in spite of herself at Rose's attempt to excuse her blunder. "You thought from my dress that I was a hired girl, and so I was in my younger days, and I don't feel none the wiser for it neither. Miss Graham's faint is she?"

She had time to get over it, I think. Here's the water," and filling a gourd shell she handed it to Rose, who, in her admiration of the, to her, novel drinking cup, came near forgetting Annie.

But Annie did not care, for the encounter between the widow and Rose had done her quite as much good as the water could, and Rose found her laughing the first really hearty laugh she had enjoyed since George went away.

"It's just like me," Rose said, as she resumed her seat by Annie, listening intently while she told how kind the Widow Simms had been, coming every day to stay with her, and only leaving her at night because Annie insisted that she should.

"I like Mrs. Simms!" was Rose's vehement exclamation, "and am glad Tom said what he did about Isaac, who used to saw our wood. I did not tell you, did I? And there's something real nice about your husband, too. I mean to call her in while I read it, and Rose ran out to the wood-shed, where the widow was now splitting a pine board for kindling, the newspaper she at first had used, having burned entirely out.

Rose's manner and voice were very conciliatory as she said:

"Please Mrs. Simms, come in and listen while I read what brother Tom has written about Mr. Graham and your Isaac, something perfectly splendid. Tom has volunteered and gone to Washington, you know."

It was strange how those few words changed the widow's opinion of Rose. The fact that Thomas Carleton, whom the Rockland people fancied was a Secessionist, had joined the Federal army, did much toward effecting this change, but not so much as the fact that he had actually noticed her boy, and spoken of him in a letter.

"Miss Mather ain't so bad after all," she thought, and striking her axe into the log, she followed Rose to the sitting-room, listening eagerly while she read the few sentences pertaining to George and Isaac. They were as follows:

"By the way, Will, I find there's a company here from Rockland. Fine appearing fellows, too, most of them are, and under good discipline. I am especially pleased with the second lieutenant. He's a magnificent looking man, and attracts attention wherever he goes."

"That's George, you know," and Rose, quite as much pleased as Annie herself, nodded toward the latter whose pale cheek flushed with pride at hearing her husband thus spoken of by Rose Mather's brother.

"Yes, but Isaac," interrupted the widow. "Whereabouts does he come in?"

"Oh, pretty soon I'll get to him. There's more about George yet," answered Rose, as she resumed her reading.

"I had the pleasure of talking with him yesterday, and found him very intelligent and sensible. If we had more men like him, success would be sure and speedy. He has about him a great deal of fun and humor, which go far toward keeping up the spirits of his company, and some of the poor

fellows need it sadly. There's a young boy in the ranks, Isaac Simms, who interests me greatly."

"Oh-h!" and the widow drew a long sigh as Rose continued:

"I wonder he was ever suffered to come, he seems so young, so girl-like and so gentle. Still he does a great deal of good, Lieut. Graham tells me, by visiting the sick and sharing with them any delicacy he happens to have. He's rather homesick, I imagine, for when I asked him if he had a mother, his chin quivered in a moment, and I saw the tears standing in his eyes. Poor boy, I can't account for the interest I took in him. Heaven grant that if we come to open fight he may not fall a victim."

"Yes, yes, my boy, my darling boy," and burying her face in her hand, the widow sobbed aloud.

"I thank you Miss Mather for reading me that," she said, and I thank your brother for writing it. Tell him so will you. Tell him I'm nothing but a cross, sour-grained, snappish old woman, but I have a mother's heart, and I bless him for speaking so kindly of my boy."

Rose's tears fell fast as she folded up the letter, and Annie's kept company with them. There was a bond of sympathy now between the three, as they talked together of the soldiers, Mrs. Simms and Annie devising various methods by which they might be benefited, and Rose wishing she, too, could do something for them.

"But I can't," she said, despairingly. "I never did anybody any real good in all my life, only bothered them," and Rose sighed as she thought how useless and aimless was her present mode of life.

"You'll learn by and by," said the widow, in a tone unusually soft for her; then, as if the sock she held in her lap had suggested the idea, she continued, "Can you knit?"

Rose shook her head.

"Nor your mother, neither?"

Again Rose shook her head, feeling quite ashamed that she should lack this accomplishment.

"Well," the widow went on, "taint much use to learn now. 'Twould take a year to git one stocking done, but if when winter comes, that brother of yours wants socks and mittens, or the like of that, tell him I'll knit 'em for him."

"Oh, you are so kind!" cried Rose, thinking to herself, how she'd send Widow Simms some pineapple preserves such as she had with dessert that day.

They grew to liking each other very fast after this, and Rose staid until the little round table was arranged for tea and rolled to Annie's bedside. There was no plate for Rose, the widow having deemed it preposterous that she should stay, but the table looked so cosy, with its tiny black teapot, and its nicely buttered toast, that Rose invited herself, with such a pretty patronizing way, that the widow failed to see the condescension it implied. It did not, however, escape Annie's observation, but she could not feel angry with the little lady touching her bone-handled knife as if she were afraid of it, and looking round in quest of the napkin she failed to find, for Widow Simms had banished napkins from the table as superfluous articles, which answered no earthly purpose, save the putting of an extra four cents into the pocket of the washerwoman, Harry Baker's mother.

It was growing late, and the sunset shadows were already creeping into the Hollow when Rose bade Annie goodbye, promising to come again and wondering as she took her homeward way, whence came the calm, quiet peace which made Annie Graham so happy, even though her husband were far away in the midst of danger and death.

And so were many others whom Rose had heard that Annie was a Christian, and so were many others whom she knew, but they were much like herself—good, well-meaning, people, amiable and submissive when everything went to suit them, but let their husbands once join the army and they would make quite as much fuss as she, who did not profess to be anything.

