

APRIL

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JUNE

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1899

MISSING

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIV.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1899.

NO. 16

Professional & Commercial

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NOTARY PUBLIC,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Money to Loan on Security.
Office - MAIN STREET.

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J. A. C. ETHIER,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.
Attends all courts in the district of Terrebonne, and is in Lachute every Tuesday.

J.-D. LEDUC, L.L.B.,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.
Attorney for the revenue for the district of Terrebonne for Dominion and Provincial Governments.

N. FOREST,
NOTARY,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

VINCENT FORTIER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Money to Loan on Security.
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JOSEPH FORTIER,
ADVOCATE,
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EDMOND BROSSARD, L.L.M.,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.
Attends all courts in the district of Terrebonne, and is in Lachute every Wednesday, and Saturday.

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INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Notes discounted and Loans Made.
Only First-class Insurance Companies Represented.

CHARLES CALDER,
General Agent for The Lancashire, and The Liverpool London and Globe Fire Insurance Companies in the Ottawa Valley. Mercantile, Schedule, and Farm Risks at Reduced Rates.
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PLEASED . . .
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send others, that is why business is booming with us. If you are wanting your tailoring done in the best style and make bring it along to—
LAPORTE,
THE TAILOR
Office; Rodrigue's Block.
MAIN STREET.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Jas. Fish spent a couple of days in Portneuf last week.

Mr. H. S. Lowndes is spending a short time in New Richmond.

Selling out and going west.
A. J. PERIARD.

Mr. Alf. Thompson, of Belle Riviere, spent Wednesday last in town.

WANTED—1000 Calf Skins at once.
W. BANFORD.

Mrs. Henry Giles and Mrs. Harlow Giles are visiting in Arnprior.

Mrs. Hampton spent Thursday in Montreal.

Mr. Joseph Boyd, of Arundel, was in town on Monday last.

If you want a cheap Suit, now is your time. Big reductions.
A. D. KENNEDY.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schegal, of Cushing, were in town on Monday, the guests of Mrs. Chas. Calder.

Black Dress Goods—We carry the largest stock in Lachute.
W. BANFORD.

Mrs. Boyce, of Chateaugay Basin, is spending the summer months in Lachute, the guest of Mrs. J. D. Boyce.

Commissioners Court met on Monday last and disposed of several small cases.

Mr. S. Smith, who has been visiting friends in Chesterville, returned home on Thursday last.

Wool Wanted—in exchange for a specially fine lot of Tweeds and Flannels. Highest market price paid.
G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Mr. Alexander Rodrigue of Buckingham, was in town for a few days this week, a guest of his brother Mr. Phileas Rodrigue.

Miss Mooney of Hawkesbury has been spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss McNee and Mrs. Weir.

Dr. H. C. McConnell, Surgeon Dentist, will be at Mrs. Henderson's, St. Andrews, on Tuesday the 13th.

Brownburg has a Lawn Social on tapis which will probably take place about the 22nd inst. Watch for advt in next week's issue.

Go to G. L. Meikle & Co., for finest seeds in Lawn Clovers, Timothy, field seeds and small garden envelopes.

Mr. Dav. Raitt is at the Royal Victoria Hospital, having an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from his right eye. We trust the operation will prove successful.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—In the West End, Lachute, a large 7 roomed house with store adjoining, formerly occupied by J. Fish as Post Office, and dwelling.
Apply to,
M. WANLESS,
St. Andrews.

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Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The Board of Notaries for the District of Terrebonne met in Rodrigue's Hotel on Wednesday last. Particulars next week.

The Rev. A. A. Radley with his wife and three youngest children were in Brockville this week, where Mr. Radley attended the Methodist Conference.

A meeting of the School Commissioners was held on Tuesday evening. No business of any importance was transacted.

Mr. Lem. Taylor begs to announce that he has fixed up a nice Ice Cream Parlor and is prepared to supply all comers with some of the best ice cream in the County.

The Sunday School Convention has been arranged to take place in Lachute on the 29th of this month. The programmes will be issued some time next week in which full particulars will be given.

HARDWARE.
Coal Oil Stoves,
Wringers,
Fishing Tackle,
Carpenter's Tools,
Paints & Brushes.
McOUAT & McRAE.

Women's and Children's Garments of all kinds can be cut by the Magic Sae. Sold and taught by Miss S. McGibbon, Main Street, Lachute. Patterns cut to order.

The Rev. Orr Bennett, of Hawkesbury, Ont., will lecture on "A Trip to Georgia," on the 16th inst., in Victoria Hall at the Ice-cream Social. Admission 15cts.

We are paying 20 cts. per lb., for Wool in exchange for Tweeds, Dress Goods, Boots, Shoes and Clothing.
BANFORD.

FOR SALE—I have on hand a large quantity of Lime, which I am anxious to dispose of at lowest possible prices. The best in the county. Write at once to J. E. Bradford, West End Lachute.

We have not yet learned of the route to be adopted by the Great Northern Railway, but we would advise those who should have dealings with the company to be very careful. Before giving over any rights, see that you have the necessary approaches, culverts, etc.

HARDWARE.
Lawn Mowers,
Ice Cream Freezers,
Window Screens,
Garden Tools,
Spray Pumps,
McOUAT & McRAE.

10,000 lbs., of Wool wanted at once. Don't delay but bring it right along and we will pay you 20cts., per lb., in exchange.
G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Mr. Gall has started operations for the erection of a new store adjoining his property now occupied. The old store will be renovated and the Post Office will be considerably enlarged, taking in the whole width of the present building. This improvement will be welcomed by all.

We are pleased to hear that the Lachute Bicycle Club will be represented at the Terrebonne races on the 1st of July. The club is sending down their best rider, in the person of Philip Burke, and we understand a number of our local sports intend going down to encourage him. Philip is a strong rider and no doubt will run up against some hard men, but we feel sure that he will do his best to win the laurels for Lachute.

Mr. C. W. Spencer, supt., Mr. R. T. Hencker, solicitor, and Mr. McPherson, Engineer, of the C. P. Railway Co'y, had an interview with Lachute Town Council on Tuesday last regarding the drainage of water from John Simon's property on Bethany street, the closing of the culvert in rear of Wm. Pollock's, the carrying off, in fact, of all the water south of the Railway direct to the river along the C. P. R. The result was that the C. P. Railway Co'y were agreeable to pay half the costs for the execution of the work, which will cost in the neighborhood of seven or eight hundred dollars.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

OUR STOCK OF
PIANOS & ORGANS
IS COMPLETE.

We have on hand a large stock of the unequalled gold medal Doherty organs.

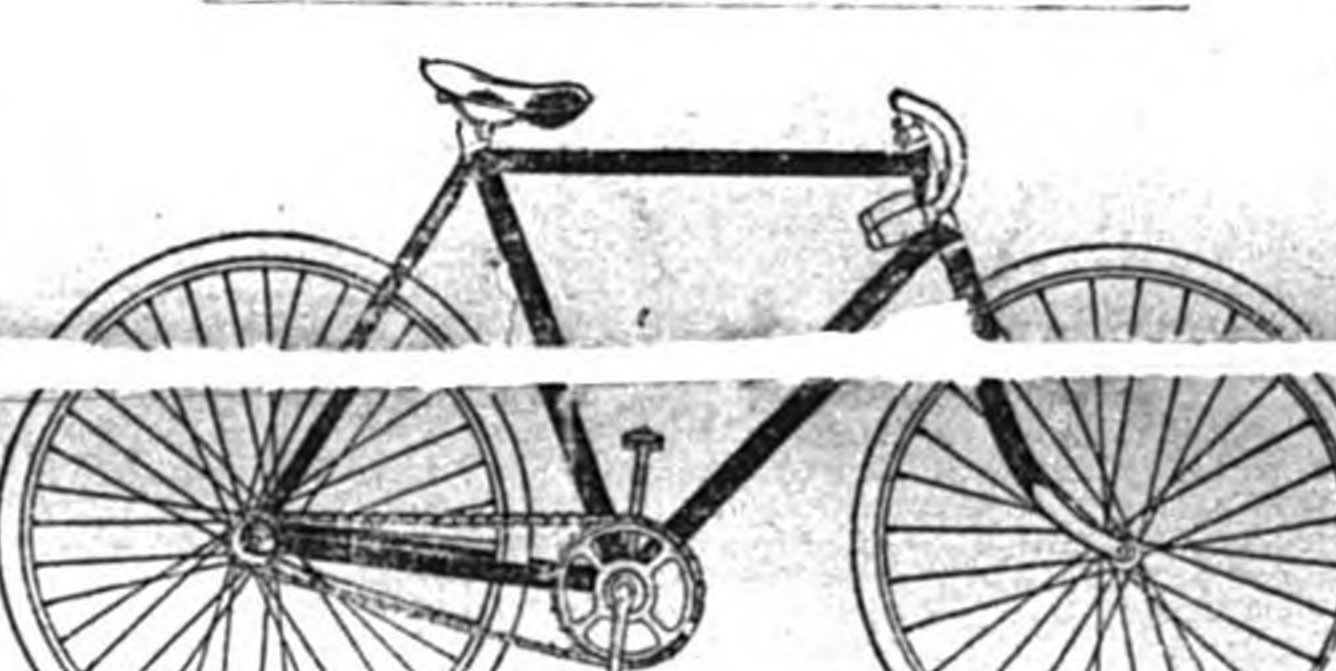
As we contract largely for all our instruments, we can sell you cheaper than anyone else.

Buy from us and save the middle men's profit.

Write for our Catalogues and Prices.

J. A. BEDARD,
MAIN STREET LACHUTE.

The Monarch of all IS THE RED BIRD!



Call and see them at
W. H. GARRETSEE'S
Main Street LACHUTE.

Nice new stock of Wall Papers just to hand, cheap, also alabastine in all the newest shades, New Paints, etc.
G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

RED HOT FROM THE GUN
Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman, of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all Druggists.

SELLING OUT!
BEFORE GOING WEST.
\$5,000 GOODS
AT GREAT SACRIFICE!
STOCK COMPRISES—Scotch, English and Canadian Suitings, Overcoatings, Trousers, Vestings, Hats, Cap., Water-proof Coats, Boots, Shippers, Rubbers, White and Colored Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Umbrellas, Braces, Socks, Underwear, Beautiful lines of Neckwear, Sweaters, Gloves, Perfume, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Handkerchiefs, etc.
The whole stock to be sold at 20 to 40 p.c. reduction
Now is your chance to get a cheap suit well made and trimmed also your Gent's Furnishings.
A. J. PERIARD.

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\$5,000 GOODS
AT GREAT SACRIFICE!
STOCK COMPRISES—Scotch, English and Canadian Suitings, Overcoatings, Trousers, Vestings, Hats, Cap., Water-proof Coats, Boots, Shippers, Rubbers, White and Colored Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Umbrellas, Braces, Socks, Underwear, Beautiful lines of Neckwear, Sweaters, Gloves, Perfume, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Handkerchiefs, etc.
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Now is your chance to get a cheap suit well made and trimmed also your Gent's Furnishings.
A. J. PERIARD.

Love and War

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

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

He had her head now on his arm, and with his hand was smoothing her bands of satin hair, while he waited for her to speak. He had dealt honestly with her. She would be equally truthful with him, and she answered at last:

"Oh, Mr. Carleton, you don't know how much it pains me to tell you what I must. I might have loved you once, but now it is too late. I promised Arthur, if he would be kind to the poor prisoners and help the escaped ones to get away, and—oh, I don't know what, but I am to be his wife when the dreadful war is over. Pity me, Mr. Carleton, but don't love me. No, no, don't make me more wretched by telling me of a love I cannot return."

"Could you return it, Maude, if there were no promise to Arthur?"

Tom spoke very low, with his lips close to her burning cheek, but Maude did not reply, and Tom continued:

"Maude, was the getting me here in safety any part of the price for which you sold yourself?"

She did not answer even then, but by the low, gasping sob she gave as she shed back from her hot brow the heavy hair Tom knew the truth, and to himself he said, "It shall not be." And then from his heart there went up a silent prayer that God would give him the brave beautiful girl, who drew herself away from him, and leaning over her sleeping brother, sat with both hands clasped upon her face. They did not talk together much more, and once Tom thought Maude was asleep, she sat so rigid and motionless, with her face turned toward the entrance of the cave.

But she was asleep, and her dark eyes were fixed wistfully upon the one bright star visible to her, and which seemed whispering to her of hope. Perhaps Arthur would release her from her promise, and perhaps, but Maude started from that thought, as from an evil spirit, and her white lips whispered faintly, "God help me to keep my promise."

The night was very still, and as the hours wore on and the faint dawn of day came over the mountain tops, Maude's quick ear caught the echo of the fierce shouts in the valley below, and laying Charlie's head from her lap she went out of the cave, followed by Captain Carleton, who wondered to see how that one night had changed her. The brilliant color was gone from her cheek which looked haggard and pale as faces look when some great sorrow has passed over them.

fallen down and lay in masses upon her neck, from which she shook it off impatiently, and then instantly listened to the sounds which each moment grew louder. Shoutings they were, and tones of command, mingled with the distant tramp of horses' feet, while suddenly, above the tall tree-tops which skirted the mountain side, arose a coil of smoke. Too dark, too thick to have come from any chimney where the early morning fire was kindled, it told its own tale of horror, and Maude's eyes grew so black and fierce that Tom shrunk back from her, as pointing her finger toward the fast increasing rings of smoke and flame, she whispered:

"Do you see that, Captain Carleton? It's Uncle Paul's dwelling; he has set it on fire. I never thought they would do that, though I have watched more than one burning house in these mountains, and have almost felt a thrill of pride as I thought how dearly we were paying for our love to the old flag; but when it comes to my own home, the pride is all gone, the fire burns deeper, and one is half tempted to question the price required for the Union."

Tom was about to speak to her, when she turned abruptly upon him, and said:

"Captain Carleton, do you believe your Northern women,—your Rose, your Annie would bear and brave what the loyal women of the South endure? They may be true to the Union,—no doubt they are, and they think they know what war means; but I tell you they do not. Did they ever see their friends and neighbors driven to the woods and hills like hunted beasts, or watch the kindling flames devouring their own houses, as I am doing now for I know that is my Uncle Paul's, and whether he still lives, or is hung between the earth and heavens, God only knows, and perhaps he has forgotten. I sometimes think he has, else why does he not send us aid? Where are your borders of men? Why do they not come to save us, when we have waited so long, and our eyes and ears are weak and weary with watching for their coming?"

She was talking now more to herself than to her companion, and she looked a very queen of tragedy, as, with her hair floating over her shoulders, and her hands pressed tightly together, she walked hurriedly the length and breadth of the long flat rock which bordered a precipice near to the cave.

Tom was about to answer her, when a ball went whizzing past him, while the loud shouts of the men, whose heads were visible beneath the distant trees, told that he had been discovered.

To return to the cave and take Maude with him, was the work of a moment, and amid yells of fury the drunken mob came on to where Maude, forgetting everything, now except Tom Carleton, stood waiting for them. They would not harm her, she knew, and like a lioness guarding its young, she stood within the cave, but so near the entrance that her face was visible to the men, who at sight of her stopped suddenly, and asked what she was doing there, and who she had with her.

"My brother Charlie and Captain

Carleton, the man whom you sought at Uncle Paul's," she answered, fearlessly, as she held with a firm grasp the dangerous-looking weapon, which she knew how to use.

"And pray, what may you be doing with the Yankee asked one of the coarser of the men, and Maude replied: "I am standing between him and just such creatures as you are."

While Tom, grasping her shoulder, said:

"Step aside, Maude; I cannot endure this. You, a girl, defending me! I must go out. Let me pass."

"To certain death! Never!" Maude replied, thrusting him back with a strength born of desperation.

Charlie, who had roused from his sleep, and fully comprehended what was going on, caught Tom around the neck, and nearly strangled him, as he said:

"Let Maude alone, Captain. They'll not harm her. They would only shoot you down for nothing."

Thus hampered and importuned, Tom stood back a little, while Maude held a parley with her besiegers, threatening to shoot the first man who should attempt to pass her. She did not think of danger to herself, and she stood firmly at her post; while the men consulted together as to the best course to be pursued. And while they talked, and Maude stood watchful and dauntless the flames of Paul Haverill's house rose higher in the heavens, and strange, ominous sounds were heard in the distance,—sounds as of many horsemen riding for dear life, with shouts and excited voices; and Maude became aware of some sudden influence working upon the crowd around her.

Then a band of cavalry dashed into sight, and all was wild hurry and consternation. But, above the din of the strife without, Tom Carleton caught sounds which made his heart leap up, and springing forward past Maude he exclaimed:

"Thank God, the Federals have come! We are saved! Maude, we are saved!"

As his tall form emerged into view, a brutal soldier, maddened by the surprise and unavoidable defeat, leveled his gun and fired, recking little whether Tom or Maude was the victim. The ball cut through the sleeve of Maude's dress, and grazing her arm enough to draw blood, lodged harmlessly in the rocks beyond.

At that sight all Charlie's fire was roused, and the shot which went whizzing through the air made surer work than did the one intended for Tom.

Carleton, Tom was out upon the ledge of rocks by this time, grasping the hands of the blue coats, who were a part of a company sent out to reconnoiter, and who had reached Paul Haverill's house just after the rebels had left it. At first they had tried to extinguish the flames, but finding that impossible, they had followed the enemy, most of whom were made prisoners of war.

Some months before, John Simms had been transferred from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of the Cumberland, and he it was who led his men to the rescue, doing it the more daringly and willingly when he heard who was in danger. He was a captain now, and he stood grasping Tom Carleton's hand, when a piercing shriek rose on the air, and turning round, the young men saw Maude lying bending over the prostrate form of a soldier, whose head she gently lifted up, as she moaned bitterly:

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! how came you here?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

He had kept his word, and piloted safely across the mountains the prisoner left in Betty's cabin. His arrival at Paul Haverill's burning home had preceded that of the Federal troops by twenty minutes or more, and when he heard of Maude's danger, he followed our soldiers up the hillside to where Maude held the entrance to the cave. He saw her, and tried to make his voice heard, it was lost amid the strife and noise of the conflict, and she only knew of his presence, when Charlie, with chattering teeth, and a face as white as ashes, clutched her dress frantically, and said:

"Come, sister, come this way to Arthur,—somebody—shot him. Do you think he will die?"

Quick as lightning the remembrance of the thought which had yet scarcely been a thought, of just such a contingency as this, flashed over Maude, sweeping away all the pain, the terror, the shrinking she had felt when she contemplated the fulfillment of her promise to Arthur Tunbridge. He was lying there at her feet, and the grass beneath him was all a pool of blood, while his dim eyes showed that the objects around him were now but faintly discerned. He saw Maude, though, and when her loud cry met his ear he smiled a glad, grateful smile, and said to her, as she knelt beside him and took his head in her lap—

"You are sorry, Maude. It was a mistake. You did love me some."

She pressed her quivering lips to his and said again,

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur! how came you here?"

Arthur knew he was dying, but, shaking off all thought of his own pain, he explained to Maude how he came there.

"The man,—you remember, I got him through, and I am not sorry, for he told me of a blind mother and six little children dependent upon him away off somewhere among the Ohio hills. Think if they had been left without support. I am glad I saved him even if it cost my life. And still it is hard to die, Maude, just as you are beginning to love me, for you

are, and if I had lived you would have kept your promise to me."

"Yes, Arthur, I would," and Maude's white fingers threaded the bloody hair and moved softly over the ghastly face. "Who, did it, Arthur?" she asked, and Arthur's face flushed to a purple hue as with a moan he said:

"Don't ask me—there was a mistake. I had taken no part in the fray, except to knock down the ruffian who fired at you. I was standing right behind him. Yes, there was a mistake. Oh, Maude, it was a mistake."

He kept repeating the words, while Maude tried to stop the blood flowing so freely from the wound in his temple. The ball had entered there, but had not penetrated to the brain, and he retained his consciousness to the last, smiling once kindly on Charlie, who half frantic, bent over him, and said:

"Yes, Arthur, it was a mistake, oh Arthur, oh Maude, and you two were engaged. I did not know it before."

Then a bright flush crept into Maude's white face, for she knew the tall shadow on the grass beside her, belonged to Capt. Carleton, and he, she guessed, was thinking of last night in the cave. He did think of it, but only for a moment, and then his thoughts were merged in his great anxiety for Lieutenant Arthur, who he saw was dying. Arthur knew he was there, and smiled when he asked if he felt much pain.

"None with Maude beside me. She was to have been my wife, weren't you, Maude?"

"Yes, Arthur. I was to have been your wife."

She spoke it openly, frankly, as if by so doing she was seeking to atone for an error, and the eyes lifted to Tom's face had in them something defiant, as if she would say "I mean it. I would have been his wife."

But she met only pity in Tom's looks—pity for her, and pity for the young man dying among the mountains on that soft, summer morning, when the whole world seemed so at variance with a death like that. It was a strange scene, and one which those who witnessed it never could forget. The broad, level plain on the mountain side, the mounted horsemen, the group of prisoners, the beautiful, queenly girl, whose lap pillowed the head of the dying soldier, while her brilliant eyes wept floods of tears which, with quick, nervous movements of her fingers, she swept away. Beside her was Charlie, his face whiter than that of the dying man, and his muscles working painfully as if he was forcing back some terrible pang or cry of agony. Tom Carleton too, and Paul Haverill, who had later joined the group and stood looking sadly on, while toward the south the smoke and flame of his own house was ascending, and in the east the early morning was bright and fresh with the summer's golden sunshine. And there on the mountain side they waited and watched, while the young lieutenant talked faintly of his distant home where the news would carry so much sorrow.

Had he been in our

cause, and were I to live my life over I should join the Southern army; but it's wrong about the prisoners. We ought not to abuse those who fall into our hands. I've loved you Maude, so long. Remember me when I am gone, not for anything brilliant there was about me, but because I loved you so well, and died in carrying out the work you gave me to do."

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur! speak some word of comfort to me or I shall surely die. It was a mistake," Charlie whispered, as he crept close to Arthur's side.

The dying man's eyes rested inquiringly for a moment in Charlie's face, then lighted up with a sudden joy.

"Charlie! Charlie! come close," he whispered. "Bend your ear to my lips. Maude must not hear me."

His head was still lying on Maude's lap, but he spoke so low to Charlie that she did not hear the question asked. She only knew that Charlie started quickly, and throwing one arm across her neck as if to save her from some evil, said, promptly, energetically:

"No, no, Arthur; no!"

Then the quivering lips went down again to Arthur's ear, and Maude caught the word "mistake," and that was all. She did not know or think what it really meant. It was all a mistake, the terrible war which had brought her so much pain and suffering.

"I die easier now. It was so horrible before. Poor Charlie! Don't let it trouble you. Care for Maude. She would have been my wife. Stick to our cause. You never forsook it," came faintly from Arthur, and his eyes, when again they rested on Maude's face, had lost the strange, frightened look which she had observed when she first came to his side. He was dying very fast, and his mind seemed groping for some form of prayer with which to meet the last great foe.

"Pray, somebody," he moaned, and Paul Haverill, who, wholly overcome with all he had passed through during the last few hours, had stood dumb and motionless, replied in a choking voice:

"I am not a praying man, but God be with you my boy, and land you safely on t'other side, where there's no more fighting."

"Yes, but that isn't 'Our Father.' I used to say it at home," came feebly from the white lips, and then Tom Carleton knelt beside the youth whose path had crossed his own so often and so strangely, and with deep reverence and earnest entreaty commended the departing spirit to the God who deals more gently, and mercifully, and lovingly with his children than they dealt with each other.

Tom thought of Isaac Simms, and the noisome, filthy room in Libby where he had first learned to pray, and the thought gave fervor to his prayer, to which Arthur listened intently, his lips muttering the amen he could not speak, for he had no power of utterance. Once again they moved with a pleading kind of motion, and Maude stooped over to kiss them, her long hair falling across the pallid brow, where the good stains were, and when

she lifted her head up, and pushed back her heavy locks, there was the seal of death on Arthur's face.

(To Be Continued.)

OVERCROWDING OF LONDON.

Thousands of People Living Within Its Borders in Defiance of the Law.

If the overcrowding of London has nothing to compare with it in history that is because London itself admits of no historical comparison, says the London Daily News. At the beginning of the century London had fewer people inhabiting it than it now has living in a state of overcrowding alone. The census of 1881 gave London a population of 800,000 people. To-day, London has 900,000 people living within its borders in defiance of the law, with some two millions living just within the legal limits, which is not a necessary health standard, and nearly two millions more living under proper hygienic conditions. It is this unprecedented growth of London which has brought about the unprecedented overcrowding. London contains more people than the three great continental capitals, of Paris, Berlin and Vienna put together. It has more people living in a state of overcrowding than comprise the total population of Glasgow or Liverpool, or indeed of any other city throughout the British Empire. What is more, the population is growing, and promises to go on growing, at a rate more rapid than anything that has gone before. In 1892 estimated that London thirty years hence would have a population of eleven millions.

For the moment let us see what we have made of our present population of four and a half millions. We have seen that one-fifth of this population is illegally overcrowded, that one-tenth is living in "the soul-destroying conditions" of the one-roomed home, that some 200,000 are housed in black dwellings, and worse than all that numbers are housed in the workhouse because they can't get ordinary accommodation outside. As a supplement to this, let me add that London has an average of 65,000 of its people in workhouses, or more than the combined populations of Exeter, Canterbury and Dorchester. We have more children in our poor-law schools than is represented by the whole population of Warwick. London also accommodates 38,000 of its people in common lodging-houses, equal to the entire population of either of the railway towns of Crewe or Darlington. One in four of the population of London dies in a public institution, one in eight dies in the workhouse, or workhouse infirmary, and one in every twenty

driven to accept poor-law relief, more-over, 32 per cent. of the entire population—roughly a million and a quarter—fall below Mr. Charles Booth's chronic poverty line.

These are terrible figures. Nevertheless, whatever we may say or do, London is bound to grow. She is the capital of the kingdom, the seat of the empire, and the port of the world. So long as these conditions last London must keep on growing, attempts to stop its growth have always failed and always will fail. "Least London be too great to fear God or honor the king," is a far-away cry, lost in the remoteness of Tudor times, when London had barely half a million people. "England will shortly be London and London England!" was James the First's cry of remonstrance, Queen Elizabeth before him had tried to stem the tide. To-day we can smile at the dread the growth of London then inspired. What we have to do is to face this growth, not to lament it, and to be ready to meet the yet larger growth which is bound to come.

EXPERIMENTS WITH GAME FISH.

Attempt to Cross the Ouananiche With the Salmon from the Sea.

A remarkable experiment is now proceeding at the Government fish hatchery at Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. It has been observed that the famous ouananiche or fresh-water salmon, caught in large numbers in Lake St. John and its tributary waters, though quite as gamy as the salmon from the sea, are seldom more than about eight pounds in weight. Accordingly, it has been decided to cross the ouananiche with the salmon, and for this purpose 30,000 salmon eggs have been impregnated with the milt of the ouananiche and the fertilization of the ova is understood to have been successfully accomplished. The young fish are to be liberated in Lake St. John waters, and are expected to become larger specimens than the ouananiche now taken in the lake. It is uncertain whether or not there will be any natural increase from these fish, for some naturalists contend that mules or hybrids do not breed, and never come naturally. In that case the new fish will have to be perpetuated by constant additions of the peculiar product of the hatchery.

It was at one time proposed to achieve the object now aimed at by crossing the ouananiche with the landlocked salmon of the Sebago lakes. This idea was abandoned because it was feared that the product would partake of the less game qualities of the Maine fish, which are rarely surface feeders and usually taken upon a troll while the smaller but more gamy ouananiche take the fly and resist capture much in the same way as the Atlantic salmon.

AN EXTENDED EXAMINATION.

He—Are you sure I am the only man you ever really and truly loved? She—Perfectly sure. I went over the whole list only yesterday.

The Doctors Puzzled.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF A NOVA SCOTIAN LADY.

The Trouble Began in a Swelling of the Big Toe Which Spread to All Parts of the Body—Doctors Could Not Account for the Trouble, and Their Treatment Did Her No Good.

From the New Glasgow Enterprise.

Loch Broom is a picturesque farming hamlet situated about three miles from the town of Pictou, N. S. In this hamlet, in a cosy farmhouse live Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon. A few years ago Mrs. McKinnon was taken with a disease that puzzled several doctors who attended her. It was generally known that Mrs. McKinnon owed her ultimate recovery to good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and a reporter of the Enterprise being in the neighborhood called upon the lady and asked her if she had any objections to relating the particulars of her illness and cure.

"Indeed I have not," replied Mrs. McKinnon, "I think that those who are cured owe it to the medicine that brings them back to health, always to say a good word for it. My trouble apparently had an insignificant starting point. It came on with a swelling in the big toe, accompanied by intense pain. Gradually the swelling extended to my limbs and then to my whole body, accompanied by pain which made my life a burden. A doctor was called in but he did not help me. Then another and another until I had four different medical men to see me, one of them the most skilled physician in the province. Yet my case seemed to puzzle every one of them, and none of them gave me more than the merest temporary relief. One doctor said the trouble was inflammation of the bone. Another said it was aggravated scurvy and gout. The other two called it by other names, but whatever it was none of them helped me. By this time I had got so low and weak that I could not lift my foot or it would save my life, and no one expected to see me get better. In fact the doctor said I sank any lower I could not live. And yet here I am to-day as well as ever I was in my life. While I was at the lowest a minister called to see me and asked why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many remedies and had spent so many dollars in medicine that I hardly thought it worth while to experiment any more. However, I was persuaded to try them and after using a few boxes there was some improvement. By the time I had used a dozen boxes I had left my bed and was able to move around, and after a few more boxes I was again perfectly well, and able to do all the work that falls to the lot of a farmer's wife. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills what they have

done for me I am justified in recommending them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out disease due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of the pill offered in any other shape, it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

ELIXIR OF YOUTH.

Said to Have Been Once More Discovered by Scientific Research.

One of the everlasting longings of the human race was expressed when Goethe penned his immortal "Faust," for the wish of mankind from time immemorial has been the rejuvenescence of the golden days of youth with its unsatiated enjoyment of the pleasures of the passing moment. In this age of cold, unfeeling scientific analysis, that one-time staff of life of the romantic novelist, the fountain of perpetual youth, has been laid on the table and progress toward unending life is proceeding with microscopic footfalls. However, one scientist, Dr. Althaus, claims to have discovered a method whereby he is enabled to rejuvenate the man who has seen too much of life in proportion to his years—in other words, the man who is prematurely aged.

Dr. Althaus's treatment consists in applying skillful electrical treatment to the brain, where he claims to have located the centers of nervous activity, which are soonest worn out by a man who has gone the pace too rapidly. Dr. Althaus is a Londoner who has won considerable renown as a practical scientist, and his results are being watched with interest throughout the scientific world, as developing new fields for the great natural phenomenon whose real origin has never been explained.

NOT MARRIED; ONLY ENGAGED.

I understand you're to be congratulated.

Right you are, old fellow. So Miss Blinks is really yours? Well, no; not exactly mine yet, you know. But I have a first mortgage on her.

WHEELMEN OF FRANCE.

The recent census of cyclists in France, which has been made for the purpose of taxation, shows that there are 938,649 owners of wheels.

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.

All transient advertising matter charged 10c. per line, nonpareil measurement.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE MILLS QUE.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT SALE.

Our readers will notice in our advertising columns an advertisement of the sale of certain portions of the Electric Light plant belonging to the dissolved partnership of Messrs. Vipond & Palliser. This marks another step in the everlasting legal proceedings which have been instituted in connection with this business.

It will be noticed that the reservations mentioned in the advertisement are enormous. It reminds one of an advertisement for the sale of a buggy, with a reserve of the wheels, shafts, body dashboard and seat.

It will be remembered that by a judgment of the Court of Review the sale of the plant by Vipond to Simpson and Boyd was set aside only in so far as it pretended to convey to Simpson and Boyd any title to certain portions of the plant which had been supplied by Palliser. The judgment enumerated the portions which were legally owned by Simpson and Boyd and these are the reservations made in the advertisement.

Last week a motion was made on behalf of the liquidator to sell the whole plant. This motion was opposed by Messrs. Simpson and Boyd and judgment was given by Judge Mathieu in their favor, refusing to allow the sale of the plant without the consent of the owners Simpson and Boyd.

TOWN COUNCIL

The above Council held their regular monthly meeting in Jas. W. Raitt's Hall on Wednesday last. There were present Mayor McRae and Councillors Jones, Christie, Gall, Lavigne, Todd, McCrea, McArthur, Jousse, and the Sec.-Treas. Jas. W. Raitt.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The report of the Road committee was accepted on motion of Coun. Gall, and amounts ordered to be charged back to the parties responsible.

The Finance Committee's report was accepted on motion of Coun. Arthur.

Coun. Jousse moved that the By-law prohibiting bicyclists from the use of the sidewalks be declared read the first time—Carried.

An account of \$70.00 was presented from Mr. Bannerman for use of electric light from March to June 1st. The account was referred to the Light committee as a number of complaints had been made concerning the bad street lighting, in some places no lights having appeared for weeks at a time, and the Council thought they were not entitled to pay for what they did not get.

The Road committee were ordered to inspect the bridges damaged this spring and to report what repairs are necessary at the next meeting.

On motion of Coun. McArthur, seconded by Coun. McCrea it was ordered that a public notice

be inserted in the WATCHMAN announcing that all taxes should be paid before July 1st or the accounts would be handed into the town attorney for collection.

Coun. Jousse moved, that all proprietors of real estate on Main Street, from the town line to the first bridge below the Foundry, and on Princess Avenue from the town line to Chatham St., and from Barron's Bridge to West River Bridge, and Foundry and Bethany Streets to the limits, be notified to gravel their roads on or before the 15th of July. This motion was seconded by Coun. McArthur, and carried unanimously.

The meeting then adjourned to meet again next Wednesday.

By-Law Regulating Bicycles.

It is ordained and enacted as follows, to wit:—

Sec. 1.—No Bicycle, Tricycle, or other vehicle of that nature, shall be ridden on any of the sidewalks of Lachute Town.

Sec. 2.—All persons riding on Bicycles, or other vehicles of that nature, on the streets of Lachute Town, shall not ride faster than eight miles an hour, nor ride faster than a horse walk at the intersection of streets and street crossings, or when turning from one street to another.

Sec. 3.—It shall not be lawful for any person, or persons, to engage in racing with bicycles or tricycles on, over, or through any lane, highway, or alleyway within the limits of the Town of Lachute.

Sec. 4.—No person shall throw, cast, or put onto, or cause to be put onto, or drop in any lane, street, public place, or unenclosed public grounds in the Town, any nails, tacks, glass, iron, or any other metal, or any straw, paper, parings of fruit or vegetables, or any other refuse or rubbish whatsoever, or any other substance likely to injure or puncture the tires of any bicycle.

Sec. 5.—Every person offending against any of the provisions of this by-law, shall be liable to a fine, and in default of immediate payment of said fine and costs, to an imprisonment not exceeding thirty days.

It is further ordained, that any person who exceeds twenty dollars, not less than one dollar and costs of prosecution. The said imprisonment to cease at any time before the expiration of the term fixed by the Court upon payment of said fine and costs.

ANNUAL TRAINING 1899.

NOTICE.

11TH BATTALION ARGENTEUIL RANGERS.

Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men will hold themselves ready for Division Camp at Laprarie, June 21st. By Order.

E. A. HODGSON,
Lieut. Col.

C.O. 11th Batt. Argenteuil Rangers.
Lachute, Que., June 6th, 1899.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages; and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. He declares that Gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure: would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Sold at any Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

SEEDS! SEEDS!!

A full assortment of
Flowers, Vegetable,
Clover and Timothy
Seeds.

OIL CAKE.

FRASER'S

ST. ANDREWS.

The St. Andrews road grader was at work on Friday.

The Misses Robtson of the McGill Normal School have returned home for the summer.

Mr. Bryson, of Ormstown, spent a few days at "Elm Lodge" last week.

Mr. A. Thomas and his friend returned home to New York on Friday last.

Mr. Moreland, the Piano tuner of Karn Hall, Montreal, was here on a professional visit last Friday and Saturday.

Miss Periard, of Lachute, is spending a few days with Mrs. Hooker, before leaving for the West.

Mr. J. Pier and daughter, of Carillon, rented Mr. McMartin's cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Beaman spent Friday in Montreal.

Miss Mooney, of Hawkesbury, is spending a short time at Mr. Bradley's.

Mr. Beaman spent Sunday at Mr. Thomas.

Mr. J. B. Wals and wife were the guests of Mr. or Walsh for a few days last week.

Mr. Tyre and family have rented Mrs. McNaughton's house at "Pine Grove."

Miss Flora McNaughton was home for a few days this week, attending the funeral of her Grandmother, Mrs. McIntosh.

A few of our fishermen went to Carillon on Saturday, having heard the wonderful stories of the wealth in fish there; but by looking at the dejected faces and broken waggon on their return, one could easily tell that they were disappointed in their journey.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Ratepayers of the municipality of Lachute, Que., do hereby

taxes and all other dues not paid to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of July next, will be handed to the Town Attorney for collection, the whole by resolution of Council.

JAS. W. RAITT,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to Stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Louisville, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run-down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents at any Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

BIRTH.

CHARBONNEAU—On June 3rd at Montreal, the wife of Oscar Charbonneau of a son.

