

The Watchman

And Lachute Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXVIII.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1903.

NO. 31

YOUR LAUNDRY

Will be sure to please you if it is done by the Palace Steam Laundry, St. John's, Que. Their prices are the same as elsewhere, and they give perfect satisfaction. A trial is solicited.

Drop a postal to our agent Mr. Felix Paquette, Lachute Mills, who will make collections on Tuesday and deliver same every Friday.

H. A. DOMINA, Prop.

Remember! Remember!

Special Great Attractions Exhibition Week.

Professor Hume's Grand Concerts, with the greatest array of talent ever seen together in Lachute, including

Professor Lanskaill

Magic and Mystery.

20 Minutes in Wonderland 20

"The more you watch the less you see."

Victoria Hall, Sept. 22 & 23

Admission 25c, Children 15c, Res'd. 35c

TEACHER WANTED.—For the Elementary School at Edina. Apply to JOHN MCQUAT, Sec.-Treas. Brownsburg.

LOST.—A Lady's Small Gold Watch and Silver Fob, on which was a charm in shape of a horn, set with turquoise and amethyst. A little smelling salt bottle was inside the charm. Return to this office and be liberally rewarded.

LOST.—At the Brownsburg Picnic on the 15th Aug., a Stick Pin with Gold Dollar attached, and engraved "Nellie." Finder will please return to this office and receive reward.

WANTED.—A Young Lad, about 14, to learn the printing. Apply to this office.

WANTED.—At once, An English speaking girl, for general housework, must be good plain cook. Apply 88 Columbia Av. Montreal. Wages \$10 per month.

WANTED.—A teamster, and man to make himself generally useful around the mill. Apply J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A Guitar in good case, and instruction books. Apply to Mr. T. Jousse, Lachute.

BINDER TWINE.—Don't forget that we have the twine that will bind and give you satisfaction.

G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

WOOL.—We are paying 18cts. per lb. for wool. Bring in early while this price holds out.

W. BANFORD.

Good Lake of the Woods, 5 Acres, and Red Patent Flour to be had at our Mill or up town stores.

J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.

Do you remember the time you had with that old pump last winter? Get a first-class new one from McQuat & McRae in good time this fall and be happy.

MCQUAT & McRAE.

The one fence that really fences at smallest expense, is the American Woven wire fence, sold by McQuat & McRae. You can't get over that. Neither can the cattle.

MCQUAT & McRAE.

MY FALL STOCK is coming in now, and those who want high grade overcoatings will find them at my place. I have also purchased a stock of Ladies cloth for Coats, to which we invite your inspection. We have Gents Furnishings of all kinds.

D. LAPOINTE.

FARM FOR SALE.

GOOD FARM.—Situated on the North side of the river, and only two miles from the C.P.R. Station, Lachute. Contains 75 acres, no stones, well watered, well fenced, good houses without buildings, water in house and stables, small orchard and bush.

Apply to ALFRED BROWN, Cedar Farm, Lachute.

The Hon. Judge Taschereau held a special sitting of the Court here on Wednesday, when judgment was rendered in the following cases, which were under advisement since last May term. Lachute Town vs. Jos. Palliser, and Joseph Palliser, incidental plaintiff, vs. Lachute Town, incidental defendant. Judgment against the defendant for \$75.89 with interest and costs, of a contested action of that amount, each party paying their respective costs on the incidental demand, and on the equitable in this case. Cowan & Co. of Galt, vs. W. A. Ball. Judgment against defendant for \$144.75 with interest and costs. Mr. Bampton for plaintiff in each case, and Mr. Palliser for Defendant.

The West End is coming in for its share of excitement lately. On Tuesday night, Mr. Robt McArthur had some \$12.00 stolen from his till. Entrance had been effected (apparently by some novice) through the office window, which had been raised only 10 inches, and the exit was made through the same aperture. Being so successful a visit was paid to Mr. Bernique's Hotel where an easy entrance was gained through the small fan-light over the door and the sum of \$8.00 was secured. The robbery has caused considerable alarm, because of the supposition that the robbers are not stray tramps, but rather persons belonging to the town.

LACHUTE ACADEMY OPENING.

Mayor H. Slater presided at the opening ceremonies on Tuesday last. Owing to his parliamentary duties the chairman of the Board, Mr. T. Christie, M.P., was unable to be present, and as two other members were also unavoidably absent, only two members were present, Messrs. Giles and Calder. After reading the pass lists by the Principal and staff, Mr. Truell announced that the Banford prize for regular attendance had been awarded to Miss C. Banford, and that unfortunately the prize books which had been shipped from Montreal last Friday had not yet arrived and consequently the prizes could not be delivered till later. Addressers were then delivered by Mr. T. Barron, Rev. Jas. M. McLaren, R. McIntyre, G. F. Calder, J. W. McQuat, W. McQuat, G. J. Walker and others, all of which referred to the high standing of Lachute Academy, and while extending a warm welcome to the new principal Mr. Conolly, the best of wishes were accorded Mr. Truell in his new sphere of labor.

Several members of the Board of School Commissioners upon being spoken to in regard to the item in the "Lachute News," stating in part that "invitations had been issued to leading citizens" to attend the opening of the Academy, have declared that the item was entirely incorrect, in that particular. No invitations were issued to "Leading Citizens." The usual invitations which have been issued in former years to certain school officials by reason of their official position were issued this year. In this respect no change from what has been customary for a decade was made. The invitations were issued to our local member W. A. Wier, Esq., M.P.P., the two Inspectors of Schools, Dr. Harper and Inspector McQuat, the representative from this section on the council of Public Instruction, G. J. Walker, Esq., the Clergy of the town, who by law are School Visitors in virtue of their office, the Mayor of Lachute Town, Messrs. Banford and Wilson, the donors of prizes, and Messrs. Truell and McQuat the retiring Principal and School Commissioner. These are all the invitations issued and it was never contemplated inviting the citizens, either leading or otherwise, by special invitation. All citizens have in past years been expected to, and as a matter of fact many of them did show sufficient interest in the school to attend, and it was understood that they would do so again this year. The item was certainly misleading, and unfortunately some were misled thereby.

FOR SALE

1 Jeffrey Threshing Machine with two horse tread power complete. 1 Massey Harris Straw or Ensilage Cutter with 24 ft. carrier. 1 Thoms Hand Straw or Ensilage Cutter with blower. Also Ayrshire Bulls and Yorkshire pigs, all ages.

Apply to DAVID BODDEN, or HON. WM. OWENS, Montebello, Que.

Two lots of bush land, situated one of 30 acres in North half of lot No. 27 in the 8th range of Wentworth, and lot No. 3 in the 6th range of Harrington, containing 100 acres. For particulars apply to Box 254, Lachute, or C. Stanforth, Arundel.

LOCAL NEWS

Thanksgiving day has been fixed for Thursday, Oct. 15th.

Mr. Duncan Joss left on Tuesday for White River, Ont.

Miss Jessie McAdam of Montreal spent Sunday in town.

Miss Ethel McQuat is spending a short visit with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. G. H. Perley, of Ottawa, was in Lachute on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Jn. McFaul is visiting her sister Mrs. F. Veitch, of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Lena Hall, of L'Orignal was a guest of the Misses Banford this week.

The Misses Brophy & Garden, and Mrs. P. Lane of Montreal, are visiting in town.

Dr. Stackhouse has returned from his holidays and will be in his office as usual.

Mr. E. W. Reid, of Pembroke, has been visiting his sister Mrs. H. W. Giles this week.

Miss Emma Cresswell spent a few days in town this week attending the millinery openings.

Miss May Wright of L'Orignal was the guest of the Misses Buchan the early part of this week.

Mrs. Lapointe returned on Saturday after spending a pleasant visit with friends in Montreal.

Mr. Thos. McQuat and family and Mr. D. M. Dewar and family have returned from 18 Island Lake.

Mrs. Hampton was in Montreal the early part of this week attending the Fall Millinery Opening.

Miss Mary Armstrong has finished her summer school at Dunany and is resting quietly at home.

Mr. Dan Joss is in Montreal undergoing special treatment for his eyes, the sight of which is very defective.

Messrs. Jonathan Bates and Geo. Crawford of Avoca were the guests of Mr. Wm. Lucas the early part of this week.

Messrs. J. & S. McKimmie are iron sheeting the lower part of their skating rink which will add considerably to its appearance.

Dr. Grimmer specialist for the eye, ear, nose and throat, will be in his office at Mrs. Painters, on Saturday September 5th.

The Hon. Wm. Owens is making considerable improvements to his properties in town which it is pleasing to see.

Messrs. Colin and Duncan Dewar of Ottawa, and Guy Dewar of Montreal, were guests of Mr. D. Dewar on Tuesday last.

Mr. T. W. Patterson, of Montreal, was in town on Wednesday, and paid an official visit to the Royal Arcanum Lodge held that evening.

Miss M. Miller, who has been visiting friends in Portland, Maine, has returned home after a pleasant visit of three weeks.

Mr. Sam. Pilloon, who has been in the Royal Victoria Hospital for some time has returned home and is now under the care of Dr. Christie.

The Rev. Jas McLaren returned on Saturday from an enjoyable visit to his parents in Guelph, and to his old field of labor in Blenheim, Ont.

A musical treat is in store for all lovers of good music, in the Geneva school-house, on Tuesday next, Sep. 8th. Admission 10cts.

Miss O. Palliser has returned to Danville where she resumed her work in the Primary Dept. of the Academy on Tuesday, Sept. 1st.

Messrs Vincent and Ira McFaul have bought out the branch business at Brownsburg of McFaul Bros. who find their business in the West End increasing to such an extent, that they have all they can attend to.

At the Armoury, Main St., on Saturday 5th, at 8 o'clock, a meeting will be held of those interested in shooting, for the purpose of forming a rifle association. Officers and men of the 11th Regt. are requested to attend.

The classes in the Lachute Academy were resumed on Wednesday morning with a good attendance. 1st and 2nd Model is under the supervision of Miss Rowatt, Miss Boudreau taking charge of 3rd Model, while Miss Moore, assists the Principal. The Elementary departments remain unchanged.

BIRTH.

KNOX.—At Hawkesbury, Ont., on Friday, August 28th, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Knox.

Buy Your

PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES and FURNITURE

WHERE YOU CAN GET the most from your money.
WHERE YOU CAN GET the most satisfactory deal.
WHERE YOU CAN GET the highest grade instruments.
WHERE YOU CAN GET a gilt edge guarantee.
WHERE YOU WILL HAVE nothing to regret afterwards.

CALL OR WRITE TO

J. A. BEDARD & SON,

Main Street, - - LACHUTE, Que.

We also have, as usual, a large stock of CLOTS and SHOES at prices WAY DOWN.

Always on hand POPULAR SHEET MUSIC.

"THE ELITE."

RENEWED ASSORTMENTS

OF FANCY COLLARS, TIES, BELTS, RIBBONS, BLOUSE SETS, BELT BUCKLES, HOSIERY, SUITPORTERS, & COMBS, all of the latest and newest designs.

A few ends of the newest things in dress goods, shirt waists, White wear and Summer Millinery.

All to be sold at reduced prices. Be sure and see them and note the extra values.

H. E. BURWASH.

90% of Head-Aches

are caused by eye-strain. [Cured] permanently by Eye-glasses.

Eyes are bread-winners. Take care of them.

Eyes examined free by the most Scientific Methods.

Glasses recommended only when absolutely necessary.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER and OPTICIAN, LACHUTE.

Now is the Time!!!

For those wishing to be Up-to-Date in Farming, and to do this, you require to have the McCormick Machinery. The only Mowers, Binders, Reapers and Rakes to do effective and true work.

If you need a good, easy-riding BUGGY or ROAD CART. Call on

H. A. BLAIR,

Main Street, - - LACHUTE.

Whom Did She Love?

Gerald's temperament was of that peculiar variety which leads one to have no foes and almost as few friends.

He was sitting by the farther end of the long wooden table beyond the one where Horace Parkinson sat; he was looking just as bored in Eastbourne as he had ever looked at Oxford.

Horace drank his own wine in placid peace, and thanked Heaven that the other's back was toward him; but after a while his feelings underwent a sudden and complete alteration. Gerald turned in his seat, and in so doing revealed the fact that he was not alone, and the further fact that his companion was the most beautiful girl that Horace had ever yet seen.

She was dark, with red-brown hair a glorious color, and eyes that laid the man at the other table under tribute the instant that he beheld them. As to throat and shoulders, she was a cross between a queen and a goddess, with the balance bending towards the goddess. And she was robed in a sort of linen and lace gown that did justice to every one of her exquisite outlines.

Horace stared, and, staring, felt a sudden warm flood of joy that on the many occasions during which Gerald had been more Gerald-like than usual, he—Horace—had never once given way to his own temper. Just as he was revelling in this sweet thought his friend turned yet farther around, and met his eye. A glance of mutual recognition followed, and Gerald rose and came to shake hands.

"Spending your holidays here?" he asked.

"Yes. And you?"

"I live here."

"What? In Eastbourne?"

"Yes."

Horace felt stricken dumb with astonishment.

"I'm married."

"Is that the lady?" Horace managed to articulate.

Gerald turned and looked at her where she sat, superb as ever, but looking another way.

"Yes," he said; "that's the lady."

"Have you been married long?"

"Six months." Then he shook his head dolefully. "We aren't very happy," he added.

Horace did not know what to say.

"Do you want to meet her?" Gerald asked him.

"Yes; I should like to."

"Ah! My wife speaks French," Gerald went on. "Do you speak French?"

"A little."

"Then I'll tell you what," he said, suddenly warming up in a most suspicious manner, "I'll introduce you to her, and you can take her home. She can't go alone, and I want to go somewhere else. What do you say?"

Horace gasped. He knew Gerald well, but he entirely forgot how well he knew him in his delight over the prospect of a drive with his wife.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"We have our own brougham out there," the husband said carelessly. Then he turned to go. "I'll explain to her, and you come in a minute," he finished, and walked away.

Horace saw by the way that the girl welcomed the return of her escort that both he and the place were equally indifferent to her. But when Gerald began to arrange matters her expression altered for the better, and she flashed a single radiant glance across toward him, so that all his nature was up in arms in her behalf.

"Good heavens!" he thought wrathfully. "Only fancy being his wife!"

He put on his coat and on gloves and crossed to where they were. Gerald introduced them in French.

Then they went out from the crowd and into the square, where Gerald's brougham waited in solitary splendour. He put them in, closed the door, and they rolled away.

Horace felt more desperately happy and more desperately awkward than he ever had in all his life before. Here he was in the same carriage as the most superbly lovely creature that he had ever dreamed of!

And she was married, and he could not speak a word to her. The harder he tried to think of a suitable French phrase, the more unsuitable French phrases jumped up in his brain. His French was of that variety known as "travelling French."

He was expert on what to say to cabmen, porters and hotel clerks, but woefully short on what to say to Gerald's wife.

"You like Eastbourne?" she asked in liquid Parisian syllables.

"Out—non—out!" he stammered.

She laughed softly, and murmured some words that sounded like Italian, and yet were not Italian. He was stricken freshly blank and helpless. She noted his trouble with real surprise.

"You do not understand me?" she asked, recurring to French once more.

"Non—non!" he said.

She appeared much astonished.

"You are a Spaniard, and do not speak Spanish?"

It was his turn to stare in astonishment.

"Are you not a Spaniard?"

She read the answer in his face. "What are you, then?" she demanded.

"English!" he told her briefly.

"An Englishman?" She put her last question in English as good as his own.

"Of course I'm English!" he told her.

She screamed again with laughter this time.

"I'm English, too," she said—"born and bred in London!"

The tumult within Horace deprived him of all power of speech. He felt like throttling Gerald—that would leave her a widow, too, he remembered to add to himself.

"Only fancy!" she rattled on. "I was told that you were a Cuban, and spoke only Spanish!"

"I was told that you spoke only French!"

"Oh, how exactly like Gerald!" she cried.

II.

Horace felt by no means ready to appreciate his friend's latest inspiration.

"Does Gerald like Eastbourne?" he asked.

"Not at all; but he's away most of the time. That's my salvation. He never lets a chance slip to leave us."

She did not speak at all bitterly.

"You say us. Have you a sister with you?"

"No, mamma's with me. Gerald and mamma always did hate one another; that's my good luck."

Horace put his hand to his bewildered head.

"How long—" he began feebly.

"Last spring," she interrupted, taking the question for granted.

"We travelled all summer, but this winter I could not go on so any longer, so we settled down—after a fashion."

There was something very brave and bright about her tone, and whenever she looked at him and smiled he felt a terrible burning wonder as to how she ever had come to do it.

"Have you known Gerald long?" he asked.

"We were constantly together as children, but I went abroad with mamma when I was fifteen, and spent five years."

"Does Gerald like being so far from town?"

"Oh, he's taken a suite at the Central Hotel. He doesn't live with us any longer. It was uncommonly good-tempered of him to take me to the Gardens to-night; now I shall not see him again probably for three or four days!"

Horace gasped afresh.

"What a life for you!"

"Because I may see him again in three or four days? Yes, indeed! I think he gets more peculiar all the time. I'm sure that he never would have played a trick like to-night's on me last spring!"

"I should hope not."

"I was really quite fond of him last spring!" she declared frankly.

"But since—oh, heavens!"

Horace felt all his emotions twisting together like a lot of broken machinery.

"I'm sorry for you!" he said, most sincerely. The brougham stopped.

"It can't be more than ten o'clock," she said, as he opened the door; "won't you come in and meet mamma? Perhaps she'll ask you to call."

"Can't you ask me?" he demanded.

She laughed, leading the way in and up the wide staircase. A maid opened the door above, and they went into a beautiful suite of rooms. She blushed beautifully.

Mrs. Gerald disappeared for a minute, and returned, looking distressed.

"Mamma is bad with a headache," she said, "so I must ask you to excuse me to-night, and come again to-morrow. You can, can't you?"

"I shall be very pleased to," he answered. Then he took her hand.

"May I kiss it?"

"If you want to," she whispered. He kissed her hand, and managed to get back to the hotel somehow.

And the first person that he saw as he entered the door was Gerald. Gerald grinned.

"Hallo!" he said cordially.

Horace could have knocked him down, but he thought it better not to.

"How far into the truth did you penetrate?" the tormentor went on.

"I found out that she was English," Horace said, trying to preserve a calm surface.

"How long did it take?"

"Not very long."

"Find out anything else?"

"Yes."

Horace was beginning to bubble all over.

"What?"

"That she's as unhappy as you are."

Gerald laughed.

"Talked about me—eh?"

"I think you're a brute—living here like this!"

Gerald laughed again.

"Don't deserve her, do I?"

"No; you don't!"

"Do you want her?"

Horace started violently.

"You shan't insult that girl!" he exclaimed. His tone was low, but the fury in it was terrible.

"Don't go to pieces," said the other, utterly unperturbed. "She isn't my wife—she's my cousin!"

It befell, the next spring, that the greater part of South Kensington turned out to witness the wedding of Gerald's cousin and Horace Parkinson. Gerald was best-man, and gave the bride the diamond half-moon that

she wore on her left shoulder. He was uncommonly agreeable for Gerald—and everyone but the bride's mother seemed to appreciate the fact; but the bride's mother had a special venom for him in her glance, and one of the men remarked the fact, and asked the nephew wherefore.

Gerald laughed.

"She'll never forgive me!" he said easily. "You see, she had her heart set on my marrying that girl. Didn't they track me over half Europe? Didn't they go to house-keeping in Eastbourne, and want me to live with them? Then—live with me! Nothing would do but I must try it, anyhow. Well, I gave them two days, and they let me go then; actually the old lady had to go and take a cure somewhere after those two days. And then they were always after me to take them to places. I found myself cooped up in that little brougham at all hours of the day and night. Great Scott! but I never will forget how I felt when I saw Horace admired that girl! I knew Horace well enough to know that, rightly played, he was hooked. I sent him home with her, and the old lady, expecting me, had gone to bed, and left the coast clear. Horace hadn't the pluck to get ahead very far, but he got afraid far enough, so that I was never bothered any more—"

Someone called out that the bride and bridegroom were coming downstairs, and Gerald dropped his narrative and rushed to his duties.

"There they go!" he said to himself, as he hurled his handful of rose-leaves. "I'm sure I hope they'll be happy. And to think," he added, still to himself, "that, just for the sake of an extra million or two, that mother would actually have married her daughter to me!" Great Scott!"—London Answers.

CURIOUS CREWS.

The Oldest One That Ever Sailed—Also the Queerest.

Which is the oldest crew that ever sailed? Some seamen would say it must be that ghostly one which has for almost three centuries been trying to navigate the Flying Dutchman round the Cape of Good Hope; but, putting superstition aside, an answer may be found in the ship's company of the William Crow, of Yarmouth, England, lost about three years ago off Hartlepool.

The vessel carried four hands, of whom the youngest was sixty-eight, the next sixty-nine—these two did duty aloft—the captain seventy, and the cabin "boy" had attained to the patriarchal age of seventy-two, says London Tit-Bits.

This is reminiscent of the crews supplied to the ships of Commodore Anson's squadron when they were fitting out for his famous voyage round the world. For this purpose 500 invalids were ordered to be collected from the out-pensioners of Chelsea, and in answer to Anson's expostulations the Admiralty authorities of the day told him that they "thought them the properest men that could be employed on this occasion."

But a great number of the men themselves thought differently, for, although the whole 500 were conveyed to Portsmouth, only 259 joined the squadron, for, as Anson's chronicle puts it, "all those that had limbs and strength deserted, leaving behind only such as were literally invalids, most of them being sixty years of age, and some upwards of seventy."

Either from compulsion or from choice some of the vessels of our mercantile marine carry crews who, in a different way, are almost as helpless as those supplied to Anson. Thus at an inquiry recently into the loss of a British barque, it transpired that the helmsman at the wheel at the time of the wreck was a foreigner, ignorant of the English language, with whom no one on board the ship was capable of communicating in his own tongue.

ELEPHANT SLAUGHTER.

Thousands of elephants are slaughtered every year to supply the world with ivory, and one-fifth of the whole number goes to the markets of Great Britain. The average weight of ivory obtained from a single elephant is about 50lb. Tusks weighing 100lb. each have been known, but these are very rare. The most expensive tusks usually cost about \$650 per hundredweight. The hardest of all ivory is obtained from the hippopotamus. This will emit sparks like a piece of flint when struck with steel. It is used principally for making artificial teeth.

WONDERFUL SURGERY.

A man was stabbed through the heart in a public-house row in Spitalfields, and when taken to the London Hospital was in a bad way. The night surgeon on duty promptly operated, the puncture in the heart was sewed up, and the patient from that moment began to improve. Now there is every chance of a complete recovery.

"I am told, sir, that you said yesterday I ought to be placed in a lunatic asylum." "A base slander, my dear sir, I assure you; what I did say, and I like to be exact, was that the keepers should never have allowed you to escape."

A German finished his first English letter with "I beg to am," and another exclaimed, "Ach, mine frent, how did you vash't?"

CANADA IS NOW A BIG BOY

A YANKEE CRITIC AWAKE TO THE FACTS.

Praise From the New York Sun About Our Prospects Is Praise Indeed.

"Canada is getting to be a big boy now," says Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The facts justify this statement, says the New York Sun. Canada is no longer an infant. It has laid aside its swaddling clothes and has donned the toga of virile young manhood, to assert its claims to a place in the world of affairs; to remain under the parental roof tree, if that be deemed most suitable and satisfactory; to go into political or commercial partnership with its gigantic neighbor on the south; or to go into business solely upon its own account if it seems fit to do so.