And then, for the first time in her life, Rose wished she, too, could learn Love and War.

from Annie's teacher, and so have something to sustain her in case her husband should go. But he wouldn't go, and if he did, all the religion in the world could not make her resigned, and the tears sprang to Rose's eyes as she hurried up the handsome walk to the piazza, where Will sat smoking his cigar in the hazy twilight. She told him where she had been, and then sitting upon his knee told him of Annie, wishing she could be like her, and asking if he did not wish so too.

Will made no direct reply. His thoughts were evidently elsewhere, and after a few minutes he said, hesitatingly:

"Would it break my darling's heart if I should join Tom at Washington?"

There was a cry of horror, and Rose hid her face in her husband's bosom.

"Oh, Will, Will, you shan't; you can't, you musn't and won't! I didn't know you ever thought of such a cruel thing. Don't you love me any more? I'll try to do better, I certainly will!" and Rose nestled closer to him, holding his hands just as Annie Graham had once held her husband's.

"You could not be much better, neither could I love you more than I do now, Rose, darling," Mr. Mather replied, kissing her childish brow. "But, Rose, be reasonable once, and listen while I tell you how, ever since the fall of Sumter, I have thought the time would come, when I should be needed, resolving too, that when it came, it should not find me a second Sardanapalus!"

The sudden lifting of Rose's head, and her look of perplexed inquiry, showed that notwithstanding the fanciful ornament styled a Diploma lying in her writing-desk, Sardanapalus had not the honour of being numbered among her acquaintances. But her heart was too full to ask an explanation, and her husband continued:

"Besides that, there was a mutual understanding between Tom and myself, that if one went the other would,

and he has gone,—nobly laying aside all the party prejudice which for a time influenced his conduct. Our country needs more men."

"Yes, yes," gasped Rose; "but more have gone. There's scarcely a boy left in town, and it's just so everywhere."

Mr. Mather smiled as he replied:

"I know the boys have gone,—boys whose fair, beardless faces should put to shame, a strong, full-grown man like me. And another class, too, have gone, our laboring young men, leaving behind them poverty and little helpless children, whereas I have nothing of that kind for an excuse."

"Oh, I wish I had a dozen children, if that would keep you!" cried Rose, the insane idea flashing upon her that she would at once adopt a score or more of those she had seen playing in the muddy Hollow that afternoon.

Mr. Mather smiled, and continued:

"Suppose you try and accustom yourself to the idea of living a while without me. I shall not die until my appointed time, and shall undoubtedly come back again. Don't you see?"

No, Rose didn't. Her heart was too full of pain to see how going to war was just as sure a method of prolonging one's life as staying at home, and she sobbed passionately, one moment accusing her husband of not loving her as he used to, and the next begging of him to abandon his wild project.

Mr. Mather was a man of firm decision, and long before he broached the subject to his wife, his mind had been made up that his country called for him,—not for somebody else,—but for him personally; that if the rebellion were to be crushed out, men of wealth and influence must help to crush it, not alone by remaining at home and urging others on, though this were an important part, but by actually joining in the combat, and by their presence cheering and inspiring others.

And Mr. Mather was going, too,—had in fact, already made arrangements to that effect, and neither the tears nor entreaties of his young wife could avail to change his purpose. But he did not tell her so that night; he would rather come to it gradually, taking a different course from that which George Graham had pursued, for where George had left the decision wholly to his wife, Mr. Mather had taken it wholly upon himself making it first and telling Rose afterwards. It was better so, he thought, and having said all to her that he wished to say on that occasion, he tried to divert her mind into another channel. But Rose was not to be diverted. It had come upon her like a thunderbolt,—the thing she so much dreaded,—and she wept bitterly, seeing in the future, which only a few hours before looked so bright, and joyous, nothing but impenetrable gloom, for she could read her husband tolerably well, and she intuitively felt that she had lost him,—that he was going from her, never to come back, she knew. She should be a widow before she was nineteen, and the host of summer dresses she meant to buy when she went back to Boston, changed into a widow's sombre weeds, as Rose saw herself arrayed in the habiliments of mourning. What a fright she looked to herself in the widow's cap, with which her vivid imagination disfigured her chestnut hair, and she shuddered afresh as she thought how hideous she was in black.

To Be Continued.

FLASHES OF FUN.

She—Now, dear, we must begin to economize. He—All right. Begin by making the bread lighter.

Always—Little Robbie—Pa, what's a man of the people? Pa—A candidate for office before election day.

I have proposed to her just twelve times and shall not propose another time. How superstitious you are, Mr. Binks.

So Alice has decided finally to marry an officer? Yes, she captured him in what she positively declares to be her last engagement.

Y.—Do you think like ever lies about the fish he catches? C.—No, I don't; but I think he lies about the fish he doesn't catch.

Hicks—You want to know if Innerby loves that girl? Why, he actually loves her faults. Wicks—Lucky girl! She has so many.

Of a man's wise, said Uncle Eben, he's bound ter run up agin lots o' questions dat he can't answer. But if he's smart he won't own up to it. Love is not blind; nay 'tis not so; Deep in my soul this truth I know, Madge loves me well, but makes outcry.

At every necktie that I buy.

Miss La Fitte—Mr. Spooner is a model husband. De Witte—Yes; they say he treats his wife as if he were a candidate for election and she were a voter.

Mary—Teacher says history repeats itself. Tommy—Well, I guess it don't. And a feller's got to do some party hard scrappin' to be able to repeat it himself.

I see, said the Cumminsville Sage, that there are three varieties of dogs that never bark, but I never had the luck to keep next door to one of them; never yet.