McCLURE—On Monday, June 5th, at Upper Lachute, the wife of J. C. McClure of a son.

DEATH.

McINTOSH—At St. Andrews, Que., on June 3rd, Eliza Ward, widow of the late Alex. McIntosh, formerly of Invercoe House, Glencoe, Scotland, and St. Andrews, Canada, aged 84 years.

Hard-working Farmers.



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Isaiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

"I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides. I also had a great deal of neuralgia pain in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells. I felt tired and worn out most of the time. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They have removed the neuralgia pain from my head, also the tired feeling."

"I feel at least ten years younger and can only say that Doan's Kidney Pills are the most remarkable kidney cure, and in addition are the best tonic I ever took."

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

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, Lowell, Mass.

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, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Ville Marie Bank.

LACHUTE.

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

CAPITAL - \$500,000

INTEREST paid on Deposits. Money can be drawn 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.

BANK of OTTAWA

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, ONT.

Capital, authorized - \$2,000,000
" Fully paid up - 1,500,000
" Rest - 1,170,000

Branches, Alexandria, Arnprior, Bracebridge, Carleton Place, Hawkesbury, Keewatin, Kemptville, Lanark, Mattawa, Parry Sound, Pembroke, Rat Portage, Renfrew, Toronto, Ottawa, Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Montreal, Quebec.

CHARLES MACPHER, President.
Geo. Hay, Vice-President.
Directors—Hon. John Bryson, Jr., Alex. Fraser, John Mather, David MacLaren, D. Murphy.

A General Banking business transacted. Drafts issued on all Banking points in the Dominion, United States and Great Britain.

Notes and Bills collected. Interest allowed at current rates and payable semi-annually.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

BRANCH AT LACHUTE.

J. R. PARRIS, Manager

VALUE!

STYLE!!

FIT!!!

Customers are surprised at the great stock of clothing we have brought in this season. But the Value, Style and Fit, are making it go out rapidly.

WOOL!!!

To help the sale along we are wanting 5,000 lbs. of wool, for which we shall pay the highest market price.

You'll be sorry if you miss coming to us!

LOOK IN W. BANFORD.

Spring Goods

MILLINERY—We have everything in the newest styles for the coming season. You cannot fail to be suited.

DRESS GOODS—Our stock of Dress Goods for Spring and Summer wear surpasses anything we have ever shown before. We shall be pleased to show you our lines.

READY-MADE CLOTHING—Suits for Men and Boys made in the latest cut by best manufacturers. We have a large supply for the season's trade.

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

N.B.—You will find that our prices are very low. We can compete with Lachute prices. Call here before going elsewhere.

A BONA-FIDE OFFER!!

**Big Reductions on All Lines
in stock until further notice.**

KENNEDY The Up-to-date Tailor
And Out-Fitter

Roby's Block.

LACHUTE.

It is not Milk

That we supply, but the cans to put the Milk in. We can give you milk-cans at prices that surprise all. \$3.25 and upwards.

We have had trimmings made specially to strengthen the bottoms of all our milk-cans, which can be seen by calling on,

R. McARTHUR,

TINSMITH, PLUMBER, AND ROOFER.

MOUNT MAPLE

Mr. and Mrs. A. McGibbon, of Lachute, were among their friends here on Sunday.

Miss Bertha Murdock has returned to her home here, her school being closed in Edina.

Mr. Jno. Morrow, of Lachute, attended the service here on Sunday.

Miss Inez Calder spent Saturday and Sunday at Mrs. James Calder's.

Mr. James Murdock was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Walker, of Lachute, on Sunday.

We are pleased to see the smiling young man from St. Eugene once more in our midst, he carries sunshine wherever he roams.

The new house of Mr. W. J. Warwick has lately received finishing touches from J. W. Cottingham. This handsome residence adds greatly to the beauty of this place and can't fail to see the taste and skill which Mr. Warwick has acquired in building.

The late rains have caused vegetation to rush and the outlook for an abundant yield of hay is promising, in consequence the farmers have assumed a very pleasant countenance.

"Oh those horrid Caterpillars!" is the exclamation we hear on every hand, the mosquitoes are also here in good numbers and leave their trademark on the just and the unjust alike.

Working Night and Day

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globe of health that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Terrebonne }
No. 528.

Mrs. Marguerite, alias Vaggie, Lavolette of St. Eustache, said district, wife of Archibald, alias Archie Stewart, farmer, of the same place.

as and day, distributed an action in separation from bed, board, and property, against her said husband.

Ste. Scholastique,
29th May, 1899.

J. D. LEDUC,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

Millinery!!

Mrs. Hampton's Millinery Stock is now complete with a full line of Hats, Bonnets, Feathers, Flowers, etc., and everything found in a first-class millinery establishment.

Ladies wishing to purchase Spring Millinery will do well to call and see our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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

Mrs. HAMPTON.

Save the Babies.

Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.



There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhoea of infants, and none has the endorsement of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhoea very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

WHO WANTS CLOTHING?

Having purchased at Auction in Montreal, a Bankrupt Stock of Twenty-Six Hundred and Fifty-Two Dollars worth of Clothing and Gent's Furnishings, at the rate of fifty cents on the dollar, we can now sell them at prices far below their regular value.

The stock is all fresh goods, as the business had only been running about 9 months. The clothing is principally made by H. Shorey & Co. for best city trade, so is not cheap Shoddy wash, but good goods that will give both wear and satisfaction.

NOW IS YOUR TIME!

We Bought it Cheap, and will Sell it Cheap.

MEN'S SUITS THAT WERE \$5.00 NOW FOR \$3.00			
"	"	"	"
"	"	"	"
"	"	"	"
"	"	"	"
"	"	"	"

We have another line in this stock that you don't often see--Men's Waterproof Overalls, Jumpers, Vests and Pants.

MEN'S RUBBER LONG BOOTS, BEST QUALITY, REACHING TO THE HIP, WORTH \$5.50, NOW \$3.00 A PAIR.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

Men's Linen Collars, sizes 14 to 17	now 4 for 25c
Neckties, less than half-price	now 5, 10, 15, 20, & 25c each
Men's Flannelette Shirts	now for 15c
Men's Regatta Shirts	now 35c & 55c
Men's English Regatta Shirts	were \$1.50, now for 87c
Black Sateen Shirts	now for 35c
White Shirts	now for 55c
Belts	for 5, 10, & 15c each
Good Braces	for 10c a pair
Better Braces for more money	
Men's Cotton Socks	for 5c. a pair
Men's Cotton Socks	for 10c a pair
Men's Black Cotton Socks	for 12c a pair
Men's Black Cashmere Socks	

Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 5c each
Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 15c each
Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 25c each
Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 40c each
Ladies Cotton Stockings	for 10c a pr.
Children's Cotton Stockings, small sizes	5c a pr.

Men's Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers	for 20c. each.
Men's Undershirts and Drawers, better quality for more money.	
Men's heavy cotton Shirts and Drawers	for 25c. each.

These prices will only last till goods are sold, same qualities can't be repeated at these prices.

**Butter, Eggs, Maple Syrup, Wool, etc.
taken in exchange for goods.**

Remember the place! OPPOSITE THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE,

**East End, LACHUTE,
H. S. LOWNDES & Co.**

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WILL RUN

Home-seekers' 60 Day
Excursions to Canadian northwest points

COAST RETURN FARES TO

WINNIPEG	
DELORAIN	
RESTON	
ESTEVAN	
BINSBARTH	
MOOSOMIN	
COWAN	
REGINA	
MOOSEJAW	
YORKTON	
PRINCE ALBERT	
CALGARY	
RED DEER	
EDMONTON	

\$28.00

30.00

35.00

40.00

Going June 27th. Returning until August 26.
Going July 13th. Returning until September 12.
Going July 18th. Returning until September 17.

For tickets apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent.

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, Toronto and the West as follows:

	Daily.	Sun.
Lvs. MONTREAL	9.00 a.m.	8.30 p.m.
Arr. TORONTO	5.30 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
Arr. HAMILTON	6.55 p.m.	8.30 a.m.
Arr. NIAGARA FALLS	8.40 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
Arr. BUFFALO	10.00 p.m.	12.00 n'n
Arr. LONDON	9.50 p.m.	11.00 p.m.
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MUSIC AND MATRIMONY

The loves of some of the great musicians, and the vagaries to which these loves have led, are not to be readily accounted for on the principles by which the ordinary mortal is guided. Suppose we take a few actual cases in illustration. There is Berlioz, for example. It was almost a necessity of the nature of that erratic genius, as it was of the nature of Burns, that he should be in love. To him, as to Sir Thomas Browne, the silent note which Cupid struck was far sweeter than the sound of an instrument; and assuredly the dance which his Cupids led him at various times was yet a dance as never instrument yet played to. At one time, when staying in Italy, he heard that a certain frivolous and unscrupulous Parisian beauty, who had bled his not overfilled purse rather freely, was about to get married. The news should have gladdened his heart, but instead of that it set up a spirit of revenge, and Berlioz hurried off to Paris with pistols in his pockets, not even waiting for passports. He attempted to cross the frontier in women's clothes, and was arrested. A variety of contretemps occurred before he got to the French capital, and by that time he had so cooled down that he found no use for his pistols.

But this was only a preliminary canter. The romantic passion which most influenced Berlioz's life began when he had reached the comparatively sober age of 27. He had caught the contagion of an enthusiasm for Shakespeare, which, thanks mainly to Victor Hugo, was then raging in Paris. "Ophelia" and "Juliet" were his pet heroines, and "Ophelia" and "Juliet" were then being impersonated by Harriet Thomson, a pretty Irish actress, for whom a good many people at home had lost their wits. Harriet created quite a furore among the Parisians; but while she was simply admired by other men, she became with Berlioz the object of a violent—nay, an almost devouring—passion. To him she was a celestial divinity, a lovely ideal of art and beauty, a personification of the transcendent genius of Shakespeare himself. Just read how this otherwise sane man wrote at this time: "Oh! that I could find her," he exclaims, "the 'Juliet,' the 'Ophelia,' that my heart calls to; that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows.

Could I but rest in her arms one autumn eve, rocked by the north wind and sleeping my last sleep!" But Berlioz meant to have his "Juliet" in his arms before falling into his last sleep. His first step to that end was to give a concert at great expense, at which he hoped Miss Thomson would be present. Unfortunately, the concert proved a failure; and, worse than that, the adored one was not there—she had not even heard of it!

Berlioz was in utter despair, but luck was yet to favor him. In course of time the Shakespearean craze began to wane, and Miss Thomson found herself in pecuniary straits. Subsequently she had a fall, broke her leg, and was incapacitated from ever again appearing on the stage. Now was Berlioz's opportunity. His passion burned as fiercely as ever, and presently he was on his knees before the divine Harriet, offering not only to pay all her debts out of his own slender means but to marry her as well. The ceremony took place at once, and thus began a connection which led to the most bitter results. In course of time her peevish complaints and ungovernable jealousy fairly cooled the composer's ardor, and in the end he went his own way and provided for her living apart. If he had chosen a wife, not for "a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well," he might have had all the domestic joys that fell to the lot of that estimable character. But Berlioz was a genius, and the Vicar of Wakefield was not.

From a matrimonial point of view, Haydn fared no better, although he did not show himself quite so foolish. To begin with, he married not the girl he was in love with but her sister. "Haydn, you should take my eldest daughter," said Father Keller, the barber; and as Keller had done a good deal for Haydn, the composer felt that he must sacrifice his affection on the altar of duty, and oblige the old man. At the time of the marriage, in 1760, Haydn was 29, while his Anna Maria was 32. There does not seem to have been much love on either side to start with; but Haydn declared that he had really begun to "like" his wife, and would have come to entertain a stronger feeling for her if she had behaved in a reasonable way. Unfortunately, Anna Maria had neither rhyme nor reason in her composition. The entertaining Marville says that the majority of ladies married to men of genius are so vain of the abilities of their husbands that they are frequently insufferable. But Frau Haydn was not a lady of that kind. The world had emphatically proclaimed her husband a genius, but to Maria it was quite immaterial whether he was a jobber or an artist. Nay, she even committed the incredible crime of using the composer's manuscript scores for curling paper, as underlays for pastry and similar things! She was gay enough with it all, too. Frau Haydn saw out her seventy years, but

some time before that the pair had agreed to live apart as the best way of ending a union which had proved utterly unbearable to the composer.

Mozart gave the most practical of all reasons for taking a wife; he wanted some one to look after his linen. It is true he declared himself in love, but perhaps, like Dr. Johnson, he believed that marriage for so unsubstantial a thing as love was good enough for nobody but "big school children and fools." Unluckily, Mozart did not any more prove his wisdom by the choice of a wife than many other geniuses have done. With him it was literally a case of "how happy could I be with either." It was also another of the many instances of musicians falling in love with their pupils. In the course of those early musical tours round which so many doubtful stories have gathered, the wonderful prodigy landed at Mannheim and was introduced to a theatrical copyist named Weber—an uncle, by the way, of the composer of Der Freischütz. From Mozart himself we learn that old Weber was a "downright honest German," who at this time was doing his best to bring up a family of six on an income of 300 florins per annum. The "honest German" had a daughter, Aloisia, a girl of 15, who was not only pretty—which might have been enough—but was also musical. Mozart was engaged to give her singing lessons, and she gave him her heart in return. The composer was only 20 at this time, and he was still dependent on his father, who, naturally enough in the circumstances, warned him of the imprudence of his amour.

By and by the composer went to Paris to study, and to tell the French that "the devil himself invented their language." When he returned to Mannheim after a twelvemonth he learned for the first time in his life that women are as little to be depended on as riches and fiddle-strings. Aloisia Weber had meanwhile got an engagement at the Munich Theater, and her success had quite turned her head. A poor musician for a husband was now out of the question, and she frankly said so. Mozart bore the trial as well as a young man of 21 might be expected to do. Nay, we even find him writing to his father: "I was a fool about Aloisia Weber, I own; but what is a man not when in love?" Ay! what indeed! Nevertheless, in spite of the experience, Mozart was soon making a fool of himself again, through taking up his residence at the house of the Webers. There was another daughter, Constance, and to her the composer now transferred his affections. Of course, "dear papa" objected as before, and in return for his objections there came a minute description of the character and person of the young lady. "Constance," he writes to his father, "is a well-conducted, good girl, of respectable parentage, and I am in a position to earn at least daily bread for her. We love each other, and we are resolved to marry. All that you have written, or may possibly write, on this subject, can be nothing but well-meant advice, which, however good and sensible can no longer

be of any use to me. I am a man in Venice. Afterwards he would almost certainly have married an English lady, but for the way in which the mother-in-law interposed; and finally he was engaged to a lady of large property, who, instead, as a condition of the union, that he should give up the practice of his art, which Handel would as soon have thought of doing as of going without his dinner. It is indeed curious to note how frequently the musicians have escaped matrimony owing to the absurdly mean view taken of their professions by prospective fathers-in-law. Bellini practically died of a broken heart because the father of his innamorata, a Neapolitan judge, declined his suit on account of his social position. Beethoven, again, certainly had desired toward matrimony. "Oh, God!" he exclaims, "let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue." But Beethoven had none of the arts and graces of the lover, and to the end he remained wedded only to his art—which was perhaps just as well both for the art and the woman.

ters, which are among the most delightful things of their kind. As his friend Ferdinand Hiller said, his beautiful, gentle, sensible wife spread a charm over the whole household and reminded one of a Raphael Madonna. Mendelssohn, who had already succumbed to many a passing fancy, met Mile Cecile Renaud quite by accident when in 1836 he went to Frankfurt to relieve a sick friend from the duty of conducting a vocal society there. The mother of the lady was a widow, still comparatively young and handsome, and Mendelssohn was at first so reserved that people thought she must be the object of his frequent visits to the house. But in truth, though reserved, Mendelssohn was none the less seriously in love. And yet he seems to have had his doubts about the lasting character of his passion. At any rate, he resolved to adopt the not very common expedient of testing it by separation, and went off to The Hague for a month, only to prove to himself that absence does in reality make the heart grow fonder. The engagement followed as a matter of course. Some cynics had said that bachelors are rational, but the man who is "engaged" is always something of a lunatic. Mendelssohn came, pretty near to proving the truth of the remark. He had barely got over the difficulties of popping the question when he was writing to his mother: "I can settle nothing till I have written to tell you that I have just been accepted by Cecile. My head is quite giddy from the events of the day, but I must write to you; I feel so rich and happy."

The wedding soon came off, and Mendelssohn expressed himself as in greater bliss than ever. When Moscheles paid his first visit to the married pair, he wrote of the lady as being "very charming, very unassuming and childlike," though not, in his judgment, a perfect beauty, because she is a blonde. He adds that her way of speaking is simple, but her German is "Frankforty," and therefore not pure. "She said naively at dinner, 'I speak too slowly for my Felix, and he so quickly that I do not always understand him.' She is so unaffected in her ways that she often got up to hand us something." Mile Moscheles, again, adds her congratulations to "the excitable, effervescent Mendelssohn; he has met with a wife so gentle, so exquisitely feminine, they are perfectly matched." Mendelssohn might well be congratulated on his choice. His peculiarly beautiful character gives a zest to all that we can learn about his life, and to nothing more than to the record of his home experiences.

Luther declared that it was no more possible to do without a wife than to do without eating and drinking; but there have been a good many unmarried musicians for all that. Still, they have for the most part given assent to the theory so far as to make some effort towards attaining the blissful state. It is usual to represent Handel as a cold-hearted misogynist, because he was a bachelor. But Handel was certainly more than a free thinker. He was a man in Venice. Afterwards he would almost certainly have married an English lady, but for the way in which the mother-in-law interposed; and finally he was engaged to a lady of large property, who, instead, as a condition of the union, that he should give up the practice of his art, which Handel would as soon have thought of doing as of going without his dinner. It is indeed curious to note how frequently the musicians have escaped matrimony owing to the absurdly mean view taken of their professions by prospective fathers-in-law. Bellini practically died of a broken heart because the father of his innamorata, a Neapolitan judge, declined his suit on account of his social position. Beethoven, again, certainly had desired toward matrimony. "Oh, God!" he exclaims, "let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue." But Beethoven had none of the arts and graces of the lover, and to the end he remained wedded only to his art—which was perhaps just as well both for the art and the woman.

NATIONAL FLOWERS.

Scarcely Every Country in the World Has One.

Every nation seems to have a desire to equip itself with a symbolical plant. Scotchmen are said to owe theirs to the fact that, when a party of invading Danes were approaching the slumbering camp in the darkness, one of them trod on the prickly thistle, and announced his contact with it in rather loud tones. The Scots were awakened and drove off the enemy. Patriotic Welshmen decorate their caps with a leek on the list of March from an ancient custom of contributing a leek to the common repast at the annual gathering. England has always been famed for her roses; but the adoption of the rose as the national symbol does not seem to have taken place till Edward IV. introduced it on his seal. The lily of France has been traced to very early times, but probably owes its adoption to the Franks at the battle of Tolbiac, who crowned themselves with lilies after the battle.

Violets were especially associated with the fortunes of the Bonapartes. In heathen countries certain trees are held sacred: owing to their supposed connection with the heathen gods. The banian of India is sacred to the Hindu because the Hindu god Vishnu was said to be born under it; the peepul was supposed to be the favorite tree of Buddha.

The national plant of Upper Egypt is the lotus, on which the sun was supposed to rise; that of Lower Egypt, a tuft of papyrus reed; while the palm is typical of Judaea. The leaf and flower of the chrysanthemum were long ago adopted and are still used as the special emblem of the Mikados of Japan, and a festival in honor of the golden chrysanthemum is held yearly.

DEEDS OF JESSE POMEROY.

THE FIENDISH WORK OF A NOTORIOUS BOY MURDERER.

Knocked His Victims to Pieces After Death—All He Could Say Was That Something Impelled Him to Do It—Sentenced to Be Hanged, But It Was Commuted to Solitary Confinement for Life.

On a rainy evening in April, 1874, a man who was digging for clams on the marsh south of Washington village, a suburb of Boston, Mass., saw a little way from him, about at the mouth of the sewer, what in the gloaming looked like a child's form huddled up on the mud. It was then getting dark, and he called out. There was no answer, and so he put down his spade and ran over to the spot where the little dark form lay. The clothes were saturated with blood, and there was a pool about the head on the ground. The throat was cut from ear to ear, and evidently first from one side and then the other, for the arteries were so completely severed that

THE HEAD NEARLY FELL OFF

When the body was moved. The clam digger was almost dumfounded by the discovery of such an atrocity. The clothes were torn and cut, and upon opening the child's vest he found no less than 21 stab wounds around the child's heart. The poor little body was mutilated in other ways which suggested a depth of human depravity in the murderer that exceeded even the brutal desire to kill. There was a double track all the way from the station to the spot where the body was found, which removed all doubt as to the child having been led there. There were the imprints of a pair of little feet by the side of the imprints of a pair of larger size.

CRIME FASTENED ON POMEROY.

The detectives made plaster casts of the tracks, and obtaining the shoes of the murdered child from the undertaker's, fitted them to the tracks in the marsh. In the meanwhile the body had been identified as that of Horace R. Millen, a child between 4 and 5 years of age. A consultation of the leading detectives of the neighborhood was then held. Chief Savage, of the Boston police, made the discovery of the probable murderer. After he had listened to the details of the murder and the evidence obtained, he said: "This looks like the action of a mentally or morally deranged person. Now Jesse Pomroy was out of prison only a few days, and he had committed murder." The boy had been committed to a reform school some time before for a minor offense.

A Deputy, who was present, exclaimed: "Why, that boy is out of prison. He was pardoned a little time ago for good conduct." The detectives hired a hack and drove as fast as possible to the South Boston Station. Upon arriving they found that Jesse had been brought to the station. Immediately they

TOOK OFF THE BOY'S BOOTS

And examined them. There was a break in the upper of the left boot in the ball of the foot, and a hanging piece which in shape and size corresponded to the indentations in the marsh mud. On the soles of both boots there was the peculiar tap which had attracted their attention in the impressions in the mud. They also found that the bottom of the boy's trousers were caked and stiff with dried marsh mud, evidently of recent date, and indisputably marsh and not street mud.

SOMETHING URGED HIM ON.

Pomroy was taken to the undertaker's, and Wood held his head in such a position as to force him to look at the poor mangled body before him. "Oh, do you know this little fellow, Jesse?" The boy trembled violently, but did not answer. Wood repeated his question again and again. Finally the boy got excited, and tried to wriggle away, but finding he could not, he said: "Yes, I know him." "Did you kill him?" "In a half sobbing way the boy said, 'Yes, I did.' "What made you do it?" "I don't know. Something told me to do it." "How long have you known him?" "I never saw him until yesterday morning, when I took him down on the marsh." "Where did you see him first?" "He was playing on one of the lots near Dorchester avenue, South Boston, and I

ASKED HIM TO COME WITH ME.

"And how did you get him to go down on the marsh?" "I told him I'd show him something." "And what did you kill him with?" "My knife." "How did you get the blood off your knife?" The blades and the case of the knife were perfectly clean when it was taken from the boy's pocket at the station. "I stuck it in the mud and washed it in one of the ditches in the marsh." "And had you no reason for killing this little boy?" "No, but something told me to do it." "Well, when you started off with the boy to the flats had you any intention of killing him?" "I don't know, I think I meant to stick a knife into him, but I do not know whether I intended to kill him or not."

CONFESSES ANOTHER DEED.

After that Pomroy would not say another word, and the next day, when taken into Court, he pleaded not guilty. He was then committed to the Charles Street Jail for the Superior Court. After he had been three days in jail Father Cook, the prison

chaplain, visited the jail and had a long conversation with the boy in his cell. During this conversation Jesse made a full statement, and he gave Father Cook a plan of the cellar beneath his mother's store in South Boston, and told him that if they dug under the stairs they would find the body of Nellie Curran, a little girl about 5 or 6 years old, who had mysteriously disappeared about three weeks before the murder of Horace Millen on the marsh. His mother had left him in charge of the store while she was absent making some purchases in the city. The little girl came in to buy some candy or some other little thing, and he told her he had some kittens downstairs he would show her. He opened the cellar door invitingly, and the little girl stepped down in front of him. At the bottom of the stairs, he grabbed her by the hair, and pulling her head violently back, he cut her throat. Then he buried the body under the stairs and covered it with ashes and rubbish.

IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

Jesse Pomroy is now in the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass., under a sentence of imprisonment in solitary confinement. He was 15 years old at the time of these murders, in April, 1874, so that he has now been in prison for 25 years, and he is rapidly attaining middle life. He was first condemned to be hanged, as the medical testimony brought in at the time certified that he was sane, although he had the criminal defect in moral balance, and was responsible for his acts. The whole country was excited over the case on account of its unusual atrocity and absence of all motive, and a remarkable controversy followed over the decision of the Court. Governor Gaston was overwhelmed with petitions for and remonstrances against the commutation of the sentence of the Court. The matter was undecided when Governor Rice succeeded to the head of the administration, but it was finally decided in Council in 1876 to change the decree of the Court to solitary imprisonment for life.

STRANGE HONEYMOONS.

A short while since an adventurous couple spent their first days of wedded life on the summit of Mont Blanc. The ascent, extremely hazardous by reason of terrific snowstorms, being successfully accomplished, the bridegroom, in the presence of the guides, embraced his young wife, to whom he swore eternal fidelity, and received from her lips an equally fervent assurance, says a London paper.

In the neighborhood of Dobschau, a small Hungarian town, there is an extraordinary ice cave. In this cave, some sixteen years ago, a couple named Kolcey, elected to pass the week immediately following their marriage. They took with them a plentiful supply of rugs, blankets and warm clothing, sufficiently pleasant nature to tempt imitators.

A walking tour may make an endurable honeymoon, but to convert the latter into a walking match seems sadly incongruous with the rites of Hymen. Such, however, was not the opinion of one James Muir and his young bride, who were united in wedlock last autumn. While courting they had taken many a long walk together, during which a contention had arisen respecting their pedestrian ability. So high did this bickering run that they resolved as soon as they were married, to put their respective claims to the test by walking from London to Exeter, the bride being allowed to go by train to Basingstoke, a distance of forty-seven and three-quarter miles. No sooner had the knot been tied than the newly married wife took a cab to the station, while the husband started off westward at a good pace. In the result the latter was ungallant enough to win by over two miles, though the lady kept the lead until Honiton, sixteen and one-half miles from the goal, was passed.

A month since a young couple from Birmingham came to London on a three days' honeymoon. Alighting at Euston, they strolled down the Marylebone road until they sighted the building that contains Mme. Tussaud's famed collection. They entered and so entranced were they by the wonders they beheld that they remained until closing time. Next day they were the first to enter the building and the last to leave; and so also on the two succeeding ones. Then perforce they had to return home, highly delighted with their London wedding trip.

The writer knows one couple who spent their entire wedding day in journeying round and round the inner circle of the underground railway—a novel experience that pleased them greatly; and of a pair who, in the days of the old Polytechnic, forewore the wedding breakfast and affronted all their friends by going direct from the church to that resort of scientific entertainment, there to indulge in unlimited diving-bell descents. Only two years ago, also, a young man named Marr and his bride spent their wedding day on the Earl's Court Wheel. Perhaps, however, the most strange and gruesome idea of a honeymoon on record was that conceived by a well-to-do tradesman of Marseilles, named Dever, who, in the autumn of 1880, on his wedding day, travelled to Paris with his young wife to show her the execution of the miscreant Menesclou.

A SEVERE SETBACK.

No, it will be several Sundays before I care to hear the Rev. Mr. Dakier preach.

Why so?

He has just returned from a fishing trip, and it will take him that long to get back his veracity.

About the House.

LOVE THAT REACHES HEAVEN

The heart that feels for others' woes,
That wipes the tears of sorrow
From weeping eyes, when grief o'er-
flows.

And brings us bliss to-morrow,
Is the true heart, of priceless worth.
Blest boon to mortals given;
It throbs with pure love here on
earth,
And reaches up to heaven.

The voice that soothes us in our pain,
That cheers the hours of sadness,
And brings the sunshine once again
To souls who long for gladness,
Is the kind voice, whose words of cheer
In tried, true friendship's given!
It binds fond hearts with love-links
here,
And reaches up to heaven.

The hand that helps us in our need,
That leads us safe through sorrow,
And gives us trust and aid, in deed,
Till dawn the fair to-morrow,
Is the strong hand, so tried, so true,
In friendship's spirit given;
It fills the heart with love anew,
And reaches up to heaven.

The lips that kiss our cares away,
That brings the sunshine brighter,
And fills our home with bliss each
day,
And make the heart beat lighter,
Are lips so fond, so pure, so sweet,
In all life's pleasures given,
That oft their touch of love we'd
greet,
Which reaches up to heaven.

The love that cheers us on our way,
That fond, sweet, tender token,
Whose ties, grown stronger day by
day,
Binds hearts in links unbroken,
Is love so true, of precious worth,
To weary mortals given!
It thrills the hearts of all on earth,
And reaches up to heaven.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Japanese umbrellas have long been used to cover ugly ceiling. Lanterns have also been used, but they are not so pretty as the soft, bright crapes and chintzes which make looking upward a pleasure.

An ingenious young woman bought a roll of matting, pliable and jointless, with a design of diamonds of blue here and there. This, with a lot of picture molding from a sash factory, a paper of brads, a stepladder and considerable patience helped to beautify an ugly room.

The floor and ceiling of a room should be as pretty as the walls, and in a life scheme of color. Some sum-

med students who have a mountain college have made its walls of rough plaster, colored a dull brown, which shades on the ceiling with a grayish green. Along the walls, at the height of the picture rail, are narrow boxes, made of birch boughs, full of wood earth. In these are German ivy roots, the tendrils trained in a spider web of green wires, which spreads across the ceiling. Another room has been arranged by its owner as a sort of mermaid's cave, the walls of stucco, covered with clam shells pressed into the plaster and tinted a soft green. The ceiling is draped with fish nets hung on spears. A whaler's lantern and a narrow painted frieze of red crabs heighten the illusion.

For grass stains in linen and lawn use alcohol, then cold water and soap. For iron rust use salt and lemon juice and sunshine. This is also good for ink stains in wash goods. For mildew, rub with soap and chalk freely.

A new method of taking out fruit stains is to tie up cream of tartar in the spotted places and put the garment into cold water and boil it. If the stains are much spread stir cream of tartar in the water. If still visible, boil the garment in a mixture of supercarbonate of soda, a tablespoonful to a pail of water.

For summer cottages the latest style when papering walls with a vine or stripe is to have the lines meet at a point in the middle of the ceiling. It makes the walls seem lower, but it is novel and cheerful. Good effects can be secured with pink and white cheese-cloth, the pink gathered in tiny folds for the walls, and at about 20 inches from the ceiling the white is shirred and meets it, extending further to be gathered into a big rosette in the center.

HINTS ON ROOTING SLIPS.

In the saucer system of rooting cuttings, the vessels are filled with sand simply. The cuttings should be small, and several can be put in one saucer. The sand must be kept so wet that it is like mud, and the saucer must be placed where it will get plenty of sun. Never shade from the sun, but protect from the wind. This is all that is necessary to insure successful rooting with good slips. When pouring water on, care must be taken to do it very gently, so as not to throw down or even unsettle the slips.

The professional makes great use of tiny pots, two inches in diameter at the top and two inches deep. Rooted slips do far better in small than in large pots, where they are apt to become waterlogged. They should be potted in fine sandy soil and kept shaded for two or three days until the roots have time to strike into the soil.

In from four to eight weeks, according to the nature of the cutting and the heat it has had, the little pot will be filled with a nest of roots and needs repotting, but do not use too large a pot.

Swamp moss is so useful that any commercial greenhouse would not think of getting along without it. In small pots half an inch at the bottom is filled with this moss for drainage. In six-inch pots and larger a layer of an inch or more of charcoal is used in the bottom and this covered with moss. I have used dried grass in place of moss with good results. It surely pays to use moss or grass. Another item of drainage much more important than the above, and not universally known, is to keep the pots on rough material, such as sinders, so that air can get under them and water pass off more freely. This drainage question is especially important with roses, as they especially dislike excess of water at the roots.

There is one simple rule for getting cuttings at the proper stage. If on bending the slip it breaks off short it is too old. One of the most certain methods, and one which does least injury to the parent plant where many slips are wanted, and especially good for foliage plants that are liable to rust under common treatment, is called "layering in the air." The shoot is cut, but left hanging to the plant by a bit of bark, and is allowed to hang there for 10 or 12 days. The wound heals over, and if the plant has been kept in a moist atmosphere, the slip will already have begun to root in the air, but even if no roots have been sent out, the healed surface is the first step toward rooting, so all that is necessary is to detach it and plant it in a tiny pot. I have also rooted begonias, geraniums, wax plant and clematis in a bottle of water. Fill the bottle up to the neck with warm water and insert the cutting a half inch in the water, letting the top extend out from the bottle neck. Place in the sun, and keep the bottle filled with water. After the first roots start, leave it alone for several days before potting. Begonias and geraniums will root in a week in either sand or water if kept warm enough. Some plants require longer. Verbenas and petunias also root quickly. Water with warm water, use small pots, protect from winds, supply good drainage, furnish rich, porous soil, then with good cuttings, onlookers will say you have magic in your fingers as regards your success in rooting growing slips.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Baked Potatoes with Cheese—Remove the potatoes from the skin, being careful not to break the skin. Mash in a hot bowl, season with salt, melted butter and grated cheese. Refill the skins, place a piece of butter on top of each potato and brown in the oven.

Rice and Cheese—Cook rice in boiling

salted water until tender. Drain, place in a baking pan and cover with grated cheese. Bake in oven until brown on top.

Fish Balls—Ingredients, boiled potatoes; freshened, slowly boiled "salt, dry fish;" pork gravy in sufficient proportions for hash. Peel potatoes while hot, mash and mix with the finely shredded fish and moisten with the pork, which has been cut into fine bits and tried out slowly, crisping the slices. Season to taste, adding a boiled, chopped onion if that flavoring is liked. Mold into balls and let it stand till next day, when brown in moderate oven. Half a cup rich, sweet cream is an improvement, mixed when mashing the potatoes.

Cheese Straws—To 1 cup grated cheese add salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 3 tablespoons cold water and enough flour to make a soft dough. Mix with a fork until stiff enough to cleave from the sides of the bowl. Dust a molding board with flour, roll gently until as thin as pie crust, cut in strips 1-4 inch wide and six inches long, and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Hazelnut Cake—One cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons shortening melted, 1 small cup chopped hazelnuts, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2-3 cups flour. Frosting: One egg, 10 teaspoons sugar. Beat each. The nuts may be put in a small bag and pounded. Chopped raisins may be used instead of nuts.

LEMON ICE.

Put three pints of water into a saucepan with one quart of cutloaf sugar and let it simmer over a slow fire until it is reduced to a generous quart of syrup. When cold, add the strained juice of five lemons and the whites of four eggs beaten to stiff froth. If the syrup seems very thick a little water may be added. Stir the ingredients well together and pour into freezer to be treated like ice cream.

GUNNERY IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

The present efficient condition of the Channel Squadron is a proof of what an officer who has his heart in his work can do says the London Saturday Review. Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawton, since he took over the senior command, has kept officers and men busy at every kind of evolution, not even the dread "gridiron" movement being neglected. But his best work has been in connection with the gunnery of the squadron. He has spared no personal effort to secure efficiency in this most important branch of the naval war, even going so far as to design special targets. He followed this up by himself superintending the target practice, with the result that the shooting was unusually accurate. It is good news that in nearly all the squadrons gunnery is receiving increased attention.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

MANURES AND MANURING.

(T. C. Wallace, before the Ontario Farmers' Institutes)
(Continued from last issue.)

Farmyard manure we depend largely upon to return us a part of the fertility our crops and animals remove. Its value must not be underrated, but at the same time it is suicidal to our interests to close our eyes to any deficiency in it. By the dung and liquid waste of our animals we get most of the potash. The solid portion of the dung is the undigested, or only partially digested, material from which the animal extracted what it could. It contains then the unused nitrogen, potash and phosphates. The liquid portions contain the daily waste of the system. What really entered the system and formed blood was taken in a liquid condition and is, of course, thrown off only in a similar state. The phosphoric acid absorbed by the animal never returns in excrement. It enters into the bone of the animal. It gives nerve force and induces ripening of the flesh, and never comes back to us in the shape of manure. The straw used as litter gives us most of the potash of the grain plant and considerable nitrogen, but none, or practically none, of the phosphate, because plants, like animals, use it for their ripening strength. While then, as I said before, stock-keeping is a better condition of affairs, yet it has not so far proved an ideal one in the way of bringing up and keeping up fertility. But how do we usually care for this manure, and do we use it so as to make the most out of it? Usually it is kept in heaps in the barnyard or the field. The straw as it goes into the heap is certainly not in a condition of plant food until rotted, but as the process of decomposition develops acids which might be of great value to us in liberating the lock-up elements of our soils, it appears a pity to carry on this forcible action in the heap instead of in the soil. I consider rotting straw in the heap wasteful, for this reason: The dung soon warms up in the heap, and in a few days a lively action of denitrification begins, which in a comparatively short time, entirely liberates or changes the nitrogen so that it is less valuable, gets washed out, or, forming gases, escapes to the atmosphere again. It is in the warmth, moisture and darkness of the

heap that this serious loss occurs. Only the nitrate developed in the straw for our crops. This is a serious loss, for nitrogen is the principal money value of our manure. This manure has cost us money in some form, and to so waste it is equal to allowing our hard-earned dollars to run out of a hole in our pockets. Here, then, is a leak which every effort must be made to stop. To some extent the use of land-plaster in the stable, strewn daily in the gutters, will help to prevent this loss. It is not a complete cure, however, but it seems to help. In fact, anything which will induce dryness in the heap will assist. But if we spread the manure on our fields immediately, no loss occurs. The sun does not waste the manure, it only takes water from it and dries it. Also, in the sunlight, the microbes do not develop and work destruction. This is a labor-saving operation, and the labor saved will be well spent in cutting the straw for bedding. But is there no other reason for spreading the manure as soon as made? Most of the manure made at the barn is produced in the fall, winter and early spring. If we consider that the readily available part of the manure, the dung, is in a state of very fine subdivision we can readily see how the gravity water of the soils, present during these seasons only, can assist in distribution of this manure much more perfectly than any machine we can devise. This is an important reason for fall, winter and early spring manuring, and should not be lost sight of.