England no longer assumes a right of dictation in Canadian affairs. She now regards the Dominion as a self-sufficient youngster, quite able and willing to take care of himself, and whom it would be unwise to offend, rather than as a ward in chancery. A generation has witnessed a political transformation and an industrial revolution.

Most of us to the southward of the border have been so occupied with our own individual and national affairs that we have failed to note what has been done by our Canadian neighbors. In energy the Canadians are our rivals; in achievement they have perhaps outstripped us. If the foreign commerce of the United States, per capita of total population, correspond with that of Canada, our exports and imports would aggregate six billions of dollars per year, instead of their present two and one-fourth billions. In other words, the total foreign commerce of the United States approximates \$30 per capita, whereas that of Canada

APPROXIMATES \$80.

Her railway activity, in its proportion to population, within recent years has outstripped our own. Vast areas which a few years ago were known only to Indians and trappers are now covered with towns, villages and thrifty farms. A generation has seen her railway mileage and her freight traffic multiplied by twenty and her railway equipment and her passenger traffic multiplied by ten.

With no intention whatever of being so, the United States is doubtless chiefly responsible for Canada's progress and development, though there remains a possibility that, had the United States pursued a different policy thirty years ago Canada's progress would have been endlessly greater than it has been. The duration of the reciprocity treaty (1854-1866) covered the period of the civil war, during which the United States was a large purchaser of Canada's food products. The termination of that experience and its attendant conditions was accompanied by a relief that Canada's farms were a menace to the prosperity of our own. The treaty was abrogated and the door was closed to Canadian products. Canada was disappointed, and not a little embittered. For a time, Canadians hardly knew which way to turn. They had no other outlet for their products. With the pluck of their race, they set about to find one or to make one, and their success has been more than commensurate with their efforts. Their market soon outstripped their facilities, and they set about the extension of those facilities. They built and subsidized railways, and improved and extended their system of canals.

A geography which was published only thirty-five years ago included the following item of information for the benefit of the rising generation: "It is generally supposed that the climate of the Northwest Territory is so severe that the country must forever remain a desolate waste." In 1870, Winnipeg was a place of

240 INHABITANTS.

with only a few scattered white settlers between the Red River and the Pacific coast. A year later surveys were being made for a trans-continental railroad. In 1881, the first sod was turned for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1886 trains were run from Montreal to the coast. In 1876 the Intercolonial road was opened from Quebec to Halifax. The completion of the Canadian Pacific opened a line from coast to coast, more than 3,700 miles in length, 90 per cent. of which was through a wilderness. It was a daring project. And yet, although it has cost the Government of Canada more than \$100,000,000, it has proved a sound investment, and no one regrets it. Before 1910, Canada will probably have three, if not four, trans-continental routes. Last year that wilderness of thirty-five years ago, with its climate in which it was "supposed" no one could live, poured out 94,000,000 bushels of wheat, 157,000,000 bushels of oats and 35,000,000 bushels of barley, taxing to their utmost the resources of the railways in the moving of the crop. When this vast enterprise was undertaken, about 1870, the entire population of the Dominion was just about that of the city of New York at the present time. Canada does not yet count as we do, in hundreds of millions, but, with about one-fiftieth of our population, she can and does come

in tens of millions. With every succeeding year Canada is becoming more a force to be reckoned with in the industrial world.

IN HER GETTING OF GAIN,

and in the upbuilding of her vast domains, Canada has not forgotten that the accumulation of wealth is only an incident in human life. Her educational facilities have kept pace with her industrial growth. About 28,000 schools are maintained, at a cost of \$11,000,000. This gives, approximately, a school for each forty of those of school age. School establishment naturally finds its best development in the Province of Ontario. In the Province of Quebec, with its predominating French Catholic faith, a large number of pupils are in attendance upon schools maintained under the auspices of the Church. The Province of Ontario maintains nearly 10,000 schools at an annual cost per pupil, taken on a basis of total attendance, of \$10.29 as against \$5.82 in 1879. In Manitoba, the wilderness of twenty-five years ago, 54,000 pupils are provided with 1,450 schools and 1,869 teachers, at an expense of \$1,455,000 per year. Even in that new and still sparsely settled Northwest, the Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Assiniboia, there are 640 schools, with 783 teachers and 27,500 pupils. From these figures it is evident that those who are to play a part in that great future which unquestionably lies before the Canadian people will at least know how to read a daily paper and how to sign their names to bank checks.

These are all striking facts, yet rightly regarded, they are little else than outward and visible signs of an even more important fact, that of Canadian nationalization. In 1837 and 1838 political and race friction between the English and the French elements

CULMINATED IN REBELLION.

The country was then divided into Upper Canada, in which the English element dominated, and Lower Canada, the area of French supremacy. In 1840, a Governmental union was effected which was of material aid in allaying the existing political friction, though failing to remove it entirely. The next twenty-five years may be regarded as a formative period. Out of the strife and the struggles of that time, there developed an extension of the union idea. The federation of 1867 was the outcome. Its original organization embraced Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Manitoba came in 1870, British Columbia in 1871, Prince Edward Island in 1873, and other sections at other times until, with the exception of Newfoundland, the area from sea to sea had become a part of the Dominion of Canada, a definitely organized political entity. Some friction, arising out of the old racial and religious differences, appears from time to time. This is inevitable, but it will all be worked out in due time.

Meanwhile, the sense of a national unity and of communal interest has developed and is manifestly becoming stronger from year to year. It is this development which makes all questions of international relations between Canada and all other countries a wholly different affair from that which was presented a quarter of a century ago, can deal with Canada as it then could. Canada of a century ago, Canada of "getting to be a big boy now," and Canadians realize it. Canada has that to sell and to trade which other people want, and that fact is quite prominent in Canadian minds.

Whoever wants Canada's trade with its vast increase from year to year, can purchase it only upon a basis of a fair equivalent in exchange. The "big boy" will now insist on "swapping even."

SHIP MOTTOES.

Admiral Sir John Fisher made a speech at a recent dinner in London, in which he gave two mottoes, by which he began. When he began by saying he should talk only three minutes, there were cries of "No! no!"

"Yes, I always think on these occasions of the first time I went to sea on board my first ship, a little two-decker. I saw inscribed in big letters the word 'Silence.' Underneath was 'Another good motto. Deeds, not words.' I have put that motto into every ship I have commanded since."

"This leads me to another motto which is better still. When I was commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean I went to inspect a small destroyer. She was of only two hundred and sixty tons burden, but had such pride and swagger she might have been sixteen thousand."

"The young lieutenant in command took me round. Aft of the wheel I saw the inscription, 'Ut veniant Omnes.'"

"Hullo! I said. 'What is that?'"

"Saluting me, he said, not boasting but with the sense of conscious efficiency, 'Let 'em all come, sir.'"

BEFORE MARCONI.

An Egyptologist and an Assyriologist were disputing about the relative advancement of the two ancient peoples whom they were studying.

"Why, sir," cried the Egyptologist, "we find remains of wires in Egypt which prove they understood electricity!"

"Pshaw!" answered the Assyriologist. "We don't find any wires in Assyria, and that shows they knew

AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XIV.

When we said that the firemen returned to their respective stations, it must not be supposed that the house which had been burnt was left in forlorn wretchedness. No; one of the firemen remained to watch over it, and guard against the upstarting of any sneaking spark that might have managed to conceal itself.

The man selected for this duty was Joe Corney. Unfortunately for Joe, this was the only part of a fireman's duty that he did not relish.

Joe Corney was, both by nature and education, very superstitious. He believed implicitly in ghosts and knew an innumerable host of persons, male and female, who had seen people who said they had seen ghosts. He was too honest to say he had ever seen a ghost himself; but he had been "very near seeing" two or three times, and he lived in perpetual expectation and dread of meeting one face to face before he died. Joe was as brave as a lion, and faced danger, and sometimes even what appeared to be certain death, with as much unflinching courage as the bravest of his comrades. Once, in particular, he had walked with the branch in his hands, along the burning roof of a tottering warehouse, near the docks, in order to gain a point from which he could play on the flames so as to prevent them spreading to the next warehouse, and so check a fire which might have easily become one of the "great fires of London."

Joe was therefore a man who could not be easily frightened; yet Joe trembled in his shoes when he had the most distant prospect of meeting with a ghost!

There was no help for it, however. He had been appointed to watch the ruin; and, being a man who cherished a strong sense of duty, he set himself doggedly to make the most of his circumstances.

It was past one o'clock when the fire was extinguished. A few night-birds and late revelers still hung about it, as if in the hope that it would burst forth again, and afford them fresh excitement; but before two o'clock, every one had gone away, and Joe was left alone with his "preventer" and lantern. Even the policeman on the beat appeared to avoid him; for, although he passed the ruin at regular intervals in his rounds, he did not stop at it beyond a few moments, to see that the fireman's lantern was burning and all right.

"Corney, me lad," said Joe to himself, "it's bad luck has befallen ye this night; but face yer luck like a man now, and shame it."

Encouraging himself thus, he grasped his preventer, and pulled about the debris in various places of which he had some suspicion; but the engines had done their work so effectually, that not a spark remained. Then Joe walked up and down, and in and out for an hour; studied the half-consumed pictures that still hung on the walls of one of the lower rooms, which had not been completely destroyed; moralized on the dire confusion and ruin that could be accomplished in so short a space of time; reflected on the probable condition of the unfortunates who had been burnt out; on the mutability of human affairs in general, and wondered what his "owld mother" would think of him, if she saw him in his forlorn situation.

This latter thought caused his mind to revert to ghosts; but he was comforted by hearing the slow, distant foot-fall of the policeman. On it came, not unlike the supposed step of an unearthly visitant, until the guardian of the night stood revealed before him on the other side of the road.

"It's a cowl'd night intirely," cried Corney.

"It is," responded the policeman.

"How goes the inimy?" inquired the fireman.

"Just gone thrice," replied the other.

The policeman's voice, although gruff was good-humored and hearty; but he was evidently a strict disciplinarian, for he uttered no other word, and passed on.

"Faix, I'm gettin' sleepy," remarked Joe to himself, with a loud yawn. "I'll go and rest a bit."

So saying, he re-entered the ruin, and with the aid of the lantern sought about for the least uncomfortable apartment on the ground floor. He selected one which was comparatively weather-tight. That is to say, only one of the windows had been dashed out, and the ceiling was entire, with the exception of a hole about four feet wide, through which the charred beams above could be seen depicted against the black sky. There was about an inch of water on the floor; but this was a small matter, for Joe's boots were thick and strong. The door too, had been burst off its hinges, and lay on the floor; but Joe could raise this, and place it in its original position.

The room had been a parlor, and there were several damaged prints hanging on the walls, besides a quantity of detached paper hanging from them. Most of the furniture had been removed at the commencement of the fire; but a few broken articles remained and one big, old easy chair, which had either been forgotten, or deemed unworthy of removal, by the men of the Salvage Corps.

Joe wheeled the chair to the fireplace—not that there was any fire in it; on the contrary, it was choked up with fallen bricks and mortar, and the hearth was flooded with water; but, as Joe remarked to himself, "it felt more homelike an sociable to sit wid wan's feet on the fender!"

Having erected the door in front of its own doorway, Joe leaned his preventer against the wall, placed his lantern on the chimney-piece, and sat down to meditate. He had not meditated long, when the steady draught of air from the window at his back began to tell upon him.

"Och! but it's a cowl'd wind," said he. "I'll try the other side. There's nothin' like facin' wan's inimies."

Acting on this idea, he changed his position, turning his face to the window and his back to the door.

"Well," he remarked on sitting down again, "there's about as much draught from the door; but, sure, ye've improved yer sitation, Corney,—for haven't ye the illigant prospect of over the way through the window?"

Not long after this, Joe's mind became much affected with ghostly memories. This condition was aggravated by an intense desire to sleep for the poor man had been hard worked that day, and stood much in need of repose. He frequently fell asleep, and frequently awoke. On falling asleep his helmet performed extremely undignified gyrations. On

awakening, he always started, opened his eyes very wide, looked round inquiringly, then smiled, and resumed a more easy position. But, awake or asleep, his thoughts ran always in the same channel.

During one of those waking moments, Joe heard a sound which rooted him to his seat with horror; and would doubtless have caused his hair to stand on end, if the helmet would have allowed it. The sound was simple enough in itself, however; being slight, slow, and regular, and was only horrible in Joe's mind, because of his being utterly unable to account for it, or to conceive what it could be.

Whatever the sound was, it banished sleep from his eyes for at least a quarter of an hour. At last, unable to stand the strain of uncertainty, he arose, drew his hatchet, took down his lantern, and, coughing loudly and sternly, as though to say: "Have a care, I'm coming!" removed the door, and went cautiously into the passage, where the sound appeared to come from. It did not cease on his appearing; but went on slowly, and steadily, and louder than before. It appeared to be at his very elbow; yet Joe could see nothing, and a cold perspiration broke out on him.

"Och! av I could only see it!" he gasped.

Just as he said this he did see it, for a turn of his lantern revealed the fact that a drop of water fell regularly from one of the burned beams upon a large sheet of paper which had been torn from the passage wall. This, resting on the irregular rubbish, formed a sort of drum, which gave forth a hollow sound.

"Ah, then, but ye are a goose, Joe Corney, me boy!" said the fireman, as he turned away with an amiable smile and resumed his seat after replacing the door.

About this time the wind began to rise, and came in irregular gusts. At each gust the door was blown from the wall an inch or so, and fell back with a noise that invariably awoke Joe with a start. He looked round each time quickly; but as the door remained quiet he did not discover the cause of his alarm. After it had done this several times Joe became so to speak, desperately courageous. "Git out wid ye!" he cried angrily on being startled again, "wasn't the last wan all a sham? an' sure ye're the same. Go 'long in pace—an' good-night!"

As he said this the over-taxed man fell asleep; at the same moment a heavy gust of wind drove the door in altogether, and dashed it down on his head. Fortunately, being somewhat charred, the panel that struck his helmet was driven out, so that Joe came by no greater damage than the fright, which caused his heart to bound into his throat, for he really believed that the ghost had got him at last!

Relieving himself of the door, which he laid on the floor lest it should play him the same prank over again, Joe Corney once more settled himself in the easy-chair and resolved to give his mind to meditation. Just then the City clocks pealed forth the hour of four o'clock.

This is perhaps the quietest hour of the twenty-four in London. Before this most of the latest revelers have gone home, and few of the early risers are moving.

There was one active mind at work that hour, however, namely, that of Gorman, who, after recovering from the blow given him by Dale, went to his own home on the banks of the Thames, in the aristocratic locality of London Bridge.

Gorman owned a small boat, and did various kinds of business with it. But Gorman's occupations were numerous and not definite. He was everything by turns, and nothing long. When visible to the outward eye (and that wasn't often), his chief occupations were loafing about and drinking. On the present occasion he drank a good deal more than usual, and lay down to sleep, vowing vengeance against firemen in general, and Dale in particular.

Two or three hours later he awoke, and leaving his house on London Bridge, and wended his way back to the scene of the fire without any definite intention, but with savage desires in his breast. He reached it just at that point where Joe Corney had seated himself to meditate, as above described.

Joe's powers of meditation were not great at any time. At that particular time they were exerted in vain, for his head began to sway backward and forward and to either side, despite his best efforts to the contrary.

Waiting in the shadow of a doorway until the policeman should pass out of sight, and hearing, and cautiously stepping over the debris that encumbered the threshold of the burnt house, Gorman peeped into the room, where the light told him that some one kept watch. Great was his satisfaction and grim his smile when he saw that a stalwart fireman sat there apparently asleep. Being only able to see his back, he could not make certain who it was, but from the bulk of the man and breadth of the shoulders he concluded that it was Dale. Anyhow it was one of his enemies, and that was sufficient, for Gorman's nature was of that brutal kind that he would risk his life any day in order to gratify his vengeance, and it signified little to him which of his enemies fell in his way, so long as it was one of them.

Taking up a brick from the floor, he raised himself to his full height, and dashed it down on the head of the sleeping man. Just at that mo-

ment Corney's nodding head chanced to fall forward, and the brick only hit the comb of his helmet, knocking it over his eyes. Next moment he was grappling with Gorman.

As on previous occasions, Joe's heart had leaped to his throat, and that the ghost was upon him "at last," he had no manner of doubt; but no sooner did he feel the human arm of Gorman and behold his face than his native courage returned with a bound. He gave his antagonist a squeeze that nearly crushed his ribs together, and at the same time hurled him against the opposite wall. But Gorman was powerful and savage. He recovered himself and sprang like a tiger on Joe, who received him in a warm embrace with an Irish yell!

The struggle of the two strong men was for a few moments terrible but not doubtful, for Joe's muscles had been brought into splendid training at the gymnastics. He soon forced Gorman down on one knee; but at the same moment a mass of brickwork which had been in a toppling condition, and was probably shaken down by the violence of their movements, fell on the floor above, broke through it, and struck both men to the ground.

Joe lay stunned and motionless for a few seconds, for a beam had hit him on the head; but Gorman leaped up and made off a moment or two before the entrance of the policeman, who had run back to the house on hearing Joe's war-hoop.

It is needless to add that Joe spent the remainder of his vigil that night in an extremely wakeful condition, and that he gave a most graphic account of his adventure with the ghosts on his return to the station!

(To be continued.)

IN HEAVY SEAS.

Basil Lubbock Tells of His Experience in the Cape Seas.

Cape Horn has always been the terror of sailors. Mr. Basil Lubbock, who went round the Horn in a "wind-jammer" and put his experiences into a book, tells how it feels to be knocked about in the cape seas. During the gale of which he writes the decks were full of water, some big seas were coming aboard, and the men had a difficult job clewing up the mizzen upper topsail, which had come in as soon as the topgallantsails were fast. Then came the terrific business of squaring in the yards, one of the most dangerous of all jobs when a heavy sea is running. Many a ship has lost a whole watch over the side while the men were at work on the braces.

I was about fifth on the rope, with old Wilson singing out on one side of me and Higgins on the other, says Mr. Lubbock. We had hearily taken two pulls at the brace when a huge sea broke aboard right over our heads, and both watches were swept off their feet in every direction.

Wilson, Higgins and I received the full force of it. For one tiny moment of time I saw the great hissing mass as it reared its foaming top higher and higher above us, and then crash! it toppled its whole weight upon us.

Knocked down and overwhelmed by the monster, I hung to the brace with all my strength. Under water, with my heels above my head, I saw dimly the tound bundles washing near me which I knew were Wilson and Higgins.

Over and over the sea rolled me, and hurled me with terrible force against the main-hatch, and three times my poor knee came against the ring-bolt.

I hung to the brace until the water tore it from my grasp, and away I went, first my head up, then my feet, a plaything to the whim of the water.

It washed me round the hatch, bumped me against the life-rail, and rolled me into the scuppers. I got entangled and disentangled with other human bundles, and never for a second could I get my head above water.

At last the water began to run off, and I found myself sitting up with my head out. I lay to the starboard of the main-hatch. Close to me in the scuppers lay three men in a tangled mass. Mixed up in the life-rail were two more. Another guy gasping on his back under the break of the poop.

Above the gale I heard the mate's voice, "Mainbrace, there! Up 'you' get!"

I picked myself up, dazed and half-drowned. The captain, who was on the poop, seeing the whole of his ship's crew washing about the decks, dashed down to the deck up to his waist in water, went to the head of the brace, and cheering us on and hauling to his own singing out, soon got us going again.

No one was lost. Such is Providence! We ought to have been killed; we ought to have been washed overboard; but at sea Providence has constantly to intervene, or no sailor would live long.

HOT WEATHER FAG.

No Vim, No Snap, No Energy, Exertion Dreaded and Work Shunned.

"Fagged right out," is an appropriate way to express the feelings of many people during the hot summer months. No strength, no vigor, no snap, no ambition, too weary to work and too languid to take any keen pleasure in life. You need a tonic for this summer fag, and the very best summer tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Every dose makes new rich blood, tones the nerves, sharpens the appetite, stimulates the liver, and banishes weakness and weariness, headaches, backaches, languor and despondency. The only tonic that can do this for you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—it's a waste of money to experiment with anything else. Mr. Louis Doucet, Grand Etang, N. S., says: "I was very much run down in health and was weak and easily tired. My appetite was variable, my nerves unstrung and I often felt a complete indisposition to work. After trying several medicines without benefit, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I felt better than I had done for months, and equal to any exertion. I don't know anything to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when one feels fagged out."

You can get the pills from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box.

WHICH WAS SPANISH.

and the man himself was unable to convey to the Court the difference between port and starboard.

But if we are surprised thus to hear of a steersman who was dumb for all practical purposes, what is to be said of a whole crew of blind men? The story—as grisly a one as sea history holds—is told by Buxton, the great anti-slavery agitator, who says that in one instance the crew of a schooner making the Middle Passage all caught ophthalmia from their living freight, and the vessel groped helplessly about the Atlantic until picked up quite by chance.

A more cheerful tale of a curious kind of crew came recently from Kiel, where a Turkish corvette had been sent in connection with some repairs. The Turks on board, having exhausted both money and credit, and being still without money from their Government, stripped the ship bare of everything pawnable in order to purchase provisions, and, having done so, were actually on the point of starvation in port when diplomatic intervention procured them funds from Constantinople.

It was a crew of Turkish women, also that worked the 3,000-ton steamer Zora, quite recently, from Alexandretta to Philadelphia, but this is not so wonderful when it is remembered that on our own coasts, not so long ago, crews of women were occasionally seen. There was, for instance, one ancient brig which traded across the Irish Sea up to the time when the earlier Merchant Shipping Acts put an end to her career. The vessel was the sole support of two elderly sisters, who, with other female help, navigated it from port to port, and who are reputed, according to those who have known them, to have had a kitchen garden on the poop and a regular poultry yard under the fore-castle.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Cholera infantum is one of the most dreaded diseases of infancy. It is prevalent during the heat of summer in spite of all the care mothers may take to guard against it, and it sometimes progresses so quickly that death occurs in a few hours, no matter what care is given the child. The first thing to do is to stop feeding the child and give him plenty of fresh air and pure water to drink. Give Baby's Own Tablets to carry off the poison in the system. Do not under any circumstances give a medicine to check the diarrhoea, except under the advice of a doctor. By using Baby's Own Tablets the cause of the diarrhoea will be removed, and the disease will thus be checked in a natural manner. Proof that the Tablets cure this too often fatal trouble is given by Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., who says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly."

Keep the Tablets in the house—their prompt use may save your little one's life. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"My boy," said the old gentleman in a kindly tone, "there's only one thing that stands between you and success." "And what is that?" asked the youth. If you worked as hard at working," exclaimed the old gentleman, "as you do at trying to find some way to avoid working, you would easily acquire both fame and fortune."

Itching, Burning Eczema

And all the Torturing and Disfiguring Itching Skin Diseases are Compelled to Yield to Yield to the Extraordinary Antiseptic, Soothing, Healing Influence of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

With the single exception of itching piles there is no form of itching skin disease so extremely painful and distressing as eczema, or salt rheum, as it is sometimes called. A little poison from a sock or other garment is sufficient to give this disease a beginning, and its fires burn and rage with such fury as to almost drive one crazy. Only persons who have experienced the frightful itching, burning, stinging sensations of eczema can realize the miseries which it brings and the disappointment which comes with trying in vain to find a cure.

Mr. G. H. McConnell, Engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed into eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until the flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me, and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

There is enough evidence in these offices to convince the most skeptical and prejudiced that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive and thorough cure for eczema. When the disease becomes chronic and set it is sometimes necessary to use ten or a dozen boxes, but cure is certain if the treatment is regular and persistent. There is no experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has been tested and proven in thousands of cases of the most severe form. You can depend on it absolutely. Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE...