Just by the way of a hint, you know, I told her she looked sweet enough to kiss. Well, Well, she said that was the way she intended to look. And so—Precisely.

Doyou think she really loved him? She ought to be grateful to him at least. Since she won her breach of promise suit she has been the most popular young woman in town.

I guess I'm willin' to go, said the farmer, when they told him his hours would be but few. It is just a change from havin' my nose to the grindstone to havin' it to the tombstone.

CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM.

HOW THE DISEASE IS DEVELOPED AND CAN BE AVOIDED.

For Years This Troublesome Afflicted Physiciana Skill—Now Understood and Easily Cured—The Result of Scientific Research. From the Advance, Kemptville, Ont.

There is a popular idea that rheumatism is caused by exposure to cold, and that some localities are infected with it more than others. Scientists say that such conditions frequently promote disease, but from the fact that this ailment runs in certain families, it is shown to be hereditary, and consequently a disease of the blood.

Frequently an individual in whose family rheumatism has not occurred, develops the disease, and when a diagnosis of the case is made, it is generally found that the ailment is due to a derangement of the blood.

One such sufferer who has been cured is Capt. D. W. Becket, who lives in the township of Oxford, Grenville County. Capt. Becket is the owner of 275 acres, and lives in a beautiful farm home on the banks of the Rideau, some three miles from Kemptville. In addition to being a thrifty farmer, Mr. Becket has taken an enthusiastic interest in our volunteer force, and has graduated from the military college at Toronto with a first class certificate, which entitles him to the rank of Major. To a reporter of the Kemptville Advance, Capt. Becket made the following statement:—"Four years ago I was taken suddenly with rheumatism in both my elbows and thigh joints. The pain at times was something terrible. I took medicine and doctored for over six months, but continued to grow worse and worse. My arms from the elbow joints to the tips of the fingers became numb and had a prickly sensation, and I was unable to do any work; in fact I could not lift my hand to my head. The pain I suffered in my hips was almost unbearable and my legs were nearly as useless as my arms. I had frequently read testimonials where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured this disease, and at last I thought I would try them as an experiment. Before I had completed the first box I felt they were helping me, and after I had taken the pills a little more than a month, the pain had entirely left me, and I felt an altogether different man. I feel satisfied there is no other medicine could have wrought such a speedy cure, and I can truthfully say I met the enemy and defeated him through the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces—such as: Vitis dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressing and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box you purchase bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

THE WORLD'S CREDITOR.

English Gold Invested in Every Corner of the Globe.

It was with very good reason that the Britisher is regarded abroad as a sort of walking money-bag. There is scarcely a spot on the globe, civilized or uncivilized, where his capital is not sunk in some enterprise, and the total amount of John Bull's foreign investments is something marvellous, says an English paper.

For many years past the sum lent by England to foreign Governments and municipalities, and invested in all sorts of industrial undertakings, is calculated to amount to a little short of £40,000,000 a year, or about £1 per head of the population.

As nearly as can be estimated Great Britain has close on £110,000,000 invested in land and mortgage companies.

This country has financed railways in India, Canada, Australia, various European, African, and South American countries, and even in the wealthy United States to the tune of about £120,000,000.

When national governments live beyond their income they generally come over here for a loan, and they are always sure to get it. In this way the colonies and foreign countries have borrowed from England the enormous sum of close on £800,000,000, while the bodies corresponding to English county councils and corporations owe nearly £25,000,000 more.

Curiously, while London is on the eve of a tragedy for want of water, many foreign waterworks companies are working on its capital. So are the gas companies, tramway companies, and telegraph companies. And the total of British gold sunk in these undertakings amounts to about £25,000,000.

Altogether, there is about £110,000,000 of this country's wealth invested in foreign and colonial banks.

Moreover, it is calculated that Englishmen have about £270,000,000 sunk in private investments.

So that, in addition to having more money at home than England knows what to do with it has £1,850,000,000 to its credit abroad.

About the House.

HOLLYHOCKS.

They rise beyond the fountain rocks.
These spinsters robed in dainty frocks.
So stately, prim and tall;
Their hue the very rainbow mocks—
These quaint, old-fashioned hollyhocks
Against my garden wall.

Their crimson e'en the rose defies;
Their pink is like the morning skies.

While yet the sun is low;
And if we turn away our eyes
They hold us with their witcheries
And will not let us go.

Too coarse to cull for a bouquet,
And lacking fragrance, yet do they
Compel us still to see;
And as the breezes make them sway,
What ribboned maidens are so gay
In dance upon the lea!

And when I look the garden through,
Aid, mark, against the mountain's blue.

The moon upon them bright,
I know not how it is with you,
But as for me it is a true
And exquisite delight.

The hands that set these posies here
Are turned to dust this many a year—
So soon our dearest die!
O Memory, in this nether sphere,
What art thou but a constant tear
That rises to Love's eye!

SAID OF FLOWERS.

"For the last two or three days I have found scattered stalks of the cardinal flower, the gorgeous scarlet of which it is a joy even to remember. The world is made brighter and sunnier by flowers of such a hue. Even perfume, which otherwise is the soul and spirit of a flower, may be spared when it arrays itself in this scarlet glory. It is a flower of thought and feeling, too; it seems to have its roots deep down in the hearts of those who gaze at it. Other bright flowers sometimes impress me as wanting sentiment, but not so with this."—Hawthorne.

"Beside a ditch in the field beyond we find the great blue lobelia and near it, amid the weeds, and wild grasses and purple asters, the most beautiful of our flowers, the fringed gentian. What a rare and delicate, almost aristocratic, look the gentian has among its coarse, unkempt surroundings! It does not lure the bee, but it lures and holds every passing human eye."—Burroughs.