CHEAP AND DURABLE SILOS.

The effort at the present time is to build a cheap and durable silo. Nearly all the silos which have been built in the past have been too expensive, and many of them rotted out quickly. Those that were built of brick or stone have not been as satisfactory as the wooden silos. It appears to the writer that the cheapest durable silo and the one that is most satisfactory is constructed out of beveled-staves six inches wide and of the length desired. It is circular in form and should have a cement bottom. The staves are usually kept in place by means of galvanized iron hoops placed about 31-2 feet apart. They come in sections of 10 to 12 feet, with suitable appliances for tightening. Four or more posts may be set in a square to support a roof and girts and boarding, and if the silo is in a cold country the corners of the building may be filled with straw to prevent freezing. A roof is erected over the silo, with both gable ends left open, or, if it is desired, a flat roof may be used. About three doors should be cut in the staves at suitable distances. These doors are cut beveling, and the pieces which are cut out are fastened together by means of battens and light carriage bolts. They

should be cut on a bevel at the ends, so that the door may be placed in a position from the inside. The foregoing expression of opinion is from the Country Gentleman, which further says: We have examined most carefully the circular-silos and are led to say emphatically that under most conditions the circular is preferable to any other form of silo. It dries out enough to prevent any decay, and when it is desired to fill it again the hoops are tightened, making the silo air-tight.

CHURNING SWEET AND SOUR CREAM.

It is well known that the churnability of cream depends largely on its handling during ripening. Sour cream churns more easily than sweet cream. The reason for this may be that the presence of lactic acid has some effect on the surface tension of fat globules. Since sour cream churns more readily than sweet cream, it will not do to mix creams of unequal ripeness just before churning. The sour cream would churn first, and the sweet cream would be left as buttermilk. If it is necessary to mix cream of unequal ripeness, it should be done at least 12 hours before churning, and the mixing should be thorough. It is important to stir the cream while it is ripening for a similar reason. If the temperature of cream is not exactly alike throughout, as is nearly always the case, the warmer parts ripen more rapidly, and unless the cream is occasionally stirred it does not ripen uniformly. This leads to heavy losses of fat in the buttermilk. If cream has been handled exactly as it should be, the churn may be stopped when the butter is in granular form without loss of fat in the buttermilk, but if the cream is not uniformly ripened the churn cannot be stopped at this point without considerable loss.

PLAYING AT PARLIAMENT.

A New Game Which is Proving Very Successful in the Schools of Japan.

An ingenious school teacher in Japan recently conceived the idea of having his pupils hold sessions similar to those of the Japanese Parliament, and so successful has this novel idea proved that it is now being generally adopted throughout the schools of the country. It has also attracted the attention of many Europeans, and certain leading journals in Germany and France claim that school teachers in every county might well follow the example of the Japanese professor.

In his school the principal plays the part of the Prime Minister, and three

Ministers of Public Instruction, of War and of the Navy. Three of the senior scholars take the part of Privy Counsellors, and the oldest professor acts as President of the Parliament, the place of Vice-President being taken by the professor of history. Other professors and pupils act the parts of Speaker, Secretary of State and the other official personages attached to the Parliament.

At the opening session, which was held in the large schoolroom of the High School at Sendai, a city in the north of Japan, an embryo member of Parliament presented for discussion a bill for the abolition of all examinations. The principal champion of the bill was a young student named Kato. He spoke for two hours in his favor, paying not the slightest attention to the many interruptions which were made by the deputies on the crowded benches. The newspapers next day gave a long account of his speech, and predicted for him a brilliant Parliamentary career if he decided to enter public life.

The speakers who followed him were not so fortunate. One of them, indeed, was so embarrassed by the interruptions from the benches that he lost his head completely, and was fain to turn aside and swallow a cup of tea, after which he hastily left the platform. A curious feature of the session was the gaiety of all those who took part in it. Students, as well as professors, did not hesitate to lay stress on the weak points of the grave dignitaries whom they represented, and many a hearty laugh was aroused by the skilful manner in which they portrayed the leading legislators of their country. This first session lasted for seven hours, and it might not have ended then if the Prime Minister had not remarked that it was time for dinner.

Evidently there will be no lack of candidates for Parliamentary honors in Japan, at least during the present generation.

QUININE USED BY SOLDIERS.

The consumption of quinine by American soldiers suffering from one southern fever or another during the past year is said to exceed 125,000,000 grains. In some instances men in the hospitals of Cuba and Puerto Rico were dosed regularly with 200 grains a week, and there was hardly a man in the field who did not take the drug at one time or another. Fully one-third of the entire quinine supply of the world is consumed in the United States.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Edith—How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?

Percy—Dunno, 'm shuah. It's weally too deuced much of an effort to count 'em.

Edith—Dear me! You must smoke as many as ten then.

OCEAN GRAVEYARD SINKS.

SABLE ISLAND IS RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING FROM SIGHT.

Most Dangerous Spot in the North Atlantic—Surrounded by Shoals, Fogs and Currents, Will No Longer Support a Lighthouse.

Not far from Nova Scotia and directly in the path of many of the lines plying to and from Halifax, lies one of the most dangerous spots in the world. For 40 miles about the sea is as shallow as an estuary; tiny shoals, of which even expert mariners are in doubt, lie so thickly sprinkled that to thread them is a feat requiring the greatest skill; the islets are so uncertain that no lighthouse can long be maintained in one spot, and by reason of its frequent shiftings is often as much a menace as a safeguard. Sable Island is aptly dubbed the "Ocean Graveyard," for it has witnessed more disastrous wrecks than all the dreaded points in the Northern Atlantic together. The worst fears of Canadian pilots are now being confirmed, and the island is itself disappearing, to add another to the numberless shoals about. When it has at last sunk beneath the waves that seething track will be without a light, when God help the luckless craft, sailing or steaming, that falls into its toils. The last stand of the lighthouse was taken last November, at a point then one mile from the shore. It was taken in desperation, and the winter has brought forth all the lifeboat crew dreaded. The house itself was lately engulfed in the swiftly advancing waves.

THE OCEAN GRAVEYARD.

Sable Island is 85 miles distant from Nova Scotia. It is surrounded by perplexing currents and bewildering fogs. Shallows spread out around it so widely that for many a mile beyond the point where the sea and sand meet there is not water enough to float a small schooner. At the northeast end on a winter's day there may be seen for nine miles a mass of roaring breakers before a depth of six fathoms is reached; then there are four miles more of heavy cross seas leading out to a depth of from 10 to 13 fathoms.

At the northwest end the bar extends seaward 17 miles after the same fashion before deep water is reached. In stormy weather the island and its surrounding bars present a magnificent and inspiring spectacle with

its continuous line of over 50 miles of raging waves.

There was up to a year ago, a pleasant quiet, cultivated valley in Sable Island, where the lighthouse keepers lived and tilled the ground. This was shut in from the sea by hills or rather side A sad feature of the "Ocean Graveyard" is the little burying ground in this valley, where sleep many of the victims of the ocean's wrath. A strange fact about Sable Island is that there is a herd of wild ponies on it. Of course, the whole island is surrounded by the bleached ribs of naval skeletons. More vessels have gone ashore here than at any other spot in the world.

GRADUALLY ENGULFED.

When first discovered Sable Island was 46 miles long and 2 1-4 miles wide. In 1776 it had shrunk to 31 miles long and 2 miles wide; in 1800 to 27 miles long and 1 mile wide. According to the last survey of the British Admiralty Office, the length was 22 miles and the breadth scarcely a half.

When seeking a site for the main station in 1802 a well-sheltered position was chosen among the sand hills five miles distant from the west end. Yet in 1814 the Superintendent was compelled to move three miles further east, as within the four preceding years no less than four miles had gone entirely from the west end, while on the north side an area equal to forty feet wide and three miles long had been carried away during a single gale.

In 1820 another move, this time four more miles eastward, was necessitated. Still the sea steadily advanced, as it determined not to be balked of its prey. The two following winters brought with them frequent storms, which wrought fearful havoc along the western shore, toppling the great sand hills into the surf, as well as altering the surface, thousands of tons of sand being carried from the beach and strewn over the inland valley, smothering vegetation so that hundreds of ponies died for want of food. In 1833 the old station was abandoned and new buildings erected on the broadest portion of the island. These are now also unsafe, and no spot remains on which a stable residence can be had.

REGISTER OF WRECKS.

Since 1802 a wreck register has been carefully kept, which shows more than 150 wrecks. Once entangled in the shallows of Sable Island, once stranded upon the bars, and it is all over with the hapless craft. Men-of-war, and stately frigates have been wrecked here, as well as steamships, bargues and fishing smacks. Two fine lighthouses and a well-equipped life-saving station are maintained on Sable Island by the Canadian Government. A staff of from 15 to 20 men live there. The Superintendent's journal shows that there have been only five fine days in the four months on an average. At times the steamer that makes periodical visits to the island has had to wait eight days for a favorable wind in which to effect a landing, and even then she has frequently had to make a hasty departure.



Our Best Salesman: The Mirror.

You may know the kind of garment that suits your style when you see it on, but you may not be able to describe it to a tailor.

It is this that makes
our success with

Shorey's Ready Tailored Clothing.

It's up to date style; carefully tailored make and general appearance gives us the pull over our competitors, who buy their goods at auction and fill their stores with the tag ends of various makers because they are cheap.

Shorey's Guarantee Card in the pockets means
SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

A COMPLETE STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM.

FANCY DRESS GOODS.—New Fabrics, Novel Designs and Beautiful Colorings for the season. All the New Shades of Greys, Drabs, Fawns and Blues. Priestly's Black Dress Goods the best on the market.

PRINTS.—We are satisfied that for Variety of Patterns, Unique Designs, Washable Colors, and quality of goods our range cannot be beaten.

IN PRINTED NOVELTIES.—We are showing the very latest things in Scotch Dress Gingham in Broken Checks, Small Plaids, and other fashionables weaves.

A BALE OF COTTON Just arrived in small webs of 30 yards each. If you want a bargain call soon as they will go like hot cakes.

KID GLOVES.—"Pewny's" Kid Gloves, every pair guaranteed in the latest style and shades.

LACES AND EMBROIDRIES.—The finest you ever saw just what the ladies have been looking for.

IF YOU WANT a Carpet or Curtains call and see ours. No trouble to show goods, they are sure to sell at first sight.

McFAUL BROS.

HARDWARE

SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE,
MACHINERY SUPPLIES, PUMPS & PIPES,
STEAM FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS,
SKATES, RIFLES, CARPENTER'S TOOLS.

A Large Stock. Prices Right.
Call and see us.

McOUAT & McRAE.

HARDWARE



Mrs. James Constable, Seaforth, Ont., writes:—"Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up-stairs I had to stop to rest and regain breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unnaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me."

"I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation has vanished. I can now go up-stairs without stopping and with the greatest of ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION AND DYSPEPSIA.

SUPERIOR COURT

Province of Quebec,
District of Montreal } No. 531.

JOSEPH PALLISER,
vs.
THOMAS S. VIFOND,
and
THOMAS BANNERMAN,
Liquidator.

Sale in Liquidation.

WHEREAS it appears by judgment of the said court rendered the 1st June, 1899, granted on petition of the said liquidator that the sale by public auction is ordered of all the assets of the Electric Lighting system and business belonging to the partnership heretofore existing between the said plaintiff and defendant in the town of Lachute, district of Terrebonne, comprising all the machinery, electrical apparatus, wires, poles, tools, and effects generally, appertaining to said system and business, together with the unexpired term of lease of water power and lighting station, and all book debts, claims, and rights of action generally whatsoever belonging to or arising out of the said business and the liquidation thereof, and that the sale of the said property and business is ordered to be held on the 7TH JUNE aforesaid, after two notices in the WATCHMAN, a newspaper published at Lachute aforesaid.

Now therefore, I, the said liquidator, give notice to all whom it may concern that on SATURDAY the 17th June inst. at eleven of the forenoon, at the said Electric Light Station, I will proceed to the sale of the said property, system and business by auction, and will adjudicate the same to the last and highest bidder.

The said judgment reserves from the said sale for future adjudication, the following Electrical apparatus, to wit:—One 300 light alternating dynamo, with all the necessary station apparatus, consisting of exciter, sliding base for both exciter and dynamo, potential indicator, current indicator, station transformer, lightning arresters, fuse blocks and pilot lamps, 300 lamps of 16 candle power of the Swan type, all the necessary inside wiring, and four and a half miles of heavily insulated pure lake copper wire both taped and double braided, and also what necessary transformers to operate these lamps.

An inventory is prepared and may be seen and examined at the Electric Light Station on the afternoon of every day until the sale.

Terms of Sale—Cash, or its equivalent. The liquidator may require a deposit in Cash from any bidder.

Montreal, 6th June, 1899.

THOMAS BANNERMAN,
Liquidator.

CIRCUIT COURT.

In and for the County of Lachute.

DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE

No. 2553.—FELIX HAMELIN and
THOMAS HENRY AYERS, both of the
Township of Chatham, in said County,
Woolen Manufacturers, doing business
together under the name of "Hamelin &
Ayers."

vs. PLAINTIFFS

WILLIAM BIGLOW of the village of
Grenville, said County, Lockman, now
absent from the Province of Quebec.

DEFENDANT.

The defendant is ordered to appear
within one month.

Lachute, 26th May, 1899.

THOMAS BARRON,
Clerk C. C.

G. E. Bampton,
Plaintiffs Attorney.

LACHUTE GRIST MILLS.

The undersigned having
again leased the Lachute
Grist Mills, from J. C. Wil-
son & 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 Buck-
wheat Flour, Bran,
and Shorts.

P. CAMPBELL & Co.
TELEPHONE NO. 44.

Orders delivered anywhere in
the town.

FOR SALE.

Tamworth Pigs aged one month,
Tamworth Sows one year, 100 York-
shire Pigs all ages, Ayreshire Calves,
also Brahms, Wyandoth, and White
Plymouth Rock Fowls, Pekin Ducks,
and White Turkeys, and eggs from
same.

DAVID BODDEN,
Montebello.



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
per cent. 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 simi-
lar 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. Whitcombe, rector 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—20c. for 40
doses—are the best. Dr. Agnew's
Ointment relieves in a day eczema,
tetter and all skin diseases. Cures
piles in 2 to 5 nights. 35c. 2

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Shirt Waists!

An Elaborate Gathering of Stylishly-made Shirt
Waists, that includes almost every conceivable Cotton
Fabric that gives the fresh, crisp beauty that ladies
desire, coupled with the serviceableness that makes the
daintiness, washable and lasting. Prices Right!

G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Foundry Street Carriage Factory.

(Formerly Robitaille's Stand.)

This is where you can get all your repairing, painting,
and horse-shoeing at reasonable rates.

All kinds of Machines with latest im-
provements, Waggon, Buggies, Second
Hand Expresses and the New low down Ex-
press, the very newest vehicle.

Long needed by the Public, suits every person, for
every purpose.

Call and examine for yourself.

I. W. ROBERTS.

WEST-END BAKERY.

PLAIN, FANCY, AND HOME-MADE BREADS,
ROLLS, 1 UNS, SCONES, ETC.

We have a large assortment of Games and Novelties
whenever it will be worth while for you to examine.

Fruits, Oranges, etc.

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BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,
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19 June 1900
B.C.C.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIV.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899.

NO. 17

Professional & Commercial

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Money to Loan on Security.
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J. A. C. ETHIER,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.
Attends all courts in the district of Terrebonne, and is in Lachute every Tuesday.

J. D. LEDUC, LL.B.,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.
Attorney for the revenue for the district of Terrebonne for Dominion and Provincial Governments.

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INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT,
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Notes discounted and Loans Made.
Only First-class Insurance Companies Represented.

CHARLES CALDER,
General Agent for The Lancashire, and The Liverpool London and Globe Fire Insurance Companies in the Ottawa Valley. Mercantile, Schedule, and Farm Risks at Reduced Rates.
P. O. Box 70 LACHUTE, P.Q.

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Agent for Leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at once.
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LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Thos. Fulton spent a couple of days in Montreal last week.

Mr. J. D. Boyce spent Sunday at home with his family.

Selling out and going west.
A. J. PERIARD.

Mr. Charlebois calls attention to his adv't appearing in this issue.

WANTED—1000 Calf Skins at once.
W. BANFORD.

Quite a number from our town attended the concert at Geneva on Friday last.

The election of School Commissioners will take place on the 1st Monday in July at 10 o'clock.

If you want a cheap Suit, now is your time. Big reductions.
A. D. KENNEDY.

Ice Cream and Cake to-night at the Presbyterian Social in the Victoria Hall.

W. A. Weir, Esq., M.P.P., was in town over Saturday and Sunday and was the guest of Dr. Stackhouse.

Black Dress Goods.—We carry the largest stock in Lachute.
W. BANFORD.

The auction sale of W. V. Walker, North Settlement, takes place to-day. See adv't in this issue.

Miss Maggie McFaul returned home last week from New York and intends remaining.

Mr. Paul Jousse paid a flying visit home on Sunday last. He reports things booming at Vankleek Hill.

Wool Wanted—in exchange for a specially fine lot of Tweeds and Flannels. Highest market price paid.
G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Mr. Nicholson, of Montreal, is spending a short time here, the guest of Mrs. McGillivray.

Messrs. Thos. and James Brophy, of Toronto, were guests of Mrs. P. Lane on Sunday last.

Prepare for Haying. The Moody mowers and parts for repairs sold at Wales', St. Andrews. Also sections etc., for other mowers in stock.

Mr. R. Cook and son, of Arundel, were in town on Wednesday and paid the WATCHMAN a friendly visit.

The Independent Order of Foresters will attend divine service at St. Simeon's Church on Sunday morning next.

The Curlers announce a first-class concert for the evening of the first of July. Look out for particulars next week.

Lawn Mowers,
Ice Cream Freezers,
Window Screens,
Garden Tools,
Spray Pumps,
McOUAT & McRAE.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—In the West End, Lachute, a large 7 roomed house with store adjoining, formerly occupied by J. Fish as Post Office, and dwelling.
Apply to,
M. WANLESS,
St. Andrews.

Season 1899.

Special attention is called to our Millinery Show-Room this season. We feel certain that you will see the best that artistic skill and taste can produce.

We have planned to have our stock so rich, so varied, so charming, as will gratify every expectation.

We have every new style worthy of a place. It will be an advantage to have your hat or bonnet trimmed at

Miss CRESWELL'S.

ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Messrs. Bruce and Mathewson, who were in town on business for the Great Northern Railway, left yesterday morning for Grenville.

New Blouse Silks.—Selling off this season's Shirt Waists in Print and Muslin, 20 per cent discount at Wales' St. Andrews.

Go to G. L. Meikle & Co., for finest seeds in Lawn Clovers, Timothy, field seeds and small garden envelopes.

The many friends of Miss McCallum, will be glad to hear she has sufficiently recovered to be home again and is now doing well.

Miss E. Paton left on Saturday last for a trip to Fifeshire, Scotland, expecting to return about the middle of August. We wish her a pleasant voyage.

We are paying 20 cts. per lb., for Wool in exchange for Tweeds, Dress Goods, Boots, Shoes and Clothing.
W. BANFORD.

The members of Stonefield Baptist Church wish to convey their united thanks to Mr. George Owens, of Stonefield, for his great kindness in delivering annually a load of good wood since its opening.

Mr. Sutherland expects to have everything in readiness for the laying of the foundation stone of the New Presbyterian Church by the middle of July.

Coal Oil Stoves,
Wringers,
Fishing Tackle,
Carpenter's Tools,
Paints & Brushes.
McOUAT & McRAE.

FOR SALE—I have on hand a large quantity of Lime, which I am anxious to dispose of at lowest possible prices. The best in the county. Write at once to J. E. Bradford, West End Lachute.

Messrs. McOUAT and McRAE have just complete a duplex Suction Pump for the Ottawa Paper Company. The pump is a fine piece of work and reflects much credit on the firm.

WANTED—A Good General Blacksmith. Steady job for reliable man. Apply by letter or personally to—
I. W. ROBERTS, Lachute.

The route for the Great Northern Railway is now fully decided and will pass through to St. Canoe and take in part of the Academy and Exhibition Grounds.

NOTICE.—The ladies of Frownsburg will hold an Ice Cream Social on Mrs. R. Hardie's lawn at the "Corner," on Thursday the 22nd inst., commencing at 7.30 p.m. Should the weather be unfavorable for the lawn it will be held in the church. Admission 15 cts.

10,000 lbs., of Wool wanted at once. Don't delay but bring it right along and we will pay you 20 cts., per lb., in exchange.
G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

We understand that the Oppositionists have secured the amount necessary for pastoral support and that they intend sending a delegation to the Presbytery which meets in Montreal on the 27th of this month to request the Presbytery to supply a minister for them.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church invite you to attend their Social in the Victoria Hall to-night at eight o'clock. There will be a lecture by the Rev. Orr. Bennett and several selections by the choir. Mr. Bennett is a forcible and pleasant speaker and well worth hearing. Ice Cream and Cake will be sold, but the admission to Hall is 15 cts.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made and that, too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sit up. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther, etc." Thus writes W. C. Hambrick & Co., of Shelby, N.C. Sold by all Druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

OUR STOCK OF PIANOS & ORGANS IS COMPLETE.



We have on hand a large stock of the unequalled gold medal Doherty organs.

As we contract largely for all our instruments, we can sell you cheaper than anyone else.

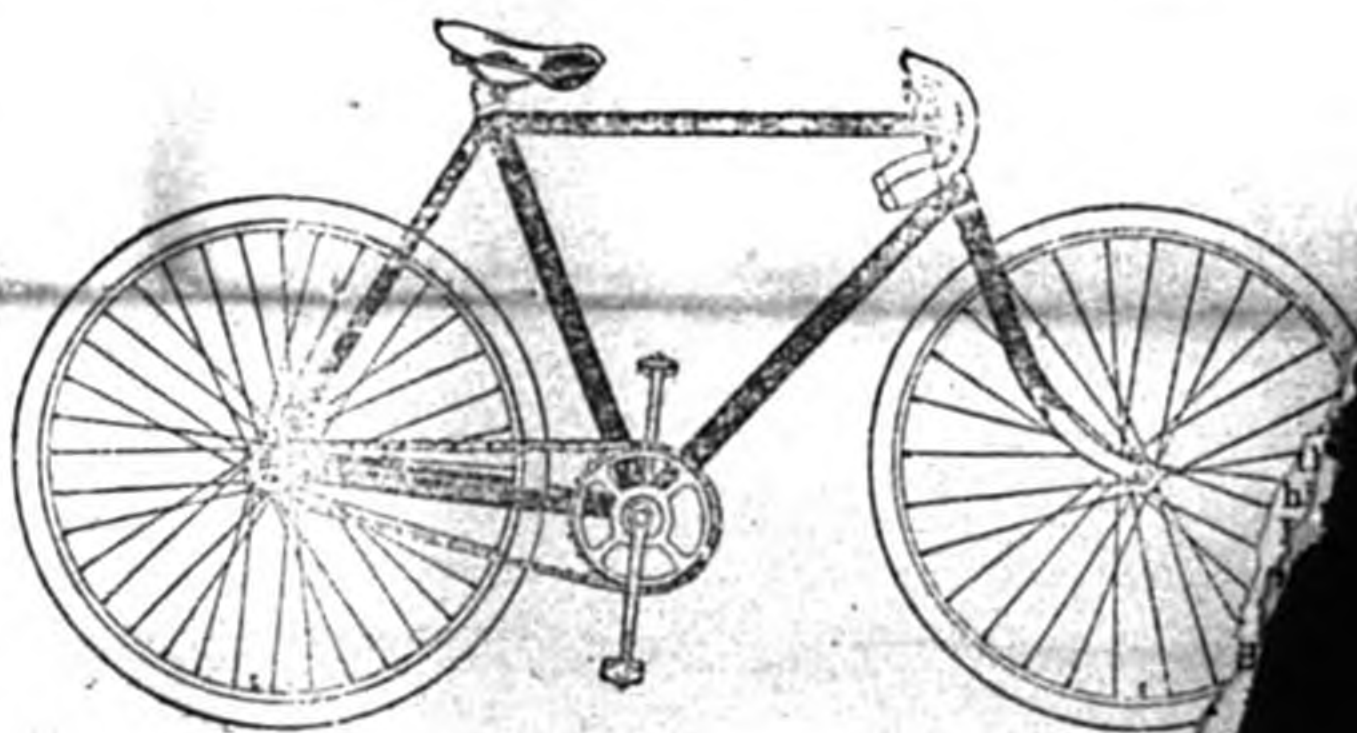
Buy from us and save the middle men's profit.

Write for our Catalogues and Prices.

J. A. BEDARD,

MAIN STREET - - - LACHUTE.

The Monarch of all IS THE RED BIRD!



Call and see them at
W. H. GARRETSEN
Main Street LACHUTE

Nice new stock of Wall Papers just to hand, cheap, also alabastine in all the newest shades, New Paints, etc.
G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

BICYCLES.—We have again this year the same fine or popular high grade wheels as last season. Call and see them. We sold fourteen last year and they all tell of their perfection and beauty. Prices lower this year.
W. BANFORD.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25 cents at any Drug Store.

Selling out. Chance to feel suits and Gents Furnishings.
A. J.

DENTISTRY

H. C. McCONNELL, D.D.S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST.

Will be in Lachute the last days of each week.

DENTISTRY.

B. C. STACKHOUSE, S'r., D.D.S. L.D.S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,

Is at Lachute last three days of each week. Parties coming from a distance please come on Friday or Saturday.

SELLING OUT! BEFORE GOING WEST.

\$5,000 GOODS AT GREAT SACRIFICE!

STOCK COMPRISES—Scotch, English and Canadian Suitings, Overcoatings, Trousersings, Vestings, Hats, Caps, Water-proof Coats, Boots, Slippers, Rubbers, White and Colored Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Umbrellas, Braces, Socks, Underwear, Beautiful lines of Neckwear, Sweaters, Gloves, Perfume, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Handkerchiefs, etc.

The whole stock to be sold at 20 to 40 p.c. reduction. Now is your chance to get a cheap suit well made and trimmed, also your Gent's Furnishings.

A. J. PERIARD.



PLEASED....
...CUSTOMERS

send others, that is why business is booming with us. If you are wanting your tailoring done in the best style and make bring it along to—

LAPORTE,

THE TAILOR

Office; Rodrigue's Block.

MAIN STREET.

THE PINE TREE.

It may have been that Dan Bresford's health was poor, or it may have been that his memory was good—more likely the latter—but certain it is that in October he found it necessary to drop office work and take another run into the mountains for rest, as he had done early in the May before.

No doubt the failing health would have found any fresh air and out of door life beneficial, but memory and something else argued that the region of the South Park was the very best to be had, and that Tom Larkin's ranch accorded the finest accommodations of any in the mountains, without mentioning the sweet eyes, the winning voice, and the trim figure of pretty Bessie Larkin, old Tom's only daughter.

It may have been that Dan Bresford only remembered the glorious mornings, the perfect days, the tranquil evenings—that only the fresh breath of the pines and the companionship of the great peaks called him back to the little ranch in the South Park. But when he dropped, travel-stained and weary, from his saddle at the well-remembered door, and saw, dimly outlined in the flicker of the firelight within, a certain form that he had not forgotten all the summer long, the folly of further deceit was swept far from him, and in the glad beat of his heart he found all that he had come for—the full joy of being once again in the presence of the only woman whom he loved.

For he would not disguise it now—not even from the true-eyed maiden who gave him her hand with a little tremor and a glad blush, when her old father had greeted their returning guest and called her forward; and sweet Bessie saw in Bresford's face all that she had dreamed since he bade her good-bye five months before; so that, without a word, two hearts were happy in the mountain ranch that night.

Two hearts, and perhaps three, for old Tom had some fresh tobacco, and moreover he admired the "city chap" as one among a thousand, being capable and willing to endure a frontiersman's life without a murmur—but not the fourth. For there was a fourth.

Carl Desmond, old Tom's assistant, was not happy.

Carl was a new-comer, a man forty years of age, whose past was utterly unknown to the ranchers about the park, but who had proven himself a good huntsman and herdsman, and who found a home in the cabin of Tom Larkin three months before.

Since his arrival little had been heard of him except that he came to the river, and whether an outcast, a murderer or none knew. It was through these rough hewn diatribes that the man was a good shot, and civil; they cared for little else, so, although a comparative stranger, he had already made himself at home in the park.

He had fallen in love with Bessie Larkin, and knew it, but even before his second visit the thought of the girl was distasteful to him. The wonder is it that she was with more and more of her upon the gathering passion of the age, half-German, half-Spanish, until he had grown almost insensible to the girl's resistance.

Now that Bresford had appeared, the love light which he had driven in vain to awaken burned in Bessie's eyes—now that the lovers were together and knew each of the other's affection—Carl Desmond saw that his suit was doomed to certain failure.

And as the night grew over old Tom's ranch this man's heart was far from happy, but within it despair held sway, and later a fierce desire for revenge.

From the day that he came Bresford found Desmond an apparent friend, thoughtful, willing and silent, yet ever at his side, with a suggestion or information, if desired.

From the first he was pleased, but Bessie, knowing more of her lover, than of the man, doubted the intent of Desmond's acts; and so it happened, one glorious evening as Bresford and the girl were returning from a long center along the plain, and rode close together in the golden, purpling twilight that fell from the great peaks overhead, that the maiden, filled with a vague dread of something terrible to come, told Dan the story of Desmond's love for her, of his passionate offer, his rejection, and, lastly, of her fear that he would seek revenge upon her one darling under the guise of friendship.

Bresford leaned from his saddle, and kissed the sweet face so close to his, and laughed joyously and low.

"Put away such terrors, my love. The man may hate me, but I can only pity him, knowing what he has lost. He will never do me harm."

"But you will be careful—you will watch him!" whispered Bessie, her pleading eyes upturned.

"Yes, sweetheart. I'll be careful for your sake," and the two rode contentedly on.

But neither saw the shadow that crept from among the sagebrush beside them and vanished in the gloom.

And so Bresford was warned, but he smiled incredulously as he thought of the matter later. True, this man Desmond might have loved Bessie—for how could he help it—but it was only sor-

row, not revenge, that filled his heart and eyes with sadness, and Dan felt far more of sympathy than of distrust for the man.

The days passed, the autumn looked toward winter. The pines upon the mountain side grew more and more sombre, and seemed daily to wrap their mantles of feathered branches more closely about them, as if preparing for the coming of snow.

The mountains themselves were tipped with white, and the park grew dun-colored and brown. Night became chill, and an open fire in the yawning chimney a necessity; the sun looked far away, and a thin shield of ice often covered the shallows in the river at the break of day. All nature was at rest, her year's work done, waiting hour by hour the coming of winter.

Bresford hunted, fished and rode, and with him almost constantly was his promised wife. For old Tom had been interviewed, and his consent to the union gained.

The neighbors about knew of the engagement, and it pleased them, for Bresford's friendly, unassuming ways had won him a place in the hearts of the ranchers, and the coming wedding was looked forward to with anticipations of pleasure by all the inhabitants of that portion of the park.

The first snow had come, when, one early morn, as Bresford stepped from the cabin door to look at the sky, and decide upon his plans for the day, he was met by Carl Desmond.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Carl. "Do you hunt to-day?"

"I was just debating the question," returned Dan. "I should like some fresh venison, if it could be had, but I fear the deer have all gone south."

"Most of them, have, sir; but yesterday I discovered the trail of seven elk in Horse Gulch, leading into the mountains. We might overtake the animals, if you cared to try. In fact, I am sure we could, for they travel slowly in the snow, and we ought to be able to bag a couple. It may take two days, though."

"I am with you, if it takes four days, if we can get some elk!" cried Bresford, with true hunter's spirit. "Shall we start at once?"

"I can be ready in an hour," replied Desmond.

"And I also," said Dan.

And so they separated.

No thought of treachery had come to the younger man, as he agreed to the trip, which would make him the sole companion of his defeated rival for a full day or more, but when he told Bessie and stooped to kiss her good-bye, her face was like the dead.

"Oh, my love!" she whispered; "not with him—not with him!"

"Why, sweetheart?" said Bresford, soothingly. "You are wrong to suspect the man so. He does not hate me and I do not fear him. No harm can come to me."

"But—"

"But, darling," returned her lover, closing her lips with a kiss. "I have promised, and must go. Do not be foolish. Only a little time, and I shall be with you always. Good-bye, my pet—good-bye till to-morrow night."

And before the girl could cry out, Bresford was gone. It was a little before nine o'clock in the morning when the two huntersmen, each thoroughly armed, and furnished with rations for a two days' tramp, struck the trail of the elk. It was past four in the afternoon, and growing duskish, when they made their first halt, far among the beeching crags of mountains, twenty miles from the park, and half as far from the nearest ranch or road.

The men seated themselves upon a great boulder, looked at each other and laughed.

"What do you think?" queried Bresford. "I'm a tenderfoot, you know, but I'll obey your orders if I have to follow those long horns into New Mexico."

"Well, sir," said Desmond, deferentially. "If you are willing, I think we had better stick to it a bit longer. We cannot be far from the south branch of the Platte, and when we find that we will camp. If it does not snow we can follow the trail to-morrow and certainly overtake our game. If it does snow we can follow the river to the park and so home."

"All right!" replied Dan, tossing his rifle to his shoulder again. "Then let's be moving."

They started on. In less than an hour, and while yet light enough remained to note their surroundings they found the river, frozen from shore to shore, followed it far enough to enter a deep gorge, where at a certain point they found an airhole and open water, and there they paused and decided to camp.

They built their fire upon a narrow bit of beach, close beneath a monster pine tree that grew from the cliff side above and fairly overhung them. They ate their jerked venison, drank their river water, and smoked their pipes. Meanwhile time waned.

The night was still at first, but now and again from far above them fell the faint moan of some hurrying wind, and dark, ragged clouds drifted continually across the narrow ribbon of night-sky visible between the canyon walls.

As time passed this sound increased and little gusts of icy wind came sweeping up the narrow gorge with a hollow and lonesome sound.

At last, when they were preparing for rest, Desmond said:

"I fear a storm. If it comes, our hunt is up."

"Well," said Bresford, "then so it must be. We can at least reach home, for the river is our trail. Storm or no storm, however we must rest."

And, so saying, he stretched himself upon the ground, between the fire and the rock wall, and, weary and worn, he was soon slumbering soundly. And as he slept, the night grew colder and the storm fell. Wild and fierce without the canyon, even there it sifted the drifting snow in great white clouds, and the angry wind shrieked and moaned, and shook the cliff trees with a mighty and invisible hand.

How long he slept Bresford never knew, but he was awakened roughly,

and, striving to rise, he fell again, and found himself bound hand and foot. A terrible chill ran through his blood, and a hand seem grasping his throat. He struggled for utterance and cried aloud:

"Desmond!"

A laugh, half-demonical, and altogether horrible rang low in his ear, and the reply:

"I am here!"

He turned his head. Desmond sat at his side, contemplating him with an expression of fiendish joy. Carl's eyes were wild and glaring, his face lit by the flickering, flaming fire with an unearthly light.

"I am here! Oh, you fool! You are mine now! See, I have marked your death spot over heart!" And he touched Bresford's hunting jacket, where, with a dead coal, the man had drawn a black circle upon the buckskin. "Within that ring I shall send my bullet! Poor fool! Did you think Carl Desmond would lose the game so easily? Why, boy, I've killed men for lesser women than Bessie Larkin, and should I let a stripling like you carry off the only girl I ever loved? For I do love her. Never! But let me tell you. I drove the elk all this way, two days ago, so that I might entice you to follow the trail to this spot. I sought this gorge, because here the water is deep and swift, and when you are dead, I shall cast you, rifle and all, down yonder airhole, and you will never be seen again! Listen! The grave is now calling for you!"

He raised his hand. The hollow sound of the rushing water struck chill upon the young man's ear. He shuddered.

"Come!" cried Carl. "I meant to let you sleep until later; but the storm has broken and I must hasten. I will tell them we were lost and separated in the snow. I reach home—you do not. I marry Bessie. See!"

The murderer smiled horribly, seized and propped Bresford against the wall of rock behind the fire in such a position that he could easily aim at the erect figure, then retired a little distance through the whirling snow, and raised his heavy rifle to his face.

"Pray, fool! I'll give you while I count twenty!" he said.

The fire leaped, and its light fell upon the face of Bresford as upon the features of a corpse. The wild wind swept shrieking through the canyon, and the mighty pine tree overhead writhed and groaned.