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blowpipe. Heals the ulcers, cleans the passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blows free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.
FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1903.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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.

Locals, constituting 5 lines or less, 25 cents per each insertion.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE, QUE.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The general meeting of the Council was held in Raitt's Hall, on Wednesday evening last, when there were present, Mayor H. Slater presiding, and Councillors P. Lafleur, T. Jousse, H. Ayers, E. Lavigne, Geo. Hay, J. A. McGibbon, H. Kearns, E. H. McCoy.

A petition from a number of proprietors on Robert St. was presented, praying that the Council would order the repairing of such street and the construction of a sidewalk through the same. This was referred back to the petitioners for further signatures, owing to the proportion of signers being considered, at present, insufficient to warrant the Council in taking the action desired.

The matter of bridges (both repairs to and proposed re-erection) was then taken up, when, among other correspondence, a quotation was read from the Dominion Bridge Co'y, stating the cost of iron work of 100 ft. bridge to be from \$1,000 to \$1,600. Such was referred back to the Road Committee for further information in connection with the whole question generally.

The exemption asked for by Messrs J. C. Wilson Co., Ltd., on any new buildings they might erect in the future for manufacturing purposes in connection with new enterprises was not granted.

A communication and draft agreement from the C.P.R'y., in connection with proposed drain was received, and owing to the propositions contained therein being so very unsatisfactory, and the unwillingness of said Co'y. to meet this Council in any way to obviate the trouble of drainage being so very palpable, it was ordered that both Mr. Berry and Mr. Pollock be notified of same with the regrets of the Council. The reply to said Co'y. was left in the hands of committee previously appointed.

The reports of the Road and Finance Committees were received and adopted and the several amounts ordered paid.

WEDDING BELLS.

HUME-McOUAT.

The home of Wm. D. McQuat of Hill Head, was enlivened Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 2nd, by a merry gathering attendant on the marriage of his daughter Margaret Cunningham, to Wm. Hunter Hume. Numerous presents occupied all available space on a large table in the dining-room. A splendid repast was partaken of by the guests to the number of about 75. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. McLaren.

Genuine Castoria always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

COOKE-VEITCH

On Wednesday evening Sept. 2nd, a very happy wedding took place at the home of Wm. James, being the marriage of his grand-daughter Maud Mary Veitch to Emerson Fraser Cooke, of Cushing. About 25 guests were present to enjoy the festive occasion. A splendid supper was served during the evening, numerous presents gave testimony to the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. McLaren, assisted by Rev. Mr. Fraser, Cushing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A QUESTION OF JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN.

At the school opening on Tuesday last the prize awarded was Mr. Wm. Banford's prize of \$5, to Miss Clara Banford. The prize was given to the most regular attendant at the Academy during the year. We understand that several scholars were worthy competitors, never having missed a day during the term, and on former occasions when this was the case the prize was awarded to the pupil who had the highest percentage of marks. An explanation as to how this prize could be awarded to Miss Banford who took only 388 marks out of a possible 600, over Margaret Hay, who took 513 out of a possible 1000, would certainly be in the interest of the scholars and teachers, as very few of the teachers or commissioners seem to understand the reason why it was so awarded. This is one instance. There may be other scholars with even a higher percentage, or the ex-Principal may have forgotten to have his books audited. A satisfactory explanation is desired.

GEORGE HAY.

Lachute, Sept. 3rd, 1903.

LEADING CITIZENS.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN.

"Invitations have been issued by the School Board, to a number of our leading citizens, public officials and prize donors, to be present at the opening of the Academy on Tuesday next." Such was the announcement appearing in last week's "News."

Now Sir, I would like to know what the standing of a ratepayer is with the school he sends his children to. Can he go to the opening without an invitation, or has he to wait at home and let the leading citizens go. Who are the great leading citizens that get the invitations and why are they termed so? Is it because of their great ability in keeping the town from growing, or their leading spirit in preventing the purchase of the waterworks when they could have been procured at a low figure, or from having a market so that each shopkeeper could sell three and seven cents worth of potatoes now and then. We used the schools, we have that! We must have a market and soon. Now, Messrs Lachute, wake up. You have been pushed aside long enough. Let us organize and break the clique, for it must be a clique that keeps a town the size of ours behind the times. By doing so we will do away with leading citizens and have hustling citizens instead, and free school openings.

RATEPAYER.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN.

Sir,—The action of the Town Council at their meeting on the 17th ult., instructing the secretary to apply to the Dominion Bridge Co. for estimates for a steel bridge for the West River is a step in the right direction, and the matter should not drop with the Co's reply.

To the ratepayer who has in his mind a ponderous structure, like St. Andrews bridge, with its single span, stone abutments and heavy material, capable of sustaining a railway train, the suggestion of a steel bridge produces an uneasy feeling. But I have a conviction that light steel spans capable of carrying a load of say 10 to 15 tons at least, placed upon wooden abutments and piers of concrete bridges would be a much better investment than wooden spans. Properly constructed abutments and piers of sound cedar, from the surface of the water would serve a generation, while light steel superstructures, periodically painted would be practically unending.

Surely there is some solution to this question. The rapid rise in price of wooden bridge material, and its growing scarcity in the

CASTORIA
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SOMETHING NEW

AND GOOD In Homespun, Costume Cloths, Cheviots, Box Cloths, Serges, and Lama Cheviots.

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Grainized and Canvas covered trunks (all sizes), Suit Cases, Leather Bags, Telescope Bags, School Bags & Straps. Rug & Shawl Straps.

HENRY J. GILES & BRO.

vicinity makes the main entrance of so many bridges a costly matter.

Now I would respectfully suggest to the Road Committee that they personally visit Lachute, and present the matter to the bridge company, and ascertain if a bridge of the description I have outlined can be constructed sufficiently light for wooden abutments and piers, and yet strong enough to sustain any reasonable load it might be subjected to, and not be much more expensive than a wooden structure, the life of which is only 10 or 12 years.

And I would further suggest that the Parish might profitably send a representative along with a road committee. Before another year passes the Parish of Ste. Jerusalem will have to deal with the rebuilding of Power's Bridge and any assistance given the town in solving this expensive question will operate to the mutual benefit of all.

Respectfully Yours,

H. R. HAMMOND.

AUTUMN DAYS.

When the crown of summer's glory
Has at length begun to fade,
And the steady hand of Autumn
Is upon all nature laid,
Then our feelings seek expression
In the songs of grateful praise;
For we prize the joy of living
In these happy autumn days.

With observant eyes beholding
Gathered hay and ripened grain,
Him we praise who has provided
All that clothes the fertile plain.
As we glide along the waters,
Or we linger in the bays,
We are taught life's deeper meaning
In these restful autumn days.

Flocks and herds and living creatures
In contentment onward move;
Flowers and fruits and rich provisions
Speak of God's unceasing love;
And in spite of all our fretting
Goodness crowns our devious ways,
And we learn to be contented
In these buoyant autumn days.

And we think how much we doubted
While there came no dew nor rain,
And we feared that times of plenty
Never more would come again.
Of our doubts and fears repenting
Brighter scenes an eye surveys,
And we praise our gracious Father
For these bounteous autumn days.

And we watch the day's completeness
Blend with evening's peaceful calm,
And we join amid the twilight
In the glad thanksgiving psalm.
May we ever prize that goodness
Which our Father's love displays:
May we render thanks unceasing
For these precious autumn days.

T. WATSON.

Daleville, Que. 1903.

SUPERIOR COURT

CANADA.
Province of Quebec } No. 356
District of Terrebonne

HENRY REEVES, Plaintiff,

vs.
ROBERT McCULLOCK, Defendant.

to wit:

1. A lot of land situated at Mille Isle, in the county of Argenteuil, in the district of Terrebonne, known and distinguished under the number one hundred and seventeen (117) of the official plan and book of reference of the municipality of Mille Isle.

2. Another lot of land situated at the same place, known and distinguished on the same official plan and book of reference under the number one hundred and twenty (120).

3. Another lot of land situated at the same place, known and distinguished on the same official plan and book of reference under the number one hundred and thirty (130)—with the buildings thereon erected.

To be sold at the registry office of the county of Argenteuil, in the town of Lachute, in the said district, on the NINTH day of SEPTEMBER next, between TEN and ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,

Sheriff's Office, Sainte Scholastique, 5th August, 1903.

MONEY FOR YOU

The D.L. Emulsion.

When in time it will cure most severe cases of Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, or other troubles of the Throat or Lungs.

THUS YOU SAVE a heavy doctor's bill, loss of wages, much discomfort.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Students to the Academy will bear in mind that we keep all the books required in the

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Exercise Books, Scribblers,
Lead Pencils, Erasers,
Compasses, Pencil Boxes,
School Bags, Etc., Etc.

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LACHUTE.

THE WEST-END BAKERY

Can be relied upon for supplying all your needs. These are some of our Specialties:

Bakers and Home-Made Bread, Graham Bread, Scones, Rolls, Mince, Apple and Mutton Pies.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

We have our Soda Fountain in full operation now and you may have your choice of a number of very fine syrups.

Our Ice Cream Parlor is an inviting place, and our Ice Cream is delicious.

WM. LAW, PROP.

LACHUTE MILLS, QUE.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

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The Store that sets the Pace.

BIG DRIVE IN CARPETS.



You should call and see what bargains we are offering in the line of carpets. They are the finest and largest stock of goods between Montreal and Ottawa, and are imported direct from great Britain.

From 18c. to \$1.40 per yard.

LINOLEUMS AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

Well seasoned goods and pretty patterns.

READY MADE CLOTHING

or clothing made to order, just as you like. The right goods at right prices. We import our own Tweeds. A look at them will convince you that they are right.

LARGE ASSORTMENTS of white and colored Muslins. Just the thing for this hot weather.

* * * *

SCHOOL BOOKS

All text books for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Academy Grades, and all books on hand for Model Department in Academy. All Elementary School Books, Scribblers, Exercise Books, Drawing Books, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Rulers, Erasers, School Bags, and everything needed for opening of school, at the lowest prices.

Those who have butter to buy, remember that that this is the place for Butter Blocks.

G. L. MEIKLE & CO.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

IN ALL LINES.

In Order to make room and get ready for an entirely new stock.

A FEW SNAPS left in Ready-to-Wear Suits and Waterproof Coats.

See my New Straw Hats, selling at cost.

SPOT CASH ONLY.

A. D. KENNEDY.

Choosing a Wife!



Good looks is not all, but if you get a good wife with good legs thrown in, Oh how Nice!

That's the case with McQuat and McRae Cook Stoves. You have a first-class article with good looks thrown in. Especially in their steel oven stoves and Kootenay Ranges.

McQuat & McRae,
Lachute, P.Q.

SUITABLE

PRESENTS.

Sometimes it is difficult to select a suitable gifts for our friend. We have a nice assortment of Music Cases, Easels, Chairs, and Rockers that make presents that are always appreciated.

LACHUTE FURNITURE FACTORY
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Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

Give the Baby

Chance Martin's Cardinal Food

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

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LACHUTE P.Q. Will hereafter be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

N. FOREST,

NOTARY,

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

G. J. WALKER,

INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT, LACHUTE, P.Q.

Notes discounted and Loans Made Only First-class Insurance Companies Represented.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } 220.
District of Terrebonne.

Dame Adelaide Leonard, wife of John Lepine, Florence, State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America, and the said John Lepine, to authorize his said wife a *cestui en justice*, Plaintiffs,

vs.

Francois Xavier Leonard, formerly of St. Hermas, district of Terrebonne, and now absent in unknown parts, in his capacity of executor of the will of the late Francois Xavier Leonard, in his lifetime, of Commonwealth, in the U. S. of America, farmer, Defendant.

It is ordered to the defendant to appear within one month.

St. Scholastique, August 24th, 1901.

GRIGNON & FORTIER, P.S.O.

J. A. C. ETHIER, Pl'ss. Attorney.

Estate of Late
DAME SARAH NICHOLSON.

The undersigned executors of estate offer for sale the following lots of land:

1st.—The homestead property in first range of the Township of Chatham, with large commodious stone dwelling and outbuildings; being lot No. 216 cadastral plan, containing about 75 acres, all of which is under cultivation.

2nd.—Lot No. 226, same range and township, with wooden house and outbuildings, and contains about 69 acres.

3rd.—Also a village lot in the parish of St. Andrews, on main road from the village to the Roman Catholic Church, without buildings. Contains 1 arpent: eligible as building lot.

—Terms Cash.—

Possession to be given after 1st November, 1903. Applicants will please communicate with]

JOHN E. HALSEY, Carillon,
GEO. F. SHAW, M.D., St. Andrews.

Referee for titles,
H. HOWARD, Notary, St. Andrews.

St. Andrews, July 20th, 1903.

Another Talk



Has it ever struck you that Experience and Taste have much if not everything to do with the goods you purchase. We don't mean your experience and taste, but your merchants. If he hasn't these, he may by lack of experience buy poorly and by lack of taste choose badly. Then you suffer in a double way.

We offer you 35 years experience in buying and selling and in the development of taste. All this is at your disposal without charge. You have the benefit of it.

Apply this please in looking at the various lines in our large departmental store, from a ten cent line of Muslins to a beautiful selection of Carpets.

Ladies tell us they never saw such choice patterns in Carpets as even our low priced lines show. Come in and see them.

Ask to see our colored Muslins and Ponge Prints. They suit the warm weather now coming on.

WM. BANFORD.

About the ...House

TESTED RECIPES.

Apricot Souffle.—Beat the whites of 4 eggs to a stiff froth with 2 tablespoons granulated sugar. Add 2 cups stewed apricots without juice, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Serve immediately with a soft custard made of the 4 yolks of the eggs.

Green Grape Pie.—Stem and cut green grapes in halves. The grapes will be seedless. Fill a nice crust with the fruit, sprinkle over 1 cup sugar and a bit of cinnamon. Cover with a top crust and bake in a hot oven. When done you will have a savory pie that will well take the place of apple.

Fruit Dumplings.—Sift 1 tablespoon cream tartar and one-half teaspoon soda (or one heaping teaspoon baking powder) with 1 pint flour. Rub into this one tablespoon lard. Mix with sweet milk, adding a little salt, add cut into small squares. In each square put some fresh or canned fruit, pinch the corners together, and place with pinched corners down in a baking pan. Have ready a syrup made by boiling together 1 cup sugar, 1 pt. water, 1 tablespoon butter; pour this in the pan around the dumplings and bake.

Green Pea Soup.—Cook three cups of peas in salted water until perfectly tender, and rub through a soup-strainer, leaving only the skins behind; to the pulp obtained add one cupful of stock, one teaspoonful each salt and sugar, one half salt-spoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of flour made perfectly smooth in one half cupful of milk; cook five minutes, add one cupful of cream brought just to a scald, and serve. One spoonful of whipped cream to each serving is a fitting finish to this most delicious soup. A plain pea-soup may be made by substituting milk for the stock and cream, in which case the thickening should be made of one teaspoonful of flour and two of butter rubbed together to a smooth paste.

Apple Ice Cream.—Success in ice cream depends considerably on the method of freezing. Do not use too much salt or the ice cream will be hard, but coarse in texture and icy in consistency. Three pints of salt is enough for a large pailful of cracked ice—or a gallon freezer: Pack cracked ice in layers with salt, packing it in firmly but making it moist with cold water. Ice cream should remain packed for at least two hours after it is frozen. It is better if packed for four or even six hours after it has been thoroughly frozen. Keep it well covered with cracked ice under thick layers of newspapers so that the air cannot reach it while it is resting. A grated apple is a palatable addition to a plain cream, flavoring it somewhat like coconut. Make a custard of a cup of granulated sugar, the yolks of four eggs and two cups of milk. Stir the milk over the fire until it is very hot, but not until it boils, then add the cream and take off the stove and let it cool. Just before putting the cream in the freezer add a cup of tart grated apple and freeze the cream immediately. The grated apple should not be allowed to stand in the custard, but the cream should be frozen at once. Only a finely flavored, tart apple should be used for this purpose.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When boots creak rub the sides of the soles with sweet oil before returning them to your bootmaker.

When stewing fruit add the sugar after the fruit is cooked, and stir it in gently with the handle of the spoon. Remove old paint by wetting it

with naphtha. If one application is not enough repeat till the paint is dissolved.

Fly Catchers may be made as follows: Boil linseed oil with a little resin until it forms a viscid, stringy paste when cold. Spread on a thick string by means of a brush.

In giving milk to children always use either glass or china vessels, not metallic cups of any sort. The greatest cleanliness must be observed in their management, rinsing all used glasses, etc., first in cold and then in warm water.

To remove stains from flannel is always rather difficult. Yolks of eggs and glycerine, in equal parts, applied to the stained parts and allowed to soak for half an hour before the garment is washed, is the only reliable remedy I can advise.

Filling the Jelly Glasses.—When the fruit juice is ready, take the kettle to the sink, skim thoroughly and strain into the glasses. Let them cool uncovered that the steam may not collect in drops of water on top of the jelly. The top moisture is what causes jelly to mold. When cold, cover with melted paraffin and put on the tin covers and label.

CUCUMBER RELISHES.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Pare ripe cucumbers and cut them into quarters. Scrape off the seeds and cut the quarters into two or three pieces. Pour over enough good brown gravy to cover, and let them simmer gently for half an hour. Then arrange the pieces of cucumber on nicely browned squares of toast and pour the sauce over. The sauce should be seasoned to taste.

Cucumber Chowchow.—Pare enough firm, ripe cucumbers to make 3 qts. when chopped. Do not remove the seeds. Add 1½ qts. chopped white onions, measured after they are chopped. Sprinkle ½ pt. salt with the chopped vegetables, and put to drain in a coarse muslin bag for 24 hours. The next day turn the drained vegetables into a large bowl and add 2 oz. white mustard seed, 1 red pepper and 2 green peppers chopped fine, and 1 tablespoon ground black pepper. Mix all the ingredients together, cover them with cold vinegar, add a few mustard seeds and bits of horse-radish and put away in a stone jar.

MULBERRY WAYS.

The mulberry is a fruit sufficiently delicious to make it much better known than it is, and when canned, preserved, or made into jelly adds very pleasantly to the variety of fruits stored for winter. The following recipes are delightful ways of using this neglected fruit.

Canned Mulberries.—Allow 1-3 lb. sugar to each pound of mulberries and place in layers in a preserving kettle. Let stand for two hours, then bring very slowly to a boil; cook two minutes, skim, and can immediately.

Preserved Mulberries.—Cook 2 lbs. mulberries in a very little water until soft. Then press through a fine sieve to extract all of the juice. To 1 qt. juice add 5 lbs. granulated sugar; place over the fire and boil and skim. Add 4 lbs. mulberries. Then stand aside over night to cool. In the morning the syrup should be jellied, if not, boil it again very gently for another 15 minutes, being careful not to break the berries and when cold seal.

Mulberry Jelly.—Cook the mulberries until soft in a very little water, then strain through a very fine sieve. Add an equal quantity of rhubarb juice, and allow 1 lb. sugar to each pint of the mixed juices. Proceed as for other jellies.

Father—"Well, my son you are gazetted and are now prepared to join your regiment and fight for the glory of our country. Do you think you have the necessary qualifications?" Young Officer—"Well, I should think so. I am the champion long-distance runner of our club."

Always aim a little higher than the mark—if the mark is a dimple in her chin.

A DANGEROUS BUSINESS

GREAT RISKS THAT DYNAMITE WORKERS RUN.

Woolwich Arsenal Has Been the Scene of Many Explosions and Fires.

The awful disaster which recently occurred at Woolwich Arsenal brings to mind other catastrophes of a similar character which have wrung the heart of the nation. These have, unfortunately, been many; but, as Lyddite is a comparatively new discovery, it has not been responsible for many of these terrible accidents.

Lyddite is really the British name for melinite, and is an explosive of truly awful power, which was invented by M. Turpin, a French chemist. He sold the invention to his country in 1886; but in 1891 it was alleged that he and a captain in the French Army had been supplying information respecting his invention to foreign countries, and the pair were sentenced to imprisonment, exile, and fines.

In 1888 the patent was bought by Messrs. Armstrong, of Elswick, and sold by them to the British Government.

LYDDITE, SO-CALLED.

Lyddite is so called because it was first tested at Lydd, a little place in Kent, where many of our soldiers are trained every year to become marksmen.

Woolwich Arsenal, as might be expected by reason of the highly dangerous work executed there, has been the scene of many disasters similar to the lamentable occurrence on June 18th. One of the most curious was an explosion which took place in the rocket factory in 1883. On this occasion the town was literally bombarded by the exploding projectiles, fortunately, with little damage, and the loss of but two lives. But the alarm caused among the inhabitants of the town was very great, as can well be imagined.

Several terrible fires have devastated the historic Arsenal, which was originally built on what was a huge rabbit-warren. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was practically razed to the ground, and \$1,000,000 worth of damage was done. Again, in 1873, the Royal Military Academy, which formed part of the buildings was destroyed, and the loss to the nation was \$500,000.

Several explosions have taken place there in addition to these holocausts, and many valuable lives have been lost. Dynamite has been the cause of many terrible explosions: In fact, we owe the invention itself to one of these catastrophes. Prior to 1868 Mr. Alfred Nobel was, comparatively speaking, in a small way of business, as a manufacturer of nitro-glycerine, but in this year his factory was blown to pieces by an explosion of this highly susceptible concoction.

SMOKELESS GUNPOWDER.

This awful incident, which would have been sufficient to have convinced most men that they had better seek fields and pastures new, only incited Mr. Nobel to further experiment, and he discovered that by mixing nitro-glycerine with powdered charcoal it became to a great extent safe to handle, although none of its tremendous explosive power was lost.

The result of this discovery was dynamite, out of which, together with a smokeless gunpowder which he also invented, Alfred Nobel made a fortune of \$10,000,000, a greater part of which he left, on his death, for the institution of what are now the famous Nobel prizes. These are five in number, and are awarded annually, and each is of the value of about \$40,000. Last year one of these substantial awards was won by an Englishman—Major Ross—for his discovery of the fact that malarial fever is caused and spread by mosquitoes, and for instituting effective means for dealing with these poisonous pests.

Dynamite has been largely utilized by desperate individuals, who, taking advantage of its peculiar powers, have endeavored by its means to make the world ring with their grievances. But perhaps the meanest and most terrible use to which it has ever been put was by a man named Thomas. This individual consigned a cask of this terrible material to be conveyed by the North-German Lloyd steamer "Mosel" to a foreign port. With it he sent a clockwork machine, which would, in eight days, give the cask a powerful blow, explode the dynamite, and wreck the ship. But from some cause the dynamite exploded in the dock, and eighty persons were killed and about two hundred injured.

After this awful result of his fiendish plan Thomas committed suicide, confessing before he did so that his object had been to obtain the paltry sum for which other goods of his on the same ship were insured.

Subsequent to this—in 1884—an explosion took place at another of Nobel's factories, and ten lives were lost.

CRIMINAL GUNCOTTON.

The highly explosive and exceedingly powerful material known as guncotton, from the fact that it is made of purified cotton steeped in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, has been responsible for many calamities. When it was first introduced to England, a trial of its capabilities was made at the manufactory of Messrs. Prentice, at Stowmarket. The result was a terrible

explosion, involving the loss of twenty-four lives, among the killed being Messrs. A. E. H. and W. R. Prentice. Besides these, sixty other persons were badly injured, and nearly the whole town was destroyed.