"The pearl everlasting is an interesting white at present. Though the stem and branches are still green it is dry and unwithering like, an everlasting flower; its white flexuous stem and branches, too, like wire wound with cotton. Its amarantine is instead of high color. Its very brown center now affects me as a fresh and original color. It monopolizes small circles in the midst of sweet fern, perchance, on a dry hillside."—Thoreau.

"Who knows not silver-rod, the lovely and revered old age of golden-rod—also golden-rod beautified and sainted, looking moonlit and misty even in the sunshine! In this soft canescent after-bloom beginning at the apex of the flower cluster and gradually spreading downward, the eye finds an agreeable relief from the recent dazzle of yellow splendor. I almost forget that the herb is not literally in bloom; that it is no longer ministered to by sunshine and dew."—Edith M. Thomas.

THE WARNING OF A LIMP.

There are two extremes, into one or the other of which many mothers fall—that of over-solicitude for their children, a fussiness and a tendency to coddle them and to run with them to the doctor for every ache or pain; and that of careless inattention to a child's complaint of feeling poorly or to injuries received in rough play.

In the first case the child is in danger of developing into an irritable, selfish valetudinarian, while the mother, by her worry, destroys the happiness of what ought to be the sweetest part of a woman's life, and is in danger also of driving herself into a condition of nervous invalidism.

On the other hand, a mother who habitually dismisses without a second thought every complaint by her child of discomfort or pain, or who thinks it will make her boy more manly if she schools herself not to betray sympathy for him in his physical troubles, runs the serious risk of ignoring some incipient ill, which, if taken in time, may be arrested, but if neglected may develop into a lifelong affliction.

Of these two extremes the former is attended with by far the more serious danger to the child, but the latter is not without its perils.

There is one symptom, especially, that should never be passed over lightly in a child, and that is a limp—especially one that is intermittent. It may be nothing more serious than a slight sprain or a "stone-bruise," or perhaps mere footsoreness from unworn tramps over rough roads. It may be due to a little muscular soreness or rheumatism, or to a passing stiffness in a joint resulting from over-exercise; but—and this is where its seriousness lies—it may be the earliest symptom of hip disease.

This painful and crippling disease often, indeed usually, begins with an apparently insignificant limp, which comes and goes for perhaps several months before any other symptom of the malady shows itself. It is often attributed by the parents, and sometimes by the physician, to one or other of the above-mentioned causes or to a simple habit, and as it is usually un-



THE RIOTS IN THE PARIS STREETS.

accompanied by pain it is neglected until finally other severe symptoms show, perhaps too late for cure, what the real trouble is.

A limp that comes and goes repeatedly, especially when the child cannot explain why he walks lame, is a danger-signal that even the strongest advocate of the "toughening" system ought to heed.

BILLS OF FARE FOR BABY.

A writer gives the following suggestions, which mothers will appreciate, for feeding the baby. These bills of fare will agree with any healthy child of from twelve months to two and a half years of age:

Milk to drink. Half a saucerful of oatmeal with a little butter and salt. Half a saucerful of oatmeal with cream and sugar. A few teaspoonfuls of strained prune juice.

Thoroughly mashed potato, with a little butter, cream and salt. A thick strip of rare beefsteak to suck, should be allowed only the juice. A few teaspoonfuls of finely scraped apple. Milk to drink.

Half of a soft-boiled egg. Milk toast. Baby tea—made of milk and warm water in equal proportions, with sugar and a drop of vanilla.

Bread and milk. Two teaspoonfuls of fine-grained apple sauce. Half a slice of bread with beefsteak gravy.

Half a saucerful of rice with butter and salt. Half a saucerful of rice with cream and sugar. Two or three teaspoonfuls of orange juice. Milk to drink.

Half a teaspoonful of beef tea. Crackers and milk. Third of a slice of bread with pure maple syrup.

A little strained fig syrup, if constipated, made by boiling figs in water with sugar. Mush and milk. Small slice of bread and butter without crust.

A teaspoonful of the breast of chicken or turkey, minced very fine. Toast and Milk. Small lump of sugar for dessert.

Oatmeal, crackers and milk. Baked potato, cream, and salt. Whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

Half slice of buttered toast without crust. Bread and milk. Taste of custard, wine jelly, or melted vanilla, or chocolate ice cream.

A POINT FOR FOND MOTHERS.

Here is an effective method of relieving a child that has swallowed a morsel of food "down the windpipe." It has long been the fashion to slap the suffering youngster on the back without producing any special results. Fond mothers, in order to relieve their "poor darlings," should observe the following simple method:—Seize both hands of the child and hold his arms in a perpendicular position. The consequent widening of the chest will at once remove the cause of the discomfort.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

In a village near Frauenburg, Germany, there has been a curious succession in office since the beginning of the century. The schoolmaster there, as is common in Germany, is at the same time organist and sexton of the village church. For four generations up to 1895 the office has been held by the son-in-law of the previous holder. Then a married stranger was appointed, but he lost his wife and has just married the widowed daughter of his predecessor, thus carrying out the village tradition in the fifth generation.

NO COMPLAINTS.

Horse Dealer—Well, John, how about that horse I sold you? Was he quiet enough?

Undertaker—Well, sir, he did give us a little trouble at first. We put him in one of the mourning coaches, you know, and parties don't like to be shook up in their grief. But we've put him in the hearse now, and we haven't heard any complaint so far.

AN OBLIGING COOK.

Mistress—Mary, have I not seen a policeman in the kitchen nearly every evening this week?

Mary—To be course you have, mem, and mighty handy it is for yees to have a copper on hand in case yees should want one.