"Time's up! Good-bye! But wait. Another chance! Will you give the girl up? Go away and never return? Leave her forever, if I let you live!"

Bresford's eyes gathered fire, blood leaped to his cheeks.

"No!"

And the wind shrieked even more despairingly.

"Then die!"

The desperado's arm was already raised; his face was against the rifle stock, his deadly aim along its barrel, and there raged through the gorge the most terrible stormburst which the night had yet known, bringing with it a dense white cloud of snow, and even as it swept along about the camp fire, a sudden sharp, crackling and rending sound was heard, followed by a dull and ominous roar, and with a power immeasurable the great pine overhead was torn from its roots and hurled with deafening thunder into the canyon beneath.

And when the storm lightened Bresford still leaned against the rock wall; the camp fire still blazed and flickered before him, but beyond it lay the mighty mass of the fallen tree, splintered and torn, and Desmond was gone.

Slowly and with much pain the bound man writhed toward the embers of the fire, and, rolling this way and that, succeeded in burning the withes that, constricted him, so that he broke them from his limbs.

Then he crouched all night before the still furious storm, and, in a half-delirium, awaited the morning.

When it came, pale and trembling, yet filled with a strange delight, as if born into a new world, Bresford hurriedly quitted the scene of the night's horror, followed the winding river to the plain, and so northward home again.

Three weeks later he was married. But there was one lacking among the wedding guests, and the neighbors said, "Poor Desmond!" for they supposed him lost in the snow.

But the groom knew where, crushed and buried beneath a mighty pine, his enemy lay, and in his heart he gave thanks for the great tree which had stricken down the murderer's hand and saved his life in the midnight and the storm.

THE SMALLEST ISLAND.

Rockall is perhaps the smallest island in the world. It is situated in the Atlantic over 300 miles west of Scotland, and is a mere rock about 60 feet high and 225 feet round, arising from a reef of sand. The rock is basalt and granite, very magnetic. It is haunted by seabirds, and the mackerel of the surrounding seas are very fine. Of course, it was never inhabited, and is very seldom visited, owing to the difficulty of landing on it.

HIS MATRIMONIAL PRIZE.

My husband tells all his friends that he drew a prize in the matrimonial lottery, she said proudly.

He probably refers to your bank account, returned her dearest friend.

THE DOCTOR'S WIT.

What are you doing, doctor? asked a man who entered as the physician was vaccinating a patient. Scrapping an acquaintance, was the reply.

CRUEL.

Mrs. Skimpson—I think Mr. Smith must have liked the beefsteak pie. He had two helpings of it.

The Tactless Boarder—Perhaps he did it on a wager.

SHOT THE MANEATER DEAD

AN EXCITING LION HUNT IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE.

A Fourteen-Year-Old Boy Stolen in the Night and the Experiences of the French Explorer Foa in Trailing the Animal and Killing Him a Shot Well Put.

The French explorer, M. Edouard Foa, the author of the volume "From the Cape to Lake Nyassa," is now publishing an account of his exploits as a lion and elephant hunter, which the French papers are printing conspicuously. The following is his story of a lion chase in Tchiro-mo:

"Two natives came to me, sent by the chief of a neighboring village. They told me that a lion had carried away an old woman and that he was still prowling around the neighborhood. We set out immediately and after a march of four hours we arrived at the village. Night was coming on and it was impossible to do anything in the darkness. The best plan was to wait for daylight. A little distance from this habitation there was another village, where the natives were dancing to the music of tam-tams. At half-past four in the morning I heard shrieks and cries in the little village, and just as I got out with my gun in hand, followed by my men, a weeping woman threw herself at my feet wringing her hands and explaining that a lion had carried away her son.

"By torchlights we found our way to the other village, and, on inquiring, we learned that the lion had carried away the boy just as he opened the door of the hut to fetch some firewood that was at the threshold. The cries uttered by the people in the village frightened the lion away, and, moreover, it was impossible to find any trace of him with its torchlights.

DAYLIGHT SOON APPEARED.

I told the natives not to come in any great crowd. So ten men only accompanied me in silence, according to orders. As soon as there was sufficient light to follow the trail we went to the hut from which the child had been carried away.

"We found the trail behind the house, which proved that the brute had gone around it. With the trail there were footmarks of the child. Evidently he had been seized by the upper part of the body. When we found a few drops of blood, the animal passed through one of the streets—if we may call them streets—of the village, leading toward the river, going along with his burden in front of more than twenty huts. The inhabitants had not been aroused by the woman's cries until after the beast had passed. Still following the track, we reached the stream, where the animal halted and left his prey beside him. This was proved by the presence of a little pool of blood. Then he crossed the river, which was only one foot deep, passing obliquely, almost descending the current, for four or five meters, then coming out and entering the reeds which line the stream.

"Before following the trail any further I sent Tambariki to watch the outer edge of the thick bushes and to find if there were any traces of the animal having passed through. A well-known whistle from him notified us that such was the case, so I took to the clearing in order to get to him as quickly as possible. After running for a short distance through the tall grass we came upon a new pool of blood which showed where the beast had stopped again. Then we found ourselves in a little open plain still on the trail of the nocturnal maneater. After that we entered a wood, where we discovered clots of blood and the belt of pearls that the little fellow had worn around his loins. After he had found part of his scanty clothing, which was torn off by the bushes.

A POOL OF BLOOD

indicated where the brute began to tear up his victim.

"Finally, on the opposite edge of the wood we passed into the high grass, where a terrible growl brought us to a sudden halt. There we listened. We knew that the animal was there; but was he going to charge? We heard nothing more. I cocked my gun and kept within reach of my hand my six charges of buckshot cartridges. When all was ready I advanced in the grass, with my hand upon the trigger, watching closely and listening for the slightest sound. Ten metres before us we heard the rustling of the long grass and we saw the heads of it waving, but nothing more. We continued to advance slowly. To the right there was a tree, I made a sign to Kam-bombe, who climbed it like a monkey in a few jumps. Soon he was in the tree's fork and on the watch. The child is here," he said, "but there is no lion." Then turning to the right he shouted: "Here he is! Come this way!"

"Guided by his gesture I ran to the right. Then I signalled to the natives to follow us and with a movement of my arms I made them understand that they were to watch the grass to the left. I sent Rodzani to tell them to make a noise so as to frighten the lion toward me. Then I placed myself in a little opening and remained motionless, watching the bunch of bushes from which I expected every moment to see the brute emerge. Kam-bombe in the tree whispered: 'He's going away. No, he is coming back now. He stops and looks in the direction of the men. Now he's coming your way in a walk. Here he comes! Here he comes! Step back a little!'

"One may imagine the anxiety with which I listened to these words. Taking his advice I stepped back two paces. My men were behind me with their arms ready. 'Don't fire except in case of necessity,' said I. 'Don't be in a hurry,' said Tambaroka. The tall grass moved forward like a wave and the lion came out at about eight metres from me, walking slowly and occasionally looking behind him. At last he saw me. He stopped, showed his teeth growled and advanced without changing his course. At the same moment he lashed his tail, lowered his ears and seemed about to charge. Having followed him with my gun, I aimed at the nape of his neck and pulled the trigger. His legs bent as if they were rubber, and he

ROLLED OVER DEAD AS A LOG.

"He was an old fellow of ordinary size and extremely thin. The child that he intended to devour was about 14 years old and must have been killed the very moment he was seized, because these fellows never carry off struggling prey unless they are obliged to do so by a surprise. We carried back on an improvised litter the bodies of the two actors in this nocturnal drama. That of the child showed deep wounds which had torn the neck and the right shoulder, and on one of his thighs the bone was laid bare. As for the body of the lion, when it was brought to the village, carried by eight men, the whole population attempted to rush upon it with old guns, bows and spears. I shouted that the first one to touch the carcass before it was skinned would make the acquaintance of my cane. All the population sat down in a circle, waiting patiently until Tchiro-mo, aided by Rodzani and Msiambiri, finished their work. Then they rushed upon the body, filled it with projectiles, perforated it with spear thrusts and dragged the remains through all the neighboring villages. Without feet and without a head it looked like an ox prepared by the butch-rs. Later, in the midst of the lamentations of the women, there was a funeral dance and more noise. The body of the lion was burned up in an enormous fire. When we were half way on the road to our camp we could hear the noise of the tam-tams and see the red light of the fire, which proved to us that the natives were making sure that extinction was complete."

THEIR STRANGE FATE

After Passing Through Dangers in Africa Meet Accident and Death at Home.

Young Lord Delamere apparently shares the strange fate of those who, after passing through the most blood-curdling dangers in the wilds of Africa and of Asia without sustaining injury even to a hair of their heads, meet with disasters the very moment that they return to civilization.

Three years ago he had hardly reached home after a lion and elephant expedition, lasting over twenty months in the totally unexplored portions of Somaliland, which is regarded as the most dangerous portion of the Dark Continent to white people, than he came to a terrible crepper while hunting in the neighbourhood of his country seat at Vale Royal. His spine was so badly injured that it was feared at one moment that he would be a cripple for life.

But before many months were past he had recovered sufficiently to start off on another big game expedition in Africa. This time he crossed the entire continent from east to west, remaining absent so long that at one time the gravest fears were entertained for his safety. Three days after his return home he went out hunting, and was thrown with his horse at precisely the very same spot where he had met with his previous accident. Once again he is confined to his bed with an injured spine and concussion of the brain, and great anxiety is felt by his relatives concerning the chances of his recovery.

HOW THEY WERE KILLED.

It may be remembered that Emin Pasha passed unhurt through every kind of danger in Africa, only to tumble out of a first-storey window, and to break his neck, at the close of a banquet in his honour, given to him on his return to civilization.

In the same way Speke, who achieved such fame in connection with his discovery of the sources of the Nile, was killed through an accidental explosion of his gun while rabbit shooting after his return to England.

Analogous thereto was the end of Captain Cameron, of the navy, who was one of the first to cross Africa from east to west, and at least a dozen other instances of the same kind could be mentioned.

FISH-EATING SPIDERS.

There are certain large sea spiders, two feet from toe to toe, colossendeis gigas, that live in the water and feed entirely upon molluscs and worms. The carnivorous wolf spider, an amphibious inhabitant of the tropical regions of South America, is said to prefer a fish diet, though it is not averse to eating mice, young birds, and even snakes, resembling in this respect the theraphosidae, or bird-catching spiders of India and Queensland, some of which equal a rat in size. The colossendeis is the most formidable specimen of the spider family, measuring six inches round the body and possessing 12 long, hairy legs with which it grips its finny prey. It attacks fish several times larger than itself, and, after biting them through the back and stinging them to death, gluts itself by sucking the juices from the bodies of its victims.

HOUSEHOLD.

SHADE FOR SWEET PEAS.

It is now two years since I began experimenting with sweet peas, and met with unusually good success, writes L. A. Whitney. At the outset I chose two sites with a view of ascertaining which was the better. One had a southern exposure, the lines extending east and west, entirely protected on north side, while upon the other the lines were planted to extend north and south, fronting the east and protected on the west and north. The seeds were put in about the first week of April. Those planted on the south side came up first, and the vines grew tall and beautiful, while the others were comparatively slow in showing themselves above ground.

For the south side vines I had provided wire netting and for those on the east side used ordinary twine fastened to stakes set about three feet apart. I soon found the netting, although by far the more convenient, by no means a good arrangement for the vines, for the wire, acting as a conductor of heat, withered and dried them so that by noon the stems hung limp and flabby, while the flowers had lost their brilliancy of color. I began to notice this almost as soon as blossoms appeared, and then watched to see if the same thing occurred with my east side vines. I found it did not, and also that the stems upon these grew much longer before the buds opened than upon the others. By the end of July my south side vines were gradually dying from the bottom upward, and practically done blossoming. I consider this due principally to the location, for at no time during the day were they in shade, and I have found afternoon shade indispensable to the healthy growth of sweet peas. The netting simply aided the drying-up process and should be considered objectionable, no matter what the location, because of furnishing undue heat to the vines.

My east side peas proved a complete success. They grew higher and greener each day and the stakes, which at first had been set leaving about six feet above ground, had to be pieced out and extended to eight feet. Some of the vines outran even this height and came near putting Mother Goose to shame by rivaling Jack's beanstalk. The stems were long and strong and the flowers, many of them, were as large as are represented by the pictures in the seed growers' catalogues which I had previously thought greatly exaggerated. These vines blossomed until the middle of October, by being protected from frosts, and were still green and flourishing when pulled up in order to prepare the ground for another season.

The following year I planted only upon the eastern site, lines extending north and south, entirely protected on the west, using no wire for the runners, and the results were equally good. I should therefore say from my own experience that, other well known favorable conditions as to soil and moisture being present, this location is of primary importance in the successful cultivation of sweet peas.

PROBLEMS FOR MOTHERS.

"How can I possibly keep my child simple and unworldly, and at the same time give her the necessary stimulus which she undoubtedly needs in her lessons, by putting her either in a school or a class with the children of my friends?" asked a perplexed mother the other day. "To my surprise and, I must say also, to my consternation, she returned home the other day quite pettish. 'Mamma,' she said, 'where do you get my jackets?'"

"Why, sometimes from one place and sometimes from another, Mollie," I answered, rather surprised at such a question from a mite of 10. I buy them wherever I find one that I think is pretty. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because Carrie Midas looked at the mark inside and laughed, and Sally Turfhunter said to me afterward that Carrie wears lovely clothes, but that, of course, she only gets them at the best places, and then added that she herself wouldn't wear a jacket that didn't bear the mark of a fashionable place."

"Only fancy, children of that age caring where their clothes come from, as long as they are prettily and nicely dressed! But that is not the worst. I found Mollie that afternoon busily unpicking the stitches that fastened the trade mark in her jacket."

"What are you doing dear?" I asked her.

"Oh," she said, frankly, for so far, I am thankful to say, she does not conceal any of her actions, "I am taking this out, and am going to put in the one from my best jacket, which came from the same place as Carrie's, and which no one sees, as I only wear it on Sundays or when I go out for a walk."

"But, Mollie!" I exclaimed, quite horrified, "that is cheating. I assure my little daughter never would act a lie."

"The child grew red instantly, and her eyes filled with tears. 'Mamma,' she cried, 'I never thought of that. Fannie Sly told me to do it, and said she took a mark from her mother's cloak and sewed it into her jacket, and all the girls said what a nice one it was, just because it came from A—-s.'"

"Now, what is one to do under such circumstances? I cannot have my child's simplicity and unworldliness spoiled, and yet she is getting on wonderfully with her lessons, and needs

young companion-ship. Of course, I can send her to another school, but these are the children of the people I know, and the girls she will be with later on in society, and they are really nice children, except for their worldliness. I want Mollie to be 'in the world, but not of it,' and how to bring that about is a puzzle."

HOME VAMPIRES.

The man who leaves the breakfast table and enters the public ways with the shame of a home conflict upon him, in which he has contended for his own side of the question, refusing to yield his point to the very last, will not be likely to wear the appearance of a Knight, and if he has submitted meekly to injustice, and has felt conscious of being misunderstood, if he has the smallest germ of manhood in his nature, he must writhe under the treatment, and cannot step like a conqueror or go forth with the courage necessary to win great things in the world. Such a one must wear the look of the vanquished, no matter how loyal his heart may be or how strong his original purpose for true service.

And what often makes the condition more pitiful is the fact that the husband is large-souled, willing to give more than he receives, ready to make sacrifices of his own ease, pleasure and comfort generally while trying to serve his precious purpose for a future fulfillment. Though he closes his eyes against the signs of selfishness in the woman whom he chose as the fairest and sweetest and best, he cannot but feel the awful despair of defeat, all on account of the fascinating, unprincipled woman whom he took to share his life.

The woman who can thus bring defeat to a high-souled, unselfish man is the "vampire" that has been portrayed with such unerring skill by Kipling, and many a poor victim of a narrow-minded wife might recognize in it his own experience:

Oh, the toil we lost, and the spoil we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

And it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand;
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

QUICK AND SLOW COOKING.

One great mistake cooks make is to how fast certain articles should be cooked. For instance, meat is always tough enough though it falls from the bones, if boiled hard. For soup it should be put to cook in cold water and heated so slowly that it will not come to a boil in less than an hour, and then it should boil only very gently. When one wishes the flavor all to stay in the meat it should be put to cook in boiling water and allowed to boil a few minutes, and then set back where it will just simmer. Meat should not be salted until nearly done. Potatoes should boil briskly the first five minutes and then more slowly the remainder of the half hour. Beans, peas and corn should boil hard till done. Green vegetables should generally be cooked in salted water to best retain their flavor. This is particularly true of onions and cabbage. One reason that young cooks pay so little attention to the above rules is that they think the difference is only in the flavor and that isn't much. But the greatest loss is in the value. And that we may have all the nutrition certain foods possess we must give them the treatment they require.

GREATEST HEAT.

Electrical Furnace Produces a Temperature That Breaks the Record.

The highest temperature yet produced by man has been reached by an especially constructed furnace at the Columbia University. Prof. Tuckerm, to whom belongs the honor of the experiment, had been working for years on the idea so successfully carried out and has finally generated heat 20 degrees higher than the record made some time ago by Prof. Moisson, of Paris. The heat of the sun is estimated at 10,000 degrees. The heat generated at Columbia was 6,500. The effect was tremendous. The electrical furnace was charged with a current of unusual power, which was so high that under it steel, hard quartz and even platinum were vaporized. As for ordinary crucibles, they disappeared at once in a little puff of smoke. It is difficult to appreciate the degree of such heat without some comparisons. Scalding water means a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit and red-hot iron 800 degrees. Steel melts at 3,000 degrees and boils like water at 3,500 degrees. Commercially the experiment is very useful because it has shown that diamonds of marketable size and purity may be made artificially. Further, it has given to commerce two products of almost incalculable value—calcium carbide and silicon carbide.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is said to be worth about £800,000, and her income is set down as being close upon £100 a day.

Agricultural.

MANURES AND MANURING.

(T. C. Wallace, Before the Ontario Farmers' Institute.)
(Continued.)

The important action of water in manuring does not receive the attention it warrants.

I refer particularly to the soil waters termed as capillary and gravity in their action. That film which surrounds and clings to each particle of soil, or like a casing along the roots and hairs of plants in the soil forms a vehicle for the solution of plant food, and for carrying sustenance to the plant, has been explained before. To understand what is meant by capillary water one has but to observe the action of water rising from the saucer of a flower pot up through and saturating the dry packed earth. Capillaries are then tubes or chimneys which form in the soil, and up which the water climbs to the surface. If these are not broken by cultivation, during dry weather, the water is rapidly evaporated and carried away by the winds. This loss of moisture by capillarity and evaporation can also be observed with the same simple apparatus, by weighing the water supplied from time to time to the saucer. The original weight of the dry soil in the pot being, of course, first obtained, a final weighing of the soil presents a very simple calculation.

When we consider that crops use from 300 to 1,000 tons of water per acre per season, and often even more, and that it takes about an inch of water all over an acre to make 100 tons, the loss of water brought to the surface by capillarity and blown away by the winds is a serious matter, which no amount of applied manure can compensate for. This shows us quite clearly the necessity and advantage of frequent surface cultivation, by which means the capillary chimneys are broken and a sort of mulch is formed for a few inches at the surface, but it is to the gravity water I wish to draw special attention. I mean the heavy amount of water formed in the soils by fall, winter and early spring rains and melting snows. So abundantly does this accumulate that the soils are at times practically afloat in it. It freezes up pretty solidly in the winter, and in the spring, when the weather becomes milder, the swelled land bursts apart by the action of the frost. The loosened particles of material become active in the soil, and by a sort of polarity or attraction which takes place among them, new combinations are formed. Particles of decomposed or decomposing manures and chemicals form combinations with soil particles, and thus the foundation of plant food for the coming season's crops is formed. If then we put off our applications of manure until after the gravity water has drained off we lose much of the benefit sought to be obtained by manuring. There is no machine of man's invention which does this distributing work for us so well as the natural method described.

If you examine the dung of the animals by throwing some of it into a tub of water and stirring it up you will notice how finely most of it is subdivided. It will then be easily worked into the soil by the action of water I have described. If placed on the fall ploughed land while the gravity water is still plentiful and the heavy rains assist in washing it in. While it may be suspended in solution it does not immediately become liquid and get washed away, but on the contrary forms combinations with other substances in the soil. For the same reason we observe surer and better action from phosphates, or other manuring materials reduced to a very fine powder. In understanding these things we appreciate more fully the deductions of eminent scientific agriculturists like Wagner, Mærcker and others who emphasize the necessity of reducing manural materials by fine grinding. It is true that in doing this we are but stimulating nature, which gradually reduces straw, clover and other organic substances to fine humus powder. But this action is slow and in the struggle which competition in this age forces upon us we must use methods to produce more rapid effects. One other point suggests itself and that is the air in the soil.

A soil in proper mechanical condition should contain about one-sixth of its bulk of air, for plants take their oxygen through their roots. This is a matter which is left almost entirely to chance. The pressure of the air on the soil is only about 14 pounds, and as the gases formed by decomposition of materials to form humus in the earth drive off the air to a considerable extent, a thorough loosening of the soil is advisable. If it were not for this pressure of the air upon the earth the water would not percolate down through the soil, as it is the air pressure which forces it down. This can be easily understood by withdrawing the air from the cylinder of a pump and note that the water then rushes upwards instead of downwards when the air pressure is lifted from it. The soil then gets its air mostly by the air following and occupying the

spaces from which it ousts the water, and it then forms pockets, or rather bubbles, in the soil. Each of these bubbles, or pockets, is surrounded by a film of water. Minute bubbles constantly detach from the storage pockets and pass to the roots of the growing plant by the water which carries the other food materials.

Now we see throughout this whole operation of farming there is a steady depletion of phosphoric acid, and when we consider the axiom "a good phosphoric heart is the basis of all successful agriculture," it presents to us a very serious problem. After a careful practical study of the manuring question, I am of the opinion that our best lands can be brought to produce double and treble the feeding value of the crops usually obtained from them. I also feel assured from successes which I have observed that our seemingly worn-out lands can, under rational methods of cultivation and manuring, be profitably brought to the highest condition of agriculture. I will even go so far as to say that the richest wheat lands of Manitoba are only half producing. The qualities of our Ontario grains can be materially improved. Our fodders and roots can be doubled and trebled in their feeding value. Our fruits can be improved, both in keeping and nourishing qualities. Grapes can be increased in quantity of yield and improved in the quality of the wine they produce. The attacks of fungoid diseases can be lessened and even the ravages of insects withstood by properly growing crops.

The tendency of the age has been either to manure blindly, or else to manure too accurately, by which I mean a hand-to-mouth plan of attempting to suit just what we consider the requirements of the plant's existence. Indeed if it were not possible to greatly increase the productivity of the land, there would be a poor outlook for the continuation of the human race for another century. I am, however, no pessimist, but rather an optimist. I have faith in Mother Earth, and I want to see Canada take the lead in showing the world that the path to health, wealth and contentment lies through the meadows and the grain-fields and beneath the orchards and the vineyards. But this path must be hewn out by the Axe of Industry, turnpiked by the Plow of good Husbandry, and kept in condition by the Cultivator's Art, under the administration of True Economy.

The End.

VARIETY OF FEED.

While cows need a variety, they want it to come by having a mixture of feeds at each meal and not by receiving one kind of feed at one meal, another in the next, and still another at the third. Such a method of giving a variety is sure to reduce the yield, as the cow at a given feeding time expects the same kind of feed that she ate yesterday at the same time, and if not given this she will be disturbed and will give less milk. It is not necessary to give a cow the same kinds of feed for supper that she had for breakfast, but the breakfast mixture should be alike for all breakfasts and the supper feeds the same for all suppers for a considerable period. Sudden changes usually decrease the milk yield even when the new ration is better than the old, and when it is necessary to make a change it should be made gradually, taking a week or ten days to make any radical change.

SMOKERS IN FRANCE.

In France there are 6,000,000 smokers, and of every 15 there are 8 who smoke a pipe, 5 who smoke cigars and only 2 who use cigarettes. Still they use more than 800,000,000 cigarettes a year, or enough to go around the world 500 times if they were placed end to end in a line.

RELATIONS ESTABLISHED.

George—How is your suit with Miss De Pink progressing?
Jack—Finely. When I call now her dog wags its tail.

Among the most remarkable women is Mrs. Finn, whose late husband was English Consul at Jerusalem for sixteen years. Mrs. Finn is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. McCaul, the great Hebrew scholar of his time, and can herself speak French, German, Spanish, Italian, Persian, Greek, Hebrew and Arabic. She is a writer, painter and lecturer, but takes greatest pleasure in running a soap factory which she established in Jerusalem and has carried on successfully for years.

The fact that Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild died without issue suggests that the house of Rothschild threatens to dwindle into very small numbers. The founder, Mayer Anselme, left at his death in 1812 five sons, and Jewish families are proverbially large, yet the progeny of these five sons to-day is far from numerous, either in England or on the continent. The founder of the house had little to do with England. It was his son Nathan, who came here in 1800, who laid the foundation of the fortunes of the English branch. Baron Nathan married a Cohen, but his eldest son, Lionel, married a daughter of Baron Anselm Rothschild, and his eldest daughter a son of Baron Anselm. Lionel's son, the present Lord Rothschild, who succeeded a sonless uncle in his baronetcy, married his cousin, daughter of Baron Charles, of Frankfurt, and both his sisters also married cousins. The intermarriage of the family may perhaps help to explain its not increasing and multiplying.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

DOINGS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE REPORTED BY MAIL.

A Record of the Events Taking Place in the Land of the Rose—Interesting Occurrences.

There are 3,000,000 total abstainers in the United Kingdom.

Over twenty boys under 18 years of age have won the Victoria Cross.

The National Lifeboat Institution has saved over 45,000 lives since its establishment in 1824.

Major-General Sir W. Gatacre, K. C. B., who commanded the British division in the Sudan, in replying to the charge of inhumanity towards the wounded and defeated dervishes, gives an absolute contradiction to such accusations on behalf of those with whom he was connected.

It is announced that the last Coldstream Guards will go from Chelsea to Gibraltar, and the last Scots Guards will move from the Tower to Chelsea, the 2nd Coldstream from Gravesend to Wellington Barracks, and the 3rd Coldstream from Wellington Barracks to the Tower.

The death took place on the 27th ult. at Leamington of Mr. Crichton Kinmond of Cardney. Mr. Kinmond, who has been in bad health for some time, was well known as the inventor of many of the machines now used in the preparation of tea leaf for the market, and was the owner of extensive tea gardens in Ceylon.

Dickens' cigar box, which since his death has been in possession of E. B. Halsworth, publisher of All the Year Round, is now offered for sale by a London dealer, at \$100. It is of solid oak, the sides, top and ends having ornamental gilt scroll work; the feet represent hoofs, and Dickens' initials are cut in the lid.

The Hunters' Improvement Society of Great Britain announce that at this year's Horse Show all yearlings must be unlocked. Next year the rule will be applied to yearlings and two-year-olds, the next year it will be extended to three-year-olds, and so on, until all horses exhibited are provided with natural caudal appendages.

Henry M. Stanley attributes the present trouble in the Congo Free State to the incapacity of Belgian officers in managing the natives. Mr. Stanley says central Africa will become civilized within the next twenty years. The natives are easily managed where kindness is combined with firmness. When educated they grow into peaceful and industrial citizens.

The wife of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, who died the other day, had the following memorandum attached to her will:—"I particularly request and direct that at my death those who love me will put on no sign whatever of mourning, but that they will think of me as promoted to a higher school, where I shall meet my loved ones and know even as I am known."

It is said that Dinah Mulock, the famous authoress of "John Bull's Other Girl," made a habit of sitting at her bank the manuscript of her stories as soon as it was completed. It would remain there six months, and then she would sit and see how the story after that lapse of time. If she liked the manuscript it was sent to publishers, otherwise it was thrown away.

An oak tree of perhaps two hundred years' growth, was being felled at Bradenham Wood, Eng., when a woodman called attention to a thing peculiar on the tap-root. On clearing this off it was found the object was a horse shoe of an antique make. Obviously in the beginning of time the horse must have fallen into the hollow of this cast shoe, and as it grew through the slow generations, the root filled up the circle, carrying it down into the earth in the process of its increase, till at length the wood and iron were thus strangely wedded. That tap-root is now used as a paper weight in the vestibule at Bradenham Hall.

Some years ago, when the Queen visited a certain sisterhood, she desired the superior to show her the place just as an ordinary visitor, and not to treat her as Queen. The superior agreed, and proceeded to conduct her Majesty all over the building. The Queen was much interested, but observed with vexation that wherever they went the sisters curtsied. At last she remarked to her guide—"I thought I made you to understand that I wished to be treated as an ordinary visitor? Why, then, is every one curtsaying?" "Pardon me, madam," replied the mother, "you have been obeyed. The reverence shown by the sisters was not intended for the Queen, but for me, their superior."

It is proposed to endow a scholarship at the Gordon College in memory of Colonel Hamill Stewart, and to raise a subscription for that object. Colonel Stewart was the heroic companion of Gordon on his mission to Khartoum, and was treacherously murdered near Berber in September, 1884. It was he who, in December, 1882, arrived in the Sudan to report on the growth and power of Mahdism, and from there sent down warning after warning to the Egyptian Government. Thirteen months later he was directed at a moment's notice to accompany Gordon alone on the long journey to Khartoum. Afterward he was sent down the Nile to make a report to the authorities and was murdered on the way.

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899.

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.

All transient advertising matter charged 10c. per line, nonpareil measurement.

Address all communications to
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LACHUTE MILLS QUE

THE ST. ANDREW'S RAIL- WAY LINE.

DR. CHRISTIE, M.P., MAKES COMPLAINT

Our Federal member, Dr. Thos. Christie, in moving for a return of correspondence, contracts and reports in connection with the chartering of the railway between Lachute and St. Andrews, complained that though the Government and the town of St. Andrews had subsidized the construction of a railway between these two places, the road had not been operated for several years. He said he understood that there was a clause in the contract under which the Great Northern Railway Company which built the line and obtained the Federal Government subsidy, compelling the company to operate the road. It seemed, however, that the railway had been transferred to the Atlantic and Lake Superior Railway Company, and the latter company claimed that by the bill ratifying the transfer, Parliament released that company from its contract to operate the road. He wanted to know the facts of the case and expressed a hope that means would be found to compel the company that now operated the road to operate it. The Minister of Railways said there was no objection to winding up the case as stated by Dr. Christie. It appeared that in ratifying the transfer of the road from the Great Northern to the Atlantic and Lake Superior company, the latter company released from the clause in the contract compelling them to operate the road. He had asked the opinion of the Department about the matter, and there was some doubt also as to whether the Great Northern Company could be held by its contract to operate a road which had passed out of its possession. Besides, the company was not in a financial position to operate the road any way. When the return came down, if any method of compelling the operation of the road by either company could be suggested, the Government would be very glad to consider and act upon it. The motion was adopted.

TOWN COUNCIL

The adjourned meeting of this Council was on Wednesday in Raitt's Hall, the following councillors being present—the Mayor, Coun's. Joss, Christie, Gall, Todd, Lavigne, McCrear, Jousse, and McArthur.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

The Light Committee reported that they had enquired into the light bill presented by Mr. Bannerman, and found that there had been a sufficient number of lights out during the three months past to warrant the Council to deduct \$10 from the account of \$70. As a matter of fact there had been lights at Periard's and Milway Avenue corner's that had not

appeared for months and at other places lights had not been on for three consecutive weeks.

It was then moved by Coun. McArthur, seconded by Coun. Jousse, that this report be accepted and the light account be paid accordingly.

The Road Committee reported that from the examination of the damage done to Barron and Fish's bridges this spring they found that plans and specifications would have to be made for the necessary repairs, and on motion of Coun. Todd, seconded by Coun. Jousse, it was ordered that Mr. Joss be instructed to draw up such plans and give an estimate of the cost as soon as possible.

By-law No. 57, relating to Bicyclists was then read, and on motion of Coun. Gall, seconded by Coun. Christie, was declared read the second time.

The question of lighting the streets of the town was then considered as the contract of the old company had been declared ended on the 31st of May. It was moved by Coun. McArthur seconded by Coun. Christie, that the locating of the lights on the streets of the town be left in the hands of the Light Committee with the addition to it of the Mayor and Coun. Jousse.

The Council then adjourned to meet again on Wednesday the 28th inst.

GENEVA CONCERT.

Last Friday the little school house was packed to the doors by a very friendly gathering of mostly young people who were in for a good time. The programme was rather lengthy, but greatly enjoyed. Mr. George Armstrong officiated as chairman. The first to appear was Miss Simpson, of St. Andrews, who is always so willing and ready to respond with her charming voice, favoring the audience with a very pretty solo which brought forth an encore. Mr. Drew followed with a couple of Drummond's selections, rendered in good style. The solos by Miss Buchanan were very sweet. Messrs. J. W. Raitt, D. D. McGibbon and G. Armstrong sang in their usual good style and elicited much applause. The recitations by Miss Gussie Hooker and Mr. Leslie Hooker were listened to with much pleasure. Much credit is due to those who undertook the work of Dialogues and Tableaux, for the arrangements and make up were very pretty. The proceeds amounted to about \$15.00.

WEDDING BELLS.

A very pretty, but quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, June 7th, at 4 p.m., at the home of Mr. Thomas Horner, Chatham Township, when his youngest daughter, Miss Ida, was united in marriage to Mr. Henry E. Hinds, of Montreal, the nuptial knot was tied by Rev. J. O. Cain, of Grenville. Only a few of the immediate friends were present, yet the bride was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents. After partaking of a sumptuous repast the happy couple left, amid showers of rice, for their home in Montreal. We wish them many years of happy wedded life.

A very pretty event took place at the residence of Mr. John Armstrong, Lachute Road, on Tuesday afternoon on the occasion of the marriage of his second daughter, Ella, to Mr. Benjamin Rogers. The bride was supported by her sister Bella, and Mr. Allen Hammond acted as best man. The bride was the recipient of many useful and pretty gifts as tokens of esteem from her many friends.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

All members of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil, intending to show their farms and their standing and root crops are notified that the entrance fee for making such exhibit must be paid to the Secretary, Mr. G. J. Walker, on or before July 1st next, so as to entitle them to a visit of the Judges.

The entrance fee on farms is \$1.00 and on standing and root crops 25c.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

GRENVILLE.

Miss Maud S. Ritchie and Master Ernest Hall, of Norward, Ont., are the guests of Mrs. H. E. Wade.

Miss Lizzie Sherwood has returned home after spending the winter months in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Walsh are the possessors of a brand new daughter.

Mrs. Jno. Wade spent last week in Montreal visiting friends.

Quite a number of weddings have taken place lately, both young and old participating.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton has been officiating during the absence of Mr. Mallinson, who has gone on a trip to the Old Country.

Messrs. G. Shaw and A. Sparks paid our town a flying visit on Tuesday.

Complete arrangements have been made for the extension of the bridge between this place and Hawkesbury.

A picnic will be held in Fraser's Grove on Tuesday the 20th by the Presbyterian Sunday School. All are welcome.

Miss May Byers, of Montebello, spent Sunday here, the guest of Miss M. Pridham.

Mrs. Boshart and daughter, Helen, have returned from their visit to Ottawa.

The Misses Canning, of Stonefield, visited our town on Thursday evening last.

Mr. H. Mason, of Carillon, paid a short visit to our town on Tuesday.

ST. ANDREWS.

Mayor Walsh and J. N. A. MacKay, Q.C., were in Ottawa on business this week.

Miss Kate Meikle, of Mount Forest, is the guest of Miss Sutherland.

Miss Jeffries was visiting Mrs. Black the latter part of last week.

Miss Ladouceur has had her new house recently repainted, which adds very much to the appearance of it.

Mr. John Webster was at St. Armands, Vermont, for a few days this week. He was visiting his son who is in the butter business there.

Messrs. Geo. and C. Simpson, of Montreal, spent Sunday at the "Willows."

Messrs. Alfred and C. MacKay, of Montreal, visited their father, J. N. A. MacKay, on Sunday last.

Mr. Kenneth Beattie, formerly of St. Andrews, but now of Toronto, is a guest at "Elm Lodge" this week.

Dr. R. Simpson, of Montreal, was here last week trying to sell his farm. Miss Riddington, of St. Lambert, is the guest of Mr. Thos. Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Calder were the guests of Mr. A. Graham last week.

Mr. Dewar was the first to answer the urgent call of our plank-walks for repairs. We hope that others will follow suit as they are at present in a disgraceful state.

Dr. McConnell, of Lachute, was at Mrs. Henderson's on Thursday last.

Mrs. Malcolm McCallum, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. McCallum of this place.

Miss Ethel Wilson, of Montreal, is the guest of Miss Hattie Wales this week.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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

Scrofula.

Another permanent cure by B.B.B. after two doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennet, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloe -
Rhubarb Sals -
Asin Seed -
Pimento -
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Pine Seed -
Cordred Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Tac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE
THAT THE
FAC-SIMILE
SIGNATURE
— OF —
Chas. 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
signature
of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Ville Marie Bank, LACHUTE.

W. WEIR, President. F. X. LEMIEUX, 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 lowest rates.

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J. D. STEWART,
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BANK of OTTAWA

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, ONT.