But it came out at the inquiry afterwards that sulphuric acid had been added to the guncotton after it had passed the tests required by Government, and Messrs. Prentice had suffered as a result of their own lamentable foolishness.

One of the most terrific explosions of modern times took place some years ago on the London Regent's Canal. On the barge "Tilbury," then lying near the North Bridge Gate, Regent's Park, was stored no less than five tons of gunpowder. It was to have been used for blasting purposes, but at five o'clock one morning the whole cargo exploded. The shock was felt thirty miles away, and it seems almost incredible that only the lives of the men on board the barge at the time were sacrificed.

TREASURES DESTROYED.

But the damage wrought by the explosion was indeed terrible. Its effects extended over a square mile; houses in the vicinity were blown down, and windows innumerable were shattered. Among others, the house of the famous artist Mr. now Sir Alma-Tadema was completely wrecked, a great number of his priceless art treasures being destroyed. The pity of the whole nation was aroused, and considerably over \$30,000 was subscribed by the public towards repairing the damage sustained by the sufferers.

The cause of the disaster was rather curious. It was found that the explosion had been brought about by the ignition of vapor from benzoline by a fire or light in the cabin of the "Tilbury."

The Grand Junction Canal Company was declared guilty of great negligence, and held responsible for the damage. It cost them nearly \$390,000 to settle the thousand-odd claims which were made against them.

APETITES OF FAMOUS MEN.

Handel Always Ordered Enough for Three People.

The majority of the great musical composers had appetites on an equality with their talents. It is told of Handel that when he dined alone at a restaurant he always took the precaution to order the meal for three. Once on asking, "Is de tinner retty?" at a restaurant, or a tavern, as it was then called, where he was little known, he got the reply, "As soon as the company comes," and astonished the waiter by seating himself, with the remark, "Den bring up de tinner. I'm de company."

The appetite of Haydn was yet more voracious. He delighted in dining alone, and always finished the meal ordered for five persons. A former Duke of Norfolk also found a dinner of five "portions" within the scope of his appetite. Lucullus reserved all his sumptuous feasts for when he was quite alone, and it was on one of these occasions that he upbraided his cook for serving him a dinner that only cost about £100, and gave him a list of the dishes he should prepare "when Lucullus dined with Lucullus."

Brillat-Savarin immortalizes the Cure de Brequier, and tells us that at a single sitting this reverend gentleman would eat as much food as would serve a working man for ten days. Brillat-Savarin once saw him demolish in three-quarters of an hour "a quart of soup, a plate of bouilli, a large leg of mutton, a superb ham, a copious salad, a pound or two of cheese, a prodigious quantity of bread, a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup of coffee."

A modern epicure, the Vicomte de Viel Castel, on a wager that he could consume 500 francs worth of food and wine within two hours, won the money in one hour and forty minutes, in which time he swallowed twenty-four dozen oysters, a beef-steak, a pheasant stuffed with truffles, a salmi of ortolans, a dish of asparagus, another of young peas, a pineapple, a dish of strawberries, and five bottles of wine, ending with coffee and liqueurs.

FATE WORKED FOR HIM.

But He Wanted to Go Too Fast, and Got Left.

The ingenuity of the mild Hindoo is an amazing thing; it must also be somewhat of a nuisance to its possessor. We have not met for a long time any case in which misdirected cunning has gone so far astray as in the matter of the property of Mussamat Gujar Bibi, says the Pall Mall Gazette. This lady's nephew, Madame Gopal Khattri, forged her will in his own favor; proceedings were instituted against him by Mussamat Ram Del, his uncle's widow. Before the case had proceeded far, however, Mussamat Ram Del died, and the case was taken up by her brother, Beni Pershad, who also died before the case was concluded. The case has now been brought to an end and the forger has been condemned to five years' imprisonment for seeking to obtain property that would have come to him naturally had he waited, since his aunt has no more connections to dispute Madame Gopal's claim. There's an ironical justice about this conclusion of the matter which will give the prisoner plenty to think of while he is doing time.

IT READS LIKE A MIRACLE

ONLY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE DOING SIMILAR THINGS DAILY.

Reuben Draper's Gravel Cured Three Years Ago—It Has Never Come Back.

Bristol P. O., Quebec, August 3.—(Special).—Reuben Draper, well-known here, tells a story of his cure of a bad case of gravel that would be considered miraculous if similar cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills were not being reported almost daily.

"About three years ago," says Mr. Draper, "I was taken ill with what I thought was gravel. I was suffering great pain, and the doctor I sent for gave me but little relief. Another doctor I tried failed to cure me, and I was getting weaker all the time."

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills as they had cured his mother, and I did so. In just one week after I started using them, I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and in four days after I passed another about the size of a grain of barley. That is two years ago, and I have not had any trouble since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all ailments of the bladder and urinary organs.

WILY BELGIAN MAIDS.

They Wanted Husbands and Most of Them Were Successful.

Eaucausines is a small village in Belgium which possesses a good supply of girls, who realized lately that a great many of them were destined to be old maids unless they took the matter in hand themselves. After many meetings, from which all married folk were rigorously excluded, the girls determined to give a great dinner to which unwedded youths from far and near should be invited, says the London Express.

Notices of the coming festival and its reasons were published all over the country and even in Holland.

This very original way of securing a husband has just come off, the preparations and decorations of the village having kept all agog for a week.

A table was placed in the centre of the village street, and the hostesses, "dressed to kill," awaited the arrival of the guests.

At 3 o'clock the girls, with their parents and the bachelor guests, assembled in front of the town hall, whence numerous addresses were given on the subject of matrimony.

Then the event of the day took place. The lovelorn girls took their places at tables first, each leaving an empty seat at her side, and waiting anxiously for the youth who should elect to sit beside her.

There was an awful pause ere the first man screwed up courage to leave the rest, who stood huddled together as if for protection from the danger that awaited them, but at last a brawny fellow of about 40, from some distance, whose hearth was comfortless without a wife, made a choice and took his seat, and then another and another, and soon all the places were taken.

Dinner lasted till 7 o'clock in true Flemish fashion, ending with songs and speeches. By this time acquaintance was made, hearts were warmed, and declarations made, and the girls who had succeeded in securing sweethearts made their appearance in the village square arm-in-arm with their captured swains.

Very few were left lamenting. The dinner was followed by a ball in the open air, and many wedding days are already fixed.

Hostess, who has made unusual preparations, says, towards the end of dinner, "I tell John that if he will bring people home unexpectedly to dinner, they must take just what we have." Guest (wishing to put her at her ease)—"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bluffer. I'm an old traveler—used to roughing it now and then, you know."

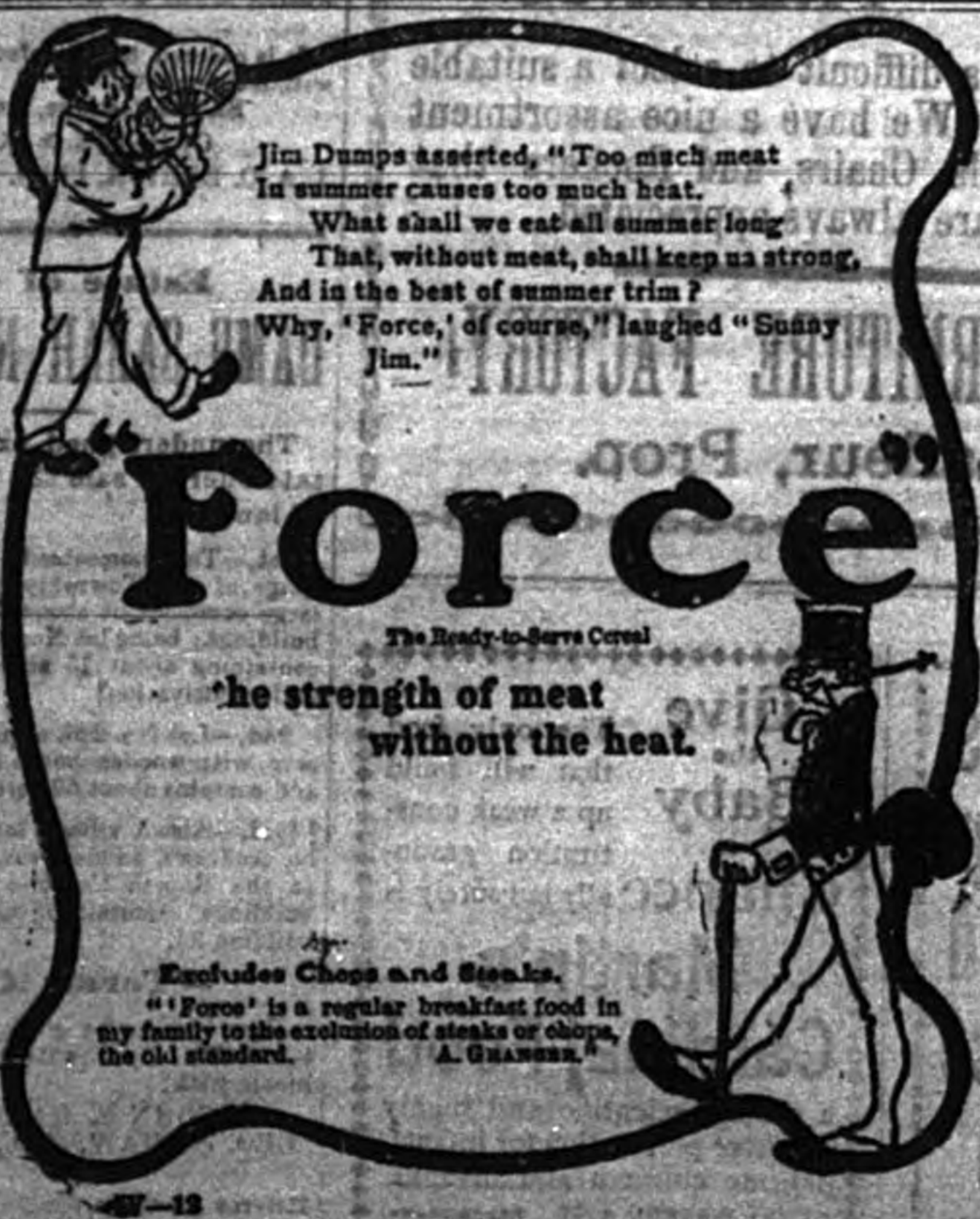


Good Things to Eat on the Lawn

Ported Ham, Beef and Tongue, Ox Tongue (white), Veal Loin, Roasted Ham, Baked Beef, Mince, Stuffed Roast.

All Natural Flavor Foods. Palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them. Send five stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World. Name your favorite—how to make good things to eat—free.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



Jim Dumps asserted, "Too much meat in summer causes too much heat. What shall we eat all summer long? That, without meat, shall keep us strong, And in the best of summer trim? Why, 'Force,' of course," laughed "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

the strength of meat without the heat.

Excludes Chops and Steaks.

"Force" is a regular breakfast food in my family to the exclusion of steaks or chops. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

IN THE CZAR'S DOMINIONS

SOME STRANGE FEATURES OF RUSSIAN HOUSEKEEPING.

Most Sacred Place is the Bathroom, Where Bath is Always Ready for Someone.

The house is of yellow brick and is one-storyed; it is built round a small garden that is square, says a writer in the London Globe. The tiny windows, with their dainty curtains, look out upon one of the most famous roads in Russia, for it is trodden every year by thousands of pilgrims, who are on their way to the neighboring monastery. The roof is of sheet iron, and is painted green; it slopes somewhat, but not so much as to prevent the oldest son of the family from dancing on it in moments of madness, with a noise that can be imagined better than it can be described. Stabling forms one side of the square; another is used as an office, where a number of clerks in uniform and one or two young lady typewriters toil, or, to be more accurate, remain from morn till eve, from eve to close upon midnight, sipping tea, smoking cigarettes, and no doubt also making up accounts. Near the entrance an aged man sits during the summer on a bench outside against the wall. He is the porter of the business part of the establishment, but his seat is close to the back gate, so that he can see all who enter the yard. And a strange, picturesque number of visitors there are who find their way in by habit or by chance. Perhaps it is a gypsy girl in the brightly colored costume of the Little Russian peasants, but more frequently it is a beggar, who with a thick stick braves the ferocious dogs that rave forth and back at him with an energy and ferocity that sometimes upsets even a beggar's nerves. But once in, he advances past the stables to the kitchen door, hat in hand, asking alms of every one he meets. One table, or 2s. 2d., a week is allowed to the housekeeper for distribution among beggars, and it is rare that they call without receiving food.

Let us return to the front door and ring the electric bell, if haply we obtain permission to enter the town house of a wealthy tschinnov. Admittance is given by a clumsy looking peasant, to whom a lively impart neither elegance nor dignity. To right and left open the reception rooms, which are spacious, well lighted, but somewhat low, and elegantly furnished in the style of Western Europe. The dining-room possesses a fireplace and two monumental stoves, reaching almost to the ceiling, and so placed in the wall that they warm two rooms at the same time. It adjoins the buffet, and as the door of it is almost always open the discussions of the servants may be heard by those who are sitting in the dining-room. The salon has no furniture but mirrors with gilded frames, chairs upholstered with blue silk, a grand piano in one corner and a gigantic sandelabra, with oil lamps that fling their light upon the parqueted floor. There is a card-room, too, and the boudoir of the lady of the house, which is crowded, as such rooms are wont to be, with pictures and nicknacks and furniture. Scarcely a book in any of these apartments; scarcely a newspaper; the pictures are Italian, or are paintings of local artists, and represent Russian scenes.

LACK OF PRIVACY. What strikes a stranger after a short visit to this house is the utter want of privacy. For as the building is only one storey high, it is obvious that to go from one end to the other it will be necessary to pass along a corridor or to go through various rooms. Where the corridor exists it is fairly wide, and in order to accommodate all the members of this very numerous household certain portions have been separated by means of curtains, and are assigned as bedrooms to the maid servants. Here, of course, there is the minimum of privacy, especially for those who wish to retire at 10 o'clock in a land where little account is taken of the hours, and where it is not infrequently happens that night is turned into day by revelers and card players. But, except for the father and mother of the family, no one is really much better off. The bedrooms are all at one corner of the building; the boys sleep in one, the daughters in the other, and in one of them a third of the room has been shut off by a screen for the governess. There are no keys in the locks, so that any one in the family who is given to sleep-walking may stroll into any room and leave the door open behind him when he goes. As for the Englishman's maxim that his house, or at least his bedroom, is his castle, the notion is one that has never been heard of. At any moment of

the day or night, he is exposed to the visits of a valet, who is looking for matches, or of a maid who wishes to take away his boots or to borrow a chair for a minute. Knocking at the door is unknown. And if he protests at an intrusion on his privacy, when he is engaged in dressing, perhaps, his remarks will be received with astonishment, and the peasant girl who does duty for housemaid will toss her head and refuse to argue with one who is so unreasonable.

Perhaps the most sacred place in the house is the bathroom. It is a small apartment formed in the corridor by means of a wooden partition and certainly containing nothing in the way of accommodation or furniture to justify the almost religious awe in which it is regarded by the family. No one but members of the family and guests are allowed to splash about in the steaming waters of the bath, which is continually being got ready by a servant with the aid of thermometer. At the hotels in the town the same exaggerated respect is paid to the bath, if prices go for anything, for the charge for the use of one of them is 4s. 4d. Englishmen confronted with difficulties, such as this, and unable to do without a morning "tub," sometimes travel in Russia with an India-rubber bath.

GARDEN A PLEASANT SPOT. The garden which forms the square around which the house is built, is of course useless in winter but in summer it is pleasant to sit under its high, towering acacias, white with bloom, and to listen to the sound of water as it falls into the pool of the fountain, where gold fish are at play. Here, too, on the wooden verandah, the family dine through the summer heat. The change is not necessarily an agreeable one, for the gnats are so numerous that it is only possible to get relief from them by burning feathers on a tray somewhere near the table, but this as often as not drives the diners away as well. A lamp overhangs the table, and sometimes on summer evenings, it is black with insects that cling to the globe in such numbers as to obscure the light. Here, too, the wondering stranger will be able to note how little the idea of caste seems in some way to have taken root in Russia. A beggar will appear at the table during luncheon and pour out his piteous tale, or the little son of one of the innumerable male servants will approach and play, and the members of the family, instead of sending him away, will call out to him. As for the valets, they take part in the conversation at times, laugh at the jokes, and even make jokes themselves. Governesses and tutors are welcome, and in some Russian houses there are three or four of them, for the Russians like strangers, respect education in them, and pay for it on a scale that would excite astonishment in England. But the house-keeper is not allowed to dine with the family. The valets hate her because she has stopped them fighting for the food as soon as it has been taken from the table, and, of course, she does not dine with the servants, and loud are the lamentations that she sometimes utters, as she presides over the samovar, of the loneliness of her lot in this well-peopled house. She speaks Polish, Russian, German, French and in the true spirit of a linguist is anxious to add English to the list.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube, deafness will be permanent. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous services.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. (Send for circulars, free.)

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"The examination you undergo for the position of teacher is very severe, is it not?" "Yes, indeed!" "What are the branches?" "Well, to-day we were examined in psychology, integral calculus, mathematical astronomy, polemic divinity, metaphysical analysis, and Greek versification." "Indeed! What position are you competing for?" "Instructor of the infant class."

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spurs, sprains, ring bones, swellings, stiles, sprains, sore and swollen throats, coughs, etc. Sore by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

"Do you take many periodicals?" asked a young vicar on his first visit to one of his parishioners. "Oh, no, sir," replied the woman, "I never do, but I'm sorry to say that my husband takes a periodical about once in every month. I do wish you could induce him to sign the pledge."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

Charitable Old Lady—Poor woman! And are you a widow? Beggar—Worse than a widow, ma'am. My husband's living, an' I have to support him."



Each chest of Blue Ribbon Tea is lined with lead—the tea poured in and a sheet of lead placed on top and soldered down. No air or moisture can possibly reach

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

The taste and aroma are retained absolutely unimpaired. The richness, delicacy and creamy taste are all there to cheer and solace every moment if you want.

Black
Mixed
Ceylon Green

Forty Cents
Should be Fifty

Ask for the
Red Label

"What do you do with a man who steals a horse out here?" asked the tourist on the coach in the Far West. "String him up," blurted Amber Pete, in forcible tones. "And a man that steals a motor-car?" "Give him a purse for ridding the country of a nuisance."

I was Cured of painful Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

CHATHAM, ONT.

I was Cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

I was Cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. H. BAILY.

Parkdale, Ont.

Visitor—"So you've got a cat and a dog? You should be glad to have such nice pets." Tommy—"Oh, they ain't much use to me; they don't like cake or jam." Visitor—"Well?" Tommy—"Well, they're never blamed for any that's missing."

Lifeguard Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

"Poor Jack! He never could spell, and it ruined him." "How?" "He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote honey for bonny."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House;

Fortune Teller (to gaily dressed girl)—"Your husband will be a poor man—unless—" Maiden (eagerly)—"Unless what?" "You dress more economically after marriage than you do now."

For Over Sixty Years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, reduces inflammation, and cures diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Ned—"I'm dreadfully worried about my debts." Jack—"It must be very annoying to be continually dunned." Ned—"Oh, hang the dun! What worries me is the fact that I can't get any more credit."

\$64.80.

Toronto To North Pacific Coast and Return Via Great Northern Railway.

Effective daily from July 31st to August 13th, inclusive, round trip first-class tickets will be issued from Toronto to Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., Portland, Ore., also to Vancouver and Victoria, B. C., via Great Northern Ry. at rate of \$64.80.

Proportionate rates from all points in Ontario. Tickets will be valid for return until October 13th, 1903.

Full information as to stop over privileges, time of trains, sleeping car rates, etc., on application to Charles W. Graves, District Passenger Agent, Great Northern Ry., 6 King Street west, Room 12, Toronto, Ont.

BOECKH'S Scrubbing Brushes

Take the Backache out of Cleaning.

They are absolutely the best brushes money can buy—the best made—backs do not warp off—bristles do not fall out of Boeckh's Scrubbing Brushes. Your grocer sells them.

None Genuine Without Name "Boeckh" on back of Brush.

OUR BRANDS.

King Edward
"Headlight"
"Eagle"
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"

PARLOR MATCHES

BULL CANADA

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

PATENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES.

RIDOUT & MAYBEE

103 Bay St., TORONTO

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO PATENT LITIGATION. Send for Handbook on Patents, 2c.

ORANGES LEMONS

We have Mexican, California Navels, Valencia, and Seville.

BANANAS.

Carload every week. All the above at market prices. We can also handle your Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited,
Cor. West Market St., TORONTO

DOMINION LINE Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool
Boston to Liverpool

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and State-rooms. Special attention has been given to the improved Saloon and Third-Class accommodations. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or to passenger agent.

DOMINION LINE OFFICE,
7 State St., Boston. 17 St. James St., Montreal.

INFANTS' DELIGHT Toilet Soap

Best for Big Folks & Little Folks

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
Perfumers and Soap Makers
TORONTO.

Dyeing & Cleaning!

For the very best and most work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."

Look for agent in your town, or send direct.

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

3-44

MOUNT MAPLE.

Mr. Wm. Murdoch has had a slight attack of La Grippe.

Miss Amy Murdoch has returned from Montreal Hospital and is, we are glad to say, getting better.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Canning Jr. of Stonefield spent Sunday, at Mr. Wm. Clark's.

School opened here on the 1st inst, with Miss Mary Chambers of St. Philippe in charge.

Miss Nellie McGregor of Ottawa spent the last few weeks visiting her many relatives and friends in this section.

Miss Selma McKay of Calumet has returned home after having a very pleasant visit with the Misses McKenzie.

Mrs. D. Stalker has this week removed to Lachute there to occupy the new dwelling erected for her on Chatham Street.

The most plentiful thing here is rain and it has so hindered the farmers from getting through with their hay and grain that there is a great deal yet to be gathered in.

LAKEFIELD.

Dr. Willie Rogers of Manitoba a former resident of our village spent part of last Friday visiting his relatives here, all were pleased to see him looking so well.

Much sympathy is felt for our townsmen Mr. Thomas Moore who had his house and out-buildings destroyed by fire last week which were only partly covered by insurance.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Schagel and Master spent this week at Lake Louise the guests of R. V. Mr. and Mrs. Raney of Maple Grove Cottage.

The harvest thanksgiving Supper in connection with the Methodist Church to be held on Thursday 10th, Sept. promises to be even better than last year. Tea will be served from 6 to 8 p.m. in the parsonage and the thanksgiving service and entertainment will be held in the church.

MILLE ISLE.

The movement convention of last week was largely attended.

No 3 school opened on Tuesday with Miss Patton as teacher.

The Church of England choir held a picnic at Lake Anne last Friday.

Rev. Mr. Arnold, of Montreal, gave a very interesting lecture in the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening on "The seven royal Edwards."

Mr. A. E. Schippel's family and Miss Ina McIntosh, left for Montreal on Wednesday after vacating the past two months at Hazel Land Cottage.

Mrs. Young, and family of Montreal, returned home on Monday, after vacating at Mr. W. Westgate's.

On Tuesday 25th, being the occasion of Archbishop Bond's pastoral visit a number of candidates were presented for the apostolic rite of confirmation. The Rev. Sual Dean Sanders assisted.

Mr. Benjamin Moore of Lakefield spent Sunday with relatives in this vicinity.

LOUISA.

Mr. Geo. Robinson was in Dalesville on Sunday.

Mr. T. Seale attended the L. O. F. meeting in Brownsburg on Friday.

Mrs. B. F. Wood of Clear Lake Dunany, was in Louisa on Saturday.