MADE HIMSELF A MACHINE

INTERESTING SKETCH OF LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

A Pen Picture of the Hero of the Soudan. Portraying His Character—His Life, His Methods, His Ambition.

In the London Daily Mail Mr. G. W. Stevens thus describes the Sirdar:—Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener, is 48 years old, by the book. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance, rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant.

Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long moustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike.

He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence of the whole man—a brain perfect and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extreme difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man.

MASTER OF THE ART.

He has turned himself to the management of war in the Soudan, and he is the complete and the only master of that art. Beginning life in the Royal Engineers—a soil reputed more favourable to machinery than to human nature—he early turned to the study of the Levant. He was one of Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor; he was subsequently director of the Palestine Exploration Fund. After that he surveyed Cyprus, whence he escaped—some whisper, without leave—to see the bombardment of Alexandria.

At the beginning of the Soudan troubles he appeared. He was one of the original twenty-five officers who set to work on the new Egyptian army. And in Egypt and the Soudan he has been ever since—on the staff generally fighting often, living with natives sometimes, mastering the problem of the Soudan always. The ripe harvest of fifteen years is that he knows everything that is to be learned of his subject. He has seen and profited by the errors of others as by their successes. He has inherited the wisdom and the achievements of his predecessors. He came at the right hour, and he was the right man. During the summer of 1897 he was at Korosko, negotiating with the Abadeh sheikhs in view of an advance across the desert to Abu Hamed, and note how characteristically he has now himself bettered the then abandoned project by going that way to Berber and Khartoum himself.

ONLY WITH A RAILWAY!

The idea of the advance across the desert he took over from Lord Wolseley, and indeed from the immortal Arabs; and then from his own stroke of insight and resolution, amounting to genius, he turned a raid into an irresistible certain conquest by super-seeding camels with the railway. Others had thought of the desert route; the Sirdar, connecting Korosko to Halfa, used it. Others had projected desert railways; the Sirdar made one. That, summarised in one instance, is the working of the Soudan machine.

In 1897 and 1898 he commanded Sudan, and it is remarkable that his most important enterprise was half a failure. He attacked Osman Digna at Handub, when most of the Emir's men

were away raiding; and although he succeeded in releasing a number of captives, he thought it well to retire himself wounded in the face by a bullet, without any decisive success.

The withdrawal was in no way creditable, for his force was a jumble of irregulars and levies without discipline. But it is not perhaps fanciful to believe that the Sirdar, who has never given battle without making certain of an annihilating victory, has not forgotten his experience of hazardous Bashi-Bazouking at Handub.

MEANT TO BE SIRDAR.

He had his revenge before the end of 1898, when he led a brigade of Soudanese over Osman's trenches at Gemalze. In 1899 he succeeded Sir Francis Grenfell as Sirdar. That he meant to be Sirdar in fact as well as name he showed immediately. The young Khedive travelled south to the frontier, and took the occasion to insult every British officer he came across. Kitchener promptly gave battle; he resigned, a crisis came, and the Khedive was obliged to do public penance, by issuing a general order in praise of the discipline of the army and of its British officers.

Two years later he began the reconquest of the Soudan. Without a single throw-back the work has gone forward since—but not without intervals. The Sirdar is never in a hurry. With immovable self-control he holds back from each step until the ground is consolidated under the last.

The real fighting power of the Soudan lies in the country itself, in its barrenness, which refuses food, and its vastness, which paralyzes transport. The Soudan machine obviates barrenness and vastness; the bayonet action has piled the bank with supplies, or the steamer action can run with a full Nile. Fighting men may chafe and go down with typhoid and cholera; they are in the iron grip of the machine, and they must wait the turn of its wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder, passing from apprehension to security. Then suddenly at daybreak one morning they see the Sirdar advancing upon them from all sides together, and by noon they are nearly all dead. Patient and swift, certain and relentless, the Soudan machine rolls conquering southward.

STRICT BUT YET POPULAR.

In the meantime, during all the years of preparation and achievement, the man has disappeared. The man, Herbert Kitchener, owned the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world, there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it.

His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers in his army; marriage interferes with work. Any officer who breaks down with the climate goes on sick leave once; next time he goes and the Egyptian army bears him on its strength no more.

And if you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. When the columns move out of camp in the evening to march all night through the dark, they know not whither, and fight at dawn with an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind. He may personally come back and he may not; but about the general result there is not a doubt. You bet your boots the Sirdar knows, he wouldn't fight if he weren't going to win. Other generals have been loved; none was ever better trusted.

For of this one human weakness the Sirdar is believed not to have purged himself—ambition. He is on his promotion, a man who cannot afford to make a mistake. Homilies against ambition may be left to those who have failed in their own; the Sirdar's, if apparently purely personal, is legitimate and even lofty. He has attained eminent distinction at an exceptionally early age; he has commanded victorious armies at an early age when most men are hoping to command regiments. Even now junior Major-General, he has been entrusted with an army of six brigades, a command such as few of his seniors have ever led in the field.

HE WILL NOT FALL.

Finally, he has been entrusted with a mission such as almost every one of them would have greedily accepted—the crowning triumph of half a generation at war. Naturally, he has awakened jealousies, and he has bought permission to take each step on the way

only by brilliant success in the last, if in this case he be not so stiffly unbending to the high, as he is to the low, who shall blame him? He has climbed too high not to take every precaution against a fall.

But he will not fall—just yet, at any rate. So far as Egypt is concerned, he is the man of destiny—the man who has been preparing himself sixteen years for one great purpose. For Anglo-Egypt he is the Mahdi, the expected, the man who has sifted experience and corrected error; who has worked at small things and waited for great, marble to sit still and fire to smite; steadfast, cold, and inflexible; the man who has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine to re-take Khartoum.