Capital, authorized - \$2,000,000
Fully paid up - 1,500,000
Reserve - 1,170,000

Branches, Alexandria, Arnprior, Bracebridge, Carleton Place, Hawkesbury, Keewatin, Kemptville, Lanark, Mattawa, Parry Sound, Pembroke, Rat Portage, Renfrew, Toronto, Ottawa, Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Lachute, Montreal, Quebec.

CHARLES MAGGE, President.
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Directors—Hon. John Bryson, Jr., Alex. Fraser, John Mather, David MacLaren, D. Murphy.

A General Banking business transacted. Drafts issued on all Banking points in the Dominion, United States and Great Britain.

Notes and Bills collected. Interest allowed at current rates and payable semi-annually.

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VALUE!

STYLE!!

FIT!!!

Customers are surprised at the great stock of clothing we have brought in this season. But the Value, Style and Fit, are making it go out rapidly.

WOOL!!!

To help the sale along we are wanting 5,000 lbs. of wool, for which we shall pay the highest market price.

You'll be sorry if you miss coming to us!

LOOK IN

W. BANFORD.

Spring Goods

MILLINERY—We have everything in the newest styles for the coming season. You cannot fail to be suited.

DRESS GOODS—Our stock of Dress Goods for Spring and Summer wear surpasses anything we have ever shown before. We shall be pleased to show you our lines.

READY-MADE CLOTHING—Suits for Men and Boys made in the latest cut by best manufacturers. We have a large supply for the season's trade.

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

N.B.—You will find that our prices are very low. We can compete with Lachute prices. Call here before going elsewhere.

A BONA-FIDE OFFER!!

Big Reductions on All Lines
in stock until further notice.

KENNEDY The Up-to-date Tailor
And Out-Fitter

Roby's Block.

L CHUTE.

It is not Milk

That we supply, but the cans to put the Milk in. We can give you milk-cans at prices that surprise all. \$3.25 and upwards.

We have had trimmings made specially to strengthen the bottoms of all our milk-cans, which can be seen by calling on,

R. McARTHUR,

TINSMITH, PLUMBER, AND ROOFER.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

DOMINION DAY

Single Fare Rates

FOR ROUND TRIP

To C.P.R. Stations in Canada,
Port Arthur, Ont.; Sault Ste.
Marie, & Detroit, Mich.,
and East.

TICKETS GOOD

GOING June 30th & July 1st.
RETURNING until July 3rd.

Apply to Canadian Pacific Rail-
way Agents for tickets and all
information.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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

Fast Express trains leave Montreal,
Toronto and the West as follows:—

Day	Time
Lvs. MONTREAL	9.00 a.m. 10.15 p.m.
Arr. TORONTO	5.30 p.m. 7.15 a.m.
Arr. HAMILTON	6.55 p.m. 8.30 a.m.
Arr. NIAGARA FALLS	8.40 p.m. 10.10 a.m.
Arr. BUFFALO	10.00 p.m. 12.00 n'n
Arr. LONDON	9.50 p.m. 11.00 p.m.
Arr. DETROIT	6.45 a.m. 1.10 p.m.
Arr. CHICAGO	2.30 p.m. 8.45 p.m.

*On Sundays leaves Montreal 8.00 p.m.

The above trains make close con-
nection at Chicago with the 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 Eng-
land States, also to New York.

For tickets, reservations of space in
sleepers, apply to

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

Lachute Furniture Factory.



We have on hand an entirely new stock of Bed Room Suites,
Sideboards, Tables, Chairs, and Parlor Sets.

Something to Suit Everybody.

We have also a large variety of Window Sashes, Blinds, Doors,
Mouldings and Lumber of all kinds.

Call and Examine our Stock

10-531
Dr. R. G. Valade
J. Parent
Exhibit K

AUCTION SALE.—There will be sold
by Public Auction at the residence
of William V. Walker, North Set-
tlement, Lachute, on Friday, June 16th.
The following effects:—

2 milch cows, 6 heifers 1 yr old, 2 heif-
ers 2 yr old, 4 calves, 1 old pig, 5 spring
pigs, 45 hens and turkeys, 2 sheep, 1
lamb, lumber waggon with box and hay-
rack, express 2 seats, pole and shafts,
buggy, tombril cart, horse-rake, mower,
seeder, Massey-Harris Fanning mill, new
set bob-leds, set heavy runners, heavy
rack sled, pole and shafts, light rack sled
new iron plow, new steel harrows, wood-
en harrows, potato cultivator, steel
scrap r, wheelbarrow, set double har-
ness, set cart harness, set express har-
ness, set light harness, set plow harness,
set steel harness, 2 sets whiplie trees,
heavy chain, wrapping chain, short chain,
forks, hoes, shovels, pick, 2 crowbars,
farmer's boiler, 200 sap cans, galvanized
sap tank, sap shed and punchoon, grind-
stone, 2 scythes and snaths, carpenter's
bench, post auger, cap auger, steel yard,
hay fork, 2 grain boxes, 2 cant hooks, 2
crosscut saws, one new, buck saw, cook-
ing stove, chairs, cupboards, large what-
not, milk pans and pails, Dairy churn
No. 4, dash churn, cream can, 2 cooley
cans, 20 bushels oats, large quantity dry
lumber (pine, spruce and hemlock), a
lot stove wood, and other articles too
numerous to mention. Everything to
be sold without reserve as the propi-
etor has sold his farm.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m., sharp.
TERMS:—\$7.00 cash, over that amount
9 months credit by furnishing approv-
ed joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita,
I. T. He writes:—“Four bottles of Electric
Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of sorefula,
which had caused her great suffering for
years. Terrible sores would break out on
her head and face, and the best doctors could
give no help—but her cure is complete and
her health is excellent.” This shows what
hundreds have proved—that Electric Bitters
is the best blood purifier known. It's the
supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt
rheum, ulcers, boils, and running sores. It
stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels
poisons, helps digestion, builds up the
strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by all Drug-
gists, every bottle guaranteed.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, }
District of Terrebonne. } No. 531.

Rose Antia Valade, wife of Ferdi-
nand Parent, of the town of St. Jerome,
district of Terrebonne.

-VS- PLAINTIFF

The said Ferdinand Parent,
DEFENDANT

An action for separation of property
has been instituted in this cause.

J. VICTOR LEONARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
St. Jerome, 1st June, 1899.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Ratepayers of the municipality of
Lachute Town are notified that all dog
taxes and all other taxes not paid to the
undersigned on or before the 1st day of
July next, will be handed to the Town
Attorney for collection, the whole by
resolution of Council.

JAS. W. RAITT,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Mr. Edmond Charlebois

Wishes to announce that he
has leased from Mr. Vallee

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY
ON CHATHAM ST.

Every description of wood-work
mouldings, clapboards, etc. Sat-
isfaction guaranteed.

Millinery !!

Mrs. Hampton's Millinery Stock
is now complete with a full line
of Hats, Bonnets, Feathers, Flow-
ers, etc., and everything found in a
first-class millinery establishment.

Ladies wishing to purchase
Spring Millinery will do well
to call and see our goods be-
fore purchasing elsewhere.

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

Mrs. HAMPTON.

WHO WANTS CLOTHING?

Having purchased at Auction in Mont-
real, a Bankrupt Stock of Twenty-Six
Hundred and Fifty-Two Dollars worth of
Clothing and Gent's Furnishings, at the
rate of fifty cents on the dollar, we can
now sell them at prices far below their
regluar value.

The stock is all fresh goods, as the
business had only been running about 9
months. The clothing is principally made
by H. Shorey & Co. for best city trade, so
is not cheap Shoddy wash, but good goods
that will give both wear and satisfaction.

NOW IS YOUR TIME!

We Bought it Cheap, and will Sell it Cheap.

MEN'S SUITS THAT WERE \$5.00 NOW FOR \$3.00							
" " " " 7.00 " " 4.00							
" " " " 8.00 " " 4.75							
" " " " 10.00 " " 6.00							
" " " " 12.00 " " 7.50							

We have another line in this stock th
you don't often see--Men's Water
Overalls, Jumpers, Vests and Pa

MEN'S RUBBER COATS, WERE \$3.00, NOW
MEN'S RUBBER LONG BOOTS, BEST QUALITY
ING TO THE HIP, WORTH \$5.50, NOW \$3.00

GENT'S FURNISHINGS

Men's Linen Collars, sizes 14 to 17 1/2 - - -
Neckties, less than half-price - - - now 5, 10, 15.
Men's Flannelette Shirts - - -
Men's Regatta Shirts, - - - were \$1
Men's English Regatta Shirts, - - -
Black Sateen Shirts - - -
White Shirts - - - for
Belts - - -
Good Braces - - -
Better Braces for more money - - -
Men's Cotton Socks - - -
Men's Cotton Socks - - -
Men's Black Cotton Socks - - -
Men's Black Cashmere Socks - - -

Ladies Cotton Undervests - - - for
Ladies Cotton Undervests - - - for
Ladies Cotton Undervests - - - for
Ladies Cotton Undervests - - - for
Ladies Cotton Stockings - - - for
Children's Cotton Stockings, small sizes

Men's Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers - - - for 20c
Men's Undershirts and Drawers, better quality for more mon
Men's heavy cotton Shirts and Drawers - - - for 25c. ea

These prices will only last till goods are sold,
same qualities can't be repeated at these prices.

Butter, Eggs, Maple Syrup, Wool, etc.
taken in exchange for goods.

Remember the place! OPPOSITE THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE,

East End, LACHUTE,
H. S. LOWNDES & Co.

Love and War

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

Of all Paul Haverill's comfortable buildings, horse, stables, barn and negro quarters, there was left him only one cabin which the fire had not consumed. That stood a little distant from the rest, and had been occupied by Lois before her husband died. It was superior to the other cabins then; it was neat and tidy now, and there they laid the dead lieutenant, in his grey uniform, with a little flag of stars and bars across his breast. This was Charlie's thought, and it was very mete that he who to the last had believed in the righteousness of the Confederacy should have her sign above him. There was no other spot except the cabin where Maude could stay, and the entire day and night she sat by her dead Arthur, whom, now that he was dead, she cherished in her heart as a martyr and a hero, questioning even the ground on which she had hitherto stood so firmly, and asking herself, if, after all, the South was so very far out of the way, or if the Union were worth the fearful price the Southern people were paying for it. Maude did not know herself in this mood. It was so unlike all her former theories, and more than once she pressed her hot hands to her still hotter head, and asked if she was going mad.

Crouched beside Maude, with his blue eyes fixed upon her with a pitying, remorseful look, was Charlie.

"Poor Maude—poor sister! I am so sorry. I never thought—I did not know; you used to laugh about him so to Uncle Paul. I'd give my life to bring him back for you. Did you love him so very much?" Charlie said, in broken sentences, and then Maude shivered from head to foot, but made him no reply.

She had not loved him so very much, but his violent death and all the horrors attending it had shaken her terribly, and could he have come back to life she would have tried to love him, and with her iron will would have crushed that other love, the very knowledge of which had made her heart throb with so much joy.

But the dead came not to life again, and the next morning they buried Arthur Tunbridge in the grassy enclosure where Paul Haverill's wife was sleeping with the infant son who, had he lived, would have been just Arthur's. The blue coated soldiery, who been his deadly foes, paid him military honor possible within means, even marching to his grave behind the stars and bars which he wore on his coffin; but when they came from the burial, they bore a flag, whose folds that summer night floated in from the top of Lois's

and, gentle, and pitiful demeanor toward Maude, day and the night, when Arthur in Lois's cabin, near her; but, after he went to her, and, with a friend and brother, should take the rest of his life. And Maude should of his soothing, and, with a flood of words, bade her do. And she, and bathed her, and smoothed her, and paid back in part had rendered him back in Squire Tun-

—only exhausted—mentally, the exacting itself in the quiet, into which she lapsed, little attention to what would her, and offering for remembrance when a plan to accompany and his men to Knox-

Haverill, too, a change. The attack upon him by his friends and neighbors, though sudden, had been sudden, and when it came, and as he had been his so long, he felt every tie which bound him to the place was severed. Then came the fearful tragedy of the mountains, when Arthur was brought to him dead. Stunned and bewildered by the startling events which had followed each other so rapidly, Paul was hardly able to counsel for himself, and assented readily to the plan which had really originated with Captain Carleton, who had another scheme underlying that, but who suggested both so skillfully that Paul Haverill fancied they were his own ideas, and gave them as such to Maude. They would go to Knoxville with the soldiers, he said; thence to Nashville. They had some relatives living there, and, after resting for a little, they would continue their journeyings North, going, perhaps, as far as New York.

"I always wanted to travel North," he said, "but my affairs kept me at home. Now I have no affairs. My neighbors have relieved me of such commodities, and I want to get away from a spot where I have witnessed such dreadful things. We all need change. You, Maude, more than I, and Charlie more than either. I don't know what has come over the boy. That horrible night and morning were too much for him."

Maude knew that so far as Charlie was concerned, her uncle had spoken truly. Charlie was greatly changed, and his eyes had in them a scared look, as if every detail of the horrors of the fight on the mountain had stamped itself indelibly upon his mind, and was never for an instant forgotten.

He needed a change of place and scene; and as she could not return to Arthur's desolate home, whither the

bad news had been sent at once, Maude assented to the Nashville arrangement, and in three weeks was comfortably settled at a Nashville hotel, with Lois as her attendant. Her uncle, Charlie, and Captain Carleton were with her, the latter constantly putting off his journey to Rockland, where they were so anxiously waiting for him. He had written to Rose immediately after his arrival at Nashville, telling her of all that had transpired, and speaking of Maude De Vere as one whom he hoped to make his wife. This time the letter went safely, and Rose replied at once, urging Tom to come, and insisting that Mr. Haverill, Maude and Charlie should accompany him.

"They saved Will's life as well as yours," Rose wrote, "I have a right to them all, and especially to the noble Maude. Bring her to me, Tom, and let me coax back the color to her dear face and the brightness to her eyes. I shall come myself and get her if she refuses."

Maude had never known the companionship of a sister—had never had a single intimate girl friend except Nettie Tunbridge, who died. Independent, strong-willed and self-reliant, she had cared but little for any society except that which she found with nature in the wild mountains of Tennessee; but now, broken and shocked, and shorn of some of her strength, she longed for sympathy, and companionship, and something in Rose Mather's sprightly letter made her heart yearn toward the little lady who had written it, and the pleasant home which Rose described as beautiful with the summer bloom.

"I will think about it by and by," she said to her uncle; "but for the present it is nice to rest here in Nashville."

So for a time longer, they lingered in Tennessee, while Rose waited impatiently for them and fretted at the delay.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

This seems to be one of the worst cases we have had. I doubt if his mind will survive the horrors he has endured, even if his body does. Poor fellow! his mother would not recognize him now."

This was what the physician at Annapolis said to Mrs. Simms of a miserable, emaciated skeleton, which had come up from Andersonville with the last arrival of prisoners.

While we in the mountains of Tennessee were tracing the wanderings of Will Mather and Captain Carleton, Mrs. Simms and Annie had stood untiringly at their posts beside the sick and dying soldiers who had learned to bless and watch for the stern widow and to love and worship the beautiful Annie Graham. And well had she earned such appreciation, for she had been most faithful to the wretched ones committed to her care,—faithful both to body and soul, and in the better world she knew there was waiting to welcome her, more than one, whose darkened mind she had led to the fountain of all light. And Annie had made a vow to stay, till from that foul Southern prison, where 28,000 men had died, there came to her the one for whom she always looked so anxiously when new arrivals came, her blue eyes running rapidly over each wasted form and then filling with tears when the scrutiny was found to be in vain.

James Carleton had never been heard from since that letter sent to her so long ago, and hope had died out of Annie's heart, when at last, with Widow Simms, she stood by the cot where lay the insensible form of which the physician had spoken so discouragingly.

It was the figure of a young man, who must once have been finely formed, with handsome face and hair and eyes. The latter were closed now, and only the lids moved with a convulsive motion, as Annie bent over him. The dark hair, matted and coarse and filthy, had curled in rings about the bony forehead, but had been cut away when the bath was given, and the closely shorn head was like many other heads which Annie Graham's hands had touched, gently, tenderly, as they now moved over this one, trying to infuse some life into the breathing skeleton. He was to be her charge,—he was in her division and Mrs. Simms' keen, grey eyes scanned Annie curiously as she bent over the poor fellow.

He was helpless as an infant, and Annie nursed him much as she would have nursed a baby whose life hung on a thread. He had been there four days, and only a faint, moaning sound had given token of life or consciousness. But at the close of the fourth day, as Annie sat chafing the pulseless fingers where the grey skin hung so loosely, the eyes opened for a moment and were fixed upon her face. There was no consciousness in them,—no recognition of her presence, nothing but the strained, hungry, despairing look Annie had seen in the eyes of so many of our prisoners, and which to a greater or less degree was peculiar to them all. Annie saw this look, and then underneath it all she saw something more,—what it was she could not tell, but it brought back to her those moonlight nights upon the beach at New London, and that other night of more recent date, when she sat with Jimmie Carleton beneath the Rockland sky and heard his passionate words of love, and saw his soft, black eyes kindle with earnestness and then grow sad and sorrowful with disappointment. There was no kindling in them now,—no ardent passion or heat of love,—but a certain softness and brightness, and even sadness, lingered still and told Annie at last who it was.

"Oh, merciful Father! it is Jimmie!" she said, and unmindful of any who might be looking on, she bent down and kissed the sunken cheeks from which the flesh was gone.

She had expected him so long, and grown so weary and hopeless with expectations unfulfilled, that she could scarcely believe it now, or realize that the half dead wretch before her was once the lively, humorous, teasing Jimmie Carleton. How she pined for him and how her heart throbbed as she thought of the suffering he must have endured ere he reached this state of apparent imbecility. Then, as she remembered what the physician said about his mind, she dropped upon her knees, and clasping her hands over her face, prayed earnestly that God would remove the darkness and wholly restore the man whom she loved so dearly.

"Do you think he will die?" she asked Mrs. Simms who had come for a moment to her side.

"You know him then. I was wondering that an old woman like me should see clearer than you. I mistrusted from the first," Mrs. Simms answered, and then to Annie's eager questioning she replied, "It will be almost a miracle if we do get any sense into that brain, or flesh upon those bones, but we'll do the best we can."

Her words were not very encouraging, and Annie's tears fell like rain upon the face of the man who gave no sign that he knew where he was, or who was bending over him. Oh! how he had longed for the air of the North as his face grew thinner, greyer, and more corpse-like, while his flesh seemed shrivelling and drying on his bones. Bill Baker had done what he could to ameliorate his condition,—done too much in fact, and as the result he suddenly found himself shorn of his privileges, and an inmate again of the dreadful prison. Even then he clung to and cared for Jimmie, until the pangs of starvation and the pains of sickness made him forgetful of all but himself. And there they pined and wept and waited until the day of their release, when Bill was too ill to be removed, and was left in charge of a humane family, who kindly promised to care for him until he was better. From a Rockland soldier who had been taken prisoner at the battle of the Wilderness, Jimmie had heard that Mrs. Graham was at Annapolis, and then oh, how he longed for the time when it might be his fate to be tended and nursed by her. She would do it so gently, and so kindly and in his dreams the walls of his prison stretched away to the green fields of the North, where he walked again with Annie, and felt the clasp of her little hand, and the light of her blue eyes. She was always present with him,—she or the little Lulu of Pequot memory. Somehow these two were strangely mixed, and when his mind began to totter as the physical strain on it became too great, the two faces were united in one body, and both bent lovingly over him, just as Annie Graham was doing now when he was past knowing or caring who ministered to him. A vague suspicion he had at intervals that in some respects there was a change, that his bed was not the filthy sand bank nor his covering the pitiless sky. Gradually, too, there came a different look upon his face; the color was changing from the dingy gray, to a more life-like hue; flesh was showing a little beneath the skin, and the dark hair began to grow, and Annie watered the tiny curls with bitter tears, for, as proof of the terrible life whose horrors will never half be written, the once black hair was coming out streaked with grey. They knew in Rockland that he was at Annapolis, but Annie had peremptorily forbidden either Mrs. Carleton or Rose to come. "They could do no good," she wrote, "Jimmie would not know them; and they might be in the way."

They were constantly expecting Tom from Tennessee, with Maude De Vere and her friends, and so they remained at home the more willingly, enjoining it upon Annie to write them every day just a line to tell how Jimmie was.

The summer rain was falling softly upon the streets of Annapolis, and the cool evening air came stealing into the room where Annie Graham sat by her patient. There were not so many now in her ward, and she had more time for Jimmie, by whose bedside every leisure moment was passed. She was sitting by him now, watching him as he slept, and listening breathlessly to his low murmurings as he seemed to be talking of her and the dreadful prison-life. Then he slept more soundly, and she arranged the light so that it left his face in shadow, but fell full upon her own.

Half an hour passed in this way, and Annie's head was beginning to droop from languor and drowsiness, when a sudden exclamation startled her, and she looked up to see her patient's eyes fixed upon her, while with his finger he pointed to the window opposite, and whispered.

"The star, it's risen again, when I thought it had set forever. I take it as a good omen, Bill. I shall see her face again."

Did he think himself in prison still, with that star shining over him, and did he take her for Bill Baker? The thought was not a very complimentary one, but Annie forgot everything in her joy, at this evidence of returning reason.

"Jimmie," she said softly, and she bent her face so close to his, that her lips touched his forehead, "Jimmie, don't you know that you are in Annapolis, with me, with Annie Graham. You remember Annie?"

She had many a time said these very words in his ears hoping somehow to impress them upon him, and now she had succeeded, for he repeated them after her slowly and with long pauses, like a school-boy trying to say a half-learned lesson.

"Jimmie—don't you—know—that you—are—here—in—Annapolis—with—me—with—Annie—Graham—You remember—Annie?"

And as he said these words consciousness began to struggle back,—the black

eyes fastened themselves upon Annie with a painful look; then they took in her dress, her hands folded in her lap, the decent covering on the bed, the furniture of the room, and then throwing up his arms he felt of his flesh, and examined his linen, and patted the pillow, while still the look of wonder and perplexity deepened on his face. Suddenly he let his arms drop helplessly, then stretched them feebly towards Annie, and while both chin and lip quivered touchingly, and the tears streamed from his eyes, he whispered.

"Clean face, clean hands, soft pillow and bed, with the hunger, and thirst, and home-sickness gone. This is—yes, this must be God's land, and she is there with me."

To be Continued.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Peculiar and Terrible Effects of the Current on a Child.

Some very curious phases developed in a case which occurred in New York last week. A small Italian girl was struck by a bolt of lightning. She was passing a long and narrow street at twilight when the opening flash of a thunderstorm felled her to the ground. On running to her assistance it was at first supposed that she was merely stunned, as no marks of the current were visible.

Pending the arrival of an ambulance a druggist tried simple restoratives and stimulants, but without effect. The girl showed no sign of life. The general impression was that she was dead. When an ambulance came from Goodverner Hospital, the surgeon hurried her away. The first singular discovery was made when she was laid on the operating table. Portions of fabric that had looked perfectly sound crumbled into dust at his touch. The area of incineration was an irregular one in front of her waist and skirt, and it passed clear through her cotton undergarments, the fabric of which had also been undisturbed, so far as the eye could determine.

And at last, under all this burning of fabric was disclosed, the lightning's most dreadful handiwork. It had burned and torn, deeply, fantastically. The victim's flesh was an arabesque of torture. The lower part of her trunk and upper parts of her legs were lacerated and scorched. There were deep, ragged wounds that looked as though they had been made with a blunt weapon. There were collections of blisters in strange and varied forms. There were large, open burns, curiously discolored, fringed with shredded cuticle, in a regular pattern. There were also burns on the wrists, where they had been hidden by her sleeves, but these were not so important.

It took half an hour to revive the patient. She awoke to intense pain, crying:

"I'm on fire! I'm on fire!"

She was as intractable, as slow to receive ideas as a person recovering from the effects of anaesthetic. Not for 10 minutes or more could she be made to realize that she was not really on fire. Then she remembered the lightning, and terror crept into her tortured face. This is the effect most to be feared—the nerve blight for which science has no other name than "shock." From what few words she could utter it was gathered that she could remember that lightning flash, but nothing that followed it. It is possible that she never will remember anything else. It is thought that she is paralyzed on both sides.

STRANGE WHITE MEN.

How Capt. Cook Looked to a Brown Boy of New Zealand.

When Capt. Cook's ship the Endeavour lay in Mercury Bay, New Zealand, in 1769, a brown boy of eight, who afterward became a chief and lived to a great age went aboard of her. His name was Taniwha.

It was easy enough for the brown boys to pick out Kapene Kuku, Capt. Cook, among the men on board. Taniwha said he was the leader of the "Goblins," a very great man. He walked the ship grave and dignified. He held up a nail, a priceless treasure, and when Taniwha laughed, gave it to him. Then the boys knew that he was good as well as great. They were shocked that a grown-up Maori stole a piece of calico.

"They paddled away," Taniwha continued. "The Goblin went down into the hold of the ship, but soon came up with a walking stick in his hand and pointed it at the canoe. Thunder pealed and lightning flashed, but those in the canoe paddled on."

"Then they landed. Eight rose to leave the canoe, but the thief sat still with his dogskin mat and the Goblin's garment under his feet. His companions called him but he did not answer. One of them shook him, and the thief fell back into the hold of the canoe, and blood was seen on his clothing and a hole in his back."

LIGHTING THE OCEAN.

A new method of illumination on the ocean consists of using a hollow cylinder of steel tubing, charged with calcium carbide. This shell is to be shot from a gun to a distance of two miles. When it strikes the water it generates acetylene gas and gives 1,000 candle power, which burns from the end which floats. This light cannot be extinguished by water.

A HOME MADE HAPPY.

MRS. TUCKER, OF NIAGARA FALLS, TELLS WHAT DID IT.

Her Daughter Was Afflicted With St. Vitus Dance and Helpless as an Infant. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her After Specialists Had Failed.

From the Review, Niagara Falls.

It is a horrible feeling to know that you have lost all command or control of your limbs, and must depend upon your friends to wait upon and serve you the same as an infant. This was the condition of Miss Myrtle Tucker for nearly a year, and the Review learning that she had been wonderfully benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People sent a reporter to hear her story. We called at the residence of Mr. Edwin Tucker, of the village of Niagara Falls. Mrs. Tucker received us very cordially on ascertaining the object of our visit. As nearly as possible these are her exact words in speaking of her daughter's case:—"My daughter Myrtle is in her fifteenth year. About a year ago alarming symptoms of St. Vitus' dance made their appearance, but for some time we did not know what was really the matter. She lost the use of her arms, her right arm was completely paralyzed. She had to be dressed and undressed, being totally unable to help herself. The best local physicians were called in and prescribed for her, but they appeared to be unable to afford relief. We made a trip to Buffalo last January and a specialist was consulted, who recommended that Myrtle be shut up in a dark room for three months, allowing no one to see her or speak to her but the nurse. In fact the doctor insisted upon her being sent to one of the city hospitals. Arsenic was one of the specifics used; it helped to quiet for a time, but no permanent relief was obtained. After our return from Buffalo, my son urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Myrtle. He said he was sure it would do her good as it had cured his boy of a similar complaint. I then determined to try them, as I was conscious the treatment she was getting was doing her no good. I purchased a box and the effect of the pills was almost marvellous from the very beginning; before the first box was used an improvement was plainly discernible. Five boxes in all have been used and Myrtle is now able to run and enjoy herself in a manner she could not do for months and months back. Two weeks ago she commenced to attend school after an absence of nine months. 'I want it distinctly understood,' said Mrs. Tucker, 'that the physicians all agreed that my daughter was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance; that the treatment of the medical attendants did not benefit her and that no other medicine was taken after commencing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so that there is no doubt her recovery must be attributed to the use of these pills. Her state of health is now most excellent, her appetite is good and I am only too pleased to be able to certify to the above facts in order that others similarly afflicted may be encouraged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

An impoverished condition of the blood, or a disordered state of the nerves is the fruitful source of most ills that afflict mankind, and to any thus affected Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. No other remedy has ever met with such great and continued success, which is one of the strongest proofs that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplish all that is claimed for them. They cure locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, diseases depending upon vitiated blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, curing all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NEW WAY TO TEACH.

Lord Rothschild Engages an Athletic Instructor for His Boys.

Leopold Rothschild, brother of Lord Rothschild, and the sporting member of the great Hebrew banking family in England, has recently engaged the services of a second tutor for his two boys, whose duties are of a rather unusual nature. The boys have already one tutor, who has charge of their instruction.

The new tutor, a Mr. Tarver by name, who was educated at Eton, and is an Oxford graduate, has been engaged at a salary of \$3,000 a year, and everything found, to take charge of the lads during all the time that they are not engaged in studies. He is styled their tutor in athletics, and his duties consist in teaching them to ride, drive, play the various games, such as football, cricket, tennis, golf, etc., and also to train them in gymnastics, running, jumping and swimming. He has already started in by teaching them the game of hare and hounds, and may be seen with his two young charges clad like himself in flannels and sweaters, sprinting across fields, leaping ditches and clambering over hedges in most approved style.

It need scarcely be added that Mr. Tarver is a man of birth and breeding and that he is treated as such by his employer. But his engagement is certainly a rather startling innovation in the methods of instruction of the young.



Our Best Salesman: The Mirror.

You may know the kind of garment that suits your style when you see it on, but you may not be able to describe it to a tailor.

It is this that makes
our success with

Shorey's Ready Tailored Clothing.

It's up to date style; carefully tailored make and general appearance gives us the pull over our competitors, who buy their goods at auction and fill their stores with the tag ends of various makers because they are cheap.

Shorey's Guarantee Card in the pockets means
SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

A COMPLETE STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM.

FANCY DRESS GOODS.—New Fabrics, Novel Designs and Beautiful Colorings for the season. All the New Shades of Greys, Drabs, Fawns and Blues. Priestly's Black Dress Goods the best on the market.

PRINTS.—We are satisfied that for Variety of Patterns, Unique Designs, Washable Colors, and quality of goods our range cannot be beaten.

IN PRINTED NOVELTIES.—We are showing the very latest things in Scotch Dress Gingham in Broken Checks, Small Plaids, and other fashionables weaves.

A BALE OF COTTON Just arrived in small webs of 30 yards each. If you want a bargain call soon as they will go like hot cakes.

KID GLOVES.—"Pewny's" Kid Gloves, every pair guaranteed in the latest style and shades.

ACES AND EMBROIDRIES.—The finest you ever saw, the ladies have been looking for.

YOU WANT a Carpet or Curtains call and see ours. To show goods, they are sure to sell at first sight.

McFAUL BROS.

HARDWARE

SHelf & HEAVY HARDWARE,
ERY SUPPLIES, PUMPS & PIPES,
FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS,
IES, RIFLES, CARPENTER'S TOOLS.

Large Stock. Prices Right.
Call and see us.

McOUAT & McRAE.

HARDWARE

TRAINING 1899.

NOTICE.

Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers,
and Men will hold themselves ready
for Division Camp at Laprarie, June
21st. By Order.

E. A. HODGSON,
Lieut. Col.
C.O. 11th Batt. Argyenteuil Rangers.
Lachute, Que., June 6th, 1899.

SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Terrebonne }
No. 528. }

Mrs. Marguerite, alias Maggie,
Lavolette of St. Eustache, said district
wife of Archibald, alias Archie
Stewart, farmer, of the same place,
has this day instituted an action in
separation from bed, board, and prop-
erty, against her said husband.

Stc. Scholastique,
29th May, 1899.

J. D. LEDUC,
Plaintiff's Attorney.



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH

Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular
Beating of the Heart, Dizziness,
Shortness of Breath, Distress after
Exertion, Smothering Feeling,
Spasms or Pain through the Breast
and Heart, Morbid Condition of the
Mind, Partial Paralysis, Sleepless-
ness, Nervousness, Anemia, Gen-
eral Debility, After-Effects of Grippe,
Loss of Appetite, etc.

Remember Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills cure the worst cases
after other remedies fail.

Lexa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Benek Hamilton, of West
Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from
Rectal Prolapse, he would die unless a costly
operation was performed, but he cured him-
self with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve,
the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best
Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by
all Druggists.

SUPERIOR COURT

Province of Quebec. } No. 531.
District of Montreal. }

JOSEPH PALLISER,
vs.
THOMAS S. VIPOND,
and
THOMAS BANNERMAN,
Liquidator.

Sale in Liquidation.

WHEREAS it appears by judgment of
the said court rendered the 1st June,
1899, granted on petition of the said
liquidator that the sale by public auction
is ordered of all the assets of the Elec-
tric Lighting system and business be-
longing to the partnership heretofore
existing between the said plaintiff and
defendant in the town of Lachute, dis-
trict of Terrebonne, comprising all the
machinery, electrical apparatus, wires,
poles, tools, and effects generally, ap-
pertaining to said system and business,
together with the unexpired term of
lease of water power and lighting station,
and all book debts, claims, and rights of
action generally whatsoever belonging
to or arising out of the said business and
the liquidation thereof, and that the
sale of the said property and business is
ordered to be held on the 17TH JUNE
aforesaid, after two notices in the WACH-
MAN, a newspaper published at Lachute
aforesaid.

Now therefore, I, the said liquidator,
give notice to all whom it may concern
that on SATURDAY the 17th June inst.
at eleven of the forenoon, at the said
Electric Light Station, I will proceed to
the sale of the said property, system and
business by auction, and will adjudicate
the same to the last and highest bidder.

The said judgment reserves from the
said sale for future adjudication, the
following Electrical apparatus, to wit:—
One 300 Light alternating dynamo, with
all the necessary station apparatus, con-
sisting of exciter, sliding base for both
exciter and dynamo, potential indicator,
current indicator, station transformer,
lightning arrester, fuse blocks and
pilot lamps, 300 lamps of 16 candle
power of the Swan type, all the neces-
sary inside wiring, and four and a half-
miles of heavily insulated pure lake
copper wire both taped and double
braided, and also what necessary trans-
formers to operate these lamps.

An inventory is prepared and may be
seen and examined at the Electric Light
Station on the afternoon of every day
until the sale.

Terms of Sale—Cash, or its equivalent.
The liquidator may require a deposit
in Cash from any bidder.

Montreal, 6th June, 1899.

THOMAS BANNERMAN,
Liquidator.

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by
Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild
Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of
Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you
want a remedy you are sure will give you
relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something
that may help you. You want Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every
one knows will positively cure Cramps and
Colic quickly. Just
a dose or two and you
have ease.

But now a word of
proof to back up these
assertions, and we
have it from Mr. John
Hawke, Coldwater,
Ont., who writes:
"Dr. Fowler's Extract
of Wild Strawberry is
a wonderful cure for
Diarrhea, Cramps
and pains in the stomach. I was a great
sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I
have perfect comfort."



LACHUTE

GRIST MILLS.

The undersigned having
again leased the Lachute
Grist Mills, from J. C. Wil-
son & 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 Buck-
wheat Flour, Bran,
and Shorts.

P. CAMPBELL & Co.
TELEPHONE NO. 44.

Orders delivered anywhere in
the town.

"She Carries Her Heart on Her Sleeve"

What a boon to many a man or woman if this were literally so—How many spirits are broken
because this particular organ is shackled by disease—and yet how many times has Dr.
Agnew's Cure for the Heart brushed against the grim reaper and robbed him of his victim.

Diseases of the heart are by far the most treacherous of ailments which afflict humanity—ruthless
to old and young alike—not insidious but violent, for when the heart fails the whole system
suffers violence. Discussing causes here will not
console the suffering one. The one great yearning of
the heart-sickened patient is how to get relief and a
cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stands pre-
eminently to-day as the star of hope to sufferers from
heart trouble, and so far past the experimental period
that thousands to-day proclaim, in no uncertain sound,
the belief that were it not for this great remedy they
would have long ago passed into the great beyond.

Most eminent doctors, whom heart cases have baffled, have
tested Dr. Agnew's claims, and to-day they prescribe it in
their practice as the quickest and safest heart remedy known
to medical science. What are the symptoms? Palpitation, flut-
tering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, swelling of
feet and ankles, pain in the left side, chilly sensations, fainting
spells, uneasiness in sleeping, dropsical tendency and as many
more indications that the heart is deranged. Dr. Agnew's
Cure for the Heart is a heart specific; and no case too acute
to find relief from it inside of thirty minutes—a powerful cure.

Mrs. JNO. FITZPATRICK, of Gananoque, Ont., after having been treated
by eminent physicians for heart disease of five years' standing, was dis-
charged from the hospital as a hopeless incurable. She suffered from
acute pain and palpitation, her feet and ankles swollen, and there was
every tendency to the dropsical form of heart disease, but the lady pro-
cured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart as she declared, as a last hope.
One dose relieved her of a very acute spasm in less than thirty minutes,
and three bottles cured her—not a symptom of the trouble remaining.

CONDUCTOR WILLIAM C. LUCAS, of the N. & W.R.R., and living at
Hagarstown, Md., suffered for years with acute valvular form of heart
disease—cost him many a "lay off" from his daily duties on the road,
and he spent a small fortune in remedies and treating with heart
benefited, recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. He tried it, and found it gave him relief and
comfort almost immediately. He continued its use until a few bottles were taken, and to-day he's well and
strong, and says, "Tell all heart sufferers that I can highly recommend this great remedy."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT cures eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head and all itching skin diseases:
cures piles in three to five nights. 35 cents.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves cold in the head or hay fever in ten minutes—will
cure most stubborn and long standing catarrh cases quickly and permanently.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver—clear the
skin. 40 doses, 50 cents.