Mr. R. Wood visited Mr. Chapman on Sunday.

In spite of the wet weather quite a few of the farmers have finished haying.

Mrs. M. Neill visited friends in Lachute last week.

Miss Maud Seale was in Lachute, last week the guest of Miss Nellie Cruise.

Mr. C. M. and Miss L. Matthus was the guest of the Misses J. and M. Robinson on Saturday.

J. E. VALOIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

LACHUTE, P.Q.

Money to Loan on Security.

Office - - - BETHANY STREET.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

MAIN STREET - LACHUTE, P.Q.

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

New Store New Goods.

Having opened our new and commodious store, we have placed in stock a splendid assortment of all the best lines of **BOOTS & SHOES**, upon which we are offering big reductions from now till the end of August. We also carry a full assortment of Factory and Home-made Harness.

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

FIGURING ON A BINDER



Figuring on buying a binder should figure on buying the McCormick and be assured of a good and lasting binder—a binder that can always be depended upon in the harvest field.

R. W. BARCLAY, St. Andrews, P.Q.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Our Spring Stock is larger and better assorted than ever before and affords you a greater opportunity of getting your—

New, stylish, Hats and Tweeds

Which we are sure will tickle your fancy. We also have a large and select assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large supply of **HAYING REQUISITES.**
Sherwin, Williams Paint always on hand.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
ST. PHILIPPE, Que.

BOYS SERVICEABLE BOOTS

A complete assortment now in stock of **McCREADY COMPANY'S BEST MAKES.**

Gentlemen

We had your special requirements in view when we were selecting our Shoes for Spring and Summer. Call and see how we anticipated your wishes.

Ladies

For you we selected the daintiest, best made and best finished Shoes, including some of the best known and most popular lines in the United States.

E. LAVIGNE, - - Foundry Street, LACHUTE.

BANK of OTTAWA

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, ONT.

Capital, (authorized) - \$3,000,000
Capital, [Fully paid up] \$2,900,000
Reserved Fund - \$1,334,273

BRANCHES:

ONTARIO.

Alexandria, Arnprior, Avonmore, Bracebridge, Carleton Place, Cobden, Hawkesbury, Keewatin, Kemptonville, Lennoxville, Ottawa, Parry Sound, Pembroke, Portage, Renfrew, Smith Falls, Toronto, Vankeek Hill, Winchester, Maxville, North Bay, Prince Albert.

QUEBEC.

Granby, Hull, Lachute, Montreal, Shawinigan Falls.

MANITOWA.

Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Emerson.

GEORGE HAY, PRESIDENT, DAVID MACLAREN, VICE-PRESIDENT, HENRY M. BATE, JOHN E. FRASER, HON. GEO. BRYSON, JOHN MATHER, HENRY W. EGAN, DENIS MURPHY, M.L.A. GEO. H. PERLEY.

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

LACHUTE CRIST MILLS

We keep constantly on hand flour & feeds of the best quality, sold in car lots or small lots to suit purchaser.

J. D. Campbell & Co.,
LACHUTE, QUEBEC.



Ottawa River Navigation Co.
MAIL LINE STEAMERS

BETWEEN

OTTAWA and MONTREAL

Steamer "SOVEREIGN" leaves Carillon at 1.30 p.m. for MONTREAL, SHOOTING

LACHINE RAPIDS

arriving at Montreal at 6.30 p.m.

For OTTAWA, train leaves Carillon for Grenville at 12.30 p.m. (noon) to connect with Steamer "EMPRESS" for Ottawa.

Steamer "DUCHESS OF YORK," MARKET LINE, leaves Carillon for Montreal at 6 a.m. on MONDAYS, and 4 a.m. on THURSDAYS. Returning, leaves Montreal for Carillon Wednesday and Saturday at 6 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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

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

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
MONTREAL	9.00 a.m.	10.30 p.m.	
TORONTO	4.30 p.m.	7.15 p.m.	
HAMILTON	5.50 p.m.	8.30 a.m.	
NIAG. FLS	7.05 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	
BUFFALO	8.30 p.m.	11.05 a.m.	
LONDON	1.30 p.m.	11.00 a.m.	
DETROIT	1.55 p.m.	1.30 p.m.	
CHICAGO	7.30 a.m.	8.45 p.m.	

* Daily. † Daily Except Sunday.

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

* A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to the 8.00 a.m. train, serving meals in a car and refreshments at any hour during the day. — Tourist sleeping cars leave Montreal every Monday and Wednesday at 10.30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast. A nominal charge is made for accommodation in these sleeping cars. Berths reserved in advance.

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

For tickets, reservations of space in sleeping cars apply to

J. M. DORION, Lachute or St. Philippe Q.

W. H. GARRAHAN, Lachute, P.Q.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

OTTAWA'S Far-Famed Fair.

The Paragon of Exhibitions.

To be held

Sept. 11th to 19th

Largely increased prize list and special premiums for competitions and classes. Additions in the interest of the farmer.

Card of races prepared, the best ever announced in Eastern Canada. Trotting and Running every day.

Greatest Looping of the Loop act done. Balloon Ascensions with bomb drop. The grand musical dancers just from Europe, 16 ladies in the troupe. Marvellous performances with trained horses and dogs and many other of the best specialties to be had, already arranged for.

"Eruption of Mount Pelee, Martinique and destruction of St. Pierre," that great calamity that recently horrified the world, to be vividly represented at night. A wonderful spectacular with the grandest of night shows. Grandest fireworks fireworks display ever seen at the Capital.

Special rates on all railways and Steamboats for both exhibitors & visitors

For Prize Lists, Entry forms and all information write the Secretary,

E. McMAHON,
26 Sparks St. Ottawa.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Chas. H. Fletcher

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
THE SHAWINIGAN FALLS ROUTE.

Trains Leave Lachute

7.03 a.m. — For St. Canute, St. Jerome, Montreal, Ste. Agathe, New Glasgow, Joliette, Shawinigan Falls, Grand Mere, Quebec, etc.
8.27 p.m. — For Stonefield, Hawkesbury, etc.

Trains Arrive Lachute

7.03 a.m. — From Hawkesbury, etc., etc.
8.27 p.m. — From Quebec, Shawinigan Falls, Montreal and intermediate points.

All trains connect at St. Jerome with G.P.R. GUY TOMES, A. J. GORRIE, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt. Gen. Supt. QUEBEC.

Jos. Hamel, Agent — Lachute.
J. M. Dorion, Agent — St. Philippe West



IF THE BREAD'S THERE

The most important part of the meal is—

Our Bread.

will not only sustain life, but take the place of many dainties, which are considered indispensable to the well set table.

This bread is delightfully crisp and palatable. Never gets soggy or sour. Made of the finest hard western wheat flour.

JOHN HOPE.

The Watchman

And the Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXVIII.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1903.

NO. 32

NEW MILLINERY.

Having opened our Millinery Establishment in the Shepherd residence, Main St. Lachute, we would respectfully invite the general public to our First Fall Opening on the 17th and 18th of this month.

It will always be our aim to please and we solicit a share of your patronage.

The MISSES SHEPHERD.

Remember! Remember!

Special Great Attractions Exhibition Week.

Professor Hume's Grand Concerts, with the greatest array of talent ever seen together in Lachute, including

Professor Lanskill
- IN -
Magic and Mystery.

20 Minutes in Wonderland 20

"The more you watch the less you see."

Victoria Hall, Sept. 22 & 23

Admission 25c,
Children 15c. Res'd. 35c.

TEACHER WANTED.—For the Elementary School at Edina. Apply to JOHN MCQUAT, Sec. Treas. Brownsburg.

WANTED.—General Servant in small family. No washing or ironing. Good wages to a respectable girl. References required. Address 718 Park Avenue, or 32 Bleury St.

WANTED.—A teacher (Protestant) Salary \$18. per month for ten months. Apply to John Newton, Plaisance Post office, P. Q.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Having secured the services of a first-class photographer in the person of Mr. Conlon the work in future turned out of this studio will be equal to any of the cities. Prices right. Your patronage solicited.

J. BRISSON, Foundry St.

Do you remember the time you had with that old pump last winter? Get a first-class new one from McQuat & McRae in good time this fall and be happy.

McQUAT & McRAE.

WANTED.—A Young Lad, about 14, to learn the printing. Apply to this office.

The one fence that really fences at smallest expense, is the American Woven wire fence, sold by McQuat & McRae. You can't get over that. Neither can the cattle.

McQUAT & McRAE.

My FALL STOCK is coming in now, and those who want high grade overcoatings will find them at my place. I have also purchased a stock of Ladies' cloth for Coats, to which we invite your inspection. We have Gents' Furnishings of all kinds.

D. LAPOINTE.

FOR SALE

I Jeffrey Threshing Machine with two horse tread power complete. 1 Massey Harris Straw or Ensilage Cutter with 24 ft. carrier. 1 Thoms Hand Straw or Ensilage Cutter with blower. Also Ayrshire Bulls and Yorkshire pigs, all ages.

Apply to DAVID BODDEN, or HON. WM. OWENS, Montebello, Que.

Two lots of bush land, situated one of 50 acres in North half of lot No. 27 in the 9th range of Wentworth, and lot No. 3 in the 6th range of Harrington, containing 100 acres. For particulars apply to Box 254, Lachute, or C. Staniforth, Arundel.

GOOD FARM.—Situated on the North side of the river, and only two miles from the C.P.R. Station, Lachute. Contains 75 acres, no stones, well watered, well fenced, good house with out-buildings, water in house and stables, small orchard and bush. Apply to ALFRED BROWN, Cedar Farm, Lachute.

Mr. Jas. King and Mr. Jno. Campbell of Dalesville are taking in the exhibition at Toronto this week. Rumor has it that the latter named gentleman will be a third party on the return home.

Mr. Robert Smith, formerly from the front of Chatham, but who has been a resident of Troy, N. Y., for the last 35 years, is on a visit to friends in Chatham. Mr. Smith is a cousin of Mr. John Bradford sr. of the West End Lachute.

Last week Messrs Hector & Gordon McRae came in for another surprise when their fellow employees, together with several friends, called at their home and presented them each with a double barreled gun.

Another pleasant event on Tuesday evening was a presentation made in Jas. W. Raitt's Hall, to Mr. Hector McRae, by the officers and players of the Hockey team. The presentation, which consisted of a handsome article toilet set was made on behalf of the team by Mr. A. D. Kennedy, and was suitably replied to by Mr. McRae, who evidently thought that the hard knocks which he had received had been amply repaid. A very pleasant social hour was spent together on both these occasions, and many well wishes extended.

Last evening the Ladies of the West End met at the residence of Mrs. A. Middleton, and there presented Mrs. McRae with a beautiful dinner and tea service, and Miss Bessie with a pretty toilet set of applique shams & scarfs. These little remembrances were given as small tokens of esteem in which the family are held in this community.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN,

I understand there is a slight misunderstanding in Lachute about the conditions governing the disposition of the Banford attendant prize. When Mr. Banford so generously offered this prize it was open to the whole school. A few years later it was won by a pupil of one of the lower departments. On this occasion there were pupils of the Academy and Model school grades who also had not missed a day at school. The question naturally arose whether the conditions were quite just. A pupil in the Academy or M. S. grades is taught by two, three or four different teachers, the question papers for his examinations are set by Dr. Harper or some of the McGill University professors or lecturers, and his answers to these questions are examined and marked by a dozen or more different examiners in Quebec or Montreal. A pupil of the elementary department is taught by one teacher, his question papers are set by that teacher and his answers examined by that teacher. In the case of the Academy and M. S. pupil his examiners know nothing of the line of thought pursued by his teacher, manifestly that pupil cannot fairly compete with a pupil whose teacher is his examiner.

When this injustice was felt I consulted the donor of the prize and we decided that the elementary pupil in that instance was entitled to the prize as it had been so offered, but that in future the prize be confined to the Academy and Model School grades. I trust the fairness of this decision will be conceded. The terms were duly announced to the classes at the time and has since been observed. This episode is a potent argument for the Academy Calendar. If the terms of these competitions were in the hands of every parent such a misunderstanding as the present one could not arise.

Yours truly,
N. T. TRUETT.

BIRTH.

GILLIES.—At Cleveland Ohio, Sunday August 23rd, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Gillies.

DRYSDALE.—At Lachute, on Thursday, Sept. 3rd, a son to Mr. & Mrs. Thos. Drysdale.

SAD DEATH AT MONALEA.

It is with the most profound regret that we have to announce this week the death of a very energetic young man in the person of Mr. John Fitzgerald. He fell a victim to this much prevailing disease, typhoid fever, which he contracted while working on the Rouge River. The deceased was 22 years of age and highly esteemed for his great personal qualities. Much sympathy is expressed for the family in their sad bereavement.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. P. Lare returned to Montreal the beginning of the week.

Mr. Jas. Mason of Montreal is in town on a short visit.

Miss Lottie Pollock of Montreal was in town this week.

Mr. H. J. Giles is spending a short holiday in Toronto.

Miss M. Cass of Chatham left this week for Julesburg, Colorado.

Mrs. Beckham has gone to visit her sister Mrs. Williams of Westmount.

Messrs May and Lee of Montreal were guests of Mrs. Hampton over Sunday.

Messrs. R. and F. Barron of Montreal, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Maggie Heavyside is attending the McGill Normal School, Montreal.

Monday being Labour Day, a half holiday was granted the pupils of the Academy.

Mrs. A. Chambers and Miss Osborn left this morning for a visit to friends in Angers, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. David McQuat of Brownsburg left for a trip to Toronto on Wednesday last.

Miss Mary Haney and her friend Miss Brown of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. Wm. Armstrong.

Mrs. Slogie who has been visiting friends in town returned to her home in Montreal on Tuesday last.

The citizens are banqueting ex-major McRae to-night, prior to his departure for the North-West.

Miss Audley Bennett, Canada's sweetest singer, will appear at Prof. Hume's Concerts, Sept. 22 & 23.

Mr. Ewbank Thompson of East Farnham, was the guest of Mrs. R. Oreswell for a few days this week.

The Misses E. B. Bereszy of Montreal, spent a few days in town this week the guest of Mrs. Geo. Hills.

Mr. Stewart McQuat of Montreal is spending a short vacation at the home of his father, James McQuat of Brownsburg.

Miss Agnes Graham, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. C. Calder, left for her school at Waterloo, Que. on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodfellow of Chateaugay Basin, and Miss Cooper of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. J. D. Boyce this week.

The Imperial Oil Co's are erecting a tank in the vicinity of the C.P.R. Station for the convenience of our local merchants.

Rev. W. H. Raney and family who have been spending the summer months at Lake Louise, returned home on Friday.

The Auction Sale of household effects of Mrs. Barr is announced to take place on Saturday, Sept. 12th at one o'clock.

Miss McArthur of Toronto, who will take charge of the millinery department in "The Elite," arrived in town on Thursday.

Mr. Wm. McAdam who has been visiting his many friends in Lachute and vicinity left on Thursday for his home in Dawson City.

From now till the end of 1903 we are offering the Watchman and the big Family Herald and Weekly Star for 25cts. Don't delay.

The Misses Shepherd are announcing their millinery opening for next Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17 & 18. Read their advt.

Miss Catherine Barron has returned to Montreal to resume her duties as teacher in one of the public schools under control of the Commission.

Miss Blanche Huey with her two cousins, returned on Monday evening to New York, after spending a long and pleasant holiday with their aunt Mrs. Painter.

Mrs. D. M. Dewar had a pleasant call from her cousins, Mrs. and Miss Jordan of Rhode Island, U.S., who are at present touring Canada.

Mrs. B. W. Going, of Lowell, Mass., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Morrison, Hill Head, is at present spending a few days with Mrs. J. A. McGibbon.

On Saturday afternoon last about 4.30 o'clock, a man, giving his name as Champagne, committed suicide at St. Philippe by cutting his throat with a razor. The man had been hanging around the St. Philippe station the best part of the afternoon, but attracted no particular attention. He was removed to Montreal Hospital where we learn he has since died.

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are caused by eye-strain. [Cured permanently by Eye-glasses.

Eyes are bread-winners. Take care of them.

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W. H. GARRETSEE,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER and OPTICIAN,
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EXHIBITION WEEK.

When you come to Lachute to see the sights don't forget that our large stock of suitings & gent's furnishings is one of the most important.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St., Lachute.

GRANNY'S SACRIFICE

"You be a fool, Sue Thorpe, that's what you be," said Mrs. Thorpe, delivering herself of the opinion to the subject thereof, while she made rattle amongst the cups and saucers in their transit from dresser to table.

Sue Thorpe sat in the recess of the kitchen window that looked out on to the sunlit garden. The drowsy stillness of the summer afternoon was only broken outside by the buzz of the bees as they flitted from flower to flower, and the only signs of active life beyond the open window were those self-same bees, and a pair of giddy butterflies that chased one another across the cabbages.

In silence the girl sewed on, paying no heed to the verdict her mother's lips had uttered. Many times had she heard it before, and no doubt she would hear it often enough—certainly so long as she remained single.

"Fancy you a-refusin' Joe Potter!" Mrs. Thorpe went on; "you ought to be shamed o' yourself throwin' away th' good bread th' Lord 'as seen fit to 'old out to you. Ingratitude, base ingratitude, I call it of you, Sue Thorpe."

She filled two cups with tea from a little china pot as she spoke. Only when she saw this did Susan open her lips.

"Bain't ye goin' to wait for Granny Grimes?" she asked. "Ye know, mother, I 'as asked 'er up to tea this afternoon."

"Well, she bain't come, then," snapped Mrs. Thorpe, stirring her tea viciously.

"But it bain't four yet," said Susan, looking at the old clock that ticked with slow solemnity against the wall. "An' I told 'er four."

"Well, I 'as my tea when I wants it," answered Mrs. Thorpe, "an' there be your'n, Sue. I bain't a-goin' to wait for anybody."

"Not for Mrs. Potter?" Susan suggested meekly.

Her mother glared at her. Mrs. Potter was her bosom friend, and the pair had set their hearts upon the wedding of their respective offspring, a setting much to the liking of Joe Potter, but nothing to the taste of Susan Thorpe.

"Not for Granny Grimes," said Mrs. Thorpe. "You think o' nought but th' Grimeses, though what ye can see in that lot of a Bob Grimes I don't know. 'E bain't a man, but a baby."

"'E be man enou' for me," answered Susan.

"An' old man afore ye marries un," responded her mother. "I'd be shamed for everybody to know I was waitin' to step into an old woman's shoes. An' ye never knows when Granny Grimes is goin' to die. She be gone seventy-five an' looks like goin' another seventy-five. Ye'll 'ave a long wait, Sue," and she laughed bitterly.

"I'd be shamed to talk like you an' think like you, mother," Susan answered, her cheeks crimsoned with anger. "I don't want 'er to die."

"An' yet till she do Bob Grimes can't make ye 'is wife."

"I can wait."

"An' grow old an' ugly, so when th' time comes 'ell find missin' all those pretty looks that 'e fell in love with; it be a nice thing to wait for, an' you won't see twenty-five again."

The girl sighed. Despite the unpleasant way her mother had of drawing the picture, making all its rugged shadows prominent, exaggerating them, perhaps, Susan had to admit its chief outlines were correct. It has been an understood thing between Bob Grimes and herself that they would marry when his grandmother died. For eight years now it had never got beyond being an understanding, and Granny Grimes, despite her having passed the allotted span, was as tenacious of life as ever.

But Susan knew that Bob loved her, and what was far more important, she loved him. Still, until his grandmother died, marriage was not for them; he had to work and keep her, as she had worked to keep him when his mother, dying, left him alone in the world, too young to fight for himself. It was his duty, and though it bore on him heavily he intended to religiously perform it. Had he married Susan, either they would all have had to starve or Granny Grimes would have had to find a cold home in that building of which she had so great a terror to the poor-house. For Bob Grimes was only a farm hand, one of many on the Squire's big farm, and the twelve shillings that was paid him weekly, while being enough for two to live on, would never have sufficed for three.

He has not realized all this eight years before, when with love in his heart he had poured its song into Susan's ears, and she had not realized either; but later the truth of it came to them both, with the blow to the man that was lightning, however, when the woman said she was willing to wait.

"I was married an' you was born afore I was your age," pursued Mrs. Thorpe, not without some pride.

Where'd we 'ave bin if I'd waited for some man who'd a grandmother on 'is back? Thank 'eaven, your father 'adn't; it 'e 'ad 'ad to 'ave chosen atwixt losin' me an' sendin' 'is grandmother to th' workhouse."

The old clock on the wall was seized with a sudden fit of rasping and sneezing that smothered the chain-supported weights with life, and as it struck four slow strokes they swung and lengthened and shortened.

Susan placed another cup and saucer on the table for the coming of Granny Grimes.

"Well," she said, "it bain't worth talkin' about any more now."

"No, it bain't," agreed her mother; "but if I was Mrs. Grimes I'd 'urry up an' die or go into th' 'ouse; an' if I was you I'd tell Bob 'e 'ave to choose atween me an' 'is grandmother. O' course, it bain't 'er fault nor 'is'n," she added, growing somewhat conciliatory; "but you bain't a-goin' to go on wastin' yer life in waitin' for somethin' that might never come."

"Then, as her eyes fell on the garden, it suddenly attracted her attention.

"'Ere she be, Susan," and she crossed to the window.

She turned the next moment in astonishment. "Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed; "I thought Granny was a-comin', but it seems she be a-goin'."

Susan crossed to the window just in time to see the bent form of Granny Grimes pass through the gate, closing it carefully behind her. She turned to her mother, her face white and tears in her eyes.

"I do 'ope she ain't a-eard," she said. "Dear old soul."

"Praps it'll 'elp you a bit if she 'as," was Mrs. Thorpe's reply, given with an assumption of shamelessness that certainly did not spring from her heart. (She was sorry, in a way, if Granny Grimes had heard, and there was little doubt that she had, or the old woman, she knew, would certainly have entered instead of turning back. But there, it couldn't be helped. If Bob Grimes had a duty to perform towards his grandmother, Mrs. Thorpe had also one to perform towards her own daughter, she told herself, in which excuse she found justification for whatever she had said.)

Granny Grimes had set out for Mrs. Thorpe's on that sunny summer afternoon with a light heart and a brightness in her wrinkled face and aged, dim eyes; but when, after having overheard the caustic comments of Susan's mother, she turned from the cottage and passed through the gate homewards, she staggered under a heavier burden of sorrow than she had ever known before.

The discovery came to her age-dulled senses with little of that terrible shock with which it would have struck a younger woman and it resulted in no bitter resentment against the woman who had so coarsely laid bare the truth. It took her some time to properly realize its full purport.

Of course, Bob ought to be married like other men. He was young and wanted a home; brightened by the presence of the woman he loved, and he would have had it long ago but for her—a millstone round his neck. She was in the way, a helpless old woman, fit only for the grave, a load on his shoulders, hampering him, bearing him down, robbing him of the joys and pleasures that only a loving husband and a happy father could know.

Slowly her feeble brain spread out plain to her sight the situation as she ought to have seen it years before. Why had she never told her? she wondered, recollecting how tender and loving he always had been. She remembered, too, how often she had asked him when he was going to be married, and his laughing reply that he was in no hurry, there was time enough yet; but she had never realized before that it was for her sake he had remained single, that his marriage would have meant her consignment to the poor-house.

The poor-house! Her feeble old frame shivered, her old heart ceased its heavy beating as that possibility loomed before her. She hated, with the deep hatred of a pride which she knew she had no right or reason to harbor, the thought that there, amongst the unloving and unloved, she might have to end her days. Up to the present only Bob, by his great self-sacrifice, had kept her from it.