OUR NAVAL STRENGTH.

Britain's Position Unassailable By a Single Enemy.

In view of the present situation it may point a moral if attention is drawn to the strong naval position of England in Europe, and to the reinforcements which could at short notice be added to the British fleet says the London Daily Mail. M. Guyot has told us in the *Siecle* that a war with England would infallibly conduct to a new Sedan, and facts justify him in this startling prophecy.

In the Channel the forces of England and France stand as follows:

	England.	France.
Battleships	8	6
Cruisers	4	4
Torpedo craft	2	4

The port guard squadron of four battleships and one torpedo gunboat dispersed yesterday, though hopes had been expressed that it would be strengthened. England, has, however, in commission, with reduced crews, eleven battleships, four cruisers, eight torpedo gunboats and eighteen destroyers, but these ships are very much scattered, one battleship or cruiser being stationed at each of the important ports.

At short notice the French fleet could be reinforced by three or four old coast defence ships, as many cruisers, and sixty or seventy torpedo boats. The British fleet

COULD BE FURTHER REINFORCED by three or four old battleships, eight first-class cruisers, twenty second-class, ten third-class, and some thirty destroyers.

In the Mediterranean the forces are as under—

	England.	France.
Battleships	10	6
Cruisers	11	10
Torpedo craft	13	9

while England has in reserve two old ironclads and a dozen torpedo boats, and France three battleships and about sixty torpedo boats. The French squadron could be quickly reinforced by four more good but small battleships and three or four cruisers.

England has at the present time, besides the ships enumerated above, a torpedo ram, a torpedo depot ship, and two cruisers in the Mediterranean. The last two have just been relieved.

The battleships off the French Mediterranean fleet are, though few in number, all new and very fast. Le Yacht, the leading French naval paper, says of them, "They are of extraordinary offensive and defensive strength. They would have no reason to fear an equal number of adversaries belonging to a foreign fleet."

Of the six, four have steamed at seventeen knots for twenty-four hours, and are faster than any completed British battleship in European waters. They have done this with their full load. The other two are slower.

Our greatest danger in the Mediterranean is the way in which our fleet is scattered. At such a juncture our ships—which are none too numerous in that sea—might well be concentrated. Perhaps such a concentration is already quietly taking place.

England has one new and fast battleship—the *Canopus*—nearly ready. But for the unhappy strike she and two of her sisters would by now have been at sea.

Given time and a sufficiency of officers, England could add to her strength, besides the above ships, three armoured cruisers, twenty old battleships, mostly armed with muzzle-loaders, ten fine cruisers, and twelve destroyers. She could also strengthen her fleet by the purchase of ships building for foreign powers in England, and now near completion. Of these there are several available.

SPECIAL FROM KINGSTON.

Mr Editor:—Please inform your readers that we wish to place in their hands, pre-paid a free sample of an absolute cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Irritable Throat, &c. It is neither a snuff, nor a wash, nor an ointment, but a pleasant remedy which is carried by atmospheric air to every part of the throat, lungs and nasal passages. For trial bottle of this famous preparation and inhaler. Address, N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

In Danger All the Time.—I would be afraid to place much reliance upon him at a critical moment. He looks like a man unaccustomed to danger. Nonsense! Why he lives on the line of a trolley road.

Clarence—I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel like a fool to-night. Myrtle—Now I know he was wrong. Clarence—Who was wrong? Myrtle—The man that said looks are deceiving.

UNCLE SAM NEVER PAYS

A DEBT IF HE CAN HELP IT BY
HOOK OR BY CROOK.

He Owes All Classes of People for Every
Sort of Thing, But Will Not Balance
Accounts So Long as He Can Avoid
It.

Our government makes money in di-
vers scaly ways, says the Chicago Times.
For one thing, it's the worst hand to pay
its debts of anybody, public or private.
It will cheat you every chance it gets.
It will refuse to settle up at times. Then
it will refuse to pay after it's settled up.
It owes all sorts of people for all sorts
of things. It has never paid for the
Dolphin. It owes still for the dome on
the Capitol. It owes white men, negroes
and Indians. It owes Americans and
foreigners. Everything it can get out of
paying in the way of debt it invariably
does. Millions are due to people
from the government on claims which
have been passed on, allowed, and or-
dered paid. In a myriad of instances
the lucky fellow never knew it, never
found it out. Nor is he notified by the
government. Indeed the effort of Uncle
Sam is to keep him in ignorance and as
a result never be called on for the money.
It is an open, iron rule in the Treasury
Department that if an employe or clerk
notify anybody that money for any cause
is coming to him from the government
the good-natured informant is to be in-
stantly dismissed. So much does the
Nation dislike to pay its honest debts
that it would incalculably decapitate
a clerk who opened the eyes of some
ignorant creditor to the fact that money
was coming to him. Now that may
not be a pleasing statement for a proud
American to believe, but we have in-
vestigated and declare that that's about
the way it stands.

There is one source of money making
constantly flowing a profit to the Nation
which depends on the misfortunes of
others rather than the concealment of
active dishonesty of the government.
This is when money is lost or destroyed
by private individuals. It all goes to
the public credit.