T. CHRISTIE, Lachute.

Shirt Waists!

An Elaborate Gathering of Stylishly-made Shirt
Waists, that includes almost every conceivable Cotton
Fabric that gives the fresh, crisp beauty that ladies
desire, coupled with the serviceable ness that makes the
daintiness, washable and lasting. Prices Right!

G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Foundry Street Carriage Factory.

(Formerly Robitaille's Stand.)

This is where you can get all your repairing, painting,
and horse-shoeing at reasonable rates.

All kinds of Machines with latest im-
provements, Waggon, Buggies, Second
Hand Expresses and the New low down Ex-
press, the very newest vehicle.

Long needed by the Public, suits every person, for
every purpose.

Call and examine for yourself.

I. W. ROBERTS.

The Best in Town!



is what everybody says after they
have tasted our Ice Cream.

We always keep a good supply
of choice confectionery, cakes, fruits
and cool drinks.

L. D. Taylor,

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,
WEST END, LACHUTE.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIV.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1899.

NO. 18

Professional & Commercial

J. E. VALOIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Money to Loan on Security.
Office - MAIN STREET.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MAIN STREET LACHUTE, P.Q.

J. A. C. ETHIER,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.
Attends all courts in the district of Terrebonne, and is in Lachute every Tuesday.

J. D. LEDUC, L.L.B.,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.
Attorney for the revenue for the district of Terrebonne for Dominion and Provincial Governments.

N. FOREST,
NOTARY,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

VINCENT FORTIER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Money to Loan on Security.
Office - STE. SCHOLASTIQUE.

JOSEPH FORTIER,
ADVOCATE,
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

EDMOND BROSSARD, L.L.B.,
ADVOCATE,
In Ste. Scholastique every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

G. J. WALKER,
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Notes discounted and Loans Made. Only First-class Insurance Companies Represented.

CHARLES CALDER,
General Agent for The Lancashire, and The Liverpool London and Globe Fire Insurance Companies in the Ottawa Valley. Mercantile, Schedule, and Farn. Risks at Reduced Rates.
P. O. Box 70 LACHUTE, P.Q.

JAS. W. RAITT,
Agent for Leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies. Apply at once.
LACHUTE, P.Q.

MALCOLM SMITH,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
For the District of Terrebonne. Sales conducted in French and English.
P. O. Box 125 LACHUTE, P.Q.

W. J. SIMPSON,
INSURANCE AGENT,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Agent for leading Fire, Life, Accident and Guarantee Insurance Companies.



PLEASED . . .
... CUSTOMERS

send others, that is why business is booming with us. If you are wanting your tailoring done in the best style and make bring it along to—

LAPOINTE,
THE TAILOR
Office; Rodrigue's Block.
MAIN STREET.

LOCAL NEWS

The Academy examinations are in progress this week.

Mr. Lee occupied Rev. Mr. Bennett's pulpit on Sunday last.

Mr. J. M. Wanless, of Chicago, is visiting his parents in St. Andrews.

Selling out and going west.
A. J. PERIARD.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Barron were the guests of Mrs. Cushing on Sunday last.

Mrs. Buckley and Miss Marion, left for Yarmouth on Monday last, to spend the summer months.

If you want a cheap Suit, now is your time. Big reductions.
A. D. KENNEDY.

Mr. Thos. Morrison, of Lachute, had the misfortune to lose two valuable cows in the recent storm.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Ayers has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to be round again.

The Rev. J. W. Silcox attended the associational gathering of the Baptist Churches in Ottawa this week.

The Rev. Orr. Bennet assisted Rev. N. Waddell to dispense communion last sabbath to a large congregation.

Black Dress Goods—We carry the largest stock in Lachute.
W. BANFORD.

The Orange Lodge meets on Friday night to initiate 4 new members and discuss the best way to celebrate the 12th.

Alderman Claribue has removed his family from Montreal to their beautiful summer residence in Cushing.

Mr. Lucas spent a couple of days in the city this week to attend the marriage of his son, Albert, to Miss Sarah Jones, of Montreal.

Messrs. Angus Cameron and A. McArthur, of Grenville, were in town on Friday last and paid the 'Watchman' a friendly visit.

STRAYED.—To Mr. Rogers' farm, 11th range of Grenville, 4 head of cattle. Owner can have same by paying expenses.

WANTED—A Good General Blacksmith. Steady job for reliable man. Apply by letter or personally to—
I. W. ROBERTS, Lachute.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Eakin, Miss Winnifred Eakin and Master Garnet Evans, of Montreal, spent Sunday at 'Riverside.'

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

HARDWARE.
Lawn Mowers,
Ice Cream Freezers,
Window Screens,
Garden Tools,
Spray Pumps,
McQUAT & McRAE.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—In the West End, Lachute, a large 7 roomed house with store adjoining, formerly occupied by J. Fish as Post Office, and dwelling.

Apply to,
M. WANLESS,
St. Andrews.

Season 1899.

Special attention is called to our Millinery Show-Room this season. We feel certain that you will see the best that artistic skill and taste can produce.

We have planned to have our stock so rich, so varied, so charming, as will gratify every expectation.

We have every new style worthy of a place. It will be an advantage to have your hat or bonnet trimmed at

Miss CRESWELL'S.

ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Mrs. Rogers has returned from the city after spending a month with her daughters and has again taken her abode at 'Riverside.'

Mrs. N. (Rae) Waddell left on Tuesday morning to visit her mother who is ill. She took with her Misses Edith and Olive. She hopes to return in about three weeks.

His honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province has signed an order-in-Council, appointing Mr. W. A. Weir M.P.P. one of Her Majesty's Queen's Counsel.

The people of Upper Lachute intend holding a picnic in Mr. Walter Smith's grove near the cheese factory on Tuesday, June 27th. All are cordially invited.

The L. Laurent Lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F., attended the cemetery on Saturday last and did honor to their departed brethren by decorating the graves with choice flowers.

LOST.—Somewhere between Genoa and Lachute, a black cloth coat with braid trimmings. The finder will please leave the same at this office and receive reward.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Marjory and Miss Edmond Stevenson, of Montreal, are guests at 'Riverside' for the summer months.

Mr. Aikin, of Washington, was in town this week. He has been away a number of years and is at present travelling through this county renewing old friendships.

FOR SALE—Good milch cows. For particulars apply to
D. CAMPBELL,
Lachute Mills.

The brilliant scarlet uniforms of our soldiers in the town's military aspect last Tuesday and Wednesday. We hope the boys will have good weather and come home from their trip with good results.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, Cushing, will hold a Strawberry Social at the residence of Mrs. Wm Davidson, St. Philippe, on the evening of Friday, June 30th. A pleasant time is anticipated.

Some of the Argenteuil Band were not overly anxious to attend camp at Laprairie this year and decided not to go, but when papers were served upon them there was a change of opinion and they bowed to the inevitable.

The house of Mr. Henry Prendergast had a narrow escape in the storm of Tuesday. Lightning struck the chimney entering the house and ran down the window without doing further damage than the displacement of a few bricks and knocking off a few boards.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

HARDWARE.
Coal Oil Stoves,
Wringers,
Fishing Tackle,
Carpenter's Tools,
Paints & Brushes.
McQUAT & McRAE.

FOR SALE—I have on hand a large quantity of Lime, which I am anxious to dispose of at lowest possible prices. The best in the county. Write at once to J. E. Bradford, West End Lachute.

The officers and members of Court Lachute, No. 280 I. O. F., beg to convey (through the press) their sincere thanks to the Rev. A. F. Given, of Lachute, for the eloquent sermon he preached to the I. O. F., on Sunday last, June 18th, also the thanks of one and all is tendered to the church wardens of St. Simeon's Church in furnishing all with seats and to the church members who vacated their own seats for the use of the I. O. F.

The ice cream social held last Thursday evening in Victoria Hall, under the auspices of the ladies aid of the Presbyterian Church was a decided success. The music rendered by the choir was excellent. Duets by the Drew brothers; Miss Carr and Mr. Stewart were well received. The Rev. Orr Bennett of Hawkesbury, Ont. lectured on "A trip to Georgia." The lecture was very interesting and instructive and parts of it very amusing. His description of the negro service of particularly so. Proceeds of the evening amounted to over \$25 00.

OUR STOCK OF PIANOS & ORGANS IS COMPLETE.



We have on hand a large stock of the unequalled gold medal Doherty organs.

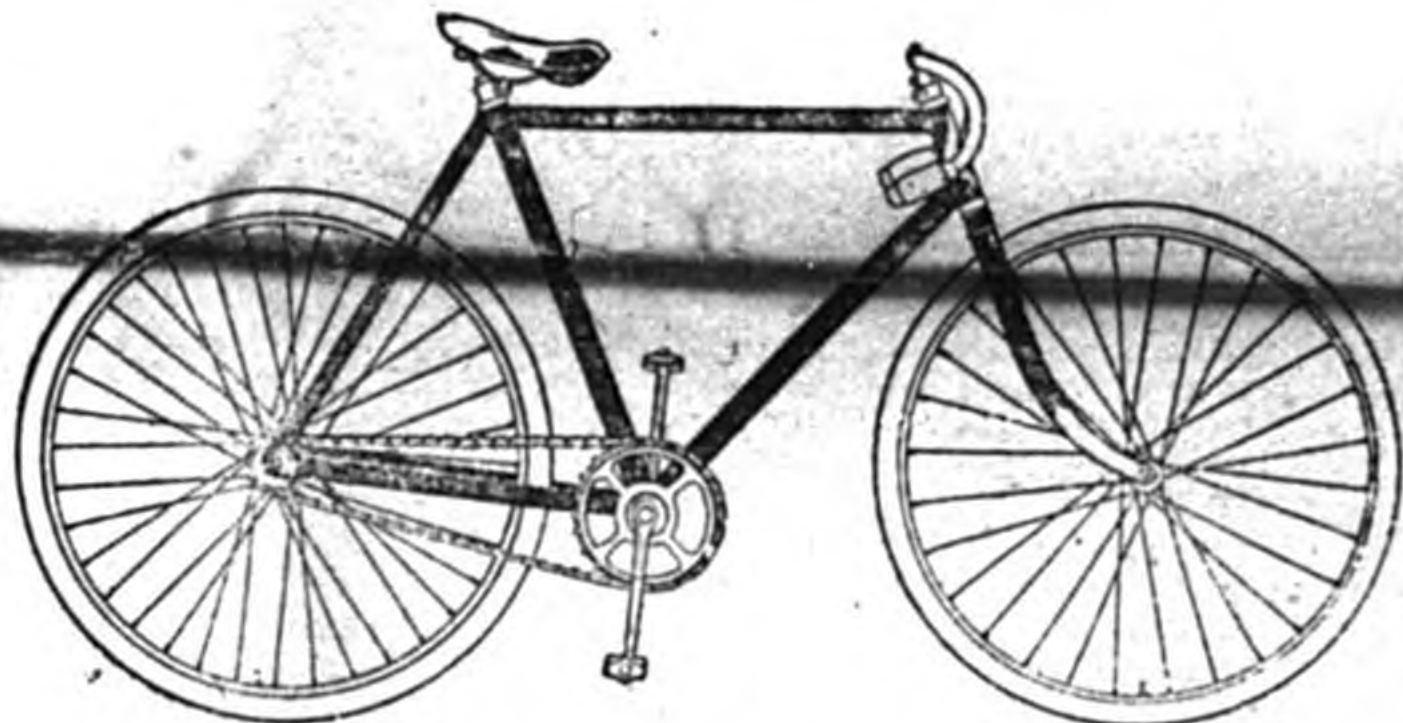
As we contract largely for all our instruments, we can sell you cheaper than anyone else.

Buy from us and save the middle men's profit.

Write for our Catalogues and Prices.

J. A. BEDARD,
MAIN STREET LACHUTE.

The Monarch of all IS THE RED BIRD!



Call and see them at
W. H. GARRETSEE'S
Main Street LACHUTE.

Nice new stock of Wall Papers just to hand, cheap, also alabastine in all the newest shades, New Paints, etc.
G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Selling out. Chance to get cheap suits and Gents Furnishings.
A. J. PERIARD.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. McCONNELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
SURGEON-DENTIST.

Will be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

DENTISTRY.

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

Is at Lachute last three days of each week. Parties coming from a distance please come on Friday or Saturday.

SELLING OUT! BEFORE GOING WEST.

**\$5,000 GOODS
AT GREAT SACRIFICE!**

STOCK COMPRISES—Scotch, English and Canadian Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings, Vestings, Hats, Caps, Water-proof Coats, Boots, Shippers, Rubbers, White and Colored Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Umbrellas, Braces, Socks, Underwear, Beautiful lines of Neckwear, Sweaters, Gloves, Perfume, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Handkerchiefs, etc.

The whole stock to be sold at 20 to 40 p.c. reduction. Now is your chance to get a cheap suit well made and trimmed also your Gents' Furnishings.

A. J. PERIARD.

The Home

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Chicken With Macaroni.—Cook one chicken or fowl until tender, saving the stock therefrom; remove all bones and chop into dice, not too fine; boil two cups macaroni in salted water until tender; strain and chop into inch lengths; then putting butter in your baking dish, having a layer of chicken, layer of macaroni and one of bread crumbs, pepper and salt. Continue alternate layers until dish is nearly filled, having bread crumbs on top. Now take two cups of the stock and one half cup cream and thicken with flour until like thick cream. Pour this over chicken and macaroni and bake about three quarters of an hour.

An English Dish.—For a curry of cooked meat cut the beef into small squares, according to the quantity of meat to be curried; put two tablespoonfuls or more of butter into a stew pan and two good sized onions chopped; stir the onions in the butter until of a pale brown; and one teaspoonful of curry powder and the same of flour with a little salt, mix and stir for five minutes, moisten with a cup of stock and stew gently for a few minutes longer, put in the meat and simmer until done, but do not let it boil. Serve with rice around the dish.

A Cuban Dessert.—Grate one coconut, add one cupful of water, press through a fine strainer. To the juice add an equal quantity of thick sirup, made by boiling water and sugar in proportion of one cupful of water to a pint of sugar, and six eggs well beaten. Cook over a slow fire until it thickens like custard. When cold dust with powdered cinnamon. Serve cold.

Pineapple Cream.—Three pints of cream, one pint milk, two ripe pineapples, two pounds sugar. Slice pineapples thin, scatter sugar over them and let stand three hours. Cut or chop the fruit into the sirup and strain through a bag of coarse lace. Beat gradually into the cream and freeze. Remove a few bits of pineapple and stir in cream when half frozen.

Fish Croquettes.—One pint cold boiled fish, free from skin and bone and minced fine, one pint hot mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful butter, one half cup hot milk, one egg well beaten, pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley. Mix thoroughly and let cool. When cold make into balls, dip into a beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot lard.

Indian Pancakes.—One pint Indian meal, one teaspoonful salt, mixed with enough boiling water, to make a little thinner than mush. When cool add the yolks of four eggs, half a cup flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls baking powder, enough sweet milk to make batter as for griddle cakes, and the beaten whites of four eggs, added just before baking.

Lamb's Hearts.—Take four lamb's hearts, wash them clean, and put them in a kettle with hot suet to brown; then add one and one half cups of water, one sliced onion, a few bay leaves, a little pepper and salt and a wine glassful of vinegar. When done roll three or four ginger snaps and thicken.

Pineapple Sherbert.—One tablespoonful of gelatine soaked in one cup cold water 15 minutes. Dissolve with one cup boiling water. Take one half can grated pineapple and one and one half cups sugar, juice of one lemon. Add strained gelatine, put in freezer and pack with ice and salt and freeze.

Strawberry Sherbert.—One quart of berries mashed; sprinkle over these one pint of sugar; add the juice of one lemon and a half pint of water in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of gelatine. Freeze as you would ice cream.

Potato Roses.—Select round instead of long potatoes. After taking off the skins, cut round and round as if paring an apple, until the potatoes are used up. Fry in a kettle of hot fat. Sprinkle salt over them and drain.

Frozen Milk Punch.—Freeze together one quart milk and one half pound sugar. After the above is frozen mix with it one half pint rum, one half pint brandy, one and one half pints whipped cream, and half of a nutmeg.

DAINTY COOKING OF VEGETABLES.

Carrots.—A la Creme: Scrape, wash, and cut them into pieces or slices as desired; boil them in water with salt and pepper; when nearly tender enough, strain them. Put into a saucepan a breakfastful of thick fresh cream with a lump of butter; when this boils, add the carrots and let them simmer for fifteen minutes. Just before serving thicken with the yolk of an egg.—Ragout de Carottes: Prepare as above, boiling them a shorter time; strain, and put them into a saucepan with slices of bacon, parsley, chives and plentiful seasoning; stir over the fire, and after a few minutes add two tablespoonfuls of stock and a cupful of thick gravy; boil gently and reduce to a courté sauce. Serve without straining.

Onions.—A la Creme: Take some small, good-shaped onions, boil them till tender in water and salt, and strain them. Melt a lump of butter in a saucepan, throw the onions in, sprinkle them at once with a mixture of

flour, salt and pepper; then pour over them some fresh thick cream, stirring evenly till the whole is slightly thickened. Serve very hot at once.—Farcis: Boil some large onions in plenty of water, till tender but quite firm; strain them, and scoop out the middle very carefully, so as not to break them. Make a stuffing with bread-crumbs slightly boiled in fat broth, and the remains of chicken or veal chopped fine, all well seasoned with salt, pepper and spice. Fill the onions with this mixture and brown them thoroughly in butter. Serve with or without rich gravy or white sauce. The same sort of dish can be prepared with a fork and mushroom stuffing; these must be sprinkled thickly with bread raspings, moistened with melted butter, and baked in a tourtiere, or after that fashion, with fire over and underneath. En Potée: Choose some white onions, scald them thoroughly in boiling water to diminish the strong taste; slice them, brown them slightly in butter, and leave them to simmer just off the fire. When almost melted, press them through a fine sieve, mix the pulp in a saucepan with cream or good broth and a lump of sugar; stir over the fire until you have a purée of the usual consistency. Serve on fried toast, or as a garniture to a suitable entrée.

Leeks.—Trim a sufficient number of large leeks, remove the green part, and cut up the rest in two or three pieces; if they seem very strong, scald them in boiling water; if not, simply boil and strain them thoroughly to extract all the moisture. Chop them up, and brown them slightly in butter, flour salt and pepper; moisten with cream or thick gravy; stir over the fire, and when done thicken with the yolks of two eggs. Serve with fried bread or with outlets of fricandeau.

BABY'S EYES.

That babies and little children are troubled with weak eyes is a great source of uneasiness to young mothers. Frequently the fault is their own. A white parasol may be pretty, but its effect on the baby's eyes is alarming. In choosing a parasol cover be careful that whatever color the outside may be, the inside must be dark—preferably green. If a baby is not made the victim of a white cover it is probable that his eyes will not trouble him.

WIDOW'S MITE.

Curious Custom Observed in an Old London Churchyard.

There is still observed in an out-of-way London churchyard one of those ancient customs, the observance of which gave so much delight to Charles Dickens, and whose description of which has done so much to endear to all who read the right little, tight little island. Twenty-one ladies, either past the age of self-support or unable by reason of disease to make a living for themselves, have gathered for centuries in this same churchyard, on the same day, to receive the same gifts from the beneficence of the same lady, now, of course, long since dead. Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great is well worth a visit from the tourist in search of that which is ancient. Hidden away behind the great postoffice building of St. Martin's-le-Grand, next door neighbor to the old hospital that bears its patron's name, and within a few yards of the quaint courtyard where the bluecoat boys, hatless and in yellow stockings, play their games. Founded in 1123, it still retains its heavy Norman pillars and rounded arches, which have been carefully restored where the stone has crumbled through centuries of decay. Its narrow churchyard is bordered on two sides by houses which have exaggerated their architectural tendency to overhang. The gravestones are so old that most of the inscriptions are worn off, and they are only to be reached by climbing a sort of portable stage coach ladder from the pathway. Here gather on the appointed morning the 21 old ladies, for, as a rule, they are old, and very old. The distribution of six pence, hot-cross buns, shawls and two-shilling pieces takes place in accordance with legendary custom after morning service. It is not quite certain to a few centuries when the thing was first started, but it has been going on now for several hundred years. The onlookers, as a rule, are a few fresh-complexioned nurses in pretty bonnets and cloaks, and half a dozen residents of Little Britain. After Rev. Sir Borradaile Savory, the present rector of "St. Bart," has conducted morning prayers, the 21 aged dames mount the stage-coach ladder and make their way to the particular gravestone on which the 21 new six pence lay, and each old lady, having picked up her six pence, is then presented with the florin, the bun and the crocheted shawl.

PIERCES ALL IT MEETS.

The shark is generally considered the most dangerous of deep-sea fish. While he is the most voracious recent investigation by the British Government shows that he is not the most dangerous, since a small fish, met with sometimes in the shoals, is often as destructive of human life. The garfish never grows to an imposing length. It has a long, sharp beak, which gives it an arrow-like shape. This living arrow, when alarmed, dashes out from the water and goes soaring away over the surface in short bounds with such force that when it strikes a foreign body it either passes through it or inflicts painful and serious wounds. An English officer was struck by one on the peak of his cap. This resulted in an investigation by a representative of the British Government, and it was found that men have lost their lives from this cause.

Agricultural

DAIRY BUSINESS.

It is noticeable that in every community in which the dairy is well developed there is a high degree of prosperity and refinement. The influence of the business is uplifting. It requires intelligence and a wide study to make the business a success, and all this is on the line of refinement. It demands gentleness of disposition. No rough, brutal man can achieve success in the dairy. He must be kind, and, if not naturally so, he must cultivate the spirit of kindness. The cow must be loved, must be petted, must be fed well and fed properly, and all this leads to the broadening of the mind and the improvement of our natures. Then there must be cleanliness not only about the premises, but about the person. A certain dairyman has a covered barnyard, and he was asked at an institute if he was satisfied with that way of keeping manure. "Why," said he, "I do not have a covered barnyard for the purpose of keeping manure. All the manure is hauled out as soon as it is made in order to keep the yard clean. I constructed a fort of my cows." There was a cover over the yard for the complete volume of dairy instructions in those few words. The watchfulness to preserve cleanliness and the kindness to the cows are the cornerstones to successful dairying.

WHITEWASHING.

There is no quicker or easier way to get the henhouse whitewashed than by using a force pump and spraying nozzle with a thin wash of lime water. It may not make as nice-looking a job as using the brush, but the force sends the spray into cracks and crevices and corners where the brush does not reach as well. Before beginning to spray take a stiff broom and sweep down all the cobwebs and dust, and remove whatever may be in the way, so that all points can be reached. If there are any suspicions of lice or mites about there, and few henhouses are free from suspicion in that respect, a few drops of a solution of carbolic acid in the wash would be a great improvement to the whitewash.

Before this is done, or afterward, give the house a fumigation of burning sulphur or charcoal, and clean up thoroughly, and it will be astonishing how clean and sweet it will be, and how the hens will rejoice to get into it. Of course it will need to be thoroughly aired after the fumigation before hens or any other living thing go in there to stay long. Even the rats in their holes may be killed by this fumigation if they have not a way to get out of doors while it is being done. There may be other places in the barn, calf sheds, piggery and even in the house cellar, which would be benefited by the spraying with whitewash, and perhaps some of them by the fumigation, if it can be given without danger of fire.

EXPERIENCE WITH MANURE.

My farm slopes in all four directions, writes J. L. Barden, Soil sandy loam, with a little clay in spots. One year ago I plowed 3 1-2 acres on the north side at the top. I drew out manure beginning at the top, and worked down; when two-thirds of it was covered, I ran out of manure. I gave the ground a good dragging, which worked manure in to some extent. I then drilled in wheat. In the winter, when more manure had accumulated, I finished covering the wheat. As a result the first two-thirds gave a good crop of wheat, with a good stand of clover, the last one-third a fair crop of wheat, but a poor stand of clover. I think the right plan is to do all the manuring after haying. You have a chance then to see all the poor spots, and, as a rule, get a good crop of hay next year. Best of all, a good healthy sod to plow under.

CARE OF HORSES' HOOF.

The horse's foot should be given attention from birth. Trim into shape with pincers, provided for this purpose using a rasp or a knife to finish with. If the hoof is inclined to be one-sided, correct this by trimming. On an ordinary farm, there is no necessity for shoeing unless the hoof is brittle or the foot tender in some way. More injury is caused by indiscriminate shoeing than any other way. The horse's hoof that has never been shod will stand ordinary farm usage without any difficulty, provided, of course, the horse does not inherit a tender or diseased foot.

ADVANTAGES OF THINNING FRUIT.

The advantages claimed for thinning orchard fruits are about as follows: Thinning increases the size of fruit, gives it more color and better flavor. It diminishes the amount of worthless fruit, windfalls, etc., increases the amount of No. 1 fruit, and in some cases increases the total yield. It lessens the amount of rot, especially in the case of peaches and plums, since the diseases can spread less easily where the fruits do not touch each other. Thinning also tends to keep injurious insects in check, as care is

taken to remove the infested fruit. It is also probable that the production of large quantities of inferior or worthless fruit weakens the vitality of trees so much that it takes considerable time for them to recover.

DRAWING OUT MANURE.

A correspondent, who travels a great deal says: After speaking with farmers in various towns, I find that an increasing number are believers in the idea of carting manure on to the fields in the winter as it accumulates. Excellent crops are reported from land so treated.

DOGS USED AS BAROMETERS.

They Are Also Useful to Skippers of Lake Craft in Case of Fog.

Masters of steamers and tow barges on the lakes have a fondness for dogs, and on dozens of the boats running between Lake Erie ports and upper lake ports dogs are carried. Sailors generally show an inclination for pets, but the dog is something more than a pet on the lakes. He is a valuable member of the crew. He is considered as trustworthy as a barometer in giving notice of an approaching storm. Most of these dogs are cowards in storms. Occasionally a Captain finds a dog that is not afraid of heavy weather and seems to enjoy the rolling or pitching of the boat, but as a rule dogs are as afraid of a gale as a woman passenger, and at the first sign of a storm hunt for a hiding place.

"I had a dog that was as much like a woman as it was possible for an animal to be," said a Captain who has carried a dog with him for nearly a quarter of a century. "He could tell a storm was coming long before I could notice it, and often before the barometer would change. He would come to me whining and crying, and I couldn't keep him away from my heels. He seemed to be asking me to put him ashore or to find a comfortable place for him. I used to feel sorry for him, he'd carry on so. When the storm would strike us he would be out of sight, and we often found him hiding under the bunks and in corners where he could not see anything and could not be easily seen. I believe that if he could have done it he would have jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his head."

"We were always very careful that he didn't get hurt in loading or unloading, for he was worth a good deal of money to us. Many a time when we had a thick fog I'd hunt for that dog and keep him near me. He was better than a chart. He could smell land further away than a man could see it in fair weather, and all of us kept a close watch on him during a fog. If he jumped up and down as though something pleased him very much you could be certain that we were getting close to land."

"I remember one time we were coming down Lake Superior from Duluth in a heavy fog. We had had fog all the way up, and Jackson, that was his name, was pretty tired of sailing when we reached Duluth and tried to jump us, but we couldn't spare him and he stayed with us. We didn't have as many lights in those days as we do now and it was no easy thing to take a boat from the upper end of Lake Superior to Sault Ste. Marie in a fog that was with you all the time. Jackson was so disgusted that he lost all interest in the boat and spent the time sleeping on deck. When we were about abreast Whitefish Point I was figuring that we were outside far enough to be safe, and was not the least bit nervous. Suddenly Jackson jumped up and ran to the rail and put his paws up as though he expected to look right over to a dock."

"I saw him and at once gave the engineer the signal to check, and Jackson barked as though he was immensely pleased. I signalled to stop and yelled to the first mate to get out the lead. Just then I saw a lumber schooner loom up in the fog, and I'll tell you we were so close together when she passed that I could almost touch her booms. That dog had smelled that boat, sure as you're born, and if I hadn't checked there would have been a collision and then a suit, and I would have had hard work to explain why I was not sounding a fog signal."

CHINESE ALMANAC.

Infallible Journal Enjoys the Largest Circulation in the World.

The Chinese Almanac is the most largely circulated publication in the world, the number of copies printed and sold yearly reaching several millions. It is printed at Peking, and is a monopoly of the Emperor, no other almanac being permitted to be sold in that country. Although containing reliable astronomical information, its chief mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of everyday life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which, and the direction, point of compass, toward which, it is done, it is of the utmost importance that every one should have correct information at all times available to enable him so to order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity, and secure good luck and prosperity. So great is the native faith in its infallibility that not long since the Chinese Minister to Germany refused to sail on a day which had been appointed because it was declared in the almanac to be unlucky.

REAL HERO OF OMDURMAN

COL. MACDONALD'S REPULSE OF 20,000 DERVISH WARRIORS.

A Recently Published Work Gives a Vivid Description of a Man Who Wrought Wonders.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the famous newspaper correspondent, in his recently published work on the Khartoum campaign, gives a vivid description of the repulse of the attack on Macdonald's brigade. When Mr. Burleigh, who looked down upon the affair from the slopes of the Surgham hills where the scene lay spread before him like a picture, saw the Khalifa's 20,000 warriors charging down upon Macdonald and his Sudanese brigade from one direction, and the Sheikh Ed Din and Khamil advancing to attack him in rear, he feared that he was about to witness a catastrophe; "an order was sent to Macdonald, which, had he been obeyed, would have ensured inevitable disaster to the brigade, if not a catastrophe to the army." He was bade to retire by, possibly, his division commander. Macdonald knew better than to attempt a retrograde movement in the face of so fleet and daring a foe; it would have spelled annihilation. The sturdy Highlandman said, "I'll not do it. I'll see them d—d first. We mean just fight." Mr. Burleigh thus describes the affair:

THE BATTLE.

By far the finest feature of that morning of battles was the action fought by Colonel Macdonald with his brigade. The dervish forces that sought to crush him numbered fully 20,000 men. To oppose them he had but four battalions, or in all less than 3000 Sudanese and Egyptian soldiers. With a tact, coolness and hardihood I have never seen equalled, Colonel Macdonald maneuvered and fought his men. They responded to his call with confidence and alacrity begotten of long acquaintance and implicit faith in their leader. He had led several of the battalions through a score of fierce fights and skirmishes, always emerging and covering himself and his men with glory, honor and victory. All of them knew him, they were proud of him, and reposed implicit confidence in their general. Unmistakably the Khalifa and his son, the Sheikh Ed Din, thought that their fortunate hour had come—that, in detail, they would destroy first Macdonald, then one by one the other Khedivial brigades. What might have been, had father and son arrived at the same time and distance on both sides of Macdonald, as they evidently intended, I will not venture to discuss. Happily the onslaughts of the wild, angry dervishes did not quite synchronize, and Colonel Macdonald was able to devote virtually his whole firing strength to the overthrow of the Khalifa's division ere rapidly turning about, first one then another of his battalions to deal with the Sheikh Ed Din's unbroken columns. The enemy on both sides got very close in, hundreds of them being killed almost at the feet of the men of the Khedivial brigade. Dervish spears were thrown into and over the staunch and unyielding Sudanese and Fellahs soldiery. Peake's, Lawrie's and de Rougemont's batteries stood their ground, side by side, with the infantry, never wavering, firing point blank upon the dervish mass.

STEADY AS A GLADIATOR.

With what to some of us looked like inevitable disaster staring him in the face, Colonel Macdonald fought his brigade for all it was worth. He quickly moved upon the best available ground, formed up, wheeled about, and stood to die or win. He won practically unaided, for the punch was all but over when the Camel Corps, hurrying up, formed upon his right, after he had faced about to receive the Sheikh Ed Din's onslaught. The Lincolns, who arrived later on, helped to hasten the flight of the enemy, whose repulse was assured ere they or any of Wauchope's brigade were within 100 yards of Macdonald. Lewis' brigade were not even able to assist so much, and such outside help as came in time to be of use was in the first instance from the guns of Major Williams' and another battery, and the Maxims upon the left near Surgham hurried forward by the Sirdar himself, as I saw. General Hunter came over to the headquarters staff galloping to get assistance and rode back with Wauchope's brigade, which doubled for a considerable distance, so serious was the situation and nervous the tension of that thrilling ten minutes. Had the brilliant, the splendid deed of arms wrought by Macdonald been done under the eyes of a sovereign or in some other armies, he had surely been created a general on the spot. If the public are in search of the real hero of the battle of Omdurman, there he is, ready made—one who committed no blunder to be redeemed by courageous conduct afterwards. He boldly exercised his right of personal judgment in a moment of extreme peril and the result amply justified the soundness of his decision.

RAPID-FIRE GUNS.

A battery of modern German artillery, using the new quick-firing guns recently supplied them, can fire sixty shots a minute at a range of over five miles.

CONSUMPTION OF COFFEE.

The consumption of coffee the world over is growing rapidly. The average annual consumption in the decade 1870 to 1880 was 793,000,000 pounds; in the next decade it was 1,320,000,000. Last year it was 1,580,000,000.

THE WORLD'S MODEL CITY.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP HAS MADE GLASGOW SO.

Necessities of Life Are Very Cheaply Furnished—The Death Rate Reduced Nearly Two-Thirds Street Railway, Water, Gas, Laundries and Concert Halls Owned By the People.

Appropos of the agitation for municipal ownership a few facts concerning the much talked of Glasgow will doubtless be of interest.

Eighty years ago Glasgow was a filthy little fishing village, situated on a muddy ditch. To-day she stands second in point of population and commerce in the British Empire, and in matters of sanitation and municipal government a century in advance of her nearest rival.

Till 1845 the corporation levied no taxes. The whole of its revenue was derived from duties made on all articles of food brought into the city. Every year this revenue was in excess of the expenditure, and the surplus was put aside, and in 1845 they invested this accumulated money in the purchase of ground right in the heart of the city now known as the "Common Good." That purchase was the foundation of Glasgow as she stands to-day. At first the income from the "Common Good" was only a little over \$75,000. It now brings in over \$170,000 yearly.

OWNED BY THE PEOPLE.

Glasgow is owned by her population. They own the ground, the street railways, the gas plants, the waterworks, the parks and gardens and concert halls. And although every one of these institutions is worked more cheaply than in any other town, each one is made to bring in a greater yearly profit to the community, the total profit per annum on municipal undertakings being \$374,500.

The corporation of Glasgow has spent over \$150,000,000 on making their mud ditch into a river up which the greatest ships afloat can sail, and in raising their town to its present position. And yet its public debt is, taking into consideration its size, by far the smallest of any city in the world. The key to its prosperity is that every common improvement, everything has been done by the corporation.

Take, for instance, the poorer dwellings. In 1844 a Royal Commission was sent in reply to a cry that the poorer districts were unhealthily overcrowded. The report of the commission was that the death rate was over 44 in every 1,000 of the population, and that typhus fever was as well known as the face of the vilest inhabitant. The corporation took up the matter, and to-day Glasgow's model dwellings are the very best of the kind.

CLEAN BEDS FOR SEVEN CENTS.

To build these, of which there are now five, capable of housing 2,000 persons every night, the foul rookeries, which are still the curse, from every point of view, of nearly all other large towns were swept away. Any one, man or woman, can get a thoroughly clean bed for the sum of seven cents. And although over \$450,000 of the public money was spent on erecting these houses, a good yearly return is paid on it—nearly 6 per cent. And the death rate has been reduced to 19.9.

Instead of the city being supplied with those necessities of life, water and gas, by those private companies, the people, through their own corporation, supply themselves at the nominal rates of, in the first case, 12 cents, and in the second 37 cents, as against 17 and 64 when formerly supplied by companies. And it may be added that not only is the charge for water the very lowest of any town, but the water itself is acknowledged by experts to be the very purest supplied to any city or village.

Yet Glasgow reaps from the water supply also an annual profit of \$210,000.

At the same time as Glasgow purchased the Common Good property the markets were also bought. And although the lightest tolls are levied, so that the sellers are able to dispose of their goods to the inhabitants at less price than in any other town, the city garners in a yearly revenue of \$16,500. And \$147,500 is also gained from the gas supply.

THE GREAT PARK SYSTEM.

Working on the good results of their former enterprise in these directions, they have now taken over the electrical lighting of the city at a yearly profit of \$10,070. With this money the Corporation has looked to procuring public recreation parks, with the result that, in the matter of "lungs," Glasgow stands first in the world. It has some 700 acres allotted to this purpose, which works out at one acre of public green-covered ground for every 800 of the population. During the spring and summer months play in each of these parks, and there is no collection. They are paid by the Corporation, which puts aside \$8,500 for this purpose.

In one matter Glasgow stands alone. All laundries are public property. By this means the inhabitants are able to have their clothes washed in the very best manner at the very lowest price. And one can feel, when indulging in an extra clean shirt, that any profit made on it goes to the public welfare. STILL HAVE THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

There is one great source of evil

which, up to the present, Glasgow has not been able to cast off. Millions upon millions of tons of coal are consumed yearly, and the black, suffocating smoke hangs continually over the city like a death pall. But it is not Glasgow's fault that it has not been removed. The corporations are willing to pay any one \$10,000,000 who will dash it away.

By running their own street railways, gas plants and waterworks, and also being owners of their own city, they have been able to build Glasgow at practically no cost to themselves. And not only this. By improving their city they have saved every year an average of over 1,200 lives, and scourging diseases are known no more.