But it seemed there was nothing for it but for her to pass within its forbidding, hard, high brick walls; Bob must not be burdened longer with her. And death was not coming her way. True she was old, old in body and feeble in mind, and utterly incapable of working for herself, but she had a tenacious grip of life, and life showed no signs of releasing its hold.

Clearly, there was nothing but the poor-house left; it was a hard, bitter thing to face, but it had to be faced, she told herself, for her grandson should be freed to marry. It would not be fair to him to spoil his chance, and Susan had waited long enough; she might get tired of waiting and marry some other man, and Bob, who would, he have to thank for it but his grandmother?

The feelings in the old soul's heart did not find reflection on her face when Bob trudged in from his work in the fields to tea. He was tired, for it had been a long, hot day, but as happy as ever.

"Well, Granny," he said, as he

kissed the withered cheeks, "you enjoyed tea wi' Susan?"

"I didn't go," she said; "my head was bad."

"I'm sorry," he answered; "Susan'll be disappointed."

"I be goin' some other day, Bob." While the man sat at tea the old woman watched him with her dim eyes in silence. Presently she said: "When be ye a-goin' to marry, Bob?"

"By-and-by," said Bob, with a laugh. "Why? Are ye anxious, Granny?"

"I've bin a-thinkin', Bob." "Thinkin' what, Granny?"

"That I'll never be at th' wedding," she answered.

Bob, with the cup half raised to his lips, looked at the old woman opposite. He knew in his heart she undoubtedly spoke the truth.

"An' don't 'e think Susan'll get a bit tired o' waitin'?" she went on. "She's waited these eight years. An' you've waited long enough; you be thirty next August, Bob."

"Oh," he said, with an assumed lightness of heart. "She don't mind. Praps this year, praps next, Granny. It just depends."

"When I die, eh, Bob?" The question was so unexpected that Bob almost dropped the cup to the floor.

"O' course," the old woman went on, "ye can't keep yerself an' me an' a wife on twelve shillings a week, Bob."

"Who's bin tellin' these things?" asked the man.

"No one, Bob. I just thought 'em out; an' I'm goin' in th' poor-house."

"Not as long as I live, Granny," cried Bob; "not as long as I can work."

"But I am, Bob; then ye can marry Susan," persisted Mrs. Grimes.

"If Susan don't like to wait—"

"She's bin a-waitin' eight years, an' it ain't fair, Bob, to expect 'er to wait longer."

Bob realized the truth of his grandmother's words.

"But," he said, "but—she said she'd wait, an' with a gulp. "If she don't like to wait any more she can find someone else."

"But you love Susan, Bob, don't 'e?"

"Oh, don't talk about it, Granny," the man asked, with a pained look on his face. "O' course I love Susan, but it was you kept me as a baby, an'—Granny, Granny, I wish I was rich," and he dropped his head on his arm.

She bent over him, smoothing his hair with her bony hand.

"Now, don't 'e take on, Bob," she said, softly. "Don't 'e take on."

He lifted his face and caught her hand.

"Mother's mother," he cried, looking up into her wrinkled, tear-stained face. "Never the poor-house, Granny, never."

It was twelve o'clock at night and the man slept a troubled sleep in his little room, when Granny crept to the door of it and listened carefully. She caught his regular breathing, and softly turning the handle entered the room, shading the feeble light of the candle she carried from the sleeper's face. She stood a moment and looked at him, her heart filled with love and sorrow, big tears coursing down her faded, hollow cheeks. She heard him murmur, "Granny—Susan" in his sleep, took a step forward to kiss him, then stopped, turned out of the room, and softly closed the door.

"I might 'a' waked 'im," she muttered.

She threw a shawl over her head, took up her stick, gazed round the old room, where she had passed all her life, smothered a sob, and, pinching out the candle, passed out of the house for ever.

There was no moon, the night was black, but she knew well the road, and without fear made her way along it, with one refrain singing through her brain: "Never the poor-house, Granny, never." Well, the poor-house it should not be, since Bob would not yield; but it was the poor-house or death.

She passed through the sleeping village street out into the hard, long road and trudged it bravely. She was old and helpless, old and useless. Nature had forgotten to make provision for such human derelicts, though a more thoughtful Government had filled the gap with the poor-house.

She turned off from the road up a narrow lane, whose shadows were made the more profound by the thick, overhanging trees. Presently she paused; it was somewhere here, the gap in the hedge she wished to find. Ah! here it was. She crawled through and stood up, a dense wood around her, through whose darkness ran a narrow path. She took a few steps forward, then halted. How black and silent it was here!

Above the song of the wind came suddenly the short, sharp sound of a gunshot. The old woman started and trembled. It was followed immediately by another, by the loud cry of voices, and the sound of heavy bodies rushing through the wood. Not six paces ahead of her a man sprang across the path and disappeared; there was the report and the flash of a gun to the right.

Another man bounded into the path, with yet another at his heels. The pursuer caught his prey, they grappled and fell, and, fighting, rolled from side to side, while the old woman paralyzed at the sight

for a moment, stood inactive. Then she saw one man rise above the other, whom he held by the throat; she heard a voice cry feebly for help—a voice that she recognized well enough as that of the Squire—and she sprang forward and brought her stick down on the head of the uppermost man. He collapsed like a log, and the Squire scrambled to his feet as two keepers dashed to the scene.

One fell on the man, the other seized the woman, then fell back in surprise.

"Squire," he cried, "ere's a woman!"

The Squire caught her arm.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Who are you?"

"I be a-doin' nothin', Squire," answered Mrs. Grimes, while she trembled violently, not from fright or fear, but because she found herself so unexpectedly in the great man's presence. "I be Granny Grimes," she went on. "I was a-passin' when I 'eard guns, an' 'eard you cry for 'elp, so I 'it th' other man with me stick."

"A very strange story," said the Squire, "but I know I owe my life to someone who aimed a blow at the poacher before either of you arrived," speaking to the keepers "I'll take the woman to the hall; you two bring that chap along."

It was half an hour later, when the captured poacher was safely locked up in a barn till the morning, that the Squire took Granny Grimes in hand.

"Now, it strikes me your grandson is mixed up in this," he said, sternly, with his cold eyes fixed on the old woman's face.

"I swear 'e bain't, Squire," she answered. "'E be at 'ome in 'is bed."

"What were you doing in the wood at that time of night?" asked the Squire.

The old woman trembled, but made no answer.

"Now, come along; no nonsense," he said, gruffly, "or you will also be in the police-court in the morning."

"No, no, Squire," she pleaded. "I'll tell ye: I was passing through the wood to the pond to drown myself," and she began to cry bitterly.

"Drown yourself!" cried the Squire, in surprise. "What for, in the name of Heaven?"

"It was that, Squire, or th' poor-house, an' I be afraid of th' poor-house."

By degrees he got from the old woman her astonishing story of her grandson's inability to marry, of her determination to commit suicide, of her night walk to the pond; and then the Squire did a strange thing. He took her old, wrinkled hand, shook it, and kissed the back of it, for he could see there was truth in the old woman's words, and he knew that to her he owed his life.

"Well, you won't go to the pond," he said, when he had made her drink hot coffee. "You will go home again, and I will see your grandson in the morning."

"And, Squire, you won't tell 'im? I wouldn't like 'im to know," Granny Grimes stammered.

"He ought to know," he answered. "Know what a dear old grandmother he's got, but since you wish it I will say nothing. You are not afraid to go back alone?"

"There be nothin' to be feared of, Squire," and she started out once more on the road she had never expected to tread again.

"Such news, Granny," cried Bob, rushing in the next night. "The Squire's given me a cottage an' doubled my wages. There be a good un for ye, eh? I wonder what I 'a' done to deserve it?"

And, wondering still, while Granny cried and laughed in her joy, he rushed away to tell the glad news to Susan, and suggest their marriage in the following month.—London Answers.

THE KING'S COLLECTIONS.

The King carefully preserves the artistic programmes of proceedings in which he has taken part. These souvenirs, which number several thousands, are all pasted in large albums, which are kept in the library of Buckingham Palace. In the same way the King has kept all his theatre programmes since his earliest playgoing days. This is, without doubt, the most curious and valuable collection of its kind in the world, for managers do not give kings and princes ordinary programmes. The bill of the play placed in the Royal box used to be printed on silk or satin, with a heavy fringe. It is now, as a rule, less elaborate, but not for that reason less artistic.

CHRISTIAN ACTION.

An interesting story revealing a splendid trait in King Edward's character is attached to a silver inkstand which was long in daily use at Marlborough House, and is now at Buckingham Palace. When Prince of Wales, King Edward one day watched a blind man and his dog vainly trying to cross the road, in the most congested part of Pall Mall. Placing his hand on the man's shoulder the Prince himself conducted the man safely across. A few days later a beautiful silver inkstand arrived at Marlborough House with the inscription: "To the Prince of Wales from one who has him conduct a blind beggar across the street—in memory of a kind and Christian action." The donor is still unknown.

THE SHOWMAN'S DESCRIPTION.

"Mr. Showman, what is that?" "That, my dear, is the rhinoceros. He is cousin German or Dutch relation to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann and feeds on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy or dejected. He is now rather old, but has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wonders of creation as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a animal that can stand hanging like a fellow-critter, only it's by its tail."

TEACH YOUR BOY TO SWIM.

The parent who has a boy who doesn't know how to swim should see that he learns. Possibly some day that knowledge will save his life. Certainly during many days it will add to his stock of happiness and health. There are few more thorough forms of exercise than swimming. Every muscle is brought into play. The chest and lungs particularly are developed. Greater chest development, if it does not take the form merely of pectoral muscles enlarged by artificial means

BIG TREASURES VANISHED

TROPHIES THAT WOULD BRING RICH REWARDS.

Arm of Venus Would Bring a Fortune—A Famous Bronze Bowl.

The greatest treasure in sculpture the world has ever known is imperfect, and the piece missing—a right arm—would bring the finder in a King's ransom, so may be termed a treasure in itself. This arm, of course, belongs to the Venus de Milo now in the Louvre at Paris, and twenty-eight years ago it turned up in England, and was proved by experts to be the genuine arm of the Venus. The owner, however, refused to part with it, and concealed it somewhere lest it should be stolen by thieves. When he died he left no record as to where the arm was hidden, and from that day to this its resting-place has remained a mystery.

Somewhere there is an old bronze drinking-cup which would easily realize \$100,000 if put on the market. It is the famous bronze bowl found in Egypt a century and a half ago, on which was engraved the ancient history of the Pharaohs. It was stolen from an Egyptian temple in 1739 and brought to Europe. From that time it miraculously disappeared, and forty years later the French Government offered \$14,000 for its discovery, but the famous cup had vanished, in all probability for ever.

GREAT PICTURES.

have an unhappy knack of disappearing, and lucky would be the individual who came across Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Countess of Derby," for it would realize \$150,000. This was acknowledged to be Reynolds's greatest portrait, but not long after it was painted it disappeared from the Earl of Derby's collection and has never since been heard of. There are also two Van Dykes and a Rembrandt missing for which the National Gallery would willingly pay \$200,000, and no doubt the Earl of Crewe would give a four-figure reward to anyone who restored the Cupid cut by some vandal from the picture of a former Countess of Crewe and her son, who was painted as the little sprite.

Half a century ago the Italian Government offered \$50,000 to anyone who would rediscover the Florentine chalice. This is a goblet of green Venetian glass, made in the sixteenth century, for the Pope and engraved with a picture of the Resurrection. Its manufacture is said to have occupied two years, and the secret of the glass, which was thinner than paper is lost. The cup was stolen from the Vatican; but no one came forward to claim the offered reward, and the probabilities are that the cup has been smashed.

A SIMILAR TREASURE.

which vanished in an equally strange manner, was the Marsella vase of Dresden china. It is the only piece of china missing from the famous Marsella collection, the value of which is set down at \$75,000, and it bears upon it the cross arrows and a lion's head. A few years ago the vase was said to be in the North of England, and it is safe to assert that if anyone rediscovered it he can command a price running well into four figures.

Probably in some lumber-room in England there is an old sword which, if the owner only knew it, is worth \$10,000. It was the State sword presented by the nation to Edward III., and at one time the hilt was studded with large rubies, but these disappeared long before the weapon followed them into obscurity some years ago. Any one of our national museums would purchase the sword for the sum mentioned, while it is not unlikely that in a public auction-room the bidding would rise even higher.—London Tit Bits.

THE SHOWMAN'S DESCRIPTION.

"Mr. Showman, what is that?" "That, my dear, is the rhinoceros. He is cousin German or Dutch relation to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann and feeds on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy or dejected. He is now rather old, but has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wonders of creation as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a animal that can stand hanging like a fellow-critter, only it's by its tail."

TEACH YOUR BOY TO SWIM.

The parent who has a boy who doesn't know how to swim should see that he learns. Possibly some day that knowledge will save his life. Certainly during many days it will add to his stock of happiness and health. There are few more thorough forms of exercise than swimming. Every muscle is brought into play. The chest and lungs particularly are developed. Greater chest development, if it does not take the form merely of pectoral muscles enlarged by artificial means

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest
Tea the world produces,
and is sold only in lead
packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green Tea.

1-1

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

THE MOTOR CAR ENTERS
MANY NEW FIELDS.

Lumbering Camp and Warpath Are
Invaded by Horseless
Carriages.

With the wholesale invasion of au-
to vehicles, and the consequent re-
jection of the slower means of trans-
port, the horses are eating their heads
off in their stalls, while steam en-
gines and other primitive modes of
locomotion rust away in idleness.

The day of the long faithful four
footed beast of burden, who has
patiently dragged after him every
kind of wheeled contrivance made by
man, is gone with the appearance of
auto power. Everywhere one turns
one sees the horse and old time ve-
hicles giving way to motor cars. A
municipality runs by auto power
street cleaners and sprinklers that
penetrate the smallest and all track-
less streets, a trolley company owns
repair wagons so compact as to ob-
viate the usual congestion caused by
the original big, clumsy wagons, and
store deliveries, a big item in the
routine of every day life, are made
in a small fraction of the time form-
erly consumed.

Then the need of the noisy trolley
is done away with in many city
streets—much to the relief of the in-
habitants of the fashionable quarters—
by the auto omnibus, which rolls
swiftly and noiselessly through the
streets and saves the time and pa-
tience of every one.

Besides this, by means of this all
conquering power, the difficulties of
hauling and making a way through
trackless wastes and forests have
been overcome by motor vehicles,
when even the horses and wagons,
going at snail's pace, could scarcely
make way and the use of steam en-
gines was an impossibility.

WARPATH IS INVADDED.

Even the warpath is invaded by
the horseless carriage, which leaves
destruction in its wake while escap-
ing from it.

This death-dealing carriage recent-
ly made its appearance in London in
the shape of a round steel shell
spiked on top with three formidable
guns, as a contrivance for road and
coast defence in time of either naval
or land battle.

Its principle object is to act on the
defensive on the coast roads, or
with certain modifications for offen-
sive work over smooth or rough
roads; for keeping open lines of com-
munication, hauling guns into posi-
tion, or for carrying and hauling
stores and men. As it is impervious
to bullets of small caliber it may
also be effectively employed to damp-
en street riots or for searchlight op-
erations.

The main object of the car, how-
ever, is that of coast defence, and it
could, if employed in sufficient num-
bers, make it impossible for any
landing party of the enemy to come
ashore, for this war car would soon
be able to destroy or sink any in-
vading forces.

The great mobility and therefore
the great range of action, the fact
of its being able to carry sufficient
fuel for some 500 miles, the invis-
ibility of the car itself, the absence
of noise, as well as its general con-
struction, all add to its great scope
and utility.

IN LUMBERING CAMPS.

Amid snow, ice, and trackless for-
ests, lumbering and hauling logs are
now carried on with the greatest ease
and speed, for the snow traction au-
to, the biggest thing in automobiles,
has successfully smoothed away all
the difficulties attending the work.

This huge machine, in successful
operation in Gen. Russell Alger's ex-
tensive Michigan pines, plows its
way through snow drifts and over
rocks, stumps, everything in the way
of obstacles in an unbroken country,
leaving behind it a smooth and hard
packed ice road. At the same time
it carries an enormously heavy load
of lumber and moves at the rate of
about twelve miles an hour.

The big auto was made strictly for
work and looks much like an unusu-
ally large box car, with doors and
windows on all sides, and a big
chimney protruding from the top.

The snow traction auto, however,
is not the only machine that can over-
come difficulties in transit.
Of even more importance in keep-
ing a municipality up to the re-
quirements of modern progress is the
unique automobile street sweeper and
sprinkler that a Frenchman gave to
the world.

There are the trolley sweepers and
sprinklers, to be sure, but this little

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.



The satisfaction of having the
washing done early in the day,
and well done, belongs to every
user of Sunlight Soap.

French machine which has won such
universal favor is far more service-
able—being small, compact, and man-
ipulated equally well in highways
and byways.

No tracks are needed for the run-
ning of this machine, which goes in-
to places that have probably never
felt anything but a semi-occasional
scrub from the human street sweep-
er's broom.

A great advantage about the auto
street cleaner lies in the fact that
it raises not a particle of dust, and
in sprinkling the streets it does not
flood them, making passage disagree-
able for pedestrians.

For speed and comfort in the way
of street carriages nothing can ex-
ceed the automobile bus, which first
made its appearance in London
streets and has rapidly made its way
into the popularity of other big cit-
ies on both sides of the Atlantic.

This auto-bus slows up for a pas-
senger, and is off again, all in one
half the time it took the original bus
to stop. The remarkable ease and
facility with which the huge vehicle
is made to thread its way through
the crowded traffic of the city
streets has been a great card in its
favor among pedestrians, and the
fact that it is self-controlled and
needs no expert drivers has found
favor in the eyes of street railway
companies, so the automobile-bus has
undoubtedly come to stay.

A company which supplies the rail-
road ticket offices and hotels with
time tables, maps, and folders of all
the roads runs an automobile Pull-
man car to make the rounds of the
offices. On both sides of the vehicle
are wooden compartments, or "pock-
ets," closely resembling the pigeon
holes of a railway mail car used for
sorting letters. These pockets are
filled with railroad and steamship
folders, and two men in the car are
busily engaged in selecting an as-
sessment of the folders, carrying
them into the ticket office, and plac-
ing them in the standing racks.

The neat racks are furnished and
kept filled by the one concern with-
out trouble to the roads, and with-
in twenty-four hours after a change
in train schedules the new time
tables are available to the traveling
public.

WHISTLING IN CHURCH.

The Rev. P. Biderback, of Mill-
ville, New Jersey, has introduced a
choir of thirty young whistlers into
his church. On their first appear-
ance the boys in the gallery and
several of the congregation joined
in. The discord was so painful that
many ladies left the church.

Amy: "Poor Mr. Billion has been
in a railway smash and is sinking
fast." Della: "Dear me! How sad.
And I only refused him last April!"
"Bridget, did the dog eat much
when he got into the pantry?"
"Shure, mum, he ate everything but
the dog biscuit."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfect-
ant Soap Powder is a boon to any
home. It disinfects and cleans at
the same time.

A slow-match is made of rope
steeped in a solution of saltpetre
and lime water.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

There are in the United States 1-
470,000 people over ten who cannot
speak English. Besides these there
are 72,000 Indians. The majority of
these are Germans.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs, I have great faith in
MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year
I cured a horse of Ring-bone, with
five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a
month (he was no ring-bone and
no lameness).

DANIEL MURCHISON.
Four Falls, N. B.

No fewer than 203,413 certificates
of conscientious objection to vaccina-
tion of children were received last
year by the vaccination officers of
England and Wales.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps
and blemishes from horses. Blood spavin,
scurf, splinters, ring bone, sweener, stifles,
sprain, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc.
Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted
the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever
known.

Paris has now 57 women doctors
out of a total of 3,000 medical prac-
titioners. In 1882 Paris had only
seven women physicians.

PAPERED WITH ENVELOPES.

A most quaint and novel way of
papering a room has lately been in-
vented by a young lady of more ori-
ginality than taste. She has adorn-
ed the walls of her special sanctum
with the envelopes of all the letters
she has received for the last few
years. These are, of course, of
every conceivable shape, color, and
size, and also bear all kinds of
stamps and handwritings, so the ef-
fect is most odd. She has pursued
no plan in regard to them, but has
pasted them on the walls in all
kinds of positions as soon as she
received them. The effect is startling,
but it cannot be said to be in any
way artistic.

A MAMMOTH WATCH.

A mammoth watch will be one of
the features of the coming St.
Louis World's Fair in America. It
will have a polished metal case, and
will be large enough to allow people
to walk inside it and inspect the
machinery. Its diameter is to be
75 ft. and height 40 ft., with neat
stairs running all about. The
balance-wheel will weigh a ton, and
the hair-spring will be 300 ft. in
length and made of ten sprung steel
bands, 2 in. thick, bound together.
The watch will be wound by steam
regularly at a certain hour during
the day.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot
reach the diseased portion of the ear.
There is only one way to cure deafness,
and that is by constitutional remedies.
Deafness is caused by an inflamed
condition of the mucous lining of the Eus-
tachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed
you have a rumbling sound or im-
perfect hearing, and when it is entirely
closed, deafness is the result, and un-
less the inflammation can be taken out
and this tube restored to its normal
condition, hearing will be destroyed for-
ever. Nine cases out of ten are caused
by Catarrh, which is nothing but an
inflamed condition of the mucous ser-
vices.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for
any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh)
that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh
Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

By 1904 the pay of the private in
the British Army will be raised to
1s. 6d. a day for men who have serv-
ed two years or more.

For Over Sixty Years

Wm. Winstanley's Brooming Syrup has been used by
millions of mothers for their children while teaching
the child, softens the gums, stops pain, cures
wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the
best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle
sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure you
ask for "Wm. Winstanley's Brooming Syrup." 25-74

Not Chinese but Japanese are the
greatest rice eaters. Each Jap eats
on an average 300 pounds of rice in
the course of a year.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

Professor Jacobi has bequeathed
10,000 marks to the University of
Berlin, with the proviso that the
money shall not become available un-
til two departments are open to wo-
men students.

ROUND TRIP RATES VIA UN- ION PACIFIC.

to many points in the states of Col-
orado, Utah, California, Montana,
Oregon and Washington from Mis-
souri River. Terminal—Council
Bluffs to Kansas City inclusive.

\$17.50 to Denver, Colorado
Springs and Pueblo, daily to Sept.
30.

\$30.50 to Ogden and Salt Lake
City daily to Sept. 30.

\$44.50 to Spokane Aug. 4 and 18,
Sept. 1 and 15.

\$52.00 to Portland, Tacoma and
Seattle Aug. 4 and 18, Sept. 1 and
15.

\$45.00 to San Francisco and Los
Angeles Aug. 1 to 14 inclusive.

\$45.00 to Portland, Tacoma and
Seattle Aug. 1 to 14 inclusive.

\$50.00 to San Francisco and Los
Angeles Oct. 11 to 17 inclusive.

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Carter, T.P.A., 14 James Building,
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126 Woodward Ave., Detroit,
Mich.

Oil-cake is the most valuable form
of food for stock. Three pounds of
oil-cake are equal to ten pounds of
hay or five pounds of oats.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

An excellent and pleasant disinfect-
ant is made of 9 per cent. essence
of thyme and 18 per cent. essence of
geranium mixed in alcohol.

ROUND TRIP HOME-SEEKERS EXCURSIONS.