Uncle Sam can figure out pretty well
before the beginning of a fiscal year that
so many thousands of dollars will be put
to his credit on "profit and loss" account
before the year is over. The profit will
come from bonds and bank notes de-
stroyed and never presented for redemp-
tion, from money orders which are lost
and never duplicated and from stamps
which are not put to the use for which
they were intended. These profits are
never cast up, because debts of the gov-
ernment are seldom outlawed. But
they are as real as though they were
credited to Uncle Sam on the books of
the Treasury. Of course, it is no fault
of the government that this profit
accumulates. Every effort is made to
find the man to whom the govern-
ment is indebted, and every reason-
able opportunity is given to him to
claim the amount of the indebtedness.
In the case of a lost or stolen bond, he
has simply to prove ownership and give
an indemnity bond, to protect the Gov-
ernment against loss. In the case of a
Treasury note injured by fire, he has to
send in the charred remains, and the
Treasury experts will decipher, as far as
possible, the value of the pile (its original
value) and the money will be restored
to him. In the case of a money order,
both the remitter and the remitee are
advised again and again that the money
remains unpaid. Still, claims against
the Government aggregating many
thousands are left unpaid every year,
and the total of even the last thirty
years will run up far into the millions.
Even in the matter of unpaid money
orders the Government has just made
an accounting of \$1,800,000, earned in
the last thirty years and now turned in-
to the Post-office Department fund,
probably never to be repaid to its
owners.

The greatest source of unearned in-
come, of course, is the destruction of
Treasury notes. Nearly \$15,000,000
have been made by the government up
to the present day, as nearly as can be
estimated, by the destruction of Treas-
ury notes.

Here is the statement in detail of the
notes and certificates issued by the
government estimated to have been de-
stroyed beyond all possibility of redem-
tion up to Jan. 1, 1891: United States
notes, \$5,410,341; silver certificates,
\$417,004; gold certificates, \$300,000;
national bank notes, \$5,354,335. Total,
\$11,481,680. Huntington, the chief of
the loans and currency division of the
government, estimates that not more
than \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 have been
destroyed since January 1, 1891. The
carelessness which prevailed during the
war period, he says, was responsible for
a large amount of the missing money,
and the destruction, while it increases
in proportion to the amount of money
issued, is not so great proportionately
as it was at that time. It amounts
probably to less than \$500,000 every
year.

Missing Links.

During the last thirty-five years more
than 1,000 varieties of postal cards have
been issued.

A Paris newspaper is organizing a
competition of self-moving wagons, to
take place on June 1.

The name of a steamship sailing from
Honolulu is Lihala — pronounced
"Lih-ah-lah."

J. R. McOUAT'S ADVERTISEMENT.

SPECIAL BARCAINS IN

LADIES' JACKETS.

- " WRAPPERS.
- " BLOUSES.
- " GOLF JERSEYS.
- " UNDERWEAR.
- " HOSIERY.
- " GLOVES.

MEN'S OVERCOATS.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

YOUTHS' PEA JACKETS.

— CURTAIN POLES. —

WOOLEN UNDERWEAR.

- TOP SHIRTS.
- GLOVES.
- MITTS.
- CARPETS.
- FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS.
- TABLE OIL-CLOTHS.
- STAIR OIL-CLOTHS.
- LACE CURTAINS.
- HOLLAND CURTAINS.

Try our Waterproof Long Top Leather Boots.

We offer the N. G. Brand of Rubbers—Men's 25 cts.,

Ladies and Misses 15 cts.

Carriages

AGE 1856.

SUCCESS 1865.

EXPERIENCE

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

After a number of years we claim
to make the best goods in the country.
Our sales for the past year has sur-
passed any other. The capacity of our
factory is now from 100 to 125 rigs
per annum. We have also reduced the
price on our goods.

Mitchell & Son.

Special attention given
to Repairing.

New Carriage Shop And Shoeing Forge.

Thos. Bedard has re-opened
shop at McCallum's old stand,
and is ready to do any kind of
Jobbing Carriage Work and also
Horse-Shoeing. Mr. Bedard
having secured the services of
a first-class horse-shoer from Mont-
real, expects that his former cus-
tomers will favor him with their
patronage as in the past, and he
will do his utmost to give them
satisfaction at moderate charges.

BEDARD & Co.

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE STEAM & GRANITE WORKS



Having now secured a
polishing machine rigged
with steam apparatus, I
am now prepared to do
all kinds of monumental
work at lowest possible
prices. We do the polish-
ing ourselves and so save
the cost and give you the
benefit of our labor. The
Laurentian Granite is
now becoming very pop-
ular, it having been test-
ed by the McGill Geo-
logical Dept., and proven
to be harder and more
durable than any other for like purposes.

Prices and drawings given upon
application.

J. B. PERRAULT

BAD BLOOD.

You can't be healthy if your
blood is impure or watery,—if
poison is circulating through your
arteries instead of rich, pure, life-
giving blood.

If you feel drowsy, languid,—
are constipated, have pimples or
blotches breaking out on your body
the remedy for you is Burdock
Blood Bitters.

"I have been using B.B.B., also my
brother and sister-in-law, and we find it
a most reliable and efficacious blood
purifier, and most cordially recommend
it. We purchased it from J. R. Ault &
Sons of this town." MISS C. M. WAT-
SON, Aultsville, Ont.

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated
blood purifying vegetable remedy,
—only 1 teaspoonful at a dose,—
you add the water yourself.

BBB

NO REPENT.

KEEP MEN WHO
HEY HAD

A great many men are repenting that
they ever went into sheep raising and
are trying to get rid of them. It is the
last thing on earth they should repent
of. One of the wisest things a farmer
can do is to buy eight or ten of some
mutton breed of sheep and determine
that hereafter his family shall have
first-class mutton whenever they want
it. If half the farmers in every state in
the union would each buy ten or twelve
mutton sheep and mate them with a
buck of any of the mutton breeds, wher-
ever they can buy the most conveni-
ently, and grow the lambs for meat for the
family, they would do the mutton inter-
est the best turn that could be done
to it just now, and would do one
of the best things they could possi-
bly do for the family. With the
exception of two or three of the hot-
test months in the year any good sized
family or healthy boys and girls can get
away with a lamb at any time. It re-
quires a little experience to know just
how to dress it, but it is an experience
than any farmer can easily acquire.
The pelts properly tanned would come
handy in a good many ways, and there
is not a farmer in the country who
would miss what a small flock of sheep
of this kind would consume. The fact
is that they would save in the way of
cleaning up a farm more than they
would use. This seems to us to be the
true solution of the mutton problem
just now. It would not only provide
meat for the family, but would give the
farmer experience in handling mutton
sheep, and when the tide turns, as it
will, no matter what congress may do,
he would be ready to take advantage of
the advance which must certainly come
and put money in his pocket.—National
Stockman and Farmer.