It must not be thought that Glasgow never rests. She was one of the first to enforce Sir John Lubbock's Hours Act, wherein it is set down that no one under 18 shall work for more than 54 hours a week.

EASY TO SWIM—IF YOU KNOW HOW

Fear Is the Only Thing That Makes It Difficult to Learn.

Now that the bathing season is not far distant, a few hints as to swimming by one who is an expert will prove timely. If the student will faithfully observe these, there is no reason why he or she may not become a first class "natatorial artist."

That which prevents most persons from learning how to keep afloat in the water for hours, with no further assistance than that which nature affords, is the fear of water. In many cases this fear can never be overcome but if the tyro will strive to conquer it, confidence will be gained.

Swimming on the side is an easy, graceful way of covering distance in the water. There are several different means by which the side stroke is accomplished, but the most usual one is this:—Place the right cheek against the water, when the right arm and right shoulder will be partially submerged. The left arm and hand will be raised slightly above, and the stroke for this side will be a short, quick one, the elbow away from the body. The right hand will describe a circular, long, downward and backward movement, the palm almost literally pulling the swimmer forward. The legs are drawn up and kicked, back, as in the "breast stroke." Some swimmers give an extra kick with the right leg before drawing both for the kick out and back.

LEARNING THE "BREAST STROKE."

The "breast stroke" is when both hands are brought toward the breast, on which the swimmer rests, then extended forward and back in a circular movement until they reach far back. The arm movement alternates with the leg movement. This is a steady way of moving through the water and is an easy method to learn.

How to swim on the back is not hard to learn. The lungs should be inflated and the legs allowed to drop as far down as they will. The arms may be folded on the breast. Sometimes, if paddled about, they will allow the head to sink. Locomotion is gained by drawing up the legs and kicking straight out. This method of swimming is a great rest after other methods have been used continuously for some distance.

Floating is easily acquired after the art of swimming on the back has been learned. It is no trick to float for hours and hours at a time.

There are many tricks which can be learned easily after a swimmer has once acquired some knowledge of how to sustain himself in the water. These are graceful and pretty, and are certain to gain applause for the performer, for, while they are not difficult, there are few who are certain enough of themselves to attempt them.

The art of keeping afloat in the water is one which every one should acquire, for it may be of use at some time. When once learned, also, it is never forgotten.

VERY WARM.

Comes a cry across the threshold, Sounding shrilly on the ears, Such a cry as in its echoes Wakens all the woes of years; Grating harshly on the hearer, Prompting deeds he'll live to rue— Comes once more that fiendish question:

"Is it hot enough for you?"

Flies a man straight through the threshold,

Through the hall and down the stairs,

What his fate is in his transit,

No one knows—and no one cares.

He's the fool who asked the question,

Hark the fiendish, ghoulish glee

Of the man who fired him, saying:

"Yes, it's hot enough for me!"

ON THE STEAMBOAT.

Muddle—By Jove! just look at that

hat skimming into the water.

Tangle—By the way where is your

hat? Did you leave it in the cabin?

Muddle—No I distinctly remember

having it on when I came on deck.

Great Scott! Come to think of it,

that must be my hat.

SO THEY ARE.

This magazine article, said Mrs. Northside, says that the kangaroos of Australia are being rapidly exterminated.

So those animals are on their last legs literally as well as figuratively, added Mr. Northside.

SAND COVERS MILLIONS.

HOME-BOUND GOLD BARK SUNK ON AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

Survivors Sought in Vain to Revisit the Spot—Treasure For Which Many Have Hunted—Horror of One of the Passengers.

Another effort is about to be made to recover the treasure lost with the ship General Grant. The story of this unhappy vessel and her tragic end was once a household tale in both England and America, but the half century elapsing since her fatal voyage has dimmed the details in the minds of all but a few. Her tale is unique. Of the thousands of vessels of which a record is at hand, none sank under such peculiar circumstances as the Australian bark, whose cargo of uncounted millions, moreover, has made her an object of especial interest to all who would seek for lost treasure. Perhaps as many lives and as much money have been sacrificed in a vain effort to find the scene of her disaster as were lost on the stormy morning on which she went down.

WESTWARD, HO!

The General Grant set sail from Melbourne, Australia, on May 4, 1866. She was a fine full-rigged sailing ship of 1,200 tons, and was owned in Boston by an extensive shipping firm. The voyage which she had lately completed from Boston to Melbourne was her maiden trip. For the return voyage she was billed to England. They were wild and eventful times in those early years of Australian gold diggings, and what with the "bushrangers," "sharpers" and escaped convicts, and the like, the miner's life was often a short and rarely a merry one. They had to maintain their rights with a strong arm, which often proved awkward to the bully and the thief. It was of such men that the passenger list of the General Grant was largely composed—men who had toiled hard and with their well-earned gold were returning to their old homes in Merry England. There were 83 souls on board. In addition to the general cargo, stowed away in some safe nook in the Captain's cabin, and known only to a few trusted men, were several boxes containing each 1,000 ounces of gold, valued at about \$18,000 each. This was the gold that was insured, and in addition to this there was the individual wealth of the returning miners, carried privately, including a large amount of jewelry.

STRUCK ON AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

She cleared the port of Melbourne at dawn on a day such as only Australia can promise. Her voyage for the first few days resembled a trip through fairy land. The hearts of her passengers were beating high with hope; they were successful miners returning home. As a call had to be made at New Zealand, a course was shaped so as to make the middle island of that colony, but by some extraordinary circumstance, which no one of the survivors seemed ever able to explain, the vessel passed away south of her intended course. At four bells in the first watch, 10 p.m., of May 13, just one week out from Melbourne, the "lookout" man reported land on the "lee beam" three or four miles distant. The vessel was kept to the southeastward, and in a short while the land became more clear and distinct, and it was soon ascertained that they were on the weather side of Disappointment Island, one of the largest of the group.

WRECKED IN A CAVE.

The story of the wreck is one of a thousand. The peculiar feature was that the final coup came from above rather than below. The ship struck on some shallow sands near a huge cave. The cavern is supposed to run into the interior of the island, and has never yet been fully explored. As the ship drove inch by inch into this truly awful place the tall masts began to scrape the roof of the cavern and immense masses of earth and rock rained down upon those below. Nothing more terrible can be imagined than this deadly shower from the blackness overhead, combined with the agony of uncertainty.

The terrified passengers hurried aft, and together they huddled to avoid the falling stones which fell with every heave and rise of the vessel. A sounding taken at this time showed that the depth was five fathoms under the keel. To get boats out in this terrible darkness would have been madness. When daylight was breaking the mizzen topgallant mast came down, and this decided the Captain to hesitate no longer, so the order was given to lower the boats. The utmost order had prevailed during this fearful and trying ordeal, but after daylight, all was confusion and panic. Some leaped madly overboard, while others so crowded the boats as to nearly swamp them. Some few sick and disheartened ones refused to leave the ship at all.

NOBLE CRAFT'S LAST THROES.

But if the terror of the situation and the hope of self-preservation had driven most of the passengers into a panic, there was one brave man who kept cool and self-possessed, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the ser-

vices of James Teer. The Captain and one of the passengers clambered up into the rigging. The longboat glided off the sinking deck into the water, leaving behind it two or three unfortunate beings. The boat was pulled rapidly to the mouth of the cave to join the rest, but before it was 100 yards from the ship a heavy sea, a swift eddy, and the great weight of the passengers, caused it to founder, and all its occupants were left screaming and fighting for life in the angry waves. Two of the crew and one passenger were picked up by Teer, but the rest were drowned.

In their endeavor to save these last people in Teer's boat came right across the mouth of the cavern just in time to see the last throes of the General Grant. She went down before the eyes of Teer and his companions, who saw the water crawling up the masts quicker and quicker, and over the heads of the few luckless beings who screamed for the aid that could not be given. Over the head of the last passenger to be seen went the heaving water, and those in the boat knew that they had parted forever from their Captain and their ship. Fifteen souls survived the horrors of the cavern.

THE TREASURE STILL UNFOUND.

After almost unparalleled hardship the few who were not dead of hunger or mad of thirst were finally picked up by a whaler. Their story, of course, caused great excitement on two continents. Several efforts made by different parties were unsuccessful in recovering the treasure lost in the General Grant. Steamers were chartered and divers sent with them, but so severe were the gales of wind in the locality that all attempts were abandoned. In all of these expeditions Teer was a prominent figure, and in one actually visited the scene of all his past sufferings. He would never reveal at that time the exact location of the scene of the wreck. One expedition was entirely lost and never heard of again. Even so recently as the year 1899, 22 years after the catastrophe, Teer prepared for another great effort. He laid all his plans carefully and everything seemed to favor the attempt. But on the eve of the expedition, when the final preparations were being made, and when it seemed that the gold in the ill-fated General Grant was at last within reach, James Teer was found dead in his hotel in Melbourne—a dramatic end to a dramatic life.

WHOSE UMBRELLA?

Sometimes an umbrella seems to arouse suspicion, even when it is in honest hands. Thus a London paper tells a painful story of a young man in a street car, who carried an umbrella which had been his birthday gift.

On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old. The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second, then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted:

O mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella!

Hush, hush, my child! said the mother.

Papa was looking for his umbrella this evening, mamma, continued the boy.

Yes, yes, but he found it, said the mother, hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the other passengers.

Why, mamma, continued the youngster, you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why mama—

At this stage the young man left the car.

HE HAD LEARNED HIS LESSON WELL.

Mamma—Johnny, what do you mean by saying No, when I asked you if you went in bathing, when you knew you were telling a wrong story? Johnny—Didn't you tell me the other day to be a man and learn to say no?

NECESSARY TO WARN HER.

When you get your groceries today, said the butcher to his wife, don't go to that little grocer next to my shop.

Why not? she demanded. Because he sent in yesterday and borrowed an old pair of my scales.

LIKE A LADY.

Frances, said that little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, you come down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady.

Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?

No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily, for I see that you can come down quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise.

The last time I slid down the banisters, explained Frances.

A SHUT-IN.

The superintendent of a city Sunday school was making an appeal for a collection for a Shut-in Society, and he said:

Can any boy or girl tell me of any shut-ins persons mentioned in the Bible? Ah, I see several hands raised. That is good. This little boy right in front of me may tell me. Speak up good and loud so that all will hear you, Johnny.

Jonah! shrieked Johnnie.

DYING NATIONS.

How Empires are Affected by Climate.

A nation only lives a few thousand years. Look at the great nations of 4,000 years ago. Egypt, Yucatan, Mexico, Peru, Assyria are all dead and buried. China is only staying alive to save funeral expenses, says the London Daily Mail.

The next generation of nations included Rome and Greece, and these are like galvanized ghosts. The third generations, the Turks, Moors, Spaniards, Moguls, Dutch, and Scandinavians, are alive, but have lost their power.

From this you will see that the nations in hot countries die, and stay dead. The nations in cold countries rise, become great, fall, lose their outlying dominions, and yet stay alive. That is because the land does not lapse into jungle like Ceylon and Yucatan, or change into desert like Assyria and Egypt, but remains fertile, providing plenty of food.

Now to apply these facts. Great Britain, the United States, Russia, and Germany are gaining in population, wealth and power; but the British Empire is extending more rapidly than any one of them. Compare her with France, for instance. A couple of centuries ago, when France owned most of North America, and was founding a vast empire in India, Paris was bigger than London, and was the capital of the civilized world. To-day Paris has 2,500,000 people, and is the capital of the arts and fashion. But London has 5,000,000 souls, and has taken the place of Paris as

METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD.

The British Empire is growing, and it will keep on growing, along the lines of least resistance. At the present rate, the whole land surface of the planet will be absorbed by the year 3249 A.D. But as Great Britain grows it comes into closer contact with the boundaries of the United States, Russia, and Germany. Even if we could, we have no wish to swallow these or any other decently governed countries.

The United States, Russia, Germany, and Japan are playing the same game. The British Empire is nearly as large as the four combined. As England does not wish to conquer the well governed countries, the area open to annexation may be diminished by half. In that case all the world will be properly governed by the year 2012 A.D.

So in 113 years from the present time the British Empire must stop spreading for lack of room on the planet. Even then it will grow in wealth and population. But meanwhile these little islands are getting very old. Sooner or later we may feel the weakness of age, and be no longer able to fight for our possessions; our colonies may cut adrift from us; the conquered countries like India may revolt. If all this should happen, as politicians of a pessimistic temperament are already predicting, it would only be a case of history repeating itself.

How long will that be? Well, Rome rose in 400 years, as we did, and took a thousand years to decline. Our empire is infinitely greater, stronger, and more loyal than the Roman.

Suppose we say 1500 years before the Little England party wins a general election, and Little England is a second-class power, as she was in the days of Henry VIII.

STALKING A PEACOCK.

Narrow Escape of an Indian Professional Fowler.

"The gods made nine gems, but only one peacock," says a proverb of India, the native and ancient home of the beautiful bird. The proverb, however, is not strictly in keeping with facts. There are two peacocks—the bird of India and Ceylon, and a second species, the peacock of the Far East, of Java, Burmah and Siam. It is a legend of the Indian jungles that leopards and tigers can fascinate peacocks, and a writer in the London Spectator refers to the experience of Colonel Tytler to show how strong is the faith of the natives in the story.

Colonel Tytler, while stalking a peacock, was surprised to see how near it allowed him to approach. The bird paid no attention to him, but was gazing intently, as if fascinated, at a little patch of jungle just in front.

Looking in the same direction, he saw a leopard stealing on its belly toward the bird. He was surprised, but his astonishment was greater when on raising his gun, one barrel of which was loaded with ball, and covering the animal, the leopard threw up its paws, and shrieked in a voice hoarse with terror, "No, Sahib, no, don't fire!"

Colonel Tytler for a moment thought he must be going mad. The next moment he saw a man disguised in a leopard-skin, with a well-stuffed head and a bow and arrow in one paw standing before him. The man so dressed was a professional fowler, who said that in that disguise he could always approach near enough to shoot the birds, and sometimes catch them in his hands.

LIGHTNING'S STRANGE WORK.

A heavy stroke of lightning in the city of Lynn, Mass., on the evening of May 1, caused the breaking of many water pipes.

LARGEST BRONZE STATUE.

In St. Petersburg is the largest bronze statue in existence—that of Peter the Great, which weighs 1,000 tons.

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1899.

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.

All transient advertising matter charged 10c. per line, nonpareil measurement.

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The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE MILLS - QUE

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The County Council met in the Court House on Wednesday 14th inst., there being present the Warden M. J. Strong, and Councillors Robert Patton, Patrick S. Dunbar, James B. Brown, John Kelly, W. D. Graham, Henry Morrison, George Seale, Thomas Hodge, E. Christie, and the Secretary G. J. Walker.

The report and process verbal of William Rodgers upon the water-course crossing the lands of Narcisse Robinson and Malcolm and William Smith in the Parish of St. Jerusalem (near the Beech Ridge Settlement) being read and considered and the parties heard upon the same, was homologated as made by the said superintendent without any amendment.

The bill of costs for making the report was levied upon the parties lands interceded according to the number of acres drained.

The warden stated to the Council that the Parish of St. Jerusalem had gained the suit taken against the County to annul the resolution of this Council placing two public bridges upon that parish, and read the judgment given in the matter.

The accounts of G. E. Bampton and R. P. deLaronde, advocates, in the case, were presented and ordered to be paid.

The meeting then adjourned.

ST. ANDREWS.

The examinations in our Model School are now over. Now for the anxiety till the returns arrive.

Miss L. Walsh is visiting friends in Montreal this week.

Mr. M. McCallum of Montreal spent Sunday with his mother.

Miss Calaghan is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henderson, at "Riverview."

Miss Sarah McCallum is spending a few days with her mother here.

Miss Tina McMartin, of Montreal, spent Sunday with her mother Mrs. Martin McMartin.

Miss Melville, missionary to the Africans, gave lectures on her work, in the Town hall on Friday afternoon and evening.

Mr. H. Barclay spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mr. Wm. Simpson and friend Mr. McRobie, spent Sunday at the "Willows."

The pupils of the convent will give one of their excellent concerts on the 21st, and also one in French on the 22nd inst.

Mr. McArthur of the Jewish Mission, Montreal, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.

There was no service in the Episcopalian Church owing to the death of the Rev. Mr. Mount's brother.

There was a social in connection with the Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday at Mrs. Wales'.

Mr. Wm. Davis is the guest of Mr. Wales for a few days.

Mr. J. Wanless of Chicago, is on a visit to his parents here.

Our streets gave the appearance of a Philistine town on Wednesday with soldiers rushing in all directions. They left for Lapraire on Wednesday morning.

Chatham School No. 6.

The closing of District School No. 6, Chatham municipality, came off very successfully on Tuesday, 6th inst. There was a good attendance of the parents of the pupils, and Mr. Paton, as chairman, represented the commissioners. The Rev. Mr. Fraser of Cushing gave the pupils an instructive address on 'Caterpillars.' Recitations were then given by several of the scholars, after which they, through Mr. Fraser, presented their teacher, Miss Walsh, with a very pretty five o'clock tea set.

The results of the examinations are as follows—

GRADE IV.—Possible Marks 1500, Mary Chambers 1122, Mabel Davidson, 1120, Albina Smith 1061, Alice Davidson 913, Ethel Smith 411.

GRADE III.—Possible Marks 1100, Lizzo Chambers 802, Gordon Fuller 613, Pender Smith 275

GRADE II.—Possible Marks 800, Beatrice Fuller 528.

GRADE I. Second Primer.—Marks 600 Maggie Chambers 340, Walter Smith 322, Willie Hewitt 248.

1st PRIMER.—Possible Marks 400 Effie Chambers 274, Willie Smith 255.

The low marks of Ethel and Pender Smith are accounted for by absence during part of the examinations.

BROWNSBURG SCHOOL

At the final examinations, of session 1898-99, of the pupils of Brownsburg School, the following was found to be the standing of each, arranged in order of merit.

GRADE I MODEL, SR.
Douglass Hamilton, Jessie McFaul.

GRADE I MODEL, JR.
Leonard McClusky, Wynan McGibbon
Mamie Stewart.*

GRADE III, ELEM.
Percy Stewart, George Hamilton,
Charlie McFaul, Freddie McQuat.*

GRADE II, ELEM.
Maggie O'Neil, Dufferin McArthur,
Euphie Kenton, Naomi Green, Al-
bertha Rousseau, Hiram Graves, Isaac
Boyd, Ethel Green.

GRADE I, ELEM.
Lottie Clarke, Ouida Morrison, Lena
Stewart, Flora Rousseau, James
Graves, Jessie McClusky, Eva McFaul,
Maud McQuat, Edith McQuat, Annie
May Martin, Edith Martin, Willie
McGibbon, Jennie McLeod, Lela
McQuat.

Absent from Exams.—Olive Mc-
Arthur, Rhoda McArthur, Campbell
McQuat, Clarence Hardie.

* Failed in one subject.

MILE ISLES.

At the Episcopal Church, on Sunday morning last, the Rite of Public Baptism was administered after the second lesson, when three infants were received into the church, in the presence of a full church. The service was most impressively conducted by the Rev. Mr. Dennis, who also preached an appropriate and learned discourse on the church's doctrine of Baptism. The Sunday evening services, a new feature, in our Mission are being largely attended.

We were glad to see Mrs. Dennis at Divine service again after her long and serious illness.

HARRINGTON.

Quite a number turned out to the Methodist Church on Sunday last. The service was conducted by Mr. G. Schagel, who preached from the 11th chapter of Deuteronomy from which he clearly defined "What the Christian life should be." This Sunday we are sorry to say, completes the year for which Mr. Schagel engaged to come. The year has been a successful one and Mr. Schagel has made many friends who will always have a welcome for him should he ever come back to Harrington.

That Throbbing Headache.
Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their marvellous merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25c. Money back if not cured. Sold by all Druggists.

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For Infants and Children.

The
Signature
of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

MOUNT MAPLE.

Miss Ethel Murdock has left us to take charge of a school in the locality of Grenville.

Miss Maggie Mott, Jr., has returned from Montreal for the summer looking fresh as a rosebud.

Mrs. John Clark and her son M. David Clark, have gone on a trip to New York.

Mr. Jas. Tomalty has been improving his premises lately by the erection of a fine stable and shed.

Miss Lizzie Clarke has returned home after a visit in Stonefield.

Our pastor, Mr. H. B. Moore, attended the Baptist Association held in Ottawa this week.

Mr. L. O. Tomalty and Mrs. A. Tomalty of Dunany were the guests of Mrs. Jas. Tomalty on Saturday last.

SUMMARY MATTER.

Magistrates Court,
County of Terrebonne, } No. 806.
St. Jerome.

Pierre Francois Ernest Petit, of the Town of St. Jerome, said County, Notary Public, Plaintiff.

vs.

Mary Kirk, lately of the city and district of Montreal, and now of the city of New York, in the United States of North America, spinster and using her rights, Defendant.

The defendant is ordered to appear within one month.

St. Jerome, June 19th, 1899.

WILFRID DESJARDINS,
Clerk of said Court.

Prevost & deMartigny,
Attorneys of Plaintiff.

The semi-annual meeting of the Notaries of the District of Terrebonne, took place on the 7th of June, inst., at Lachute Town. Present:—Henry Howard, St. Andrews, Ferd. Villeneuve, Ste. Anne des Plaines, D. Leonard, Ste. Monique, N. Forest, Ste. Scholastique, G. N. Fauteux, St. Eustache, J. E. Valois, Lachute, A. Bethelot, Lachute and J. E. Parent, St. Jerome. A great many legal and interesting questions were discussed at the meeting which was enjoyed by the members of the profession. After the discussion had come to an end the notaries present were invited by Mr. J. E. Valois to take a tour to Brownsburg and visit the cartridge factory. Mr. Simpson, the manager of the factory received the visitors with much courtesy and showed them all through the departments of the factory. The notaries highly enjoyed their visit to Brownsburg and were much interested in the manufacture of a simple cartridge.

MARRIED.

ANDREWS—MURRAY—At the residence of the bride's father, on June 14th, 1899, by Rev. J. McDonald, James Andrews, to Mary Ellen, third daughter of James Murray, and granddaughter of A. McGibbon late of Lachute, both of Pinkerton, Ont.

DEATH.

MORAW.—At Lachute, on Friday, June 16th, Stewart Gordon, youngest son of W. J. Moraw, aged 15 months and 11 days.

MOUNT.—At Lachute, on June 17th, '99 Leonard Campbell Mount, son of W. F. Mount, of Montreal, aged 31 years.

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Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Bolls, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best File cure on earth. Only 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all Druggists.

On the first indication of Diarrhoea or Dysentery a few doses of Dr. Fowler's Ext. OF WILD STRAWBERRY will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years in use and has no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, so it would be wise to see that the full name, Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, is on every bottle you buy.

900 DROPS

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Pumpkin Seed -
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Sage -
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McOUAT & McRAE.

HARDWARE

Robbed the Grave.
A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cts. a bottle, every bottle guaranteed, at any Drug Store.

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D. WILLIAMSON, Grenville, Pro. Que.

Lachute Furniture Factory.



We have on hand an entirely new stock of Bed Room Suites,
Sideboards, Tables, Chairs, and Parlor Sets.

Something to Suit Everybod.

We have also a large variety of Window Shades, Blinds, Doors,
Mouldings and Lumber of all kinds.

Call and Examine our Stock

CUSHING.

(Received too late for last issue.)

Mr. J. Dewar of Chelsea who has
been visiting his friends in St. An-
drews and Carillon, was a guest at the
Manse on Tuesday.

The residence of Mrs. Gaston is
being re-painted.

In the absence of the Rev. Mr.
Fraser, who is away at the Assembly
in Hamilton, Ont., services in the St.
Mungo's and St. Columba churches
will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Mc-
Adie of St. Andrews.

Mr. Edwards of Montreal has been
tuning pianos in this vicinity this
week.

Mr. Maxwell Fraser is spending his
vacation at the Manse.

Mr. Samuel Townsend of the Str.
'Olive' spent a few days of this
week very pleasantly with friends here.

A considerable number from Pt.
Fortune attended Communion Service
at St. Mungo's last Sunday.

The thermometer reached 89 de-
grees on Tuesday, the highest so far
this season.

Two very welcome visitors reached
Cushing last week from Vancouver.
They are Miss L. Douglass and her
sister-in-law Mrs. Frank R. Douglass,
(formerly Miss Ida Noyes). They in-
tend remaining for some time, the for-
mer with her sister Mrs. T. Foreman
at Greece's Point, and the latter with
her mother Mrs. T. Noyes who is at
present enjoying a visit from another
of her daughters, Mrs. Wharton, of
Montana.

Our Presbyterian friends are erect-
ing a new and more commodious barn
for the use of their pastor.

The Ladies Aid of St. Mungo's held
their usual monthly meeting this week
at the residence of Mr. D. M. Dewar
and the ladies of the Methodist church
met on Thursday last at Mrs. D. Hills,
Chaboro.

Three young ladies of this place
started on an excursion to Carillon last
week, and when about half way, were
so unfortunate as to break one of their
buggy wheels. Luckily, however,
they were in the vicinity of kind
friends who loaned them another con-
veyance and proceeded on their jour-
ney none the worse only a little scared,
the driver anyway, and resolved to be
more careful in future.

Mr. C. C. Cooke left on Tuesday for
Lachine with a large timber craft.

(This week's news.)

Miss Whittit, of Montreal, is visit-
ing Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nicholls this
week.

Mr. C. Cooke, of Grenville, was vis-
iting his friends here on Sunday last.

Miss Morrison, of the Gore, is spend-
ing the week with the family of her
uncle, Mr. Wm. Kerr.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of Bethany,
were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Kil-
burn last Sunday.

Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa,
visited the parish of St. Philippe this
week. Over a hundred children re-
ceived confirmation at the hands of his
Lordship on Wednesday morning.

Quite a few of our young men have
gone into camp this year with the Ar-
gentuill Rangers at Laprairie, and of
course this place (although it is a
charming spot just now) will be a
howling wilderness to some of our
maiden fair till "Johnnie comes
marching home again."

Miss Doyle, of Ottawa, secretary to
Sir Louis Davies, was at Cushing a few
weeks ago attending to the erection of
a monument in St. Mungo's cemetery
to her grandfather, the late Allan Cam-
eron (known as gray Allan to distin-
guish him from several other gentlemen
of the same name who lived here in
his time.

Millinery !!

Mrs. Hampton's Millinery Stock
is now complete with a full line
of Hats, Bonnets, Feathers, Flow-
ers, etc., and everything found in a
first-class millinery establishment.

Ladies wishing to purchase
Spring Millinery will do well
to call and see our goods be-
fore purchasing elsewhere.

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

Mrs. HAMPTON.

WHO WANTS CLOTHING?

Having purchased at Auction in Mont-
real, a Bankrupt Stock of Twenty-Six
Hundred and Fifty-Two Dollars worth of
Clothing and Gent's Furnishings, at the
rate of fifty cents on the dollar, we can
now sell them at prices far below their
regular value.

The stock is all fresh goods, as the
business had only been running about 9
months. The clothing is principally made
by H. Shorey & Co. for best city trade, so
is not cheap Shoddy wash, but good goods
that will give both wear and satisfaction.

NOW IS YOUR TIME!

We Bought it Cheap, and will Sell it Cheap.

MEN'S SUITS THAT WERE \$5.00 NOW FOR \$3.00					
"	"	"	"	7.00	"
"	"	"	"	8.00	"
"	"	"	"	10.00	"
"	"	"	"	12.00	"
"	"	"	"	4.00	"
"	"	"	"	4.75	"
"	"	"	"	6.00	"
"	"	"	"	7.50	"

**We have another line in this stock that
you don't often see--Men's Waterproof
Overalls, Jumpers, Vests and Pants.**

MEN'S RUBBER COATS, WERE \$3.00, NOW \$1.75.

**MEN'S RUBBER LONG BOOTS, BEST QUALITY, REACH-
ING TO THE HIP, WORTH \$5.50, NOW \$3.00 A PAIR.**

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

Men's Linen Collars, sizes 14 to 17½	now 4 for 25c
Neckties, less than half-price	now 5, 10, 15, 20, & 25c each
Men's Flannelette Shirts	now for 15c
Men's Regatta Shirts	now 35c & 55c
Men's English Regatta Shirts,	were \$1.50, now for 87½c
Black Sateen Shirts	now for 35c
White Shirts	now for 55c
Belts	for 5, 10, & 15c each
Good Braces	for 10c a pair
Better Braces for more money	
Men's Cotton Socks	for 5c. a pair
Men's Cotton Socks	for 10c a pair
Men's Black Cotton Socks	for 12½c a pair
Men's Black Cashmere Socks	

Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 5c each
Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 15c each
Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 25c each
Ladies Cotton Undervests	for 40c each
Ladies Cotton Stockings	for 10c a pr.
Children's Cotton Stockings, small sizes,	5c a pr.

Men's Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers	for 20c. each.
Men's Undershirts and Drawers, better quality for more money.	
Men's heavy cotton Shirts and Drawers	for 25c. each.

These prices will only last till goods are sold,
same qualities can't be repeated at these prices;

**Butter, Eggs, Maple Syrup, Wool, etc.
taken in exchange for goods.**

Remember the place! OPPOSITE THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE,

**East End, LACHUTE,
H. S. LOWNDES & Co.**

Love and War

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

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

He fainted then. The shock of coming back to "God's land" had been too great, and for a week or more he paid but little heed to what was passing around him.

"Don't you know me, Jimmie? It's I,—it's Annie," Mrs. Graham would say to him, as his restless eyes turned upon her, and he would repeat after her,

"Don't you—know—me, Jimmie? It's I, Annie."

This was a peculiarity of his, and it continued until Bill Baker, who had become strong enough to be moved, came to Annapolis, and asked to see the Copral.

At first the physician refused, but Annie approved the plan, hoping for a good result, and she waited anxiously while Bill said cheerily,

"Hallo, old Copral. Rather nicer quarters here than that sand-bank down by that infernal nasty stream."

Bill Baker's voice was the last which in the far-off prison had sounded kindly in Jimmie's ears, and now as he heard it again his face lighted up, and his eyes kindled with something like their olden fire.

"You know me, Copral. I'm Bill. We've exchanged. We're up to Annapolis, and Miss Graham is nussin' you," Bill continued, and then Jimmie drew a long breath, and burst into a passionate fit of tears. "They'll do him good. They allus did to Andersonville. He'd hold in till he was fit to burst, and then he'd let 'em slide, and feel better. He'll know you, Miss Graham, after this."

Annie was called just then, to attend another patient, and Bill was left alone with Jimmie. There were a few broken sentences from the latter, and then Bill Baker was heard talking rapidly, but very gently and cautiously, and Jimmie lifted his head once and looked across the room where Annie was.

"Better leave him alone a spell, till he thinks it out, and gets it arranged," Bill said to Annie. "I made him understand where he was, and that you was here, and all right on the main question; and though he'd like to have bust his biler for a minute, he'll come all straight, I reckon."

It was more than an hour before Annie went to Jimmie again, but when she did the eager, joyful look in his eyes told her that she was recognized.

"Don't speak to me,—don't talk," she said, laying one hand lightly upon the lips, which began to move, while with the other she smoothed the short curls of hair.

He kissed the hand upon his lips, and whispered, through the fingers: "Tell me first, was it true, he told me? Do you?" He did not finish the sentence, for Annie understood him, and bending so near to him that no one else could hear, she said:

"Yes, Jimmie,—I do."

He seemed satisfied, and something of his old manner came back to him when, later in the day, Annie tried to straighten the clothes about him, and wet and brushed his hair.

"Look like a hippopotamus, don't it?" he asked, touching his thick-skinned face.

"Not half as much as you did," Annie replied; and the first smile her face had worn for weeks glimmered around her lips, for she knew now the danger was past, and Jimmie Carleton would live.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The warm, bright November day was wearing to its close. The purple haze of the Indian summer lay around the hillsides, and the soft, golden sunlight fell softly upon the grass, and the few autumnal flowers which had escaped the recent storm. The grounds around the Mather mansion were looking almost as beautiful as in the early summer, for the grass, invigorated by the rain, was fresh and green again, and the brilliant foliage of the trees which dotted the lawn made up the loss of the flowers. Even these last were not lacking indoors, for the hot-house had been robbed of its costliest flowers, which filled the whole house with perfume, and made Maude De Vere start with surprise when she first entered the parlors.

"It takes me back to my Southern home," she said to Rose, who, standing on tiptoe, fastened a half-open lily in her hair, going into ecstasies over the effect, and thinking to herself that Maude De Vere was the most regal creature she had ever seen.

Maude had been in Rockland three weeks, and Rose was already as much in love with her as if she had known her all her life. At first, she had dreaded a little to meet the fearless heroine of the mountains. A girl who had held a revolver at the heads of both Federal and Confederate; who, in the night, had ridden twenty miles on horseback to conduct a party of refugees to a place of safety, and had guarded the entrance of the cave in the face of a furious mob, must be something very formidable, or, at least, something unlike all Rose's ideas of what a lady gently born should be; and both Rose and her mother had waited nervously for the arrival of one who, they felt sure, was to be the wife of Tom. Nothing definite had been said upon the subject since Arthur died, but it was tacitly understood by all parties that Maude De Vere, was, sometimes, to be Maude Carleton; and Tom was allowed to pay her attentions which could only be paid to his fiancée.

In a great flutter of spirits, Rose had heard of Maude's arrival at the Monteur House, and immediately after dinner had driven down to see her, accompanied by Will, who, if possible, was more anxious than herself to pay

his respects to Maude.

She was kneeling by Charlie's couch when the party entered, but she rose at once and came forward, with the most beautiful carnation staining her cheeks, and a look of modesty in her brilliant eyes. She wore a long, trailing dress of heavy silk, and stood so erect, and held her head so high, that she seemed taller than she really was—taller than Tom, Rose feared; but as he stepped up to her, she saw he had the advantage of her by at least four inches, and thus reassured, she drew a long breath of relief; then, as thoughts of all her husband and brother had been saved from this heroic girl came over her she sprang toward Maude, and winding her arms around her neck, sobbed hysterically, but never spoke one word.

"What is it? What are you crying for?" Maude asked, petting her as if she had been a little child.

"Oh, I don't know. The sight of you who have done so much for the war, and been so brave, makes me seem so little, so small, so mean beside you, Maude De Vere," Rose replied brokenly, and then Maude's eyes filled with tears, and she hugged the sobbing little creature, whom, from that moment she loved so fondly.

She, too, had dreaded this meeting, for she knew that Rose Mather and her mother were both women of the highest culture, and she felt that they might criticize, and perhaps condemn one who had lived so long among the pines of North Carolina and the mountains of Tennessee. But Rose's manner divested her of all fear and in a moment she resumed that unconscious air of superiority to all else around her, which was a part of herself. Queenly was the word which best suited her looks and her manners, and Rose paid homage to her as to a queen, and told her that she loved her, and how much she had thought of her, and how anxious her mother was to see her, and how happy they would all be when Jimmie and Annie came home.

There had been daily visits to the Monteur since then, and Mrs. Carleton had met the beautiful Maude, and mentally approved of Tom's choice.

Charlie too had been petted and caressed, and his blue eyes opened with wonder as he saw what Northern women were like, and remembered his prejudice against them. He liked the Northerners, he said, but he was loyal to the Southern cause, and listened, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, to all he continually heard of the sure defeat and disgrace of the Confederacy.

Matter were in this wise when the day came on which Annie was expected home with Jimmie. Great preparations had been made for that arrival. In Rockland there was more than one prisoner who had been nursed by Annie Graham, and her name was spoken with reverence and love by the very least vagabond that walked the streets. They had not made a demonstration in a long, long time, but they were going to make one now, and the honors which poor George saw in fancy awarded to himself were to be given to his wife, Jimmie, too, whose terrible sufferings had excited so much commiseration, was to have his share of consideration. Bill Baker, who had been home for a week and was as usual the most active spirit of all, suggested that when they flung out the banner on which was inscribed, "Honor and welcome to Annie Graham," they should give three cheers for Mr. Carleton, too. "Bein'," as he said, "that they are about as good as one."

Prompt to the moment when it was due, the train swept round the Rockland curve and stopped at the depot where a large concourse of people was gathered. They had not expected the Widow Simms, and when her green veil and straw bonnet appeared on the platform, the foremost of the group looked a little disappointed, while the widow's face darkened as she saw the waiting multitude, and guessed why they were there.

Annie had appeared by this time, and at sight of her the tongues were loosened, and deafening shouts of welcome greeted her on every side. The flag bearing her name was held aloft, the cannon in the adjoining field sent forth its bellowing roar, and the band struck up the sweet refrain of "Annie Laurie;" while the voices of the Andersonville prisoners, who had been Annie's charge, sang the last line: "And for Bonnie Annie Graham I would lay me down and die."

Surely this was a coming home which Annie had never looked for, and with her face flushed with excitement, and her eyes shining with tears, she stood in the midst of the shouting throng, gazing wonderingly from one to the other, and realizing nothing clearly, except the firm clasp upon her arm.

It was Jimmie's hand, and Jimmie himself leaned upon her, as the crowd coupled his name with hers, and hurried for "James Carleton and Annie Graham."