On August 18th, also September
1st and 15th, 1903, round trip tick-
ets will be issued from Chicago and
St. Paul at single first-class fare
plus \$2.00 to points on the Great
Northern Ry. in the states of Min-
nesota, Oregon, Idaho, Washington
also to all points in British Colum-
bia reached via Great Northern Ry.
These tickets are valid for return
passage within 21 days from date
of issue.

Full information as to stop ov-
er privileges, etc., by calling on
writing Charles W. Graves, District
Passenger Agent, 6 King St., West,
Room 12, Toronto, Ont.

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Write for free advice.



Blue Ribbon Tea is "hill grown" Ceylon tea.

The best tea because it grows slowly in the cool mountain air
and obtains all the fragrance and deliciousness the plant can
extract from a soil rich in these properties.

A nerve-nourishing tea—a sense-pleasing tea—invaluable for
brain-workers—solacing and comforting.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Black, Mixed
Ceylon Green

40c. Should be
Fifty

Ask for the
Red Label

OUR BRANDS.
King Edward
1894
"Headlight"
1895
"Eagle"
1896 & 1897
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"

Don't
Experiment
with
other and
inferior
brands,
USE
EDDY'S

THE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

AND THE

MASAI WARRIORS.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

On the occasion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's recent
visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a torchlight war-
dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given
in his honour. In this connection a striking in-
cident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's
famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompa-
nying photograph, taken on the spot by a correspon-
dent of The Sphere. Indeed,



HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT.

are used wherever the white man
has set his foot.

The Masai warrior carrying his grease pot, slung from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case
was a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT jar, and the lobe of the ear had been stretched to get round the pot.

THE PILLS
are a wonderfully prompt and effective, but
gentle and benign, remedy for all disorders
of the Liver and Bowels. They cleanse and
thoroughly regulate the system. Females
should never be without them.

THE OINTMENT
is the greatest healing agent known for Old
Sores and all skin affections. Rheumatism
and Sciatica yield to its influence quite
magically, as also most throat and chest
troubles.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

13-33

Rupture

We are getting them, lots of them. When no
other firm will hold them they come to us.
"Wink we get as sold." The best is the cheapest.
TRAVELERS' PATENT RUBBER BANDS. It holds
the edges of the wound together so that with fair
play it must heal. You may get well, you may get
worse while you wear it. Obtainable only from
THE BELT AND TRUSS MFG. CO., Hiram,
Ohio, or 423 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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Has superior RESIDENTIAL B-hal for
girls.
Gives Academic, Matrimonial and Social Courses.
For MUSIC (Canadian Conservatory), Art, English,
Stenography, Art-Needwork, etc., SEE CALENDAR.
SEND FOR CALENDAR.

Address, THE LADY PRINCIPAL.

Billiard Tables

The Best at the Lowest Price
Write for Terms

REID BROS., Mfg Co.'y
743 King St. W.

INFANTS' DELIGHT

Toilet Soap
Best for Big Folks & Little Folks

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
Perfumers and Soap Makers
TORONTO.

Dyeing & Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the
"BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."
Look for agent in your town, or send direct.
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.
1-44

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BANANAS.

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Butter, Eggs, Poultry,
Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodations
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ISSUE NO. 33-03

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1903.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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.

Locals, constituting 5 lines or less, 25 cents per each insertion.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE, QUE.

MR. FISHER AND ARGENTEUIL.

When the Hon. Sydney Fisher next visits the county of Argenteuil as an electioneering campaigner, he had better bring a protecting force with him. The minority element is quite strong in our county, perhaps stronger than the Minister of Agriculture cares to estimate at the present moment, with all the cares of a Brome by-election weighing upon his massive intellect. Has the poor man no ingenious friend near by to deliver the proud possessor of Professor Robertson out of all his distresses? Can he not see that what is meat for the Conservatives this time is poison to his own party? Is there no hair of gratitude in his composition, that he goes on with a threatened insult to the men of his own faction and to the Conservatives of the minority as well? We are not going to say that this ignoring of Argenteuil's interest is no concern of ours, simply because we do not sympathize politically with Mr. Fisher. We are of the minority, and no Brome embrogho, that would outdo Argenteuil of its claim upon the Provincial Treasurership, will have any sympathy from Protestant voters in any part of the county, be he Liberal or Conservative. Mr. Fisher is acting the part of an intermeddler by his mixing of Provincial politics with Dominion politics, and while glad to some extent of his bungling, for we have no faith in the man and never had, we can not fail to be with and for Argenteuil at the present juncture of affairs.

It is difficult to know how a man in a responsible position such as that held by Mr. Fisher should be allowed to help the Conservative cause as he is doing. The Liberals won at the last election, but they entered into victory, not on account of, but in spite of, Mr. Fisher's visit; and if he is only on hand at the next contest, in view of his present behaviour towards the county and its interests, we feel assured that he will easily come into the credit of being one of the strongest canvassers in favor of the conservative candidate the party could have. Were it not that he measures himself beyond all responsible bounds, we would warn him to beware of Argenteuil in the future as he would an avalanche.

MR. BOURASSA ANOTHER.

How pleasant it must be for Sir Wilfred Laurier when the irksomeness of state affairs brings furrows to his brow, to compare

the idiosyncrasies of such of his followers as Mr. Fisher and Mr. Bourassa. As some one has said, these gentlemen are of about the same mental calibre, with this difference, that Mr. Fisher cares more for a platitude than Mr. Bourassa for a period. They are both busybodies, and as such will worry Sir Wilfred as long as his patience puts up with them. Mr. Fisher would be boss of the minority of the Province of Quebec, but Mr. Bourassa would be the exponent of French Canadianism. Mr. Fisher says that if he wants Brome to have the Treasurership, he does not know any one to prevent him, not even Premier Parent himself; while Mr. Bourassa maintains that no one will ever prevent him from letting his tongue loose on the Governor-General or even on King Edward himself, nay not even Sir Wilfred Laurier, his political god-father. We wish the Liberals luck of their enfants terribles.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

A Meeting of the County Council was held on Wednesday last, there were present M. J. Strong Esq., Warden, and Councillors Malcolm Smith, Thomas Morrison, Robert Dobbin, T. Hodge, D. Murphy, E. Christie, John Smith, Oliver Woods, T. A. Gaulty, and the Secretary-Treasurer Mr. G. J. Walker.

The report and proceedings of Mr. W. S. Todd upon a water course coming on the farm of Wm. Summerby in the parish of St. Andrews and running westerly across certain lots in the said parish of St. Andrews and parish of St. Jerusalem was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Wm. Summerby, Mr. R. C. Morin, Robt. Morrison, Mr. T. Black, Mr. H. Cleland, and other parties interested therein were present. Mr. G. E. Bampton, advocate of Lachute, appeared for several of the interested parties. He pleaded that the proceedings had not been done in this matter as required by article 884 of the code. That the council should have first called a meeting of the rate-payers interested before appointing a special superintendent in the matter. Most of the councillors considered the proceedings they had taken were all that was required by the code but after some discussion it was resolved, on motion of councillor M. Smith seconded by councillor Gaulty, that the further consideration of the matter be adjourned until next meeting of the council, and that in the meantime the secretary be instructed to take advice from the attorney of this council upon the point raised by Mr. Bampton.

Moved by councillor M. Smith, seconded by councillor Dobbin and resolved, that the accounts due to Messrs. H. Anclair, J. W. Cottingham, and P. & A. McGibbon, for cost of material and work in the putting of the water into the Court House Building \$124. be passed and paid.

Resolved on motion of councillor M. Smith, seconded by councillor J. Smith, that \$15. be paid to Mr. W. S. Todd on his account as special superintendent on water course aforementioned. Mr. Deslaurier of Grenville came before the council and complained about certain water damaging his road and land on cote double road between Harrington and Grenville. Mayor Dobbin was requested to look into the matter.

M. Wallace McKenzie, of the township of Montcalm, came before the meeting with a petition, a king that a new Municipality be formed to consist of the Township of Montcalm and a portion of the Municipality of Harrington. Nothing was done in the matter and petition was withdrawn for the present, but will likely come up next meeting.

IN THE SKY.

One shadowy Muskoka day,
Our liddle peering in the bay
Saw clouds reflected in the deep,
All flecked and fleecy, still in sleep.
He looked and mused a little while,
Then turning said, with bonny smile:
"Why, papa, if you'd only try,
Now you could swim right in the sky."
MARGARET RUSSELL.

A message from the heights serene
In these suggestive lines is seen
By faith's discerning eye:
Away beyond earth's sensebound rim
The Saviour says that we may swim
If we will only try.

His skies, wherein such beauties blend,
In smiles of love around us bend
To draw our thoughts on high:
And in that life which flows from Him
We may with buoyant gladness swim
If we will only try.

Through Him to whom our souls are knit
We "in the heavenly places" sit
And unto God draw nigh:
And when we sing redemption's hymn
We in the azure tide may swim
If we will only try.

From bondage He hath set us free
That in the kingdom we may be
Which rules in earth and sky:
And like the mighty seraphim
In love's vast ocean we may swim
If we will only try.

T. WATSON.

Daleville, Que. 1903.

A GREEN AND WHITE WEDDING.

A very pretty wedding took place at high noon yesterday, at the home of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Newell Demeritt, 3411, Sully Ave., when Miss Isabel Nicholson Law, daughter of Mrs. William Law of Lachute, Quebec, was united in marriage to Mr. Warren Weeks Guibord, of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Chas. Robertson, pastor of the First M. E. church, the ring service being used. The bride looked sweetly pretty in a gown of white mousseline de sole, made en train, trimmed with honiton lace, and carried white roses. The maid of honor, Miss Ethyl Munger, was gowned in white nun's veiling and carried pink roses. Miss Dorothy Robinson made a dainty little flower girl. Mr. Harry Guibord, brother of the groom, was best man, and Mr. Homer Demeritt acted as usher. Mendelssohn's Wedding March was ably rendered by Miss Edyth Mason. The ceremony took place in the sun parlor under an arch formed of green and white flowers and foliage. The reception room and dining room were also beautifully decorated with maidenhair ferns, hops, asparagus, white asters and hydrangeas.

After the reception, a dainty luncheon was served, at the conclusion of which the bridal party left on the afternoon boat amid showers of rice and the good wishes of their numerous friends. The bride's going-away gown was navy blue granite cloth. The elegant presents testified to the esteem in which the bride and groom are held.

The out-of-town guests were Mrs. Wm. Law, mother of the bride; Mrs. Herbert H. Miner and Miss E. Allan Law, of Saranac Lake, sisters of the bride.

Plattsburg Daily Press.

St. ANDREWS.

Mr. Had spent Saturday and Sunday with his wife and family at Riverview.

Mr. Geo. Simpson and his friend Mr. Murphy were also visitors at Fairview.

Messrs. de la Ronde and Walsh paid a visit to Grenville on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Routh are visiting at the home of Mrs. Tyre for a few days.

A great many of our ladies attended the W. C. T. U. convention at Point Fortune.

Mr. and Mrs. Neaves and family have returned to Montreal after spending the summer here.

Quite a few of our young people attended the concert at Geneva on Tuesday and returned highly satisfied with the programmes and the drive home.

It is to be hoped that none of our enterprising citizens (?) will think it their duty to get in the road of this electric light scheme we are glad to see that the council seems to be willing to do anything in their power to help the good work along.

HARNESS !!!

The undersigned has just received 25 sides of No. 1 harness leather and trimmings. I have also 10 sets of hand-made buggy harness that I will sell at a reasonable price, also bridles, halters, and double breeching. Farmers, I want all your harness repairing and I will do it cheaper than ever. Old stand opposite P. O.

WM. CRESWELL.

SOMETHING NEW

AND GOOD In Homespuns, Costume Cloths, Cheviots, Box Cloths, Serges, and Lama Cheviots.

TRUNKS & BAGS.

Grass-tipped and Canvas covered trunks (all sizes). Suit Cases. Leather Bags, Telescope Bags, School Bags & Straps. Rug & Shawl Straps.

HENRY J. GILES & BRO.

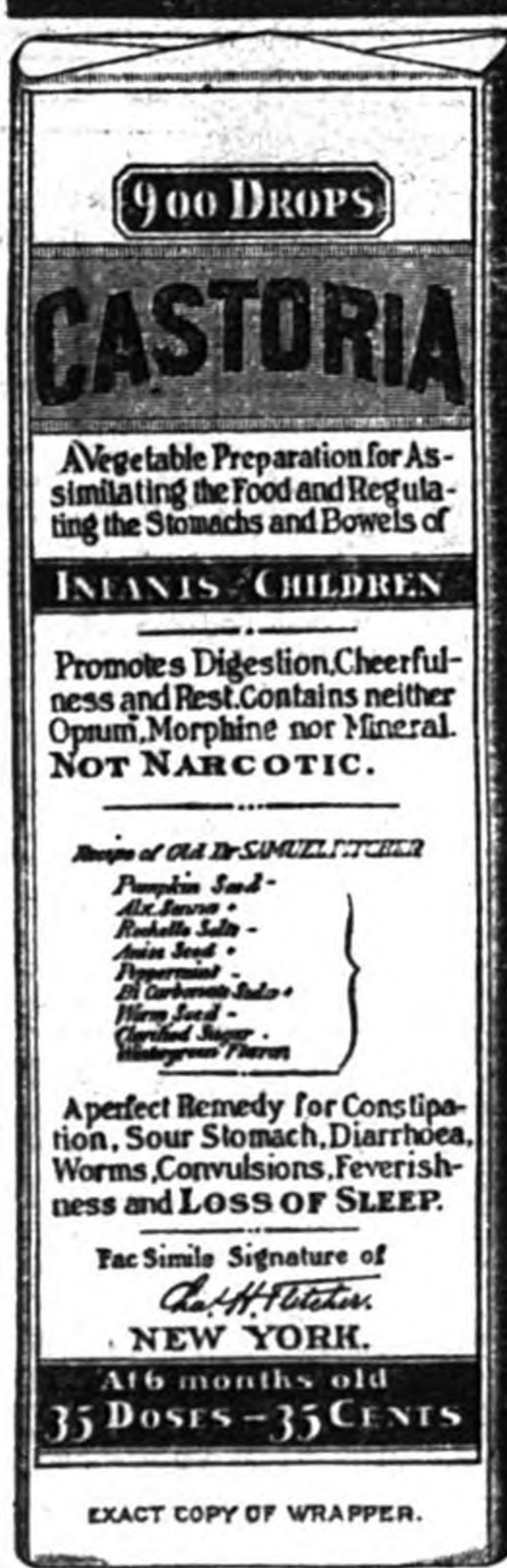
CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA



School Opening.

Students to the Academy will bear in mind that we keep all the books required in the

Elementary, Model & Academy Grades

and as usual have a large assortment of

Exercise Books, Scribblers,
Lead Pencils, Erasers,
Compasses, Pencil Boxes,
School Bags, Etc., Etc.

HUGH FRASER, Jr.,
LACHUTE.

THE WEST-END BAKERY.

Can be relied upon for supplying all your needs. These are some of our Specialties

Bakers and Home-Made Bread, Graham Bread, Scones, Rolls, Mince, Apple and Mutton Pies.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

We have our Soda Fountain in full operation now and you may have your choice of a number of very fine syrups.

Our Ice Cream Parlor is an inviting place, and our Ice Cream is delicious.

WM. LAW, PROP.,
LACHUTE MILLS, QUE.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

McFAUL BROS.,

The Store that sets the Pace.

BIG DRIVE IN CARPETS.



You should call and see what bargains we are offering in the line of carpets. They are the finest and largest stock of goods between Montreal and Ottawa, and are imported direct from great Britain.

From 18c. to \$1.40 per yard.

LINOLEUMS AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

Well seasoned goods and pretty patterns.

READY MADE CLOTHING

or clothing made to order, just as you like. The right goods at right prices. We import our own Tweeds. A look at them will convince you that they are right.

LARGE ASSORTMENTS of white and colored Muslins. Just the thing for this hot weather.

Another Talk



HIT Has it ever struck you that Experience and Taste have much if not everything to do with the goods you purchase. We don't mean your experience and taste, but your merchants. If he hasn't these, he may by lack of experience buy poorly and by lack of taste choose badly. Then you suffer in a double way.

We offer you 35 years experience in buying and selling and in the development of taste. All this is at your disposal without charge. You have the benefit of it.

Apply this please in looking at the various lines in our large departmental store, from a ten cent line of Muslins to a beautiful selection of Carpets.

Ladies tell us they never saw such choice patterns in Carpets as even our low priced lines show. Come in and see them.

Ask to see our colored Muslins and Ponge Prints. They suit the warm weather now coming on.

WM. BANFORD.

FIGURING ON A BINDER



EVERY FARMER

Write for the McCormick book, "A MODEL MACHINE."

figuring on buying a binder should figure on buying the McCormick and be assured of a good and lasting binder—a binder that can always be depended upon in the harvest field.

R. N. BARCLAY, St. Andrews, P.Q.

New Grocery Store.

Having purchased the Commodious store on Bethany St. from Mr. J. B. Raymond, I have stocked it with a large assortment of

Fresh Groceries

which will be found choice, good & reasonable. We solicit a call.

FRANCIS LAURIN.

Choosing a Wife!



Good looks is not all, but if you get a good wife with good looks thrown in, Oh how Nice!

That is the case with McOuat and McRae Cook Stoves. You have a first-class article with good looks thrown in. Especially in their steel oven stoves and Kootenay Ranges.

McOuat & McRae,
Lachute, P.Q.

SUITABLE

PRESENTS.

Sometimes it is difficult to select a suitable gifts for our friend. We have a nice assortment of Music Cases, Easels, Chairs, and Rockers that make presents that are always appreciated.

LACHUTE FURNITURE FACTORY
O. B. Lafleur, Prop.

BEECH RIDGE.

Messrs S. Schofield and M. Summerby were visiting friends in Montreal last week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Loyrachan and son Gordon are at present the guests of Mrs. R. C. Morris.

Mr. John Drew has returned to Montreal to take up his studies at McGill.

School has opened again with Miss E. Smith as teacher.

Mrs. Simpson and grand-daughters paid a short visit to Mrs. G. Catter.

Mrs. James Wood of Vankleek Hill, paid a short visit to Maple Grove.

TENDER.

Sealed Tenders will be received up to noon of Oct. 1st, next, for the construction of a bridge over the West River, to replace the old one, length 100 feet, width 15 feet. Piers, abutments and superstructure to be constructed on same plan as the old bridge. For further particulars, apply to the chairman of the Road Committee.

JAS. W. RAITT, Sec.-Treasurer,
Lachute, August 19th, 1903.

Professional & Commercial

G. E. DAMPTON, K.C.,

ADVOCATE.

Office; Main Street, East Ward,

Lachute, P.Q.

P.O. Box 248.

Attends Courts in District of Terrebonne, Ottawa and Montreal.

Collections promptly remitted.

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,

ADVOCATE.

Office open daily (except Tuesdays and Saturdays) on 1st floor, Roby's Block, Opposite McDugue's Hotel.

LACHUTE

J. E. W. SIMPSON,

Insurance and Financial Agent,
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.
Only First-class Companies Represented
LACHUTE, P.Q.

DENTISTRY.

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

Will be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

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

LACHUTE. PRO. QUA.

Will hereafter be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

N. FOREST,

NOTARY,

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE. P.Q.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } 220.
District of Terrebonne.

Dame Adelaide Leonard, wife of John Lepine, Florence, State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America, and the said John Lepine, to authorize his said wife a *ex parte* justice, Plaintiff,

vs.

Francois Xavier Leonard, formerly of St. Hermus, district of Terrebonne, and now absent in unknown parts, in his capacity of executor of the will of the late Francois Xavier Leonard, in his lifetime, of Commonwealth, in the U. S. of America, farmer, Defendant.

It is ordered to the defendant to appear within one month.

St. Scholastique, August 24th, 1901.

GRIGNON & FORTIER, P.S.O.

J. A. C. ETHIER, Pl'ss, Attorney.

Estate of Late

DAME SARAH NICHOLSON.

The undersigned executors of estate offer for sale the following lots of land:

1st.—The homestead property in first range of the Township of Chatham, with large commodious stone dwelling and outbuildings; being lot No. 216 cadastral plan, containing about 75 acres, all of which is under cultivation.

2nd.—Lot No. 226, same range and township, with wooden house and outbuildings, and contains about 69 acres.

3rd.—Also a village lot in the parish of St. Andrews, on main road from the village to the Roman Catholic Church, without buildings. Contains 1 arpent; eligible as building lot.

—Terms, Cash.—

Possession to be given after 1st November, 1903. Applicants will please communicate with

JOHN E. HALSEY, Carillon,
GEO. F. SHAW, M.D., St. Andrews.

Referee for titles,

H. HOWARD, Notary, St. Andrews

St. Andrews, July 20th, 1903.

About the ...House

APPETIZING RELISHES.

Celery Salad.—Heat one cup of milk and stir in one level tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Mix together one beaten egg, one level teaspoon of salt and two of sugar, one-half level teaspoon of mustard and a dash of cayenne. Pour the hot milk slowly over the dry ingredients and cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. When smooth take from the fire, add two tablespoons each of vinegar and olive oil. Mix well, cool and pour over celery cut in fine pieces.

Crumbed Cucumbers.—Select large full grown, but not ripe, cucumbers, pare and cut in halves lengthwise. Mix one cup of bread crumbs, three tablespoons of melted butter, one rounding teaspoon of finely chopped onion and a very little sweet pepper. Scoop the seeds out of the cucumbers, lay the halves in a buttered pan, fill rounding full with the seasoned crumbs. Have the oven hot and bake the cucumbers until tender.

Macedoine Salad.—For this salad take any cold vegetables, no matter how many kinds are used at once. Peas, string beans, a beet and a carrot, a potato or a turnip and a few flowerets of cauliflower all combine well together, and after cutting them into suitable shapes mix them with a French dressing.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes.—Select round, ripe tomatoes, cut off the stem end and scoop out the seeds. Mix one-half cup each of fine bread crumbs, finely chopped chicken and ham. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice, a little made mustard and a pinch of ground cloves. Season the inside of each tomato with salt and sugar, fill with stuffing and set in a baking dish of Japanese ware or some other fireproof dish that will look well enough for the table. Pour over the tomatoes a tablespoon of melted butter, or a little oil on each and sprinkle with sifted bread crumbs. Bake about half an hour.

Lettuce and Ham Salad.—Wash two heads of firm lettuce and put in the icechest or in cold water to keep it crisp. Do not let it stand in water long. Cut a thin slice of ham into small pieces and fry brown then add while hot two tablespoons of vinegar, two tablespoons of sour cream and one beaten egg. Stir the mixture constantly and when it thickens, pour it over the lettuce, which has been drained and arranged on a salad dish.

Tongue Salad.—Canned tongue may be used for this salad. Slice the tongue thin and cut in small pieces. Marinate with French dressing and when ready to serve mix with shredded lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

COOKING ON THE FARM.

The housewife, who must be chambermaid, seamstress, cook, and frequently laundress, must study menus that will build the brain and brawn of her family, take as little time as possible to prepare, and at the same time be palatable and slightly writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Her life is not an easy one, but she alone, it would seem, is responsible for many hardships of which she complains. The hours which she spends in fancy cooking and the ironing of fancy clothing might, for her health's sake, much better be given to resting and recreation. The latter is quite as necessary as the former.

Complicated mixtures, such as pies, cakes, preserves and jellies, are seen in great variety and abundance on the farmhouse table, all of them producing much heat without giving a corresponding amount of nitrogen or musclemaking food. As the hard work of the farm is done during the heated term any one can see at a glance the folly of such a diet. Butter and cream, admirable foods for winter are undesirable in hot weather; and still, during harvest time, when the men are at the greatest strain, these so-called good things of life are most bountifully bestowed upon them.