DEADLY CATARRH

has fastened its relentless grip upon
some member of nearly every family
in the land. Competent authorities
estimate that from eighty to ninety
percent of the entire population of
this continent suffer from some form of
this repulsive and dangerous malady.
If you or any of your family suffer
either from recognized catarrh or
from the lingering colds which mark
its early stages—don't trifle with it.
It is the precursor of consumption
and death.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

never fails. It is the remedy of all
remedies, endorsed by the most ex-
perienced and eminent nose and throat
specialists of the day, and having a
record of a multitude of radical, per-
manent cures of chronic cases which
had been declared incurable. It also
cures cold in the head, influenza, hay
fever, loss of smell, deafness, sore
throat, tonsillitis, asthma and all sim-
ilar diseases. It is delightful to use.

"I have had chronic catarrh ever
since the war," says J. C. Taylor, of 210
N. Clinton Ave., Trenton, N. J. "I had
despaired of ever being cured. I used
three bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal
Powder and my catarrh has entirely left
me." Rev. C. E. Whitcomb, pastor of St.
Matthew's Episcopal Church, Hamilton,
Ont., was a great sufferer. He used Dr.
Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and now pro-
claims it a safe, simple and certain cure.
The Lord Bishop of Toronto, Can., re-
commends the remedy over his own
signature. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart
relieves heart disease in 30 minutes.
Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills—oc. for 40
days—are the best. Dr. Agnew's
Chastment relieves in a day eczema,
tetter and all skin diseases. Cures
piles in 2 to 5 days. 15c. 25c.

Sold by

T. CHRISTIE, Lachute.

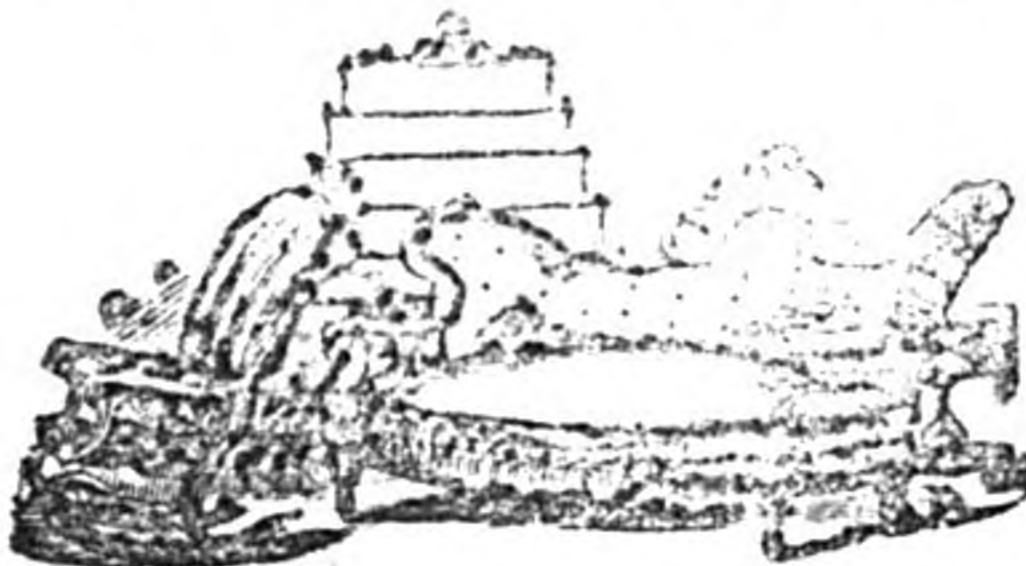
D. V. CAMERON, Stonefield.

Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Boots, Men's Heavy
Shoes, (at low prices for cash) Shirt, Collars, Ties,
Complete line of Wearing Shirts, Blankets for sale
cheap. Groceries as low as was ever bought
for cash, Pickles, Corn, Salmon, &
Tomatoes; Everything
new and Fresh.

Also in Stock—Full line Farm Implements of Massey-Harris make!
Everything in the line of Machinery at low prices. Stoves of
all kinds, Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines—All guaran-
teed. Buggies and Lumber Wagons a specialty. All we ask
is to come and see the bargains you get.

LACHUTE

Furniture + Factory



BEDROOM SETTS, PARLOR SETTS,
DINING & KITCHEN SETTS.

When you are in need of any New Furnishings for
your home, don't forget that we have the Largest and
Best Assorted Stock in the County.

LISTEN And Profit by what we tell you. If you
are building this year call over and get our
estimates for Window Sashes, Doors,
Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber of all kinds.

O. B. LAFLEUR,
PROPRIETOR

WEST END BAKERY

Having now a fair start we shall be glad to receive
your orders for

PLAIN, FANCY, & HOME-MADE BREADS
ROLLS, BUNS, SCONES, ETC.

I CARRY A GOOD LINE OF CHOICE CONFECTIONERY

L. D. TAYLOR
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
LACHUTE MILLS

NOVEMBER

25



DECEMBER

2

1898

MISSING