"And the Widder Simms—I swan if it's fair to leave her out. She did some tall nussin' down to Annapolis," Bill Baker said; and then the widow was cheered, and she acknowledged the compliment with a grim smile, and wondered when "folks would quit making fools of themselves, and if Susan wasn't up there, somewhere, in the jam. Of course she was; 'twas like them Ruggleses to go where the doin's was."

And while she shook the hand of her neighbors, she kept her eyes on the watch for Susan, and felt a little chagrined that she did not find her.

Susan was at home in the neat little house which John had bought with his captain's wages, so carefully saved.

The same house it was at which Annie Graham had looked with longing eyes, in the commencement of the war; and in the pleasant chamber which overlooked the town there was a little boy who had been in Rockland only a week, and whose existence was as yet unknown to the widow. They had purposely kept it from her, so she had no suspicion that he was expected; and the first genuine feeling of happiness she had known since Isaac died, she experienced when she was ushered into Susan's room, and the little red-faced thing was laid in her lap. She had looked askance at the new house, and neat furniture, and the pretty curtains, as so many proofs of "them Ruggleses" extravagance; but she was not proof against the white face, which from the pillows, smiled so kindly upon her, and called her mother. And she was guilty of kissing her daughter-in-law, even before she saw the baby, her first grandchild, whom Susan called Isaac, although she hated the name, and had tacked on to it Adolphus, with the hope that the future would adjust the name into Adolph, or something more fanciful than the good, plain Bible Isaac. And while the widow kissed and wept over her grandson, and felt herself growing young, and soft and gentle again, the crowd around the depot had dispersed, a part going to their own homes, and a part following the soldiers and band which escorted Annie Graham and Jimmie Carleton to the Mather mansion, where everything had been made so beautiful for them.

It was a pleasant coming home, and a most ample compensation for all the weariness and privation which Annie, as hospital nurse, had endured, and she felt that far more was awarded to her than she deserved.

"Mr. Carleton was the one to be honored," she said, and her soft, blue eyes rested upon the pale, tired man, who, exhausted by his journey and the excitement, lay down at once upon the sofa, while his mother and Rose knelt beside him and kissed, and pitied, and cried over his poor white face, and long, bony hands, which were almost transparent in their whiteness.

Maude was not one of the party at the Mather mansion that night.

"You ought to be alone the first night," she said, when Rose insisted that she should join them. "To-morrow I will come round and call on Mrs. Graham and your brother."

She had been greatly interested in all the arrangements, and was curious to see the woman who had almost been her rival, while Annie was quite as curious to see her, the heroine of the mountains. In her letters to Annie, Rose had purposely refrained from mentioning Tom's name with Maude's, so that Annie was ignorant of the real state of things. But she did not remain so long.

"Is she so very beautiful?" she said to Rose, when, after supper, they were all assembled in the parlor, and Maude was the subject of conversation.

Love and War

"Ask Tom; he can tell you," Rose replied, and by the conscious look on Tom's face, Annie guessed the truth at once.

That night, when the two brothers were alone in their room, Tom said to Jimmie:

"Well, my boy, I've kept my word,—I've waited a year and more. I've given you every chance a reasonable man could ask. Have you made a proper use of your privileges? Would it do me any good to try and win Annie now?"

"You can try if you like," Jimmie said, with a smile.

And then Tom told him of his hopes concerning Maude De Vere, and Jimmie said to him saucily:

"Don't you remember I told you once you had had your day? But some lucky dogs have two, and you, it seems are one of them."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The next day brought Maude De Vere, looking so handsome in her black dress, with her coquettish drab hat and long drab feather tipped with scarlet, that she reminded Annie of some bright tropical flower as she came into the room with the sparkle in her brilliant eyes, and the deep, rich bloom upon her cheek. She had regained her health and spirits rapidly within the last few weeks, and even Jimmie, who seldom saw beyond Annie's fair face and soft blue eyes, drew a breath of wonder at the queenly girl who completely overshadowed those around her so far as size and form and physical development were concerned. But nothing could detract from the calm, quiet dignity of Annie's manner, or from the pure, angelic beauty of her face, as the two stood holding each other's hands and looking into each other's eyes, they made a most striking tableau, and Mrs. Carleton thought with a thrill of pride, how well her sons had chosen.

That night, as Maude was walking back to the hotel, accompanied by Tom, he asked her again the question put in the cave of the Cumberland.

"I understand about Arthur," he said; "but he is dead; there is no promise now in the way. I claim you for my own. Am I wrong in doing so?"

That Maude's reply was wholly satisfactory was proved by the expression of Tom Carleton's face when at last he stopped at the door of the hotel, and by the kiss which burned on Maude's lips long after he had disappeared down the street.

The next afternoon, while Tom was with Maude, and both Mrs. Carleton and Rose were out on a shopping expedition, Annie sat alone with Jimmie in the pleasant little room which had been given to him as a place where he would be more quiet than in the parlor. Annie had been playing with Rose's boy—the little Jimmie, a handsome, sturdy fellow of nearly a year old, whom the entire household spoiled. He was already beginning to talk, and having taken a fancy to Annie, he tried to call her name, and made out of it a tolerably distinct "Auntie," which brought a blush to Annie's face, and a teasing smile to Jimmie's.

"Come, sit by me a moment, Annie," Jimmie said, when the child had been taken out by his nurse. "Sit on this stool, so,—a little nearer to me,—there that's right," he continued, in the tone of authority he had unconsciously acquired since his convalescence.

He was lying upon the couch, and Annie was sitting at his side and so near to him that his long fingers could smooth and caress her shining hair, while his saucy eyes feasted themselves upon her face, as he asked "when she would really be the auntie of the little boy who called her now by that name."

"Not till you are able to stand alone," was Annie's reply, and then, for the first time since his return from Andersonville, Jimmie spoke of that episode in his life at New London, when little Lulu Howard had stirred his boyish blood, and filled his boyish fancy.

Perhaps he wanted to tease Annie, for he said to her:

"I did like that little blue-eyed Lu—that's a fact. I used to think about her all day, and dream about her all night. 'I wonder where she is now.'"

(To Be Continued.)

PARIS IN A BAD WAY.

Drinking Itself to Death With the Deadly Green Liqueur Called Absinthe.

A French physician, Dr. Lancereaux, has discovered a new disease, which he considers a grave danger for his countrymen, among whom the use of absinthe has rapidly extended during the last 10 years.

The evils resulting from the use of absinthe may be attributed, though in a less degree, to a class of stimulants called "appetizers," whose consumption has notably increased of late years in France, and especially in Paris. The bad effects of all these beverages is due to the essential oils of plants added to alcohol, which is of itself often of an inferior quality, and renders them more injurious to the system.

It appears that every kind of alcoholism has its special symptom, and can easily be recognized by the experienced hospital physician, who has frequent opportunities for observation. The alcoholism resulting from the abuse of wine is entirely different from that caused by brandy, whisky and rum, and both are easily distinguished from absinthism, which presents entirely distinct symptoms.

ABSINTHISM INCREASING.

For every 20 cases of alcoholism that came under the observation of Dr. Lancereaux in hospital, 10 could be classed as absinthism that is, the maladies traceable to absinthe were equal in number to all those caused by wine and spirituous liquors. He had also remarked, in the meantime, that while alcoholism, so-called, remained stationary, absinthism was rapidly increasing.

Alarmed by these facts, he asked exact statistics of the tax authorities, and found his theory confirmed, it appearing that the consumption of absinthe in Paris had increased from 1,300,000 gallons in 1883 to an estimated consumption of 5,300,000 gallons for last year, that is, it has nearly tripled in 10 years.

These figures represent the amount of alcohol pure in the liquor, and not its bulk, which would be considerably greater.

The man who has been much in Paris during the last 10 years hardly needs these figures to convince him of the ravages that absinthe is making among all classes of French society.

In 1886 the absinthe drinker, either in the fashionable cafes or in the wine-shops frequented by the working men, was the exception. Now he is the rule and the idle promenade, who just before the dinner hour takes the trouble to follow the boulevards from the opera house to the Place de la Republique, a distance of a mile, will see all the seats occupied before the cafes, and half the clients sipping that liquid whose greenish hue is unmistakable.

THE LOWEST DRINKERS.

If he enters one of the so-called bars, where bad liquors of all sorts are sold from a cent and half to five cents a glass, he will see a different sort of clients—old men poorly clad, who earn a few sous by selling newspapers, or, perhaps, beggars, who, instead of buying food, buy absinthe, which serves them in the place of food and clothing. Here they may be seen sitting for hours, sipping their poison, apparently unconscious of everything passing about them.

The increase of alcoholism in France is attributed to the phylloxera that destroyed the vineyards, increased the price of wine, and led to the fabrication of wine with alcohol that necessarily engendered a false appetite.

The taste for alcohol once created by false wines and cheap liquors, it was found that stronger stimulants produced more readily the desired effects. From a bad wine to rum, and from rum to vermouth and absinthe, the transition was easy and natural.

A VOLCANO IN PARIS.

Among the attractions of the Paris exposition next, but is to be an artificial volcano, which will eject flame and smoke, and simulate the flowing of a stream of incandescent lava. The volcano will stand on the bank of the Seine, and will be 328 feet in height. While the framework is to be of iron and steel, the exterior will be covered with turf, trees and shrubs, and by shaded paths visitors will be able to ascend to the crater at the summit.

An Operation Evaded.

MR. R. A. SIZE, OF INGERSOLL, ONT., TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Symptoms of Appendicitis—The Way They Were Relieved—The Sufferer Now Well and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Ingersoll, Ont.

In February, 1898, Mr. R. A. Size, was taken very ill, and was confined to his home for several weeks. We heard that he was to go to the hospital to have an operation performed, but the operation never took place, and as he has started to work again and in apparently good health, we investigated the case and found that he has been using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Size is a highly respected citizen of Ingersoll, having resided here for over thirty years, and has been a faithful employee at Messrs. Partlo & Son's flouring mills for over nineteen years. When asked by a Chronicle reporter whether he would give an interview for publication, telling the nature of his disease and his cure, he readily consented. Mr. Size gave the details of his illness and cure as follows:—

"In February I caught a heavy cold which seemed to settle in my left side. The doctor thought it was neuralgia of the nerves. It remained there for some time and then moved to my right side, in the region of the appendix. We applied everything, and had fly-blisters on for 48 hours. They never even caused a blister and did the pain no good. The doctors came to the conclusion that the appendix was diseased and would have to be removed. The pain was very great at times, and there was such a stiffness in my ankles, also in my hand, and pain all over my body. The day and date was set for an operation, and I was reconciled to it. About a week before I was to go to the hospital my wife was reading the Chronicle. She read an account of a man who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The symptoms of the disease were so much like mine that she became interested and wanted me to give the pills a trial. I had little faith in the pills but as my wife seemed to be anxious that I should take them, I consented. The day for the operation had now arrived, and I told the doctors that I did not think I would go to the hospital for a while as I was feeling better. I continued the pills, and was greatly surprised and pleased with the result. I continued to improve, and have long since given up all idea of an operation. When I started to use the pills, I was unable to walk, and suffered something awful with the pain in my side. It was just five weeks from the time that I started the use of the pills until I was able to walk again and I had been doctoring three months before that, and I have been working ever since. Altogether I have taken sixteen boxes of the pills, and they have done me more good than all the doctors' medicine I ever took in my life. I have now every confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and think that they are the best medicine in the world to-day. Certainly had it not been for them I would have had to go through the ordeal of an operation and perhaps would not have been living now. I hope that by making this public it will be of benefit to others, as it was through one of these articles that I first learned of the unequalled qualities of the pills.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words '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.

THIRTEEN.

Some Interesting Facts About the Supposed Unlucky Number.

Notwithstanding all our boasted civilization and the efforts of the Thirteen Clubs, how few there are of us who are not in the inmost recesses of our hearts afraid of the simple number 13. Deny it as we may, an unpleasant emotion arises in us if unwittingly we sit down to dinner where thirteen people are to eat. This number, however, was not always regarded as unlucky, in fact, there is plenty of evidence in the folklore of many ancient oriental peoples to show that in older times it was held as a lucky number. The history of the Persians, the natives of India, and of the aboriginal Indians of our own Western continent, amply proves this fact. Biblical students also well know that in Testamentary times the Jews were of the same opinion in regard to the mystic number. Thirteen cities were especially dedicated to the priestly tribe; 13 high priests descended from Aaron; 13 kings sat in the high council of the ancients; preparations for the Feast of the Passover were begun on the 13th day of the month of Mizan, and the holy incense consisted of 13 different odors. Among the long-since extinct tribes of South America the number had a sacred and divine meaning, especially among the ancient Incas and Aztecs. The inhabitants of Peru counted seven days, without any particular name, in the week. The year had seven times 52 days, or four times 13 weeks. A father was compelled to support his child to the 13th year. The Aztecs had weeks of 13 days, each with a special name. Their century had 52 years, or four times 13. Their public archives were of a circular form, with a sum in the centre of each of the 13 parts composing it, and their tribes numbered 13.

THE STALEST BREAD IN THE WORLD

It is 4,500 Years Old and Was Found in an Egyptian Tomb.

A loaf of bread, 4,500 years old was found in the tomb of Mentuhotep, who died in Egypt 2,500 B.C. It is now in the Museum of Berlin.

This loaf of cake or bread is dark brown in color. Inside are many large holes. Probably this part of the bread long since fell into dust, but much of the bread still remains in the shape of whole kernels and pieces of grain. Examination proves that the bread was made of barley, and the grains were only rudely crushed and not sifted. This proves that barley bread was one of the earliest kinds made, and it was baked and covered with twigs and leaves of the sycamore tree.

The process of preparing the grain for bread is to be gathered from a wall inscription which has been discovered at Thebes. It is a graphic picture of the entire process. This picture shows that at that early period even the hand mill was not yet invented. The flour was, of course, far from fine, and the bread resulting was of the kind found in the tombs. It was not baked in ovens, but after being kneaded into dough, by the addition of water was placed between two heated stones, or was put on a plate and laid upon the red-hot coals.

WOMEN PROPOSE! HORRORS!

The average woman would be horrified, as a rule, if you made the assertion in her presence that her sex ever propounded the momentous question and proposed marriage to the man. But when you stop and quietly go over the question you will find that in many instances woman has taken the initiative—not in words, perhaps, but in cleverly devised plots and by just helping some bashful lover along.

Is not the wooing of Frisilla a good example? Did she not propose when she said, "Why not speak for yourself, John?" Experienced devotees of the fair sex say the widows are more expert at proposing marriage than the debutante or reasonably up-to-date girl. But the widow is a hard proposition to cope with. She feels it immediately her privilege to "coo" over a man, say sweet things to him, tell him he is the sweetest thing in town and make him so absolutely comfortable that he dreads renewed acquaintance with his bachelor apartments. But the widow is dangerous. She knows how to manage a man with skilful tact. If she decides to marry him she will and he is helpless.

More desirable bachelors have been made beneficiaries through the influence of an after dinner cigar, shaded lamps and a grate fire than books ever tell of—a case of cause and effect. One frank woman remarked:—"Well, looking seriously at it, I guess I did propose to Jim. He had loved me long enough and deserved to be rewarded, only he was too busy with law to form the proper speech. I dressed up in his pet gown and my big hat and went and sat in the moonlight when I knew he was coming, with a sad, far away look in my eyes. He took my hand and simply said: 'The weather is so lovely I wish we might have a few days by the sea before the summer closes,' and in the most coy manner I said, 'Let us go!' In three weeks we were married."

And who says women never propose!

MONTREAL Am. Plan. \$1.50 a up.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan.

WHAT THE MINISTER SAID.

Jingso—What did the minister say when the plate came up?
Hingso—He said he wouldn't mind so much if the buttons were all alike.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

MATURE CONSIDERATION.

Miss Peachblow—Was your marriage to old Moneybags the result of love at first sight?
Mrs. Moneybags—No; of second thought.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

MUST TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

Binks—Say, old man, do you know of any cure for insomnia?
Jinks—Counting 1,000 is said to be a remedy.
Binks—Confound it; that's what everybody tells me, but the baby's too young to count.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

RECORDS OF TWO OLD FAMILIES.

Your grandfather used to saw wood for my grandfather.
Yes; I've heard him tell how your grandfather beat him down on his price and half the time didn't pay him.

"The greatest good to the greatest number" is one reason why everybody should drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

WHAT HE DID.

Johnson—What do you do when you have any stomach trouble?
Thompson—I just keep still about it. In that way I escape advice from everybody I meet.

SERVED A DOUBLE PURPOSE.

Widow Farrelly—Do ye mind the beautiful booky Mr. Googan presented me this mawnin'? Ah, the poor mon! his wofe died jist tin days ago.
Widow Murphy—Begorra, they kipt well, didn't they?

LUBY'S

Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Husband—after the performance—I didn't enjoy the show very much. I forgot my glasses.
Wife—Perhaps you did, dear, but your breath doesn't indicate it.

Hotel Carlslake, European Plan. Room from \$1 a day up. Opp. G.T. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carlslake & Co., Props.

SPADE'S ADVANTAGE.

First Amateur Gardener—"Why do you buy your seeds of spade instead of Barrow? Are they of better quality?"
Second ditto—Not that I know of; but the pictures in his catalogue are much finer than those in Barrow's book.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT. Invigorates and Strengthens. W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

HEARD THE BETROTHAL KISS.

First Boarder—Did you hear the report of the engagement of our landlady's daughter?
Second Boarder—I should say I did. I was sitting in the next room at the time, and it was a pretty loud report, let me tell you.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

REPARTEE.

I come to steel, said the humorous rat.
Pleased to welcome you, replied the matter-of-fact steel trap, as it sprang to embrace the newcomer.

W P C 976

CALVERT'S

Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

ONE NIGHT

Common Sense Kills Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 321 Queen W. Toronto.

MONTREAL Free Bus Am. Plan. \$1.50 a up.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan.

FARMS FOR SALE.—BRUCE COUNTY. Some Great Bargains. Apply to JAMES McK. STEWART, Drawer 18, Kincardine P. O., Ont.

CUTTING SCHOOL.—Tailors and Dressmakers. C. & D. SCHOOL CO., Montreal.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, etc.

Every town can have a band.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogues, 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Toronto, Can.

RAMBLER BICYCLES

PICKER WHEELS

1899 MODELS

are the best RAMBLERS ever built, at any price, and the 1899

PRICE IS \$50.00.

RAMBLER builders are confident, after 20 years' experience, that they can build and are building the

"BEST BICYCLES IN THE WORLD"

and no wheel at a lower price can be of RAMBLER quality, none at a higher price worth more.

Catalogue is free.

BERTRAM, WILSON & CO.,

RAMBLER BICYCLES \$50.00

363 GERRARD ST. E. TORONTO, ONT.

IDEAL BICYCLES. \$25 TO \$40.00.

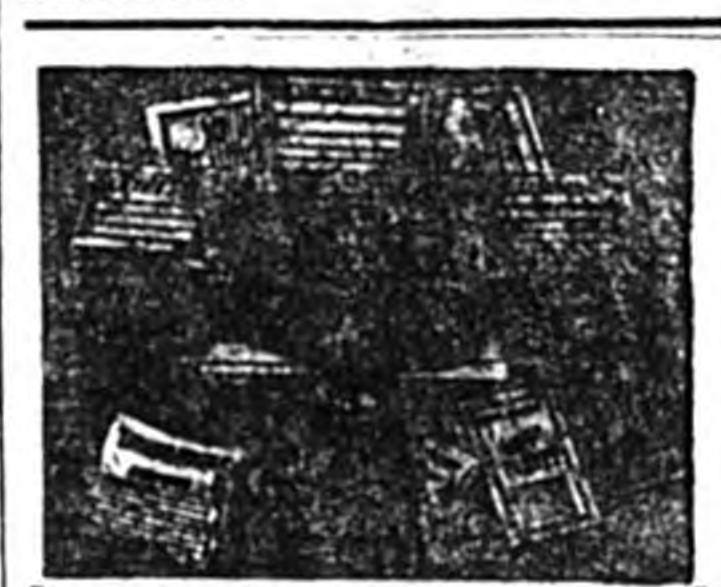
Shelby Cycle Mfg. Co., Shelby, Ohio.

If there is no Agent in your town for the above wheels, write us for prices.

63 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

FORESEEING DISEASE.

In a recent lecture on electricity Prof. Elihu Thomson related how Boston physicians had been able, with an X-ray tube, to detect the presence of the microbes of pneumonia in the lungs before any symptoms of that disease were felt by the patient, or were even perceptible by ordinary pathological examination.



FREE CAMERA.

For selling two dozen packages of Toledo Pens at ten cents a package, we give this Camera. It is made by the Yale Camera Co., has a Bausch & Lomb lens, and a shutter that can be used for snap-shot exposures. With it we send full instructions, so that a child of ten years can make, after a little experience, pictures almost as good as those taken by high priced cameras. Many cameras are sold separately, and the purchaser has to buy the outfit afterward. We give the complete outfit, as shown, with every camera. The outfit consists of:

1 "Yale" Camera, 1 Package Developer, 1 Box Dry Plates, 1 Set Directions, 1 Package Type, 1 Loading Tray, 1 Package Fixing Powder, 1 Developing Tray, 1 Package Silver Paper.

We require no money in advance. Send us your name and address, and we will forward the Pens, which you sell for us. Then return the money to us, and your Camera will be forwarded, all charges paid.

Toledo Pen Co. Dept. Z, Toronto, Can.

The Excellence is Uniform and the High Standard Always Maintained.

LUDELLA

Lead packages. CEYLON TEA. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

A BOON FOR THE LAME!
THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO.,
Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other, and are offering good, paying employment to every lame person who will take the trouble to write for circulars and copy to act as agents. Get one of the Extensions for yourself and you will, after wearing it a week, have no trouble to convince others of its value.
This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enabling the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store shoes, and gives them the same appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars free to all. Ask for terms to agents. Address
170 BAY STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

Ideal Leather Polish

Will keep your shoes soft as velvet

MADE IN ALL COLORS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Hobbs Hardware Co.

LONDON.

BINDER

LOWEST PRICES.

HIGHEST GRADES.

TWINE.

Dealers, Ask For Quotations.

EVERY WISE MOTHER KNOWS THE VALUE OF

INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

AS A PARTURIENT MEDICINE.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING

J. L. JONES ENG. CO. 6-8 10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

WHITE'S PHOSPHO SODA

An Effervescent Phosphate, excellent cleanser for liver, kidney and stomach, takes the place of coal tar preparations in case of headlamps. Its effect is immediate. Sold by all druggists, in 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 packages. Queen City Drug Co., 271 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

HEALTH RESTORED

without medicine most disordered Stomach, Lungs, Nerves, Liver, Blood, Bladder, Kidneys, Brain and Breasts by

Du Barry's Arabica Food,

which saves Invalids and Children, and also Bears successfully Infants whose Aliments and Debility have resisted all other treatments. It digests when all other Food is rejected, saves 50 times its cost in medicine.

50 Years' Invariable Success. 100,000 Annual Cures of Consumption, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Diabetes, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Phlegm, Diarrhoea, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Deopendancy.

(Limited) 17 Regent Street, London, W., also in Paris, 14 Rue de Castiglione, and at all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere, in time, 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., 60s., 70s., 80s., 90s., 100s. Also Du Barry's Arabica Biscuits, in tins, 2s. 6d. and 5s.

Agents for Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Toronto

steadily to those traditions of insurance, which experience has shown to be essential to the true prosperity of a Company, viz., 1. Moderate expenditure; 2. High class investments producing a higher rate of interest than that assumed in the valuations; and 3. careful selection of lives." The Report was carried unanimously.

VOTES OF THANKS.

In response to a hearty vote of thanks to the Directors tendered by the meeting on behalf of the Policyholders, for their great care of and vigilant attention to the Company's affairs during the past year, the Hon. J. T. Garraw said it afforded him much pleasure to state that in his opinion The Ontario was one of the best, if not the very best, Life Company in Canada to-day. Before and since he became a policy holder, he heard many pleasant things said about the Company, which, even among its rivals in business, enjoys a reputation for honorable treatment of its members second certainly to none, and equal to any other in any part of the world—the best capital that any Company can possess.

Mr. B. M. Britton, Q.C., M.P., Kingston, said that the business of life insurance in volume and importance was enormous, the amount in force in the world to-day exceeding \$15,000,000,000 and of this immense sum Canadians carried on their lives nearly \$370,000,000, or about 2 1/2 per cent. of the total, and child in the Dominion, if equally distributed among them. In this truly beneficent work The Ontario was entitled to a fair share of credit, having in force in round numbers the sum of \$24,000,000, and having written in 1898, within a few thousand, the largest amount of new business secured in Canada by any other company in that year. . . . The proud position The Ontario occupies to-day has been attained in spite of the ignorance that still exists, among men otherwise well informed, as to Mutual Life Companies. Many even in Parliament think a Mutual Life Company may levy "Assessments" or make "Calls" on their members. No one should, however, confound a Mutual Company like ours with any kind of Assessment or Society Insurance, for they are as different in their methods as any two radically dissimilar systems can possibly be. The Ontario is a level premium Life Company; it takes no premium note as some Mutual Fire Companies do, and it holds at all times the full Government reserve, the same as Stock Companies.

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On motion Messrs J. M. Scully and George Davidson, were re-appointed auditors for the present year.

The Directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. Robert Melvin, President; Mr. O. M. Taylor, First Vice-President, and Mr. Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., Second Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

29TH ANNUAL REPORT

Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Co.

THE BEST IN THE COMPANY'S HISTORY, STILL UPWARD AND ONWARD

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of this popular Company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, Ont., on Thursday May 25th, 1899, at 1 o'clock p.m. The attendance was both large and representative, and the greatest harmony prevailed.

The President, Mr. Robert Melvin, Guelph, occupied the chair, and on the platform with the Manager, Mr. George Wegenast, the following Directors were seated:—Messrs. Hoskin, Bruce, Britton, Fiskien, Clement, Kidd, Somerville and Garraw.

At the request of the President, Mr. W. H. Riddell, Secretary of the Company, read the Directors' report:

Your Directors have pleasure in submitting for your consideration the report for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1898.

In the early part of the year, in consequence of ill health and advancing age, Mr. Hendry, who had so ably filled the position of Manager of the Company since its organization, placed his resignation in the hands of the Directors, which we accepted, and appointed him Consulting Actuary, a position much less onerous than that of Manager.

Mr. George Wegenast was appointed Manager, and has discharged his duties to the satisfaction of the Board. Mr. Wegenast has been in the service of the Company for eighteen years as Assistant Actuary and Actuary, and is therefore thoroughly conversant with the business and policy of the Company.

During the year an Agency was opened, in St. John's, Newfoundland, and we are pleased to say that so far we have received a fair amount of business from that Colony, and hope to increase it in the future.

We are glad to be able to inform you that the business of the year has been eminently satisfactory, and that notwithstanding the greatly lessened earning power of money, we have been enabled to continue a very liberal distribution of surplus to our Policyholders.

Our Superintendent of Agencies, Mr. Earl, since his appointment, has inspected our Agencies in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, British Columbia, the Maritime Provinces, and the Territories. A number of New Agents has been appointed to our Staff, which is now thoroughly organized and effective. This we believe will result in a still larger and better class of business. The amount of new insurance taken during the year was largely in excess of former years, and of a very satisfactory character.

The death rate was much below the expectation, and the losses by lapses and cash surrenders were considerably less in proportion to insurance taken and in force, than in any preceding year.

The number of policies issued during the year was 2354, amounting to \$3,750,354; the number of applications declined 101, amounting to \$113,200; the number of policies in force 16,982, amounting to \$23,703,979.38; the Reserve, Actuaries' 4 per cent., on the amount of policies in force is \$3,838,814.94; the net Premium Income \$735,174.85; Interest on Investments \$183,766.28; the Total Income \$923,941.13; Total Assets \$4,136,129.48.

The amount paid to Policy holders for death claims was \$152,893.00; for Endowments \$71,663.00; Purchased Policies, \$38,479.74; Surplus \$75,000.70; Annuities, \$1,909.42; Total, \$339,975.86; Surplus earned \$114,810.00; Surplus over all liabilities on Company's Standard Actuaries' 4 per cent. \$771,196.58; Surplus on Government Standard \$440,000.00.

During the year we lost by death a much valued and respected member of the Board, Mr. James Fair, who, although only a short time a Director, had endeared himself to all by his

kind, gentle, unassuming manner, his honesty of purpose and sound judgment. Hon. F. W. Borden was appointed in his stead.

Owing to Mr. Hendry's retirement from the Managership, and his appointment as Consulting Actuary, he resigned his position as a member of the Board of Directors, and the Hon. J. T. Garraw was appointed in his place.

You will be called upon to elect four Directors in the place of Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., E. P. Clement, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the Hon. J. T. Garraw, whose terms of office have expired, but all of whom are eligible for re-election.

On behalf of the Board

R. Melvin, President.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

In moving the adoption of the Report the President said that the business for 1898 was in all respects of the most gratifying character, both in the volume of new business transacted and the mortality experienced. The amount of surplus earned and the amount paid to policy holders were in excess of any former year, while with a much larger amount of insurance in force, the lapse rate was very little more than in 1897. Purchased Policies showed a decrease of \$202,915 as compared with 1897, when that item reached the sum of \$470,488, indicating the growing confidence of the assured and the enhanced value placed upon the policies they hold in the Company.

For some time after this Company commenced business, many thought that a Mutual Life Assurance Company was at best but an experiment, and in our case doomed to failure; but as the public came to understand more fully the scientific principles underlying the purely Mutual System, it became evident that time which reveals the defects of less perfect systems, left untouched the giant strength and robust vigor of Mutuals. Their success has been so pronounced that some of the oldest Stock Companies are now seeking to give their policy holders a voice, however small, in the election of Directors—a right which the members of this Company have enjoyed since its establishment in 1869. During the past year we have added largely to our Assurance, largely to our Income, largely to our Assets, largely to our Surplus, that our Lapses are few, that our Cash Surrender Values are little more than half they were in 1897, that up to the 1st of May our increase in business is greater than in 1898, and our death rate much below the average. May we not hope, therefore, that the progress of 1899 will be even greater in 1899?

VICE-PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., in seconding the adoption of the Report, held that the remunerative investment of its funds was one of the essentials to the permanent welfare of a Life Company. This will be conceded when it is remembered that there is to-day on deposit in our Banks the enormous sum of \$250,000,000 of which about \$88,000,000 bear no interest. The difficulty of finding desirable investments at fair rates of interest, is becoming greater every year. A decade ago the average rate was 7, but now investors are well satisfied at a much less figure. The Ontario has been more fortunate than its competitors, the rate of interest on its investments having in 1898 averaged 5.16 while that of most of the other Companies ranged from 4.43 to 4.59. This Company's percentage of foreclosures to its total investments was only 3 per cent, while its competitors ranged all the way up to 21 per cent.

In the rush there appears to be at the present time in life insurance circles, he hoped that this Company "will adhere

steadily to those traditions of insurance, which experience has shown to be essential to the true prosperity of a Company, viz., 1. Moderate expenditure; 2. High class investments producing a higher rate of interest than that assumed in the valuations; and 3. careful selection of lives." The Report was carried unanimously.

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Exhibit 2.

C. J. J.
74521
Dr. Robt. Valade
J. G. Parent & Co.



Our Best Salesman: The Mirror.

You may know the kind of garment that suits your style when you see it on, but you may not be able to describe it to a tailor.

It is this that makes
our success with

Shorey's Ready Tailored Clothing.

It's up to date style; carefully tailored make and general appearance gives us the pull over our competitors, who buy their goods at auction and fill their stores with the tag ends of various makers because they are cheap.

Shorey's Guarantee Card in the pockets means
SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

A COMPLETE STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM.

FANCY DRESS GOODS.—New Fabrics, Novel Designs and Beautiful Colorings for the season. All the New Shades of Greys, Drabs, Fawns and Blues. Priestly's Black Dress Goods the best on the market.

PRINTS.—We are satisfied that for Variety of Patterns, Unique Designs, Washable Colors, and quality of goods our range cannot be beaten.

IN PRINTED NOVELTIES.—We are showing the very latest things in Scotch Dress Gingham in Broken Checks, Small Plaids, and other fashionables weaves.

A BALE OF COTTON Just arrived in small webs of 30 yards each. If you want a bargain call soon as they will go like hot cakes.

KID GLOVES.—"Pewny's" Kid Gloves, every pair guaranteed in the latest style and shades.

LACES AND EMBROIDRIES.—The finest you ever saw, just what the ladies have been looking for.

IF YOU WANT a Carpet or Curtains call and see ours. No trouble to show goods, they are sure to sell at first sight.



McFAUL BROS.



Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months.
Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of. "If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and I saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me.

"I am agent for P. O. Vickrey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere.

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold in a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all drug-gists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

All members of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil, intending to show their farms and their standing and root crops are notified that the entrance fee for making such exhibit must be paid to the Secretary, Mr. G. J. Walker, on or before July 1st next, so as to entitle them to a visit of the Judges.

The entrance fee on farms is \$1.00 and on standing and root crops 25cts.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Province of Quebec, } No. 531.
District of Terrebonne.

Rose Anna Valade, wife of Ferdinand Parent, of the town of St. Jerome, district of Terrebonne.

vs. PLAINTIFF

The said Ferdinand Parent, DEFENDANT

An action for separation of property has been instituted in this cause.

J. VICTOR LEONARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
St. Jerome, 1st June, 1899.

Mr. Edmond Charlebois

Wishes to announce that he has bought from Mr. Vallee

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY ON CHATHAM ST.

Every description of wood-work mouldings, clapboards, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SUPERIOR COURT.

District of Terrebonne }
No. 523.

Mrs. Marguerite, alias Vaggie Lavolette of St. Eustache, said district, wife of Archibald, alias Archie, Stewart, farmer, of the same place, has this day instituted an action in separation from bed, board, and property, against her said husband.

Ste. Scholastique,
29th May, 1899.

J. D. LEDUC,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

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 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.

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 gisting, etc., and guarantee full satisfaction.

We keep always on hand Flour and Feed of all kinds, Oatmeal, Pot Barley, and Buck-wheat Flour, Bran, and Shorts.

P. CAMPBELL & Co.

TELEPHONE NO. 44.

Orders delivered anywhere in the town.

KIDNEY-SICK PEOPLE!

By far the largest army of sufferers in the world are the kidney-sick people—but by far the largest army of the cured ones attribute their release from disease to the great South American Kidney Cure—Cures Bright's disease. Cures diabetes. Cures all bladder ailments.



Kidney diseases are the most insidious of all diseases common to humanity; within the past few years medical science has made wonderful strides in coping with its ravages. South American Kidney Cure has proved rich in healing power, and every day testimony is piled up for its great curative qualities. Where kidney disease exists it is generally indicated by certain changes in the urine, such as mucus, sediment, albumen, brick dust, acid and blood—pain is not necessarily an accompaniment, which only aggravates the insidious nature of it. Testing and experimenting has disclosed the fact that the passing through these organs of the solid particles in the ordinary course of circulation do in a remarkably short while clog up, grind out and impair them so that the functions of these organs are not performed and disease lays hold on the patient with a ruthless hand. Kidney diseases require a solvent—South American Kidney Cure is a solvent—it is a kidney specific—claims to be no more—it has been tested by eminent medical authorities on kidney diseases, and proved and testified to by them as the surest and safest cure for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. It's a purifier—a healer—a health builder—efficacious alike to man or woman.

Good News from the North Country.—A young machinist in a large manufacturing concern in Northern Ontario, fell a victim to the dropsical form of kidney disease through atmospheric changes in following his daily labors—he continued his work until almost commanded to quit by the physician from whom he had been receiving treatment. He visited Toronto and consulted an eminent authority on kidney diseases. The doctor sent him home with a hopeful story of himself as he could give, but wrote privately to the young man's physician that it was only a matter of time with him until death would claim another kidney victim. When he

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE.—Is a nerve healer. Cures indigestion and all stomach troubles which are forerunners of nervous collapses. **SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE.**—Has lifted men off a bed of pain after a few days' use, who have not been free from suffering for years. **DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT** cures blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerating piles in from three to five nights. 35 cts.

T. CHRISTIE, Lachute.

TEAS! TEAS!! TEAS!!!

We have just received a new consignment of our noted
25c. per lb. Teas, both Japan and Black.
Better values than ever. Try them! use them! and you will have peace of mind, sure.

Perfection in canned goods has been reached by a few packers. Hardly necessary to say those are the ones we draw on for our supply. Here are a few of the Canned Articles to be found in our
GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

LOBSTERS, SALMON, BEANS, TOMATOES, LUNCH TONGUE, PEASE, CORN, Chicken Ham and Tongue Paste, MIXED PICKLES, CORN BEEF, LUNCH BEEF, TOMATO CATSUP, FRENCH SARDINES, INDIAN CHURNTY PICKLES, KIPPERED HERRINGS, APPLES.

G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Foundry Street Carriage Factory.

(Formerly Robitaille's Stand.)

This is where you can get all your repairing, painting, and horse-shoeing at reasonable rates.

All kinds of Machines with latest improvements, Waggons, Buggies, Second Hand Expresses and the New low down Express, the very newest vehicle.

Long needed by the Public, suits every person, for every purpose.

Call and examine for yourself.

I. W. ROBERTS.

The Best in Town!



is what everybody says after they have tasted our Ice Cream.

We always keep a good supply of choice confectionery, cakes, fruits and cool drinks.

L. D. Taylor,

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,
WEST END, LACHUTE.

JUNE

30



NOVEMBER

3

1899

MISSING