No longer is the overladen table, containing six or eight kinds of preserves and a dozen kinds of cake, popular. The intelligent woman no longer stands over the hot fire to preserve or make layer cakes or pies—all composed, perhaps, of good wholesome food, but each better without being made complex. She takes her bread-and-butter sandwich with the fresh fruits, rather than rubbing the butter into the flour and putting the sweetened cooked fruit inside. In this way she has better and more digestible food.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Two quarts of steamed currants make two pints of juice, and with two pounds of sugar make three glasses of jelly.

In putting away pickles it is a good plan to put a slice or two of horseradish root in each can. This keeps the vinegar clear and free from scum.

It is said that adding half a bushel of grape leaves to a barrel of cucumbers in brine will keep them sound and firm and give them a good green color when they are pickled. A sandwich which had great suc-

cess last winter was made as follows: Butter three slices of white bread and two of graham. Put together alternately and press together, then cut to the size and shape desired.

In getting vinegar for pickles always get cider vinegar if it is a possible thing. Other kinds frequently make the pickles turn soft or eat up the pickles. If too strong, dilute with a little water. Pickles should be tightly sealed, to prevent air from reaching them, as this kills the vinegar.

Here is how a contributor can pieplant. Peel and cut the stalks into half inch pieces. Fill into a glass can, pour in cold water enough to fill the spaces and get out all the air bubbles. Set the can in a pail of water deep enough to cover it, and screw on the top under water. When wanted to use drain in a colander and use as if fresh.

Here is a mosquito trap said to be invaluable: Fasten a small tin pail cover on the end of a long stick and put on it a large roll of cotton moistened with a little kerosene. Discover your mosquito where he is resting upon the wall and hold this trap just below him until he wits. The process is most effective when the insect is obliging enough to rest on the ceiling.

Small cans, pint and half-pint, where the latter can be procured, are best for putting up preserves and jams. The one-pound jars, such as the jams and preserves we buy are put up in, are excellent for home-made preserves. They will hold enough to serve once, and that is better than to have a large quantity that, having to be opened several times, is liable to fermentation.

Sometimes it seems as if a can of fruit is all juice and about the only use one can make of it is in pies. In this case the pie is a little difficult to make, but by draining off the juice, rubbing a little flour into it as if for gravy, and letting it cook till it thickens, then adding the fruit and making the pie, there will be neither soggy crusts or a "spewed out" pie.

BETTER GRAPE FAITH.

"When the grapes ripen, then I will get fat and strong," we heard a weary-eyed woman say; and she did. Grapes were her favorite fruit. She had firm faith in their powers, and she ate heartily of them as long as one clung to the vine.

Worn with the spring work, and the heat of harvest days and much cooking, she felt "all tired out" by the time the first early grapes ripened. Then she got better. Her step became buoyant, her eyes brighter, her arms rounder. Grapes were her medicine, and she could not have told why.

There is said to be a life-giving principle in grapes, which builds tissue and stimulates the sympathetic nervous system, bringing to a state of working calm, and soothing an irritated, inflamed mucous surface. They are also thought to relieve certain urinary disorders.

SERBIA'S NEW KING.

The new King of Serbia seems from all accounts to be the stamp of man to appeal to the susceptible hearts of the Serbian people. For, although there are some among them who harbor enmities, and whose minds are still filled with the traditions of the old vendettas, yet the majority of Serbia's population are a simple people, quiet of manner, and easily led.

King Karageorgevitch is simple, unassuming, of plain tastes, and quite unkingly in his manner and habits. He dislikes ostentation and seldom entertains ladies, for he thinks they create disturbances. At his house in Geneva he sometimes gave small dinner-parties to his men friends, and always after dinner, which was served at 9.30, he would play chess or cards with his son or nephew Michaelievic. At his dinner-parties he never employed extra servants, but had the meals cooked at a restaurant near by. His breakfast consists of a cup of black coffee and a roll of French bread, and throughout the day his Majesty drinks copious draughts of strong coffee and smokes cigarettes constantly.

His drawing-room is furnished sumptuously, and throughout the house magnificent pictures by old masters decorate the walls.

SPIDERS LIKE MUSIC.

A violinist says spiders are notoriously and historically fond of music. At a performance in Missouri the concert-hall was made disagreeable by a sudden invasion of spiders, which were drawn by his violin out from the cracks and crannies of the ancient building. They crawled about the floor and on to the stage, and he could see the annoyed audience stamping on the insects. The writer adds that he has known a small garden snake attracted by piano-playing and a young calf whisk his tail and prance about most gleefully at the first notes of a French horn. His neck would curve proudly, his hoofs tread lightly, and his ears wag joyously when the tooting began, and he never quieted down till the music ceased.

Says a rural editor: "Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."

FARM-FIELD GARDEN

RESTORE FERTILITY.

Many of our farmers who are often heard to say that farming does not pay, are really working on a run-down farm. There are many farms which, while still in a fair state of fertility, have not yet reached their greatest capacity for production. It has been truthfully said, that the person who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is looked upon as a benefactor to his kind, but the farmer who can make one grow where none at all existed before is doing a greater work, because the difficulties to be overcome are greater.

Where the farmer must purchase a farm that is run down, he must first consider the condition of the soil, and next the chemical condition. It is essential that the physical condition must be good before the chemical constituents can become effective. In this connection, we often find an abundance of plant food present in the soil but not in an available condition to be taken up by the plants, and it depends upon a good physical condition before it can become available. Nearly all soils are improved by the addition of humus or vegetable matter, which increases the soil's power to absorb and retain moisture which is of great importance.

Applying barnyard manure in abundance, is a natural way for restoring soil fertility, but in many cases this plan is not feasible, and it becomes necessary to employ

CHEMICAL FERTILIZERS.

and the growing of such crops as the legumes, for instance, that will supply free nitrogen to the soil and large quantities of humus. Lime often may be applied to advantage. It acts on the soil mechanically and chemically. It alters the texture of the soil and increases its power to absorb and retain moisture, and increases its fertility, by assisting in the decomposition of the mineral substances and the organic matter contained in the soil. Lime has a tendency to make a clay soil more friable, and a light, sandy soil more compact.

A good way to improve a run-down soil is to manure it well in the spring with barnyard manure, if available; if not, then employ artificial-fertilizers containing potash, and phosphoric acid, omitting any large quantities of nitrogenous elements which can be furnished by leguminous crops. After plowing manure under, an application of twenty bushels of lime should be given, and the earlier this is done in the spring the better. After the ground is thoroughly prepared, it can be sowed to cow peas, soy beans or one bushel of peas to the acre drilled in.

The farmer who would have his farm sustain a high state of fertility and not become run down, should keep the farm crops and feed them to the stock and sell the meat, butter and cheese, and inaugurate a careful system of rotation. We believe that the above suggestions are worthy of consideration, and if thought over carefully, will show the cause in many cases of worn-out or run-down farms.

THE SHORTHORN.

On the farm, to the man of little money and many children, the Shorthorn is a bonanza, supplying milk and butter and a good, salable calf at weaning time. The farm is one of her greatest strongholds. Here she stands without a rival. The Jersey, Ayrshire and Holstein are great milk and butter cows, but calves are not so to be considered when seeking cattle for the feed lot. It is not necessary to mention the other beef breeds as the farmer's or poor man's cow, for none of them give milk enough to decently raise a calf. A milk-pail or churn is almost useless wherever they are bred.

As sires and mothers, as rangers and feeders, as money-makers on the block, on the grill, the Shorthorn comes nearer perfection than any other breed of beef-producing cattle. These are not mere assertions, but are backed up by long years of recorded tests; notably, the American Fat Stock Show at Chicago, where the records of seventeen years show the prize for the champion beef steer was won once by a pure-bred Angus, twice by pure-bred Herefords, twice by cross-bred Hereford Shorthorns, four times by pure-bred Shorthorns and eight times by grade Shorthorns.

FOUNDATION STOCK.

When a breeder purchases cows for foundation stock he will always demand three points, individuality, performance and pedigree. Cows with fleshy udders, or small udders or poor fore-udders, or small teats are to be avoided, as are those also that have short and heavy bull-like necks. The model udder reaches well forward in a graceful curve, and extends high up behind. Many beginners make the mistake of supposing that those animals are of a superior type that are dainty and delicate and lacking in size. As a matter of fact, slender, graceful animals are likely to be deficient in vigor and to prove disappointing. The performance of an animal is one of the best gauges of her value. The average man can-

not afford to buy world beaters, but he will do well to pay the additional price which is asked for superior as compared with inferior performers. The record of the animal to a large extent fixes the value.

FARM TOPICS.

The farmer who adopts a wise rotation of crops, who raises upon the farm the products for the support of his stock and his family, who seeks to increase his stock of manure from every available source, and applying it back to his land, will not likely complain of his farm running down.

Strength, endurance and speed in a horse are not developed by violent usage, but rather by a judicious amount of exercise given so as to develop but not strain. When the training goes beyond a certain point it becomes injurious, so that the development of muscle, strength and the power of endurance, comes within the trainer's province.

Though not grown as extensively as some other roots in Canada, mangolds are a valuable crop to grow. No other crop can be grown continuously on the land from year to year and get a good yield as can mangolds. At the great Rothamsted Experimental Farm in England, mangolds have been grown continuously on the same piece of land for 27 years.

EXOTICS IN THE KLONDIKE.

One can the better realize what are luxuries of the table in the valley of the Yukon by reading Mrs. Sullivan's book, "A Woman Who Went to Alaska." It was on the way down the river from Dawson that her party came upon the first vegetable-gardens.

The river banks were lined with canoes; many natives stood looking at us from the shore, and while stevedores handled the wood, many passengers visited the town. It was not long before they came back with handfuls of turnips, just pulled from the ground, which, had these been the most luscious fruit, could not have been eaten with more relish.

I tried to buy one from a young man, but he had evidently been long away from such luxuries, for he refused to sell. Afterward his gallantry got the better of him, and he politely offered me one-half of the turnip, which I took with thanks.

As my brother peeled the precious thing, I asked him how long it was since he had eaten one. "Two years," he promptly replied.

Knowing that he was especially fond of such things, I ate a small slice, and gave him the remainder.

TO THE LETTER.

All Oriental servants put a strict construction upon orders. Perhaps the Hindus may bear off the palm for excellence in this matter. At any rate, the experience of an American woman with her native servant in India last year shows a praiseworthy readiness to follow instructions to the letter.

The mistress had instructed her servant always to put a napkin in the bottom of the fruit-dish or of the cake-basket whenever any of these dishes were to be brought to the table. From that time the napkin was never forgotten.

One day a tureen of tomato soup was placed before the woman at the head of the table. She began to ladle out the soup when something like the corner of a rag was brought to the surface. Investigation revealed more of the disquieting material with the hint of a fringed border.

The servant was called. "What is this?" he was asked. "That, memsahib," he explained, "is the napkin, which you told me always to put in the bottom of dishes of this kind before bringing them to the table."

HE COULD NOT

LACE HIS SHOE

TILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
DROVE AWAY HIS RHEUMATISM.

Story of W. J. Dixon has set the
Rainy River Settlement
Talking.

Barwick, P.O., Aug. 10.—(Special)—Among the settlers here the cure of William John Dixon of Rheumatism is causing much talk. The story of the cure, as told by Mr. Dixon himself, is as follows:

"During the summer of 1901, I had an attack of Typhoid Fever, and after I got over it, Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad that I had to use a stick to walk and had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could scarcely dress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four weeks I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee.

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes, I began to walk, do my work and lace up my shoes. And the best of it is, I have had no Rheumatism since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills take the uric acid out of the blood and the Rheumatism goes with it.

MERRY TOO SOON.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he said, as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years, and there wasn't anyone to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you stayed out until four o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully, and sigh, and make you feel small."

"Yes, and I stayed out until four o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave a war-whoop on the doorstep?"

"Yes; and then you sang a verse from a comic opera song and tried to dance a jig."

"Yes; and my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the conductor that she went with the train."

And he gave himself several bangs on the ears, and then shook himself till his hair began to fall out.

WHAT HE SAID.

Nelly had been waiting in the parlor for her lover's return, for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to bloodstone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness, closeted alone with her stern father in the grim old library! The door opened at last, and he stood before her unscathed, a flush on his cheeks and a strange expression in his eye.

"Did you see papa, Will?" she asked, with trembling eagerness.

"Yes, dearest," he answered.

"And what did he say, Will? Tell me what he said. He refused; oh, your eyes tell me he refused; he will not give me to you. But I will be, I am yours! I do not fear his harshness—we will fly."

But he only looked down into her pleading face like a man in a dream.

"Tell me, then, for I cannot wait," she burst forth again; "was he brutal and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say?"

William Longton drew a long, deep breath, and whispered slowly, "He only said 'Thank Heaven!' and went on writing."



Jim Dumps exulted, "We do not, On Summer days so close and hot, Build up a fire and stew and steam! A dish of 'Force,' a bowl of cream, Is just the food to fit our whim, And keeps us cool," laughed "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

not a blood heater.

Meal Served Cold.

"Force" is an ideal summer food because it contains elements for nourishing every organ of the body, is easily digested, creates what we know is vigor, and at the same time does not make a river of fire out of the blood. FRANK G. STANTON.

AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XV.

"Mother," said Master William Willders one night to his parent, as he sat at supper—which meal consisted of bread and milk—"he's the jolliest old feller, that Mr. Tippet, I ever came across."

"I'm glad you like him, Willie," said Mrs. Willders, who was busy patching the knees of a pair of small unmentionables; "but I wish, dear, that you would not use slang in your speech, and remember that fellow is not spelt with an e-r at the end of it."

"Come now, mother, don't you go an' get sarcastic. It don't suit you; besides, there's no occasion for it, for I do my best to keep it down, but I'm so choke full of it that a word or two will spurt up now and then in spite o' me."

Mrs. Willders smiled and continued her patching; Willie grinned and continued his supper.

"Mother," said Willie, after an interval of silence.

"Well, my son?"

"What d'ye think the old feller—ah! I mean fellow—is up to just now?"

"I don't know, Willie."

"He's inventin' a calculatin' machine, as is to do anythin' from simple addition to fractions, an' he says if it works well he'll carry it up to algebra and mathematics, up to the fumal calculus, or somethin' o' that sort. Oh, you've no notion how he strains himself at it. He sits down in his shirt-sleeves at a writing-table he's got in a corner, an' tears away at the little hairs he has on the sides of his head (I do believe he tore it all off the top with them inventions), then he bangs up an' seizes his tools, and shouts, 'Look here, Willie, hold on!' and goes sawin' and chiselin' and hammerin' away like a steam-engine. He's all but bust himself over that calculatin' machine, and I'm much afraid that he'll clap Chips into the massage-machine some day, just to see how it works. I hope he won't, for Chips an' I are great friends, though we've only bin a month together."

"I hope he's a good man," said Mrs. Willders, thoughtfully.

"Well, I'm sure he must be," cried Willie, with enthusiasm, "for he is very kind to me, and also to many poor folk that come about regularly. I'm gettin' to know their faces now, and when to expect 'em. He always takes 'em into his back room—all sorts, old men and old women an' children, most of 'em seedy enough, but some of 'em well off to look at. What he says to me I don't know, but they usually come out very grave, and go away hankin' him, and sayin' they won't forget his advice. If the advice is to come back soon they certainly don't forget it! And he's a great philosopher, too, mother, for he often talks to me about my Int'lec's. He said just t'other day, 'Willie, he said, 'get into a habit o' usin' er brains, my boy. The Almighty ut us into this world well-made machines, intended to be used in all ur parts. Now, you'll find thousands of people who use their muscles and neglect their brains, and thousands of people who use their brains and neglect their muscles. Both are wrong, boy; we're machines—wonderful machines—and the machines won't work if they're not used all over.' Don't that sound rand, mother?"

Willie might have received an answer if he had waited for one, but

he was too impatient, and went rattling on.

"And who d'ye think, mother, came to see old Tippet the other day, but little Cattle, the clown's boy. You remember my tellin' you about little Cattle and the auction don't you?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Well, he came, and just as he was goin' away I ran out an' asked him how the fairy was. 'She's very ill,' he said, shakin' his head, and lookin' so mournful that I had not the heart to ask more. But I'm goin' to see them, mother."

"That's right, my boy," said Mrs. Willders, with a pleased look; "I like to hear you talk of going to see people in distress. 'Blessed are they that consider the poor,' Willie."

"O, as to that, you know, I don't know that they are poor. Only I feel sort o' sorry for 'em, somehow, and I'm awful anxious to see a real live fairy, even though she is ill."

"When are you going?" inquired Mrs. Willders.

"To-morrow night, on my way home."

"Did you look in at Frank's lodg-in' in passing to-night?"

"Yes, I did, and found that he was in the station on duty again. It was't a bad aprain, you see, an' it'll teach him not to go jumpin' out of a first floor window again."

"He couldn't help it," said the widow. "You know his escape by the stair had been cut off, and there was no other way left."

"No other way?" cried Willie; "why didn't he drop? He's so proud of his strength, is Blazes, that he jumped off-hand a purpose to show it! Ha, he'd be the better of some o' my caution. Now, mother, I'm off to bed."

"Get the Bible, then," said Mrs. Willders.

Willie got up and fetched a large old family Bible from a shelf, and laid it on the table before his mother, who read a chapter and prayed with her son; after which Willie gave her one of his "roystering" kisses, and went to bed.

The lamps had been lighted for some time next night, and the shop-windows were pouring forth their bright rays, making the streets appear as light as day, when Willie found himself in the small disreputable street near London Bridge, in which Cattle the clown dwelt.

Remembering the directions given him by little Jim Cattle, he soon found the underground arcade near the burnt house, the ruins of which had already been cleared away, and a considerable portion of it now tenement erected.

If the stair leading to the clown's dwelling was dark, the passage at the foot of it was darker, and as Willie groped his way carefully along he might have imagined it to be a place inhabited only by rats or cats, had not gleams of light, and the sound of voices, from sundry closed doors, betokened the presence of human beings. Of the compound smells peculiar to the place, those of beer and tobacco predominated.

At the further end of this passage there was an abrupt turn to the left, which brought the boy unexpectedly to a partially open door, where a scene so strange met his eyes that he involuntarily stood still and gazed.

In a corner of the room, which was almost destitute of furniture, a little girl, wan, weary, and thin, lay on a miserable pallet, with scanty covering over her. Beside her stood Cattle, not, as when first in-

troduced, in a seedy coat and hat; but in full stage costume, with three balls on his head, white face, triangular roses on his cheeks, and his mouth extended outward and upward at the corners, by means of red paint. Little Jim sat on the bed beside his sister, clad in pink skin-tights, with cheeks and face smiling to his father, and a red crest or comb of worsted on his head.

"Ziza, darling, are you feelin' better, my lamb?" said the elder clown with a gravity of expression in his real mouth that contrasted strangely with the expression conveyed by the painted corners.

"No, father, not much; but perhaps I'm gettin' better though I don't feel it," said the sweet, faint voice of the child, as she opened her large hollow eyes, and looked upward.

"So, that's the fairy?" thought Willie, sadly, as he gazed on the child's beautiful though wasted features.

"We'll have done directly, darling," said the clown tenderly; "only one more turn, and then we'll leave you to rest quietly for some hours. Now, then, here we are again!" he added, bounding into the middle of the room with a wild laugh. "Come along, Jim, try that jump once more."

Jim did not speak; but, pressing his lips to his sister's brow, leaped after his sire, who was standing in a remarkably vigorous attitude, with his legs wide apart and his arms akimbo, looking back over his shoulder.

"Here we go," cried Jim in a tiny voice, running up his father's leg and side, stepping lightly on his shoulder, and planting one foot on his head.

"Jump down," said the clown gravely.

Jim obeyed.

"That won't do, Jim. You must do it all in one run; no pausing on the way.—but, whoops! up you go, and both feet on my head at once. Don't be afraid; you can't tumble, you know."

"I'm not afraid, father," said Jim; "but I ain't quite springy in my heart to-night. Stand again and see if I don't do it right off."

Cattle the elder threw himself into the required attitude; and Cattle junior, rushed at him, ran up him as a cat runs up a tree, and in a moment was standing on his father's head with his arms extended. Whoop!—Next moment he was turning round in the air, and whoop!—in another moment he was standing on the ground, bowing respectfully to a supposed audience.

To Jim's immense amazement, the supposed audience applauded him heartily; and said "Bravvo! young man," as it stepped into the room, in the person of William Willders.

"Why! who may you be?" inquired the clown, stepping up to the intruder.

Before Willie could answer, the clown junior sprang on his father's shoulders, and whispered in his ear. Whatever he said, the result was an expression of benignity and condensation on the clown's face—as far as paint would allow of such expression.

"Glad to meet you, Master Willders," he said. "Proud to know any one connected with T. Tippet. Esq., who's a trump. Give us your flipper. What may be the object of your unexpected, though welcome visit to this—this subterranean grotto, which may be said to be next door to the coral caves, where the mermaids dwell?"

"Yes, and there's one o' the mermaids singin'," remarked the clown junior, with a comical leer, as a woman's voice was heard in violent altercation with some one. "She's a sayin' of her prayers now; be sechin' of her husband to let her have her own way."

Willie explained that, having had the pleasure of meeting with Jim at an auction sale some weeks ago, he had called to renew his acquaintance and Jim said he remembered the incident, and that, if he was not mistaken, a desire to see a live fairy in plain clo'se, with her wings off, had something to do with his visit.

"Here she is;—by the way, what's your name?"

"Bill Willders."

"Here she is, Bill; this is the fairy," he said, in quite an altered tone, as he went to the bed, and took one of his sister's thin hands in both of his. "Ziza, this is the feller I told ye of, as wanted to see you, dear; b'longs to Mr. Tippet."

Ziza smiled faintly, as she extended her hand to Willie, who took it and pressed it gently.

Willie felt a wonderfully strong sensation within his heart as he looked into the sufferer's large liquid eyes; and for a few seconds he could not speak. Suddenly he exclaimed—"Well, you ain't one bit like what I expected to see. You're more like an angel than a fairy."

Ziza smiled again, and said she didn't feel like either the one or the other.

"My poor lamb," said the clown, sitting down on the bed, and parting the dark hair on Ziza's forehead, with a hand as gentle as that of a mother, "we're goin' now, Time's up. Shall I ask Mrs. Smith to stay with you again, till we come back?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the child, hurriedly, and squeezing her fingers into her eyes, as if to shut out some disagreeable object. "Not Mrs. Smith. I'd rather be alone."

"I wish I could stay with you, Ziza," said Jim, earnestly.

"It's of no use wishin', Jim," said his father. "You can't get on a single night. If you was to fall em-

you'd lose your engagement, and we can't afford that just at this time, you know; but I'll try to get Mrs. James to come. She's a good woman, I know, and—"

"Mister Cattle," interrupted Willie, "if you'll allow a particularly humble individual to make a observation, I would say there's nothin' in life to prevent me from keepin' this ere fairy company till you come back. I've nothin' particular to do as I know on, an' I'm rather fond of lonely meditation; so if the fairy wants to go to sleep, it'll make no odds to me, so long's it pleases her."

"Thankee, lad," said the clown; "but you'll git wearied, I fear, for we won't be home tiffnighin'—"

"Ah!" interrupted Willie, "till daylight does appear. But that's no odds, neither, 'cause I'm not married yet, so there's nobody awaitin' for me—and" (he winked to Jim at this point) "my mother knows I'm out."

The clown grinned at this. "You'd make one of us, youngster," said he, "if ye can jump. However I'm obliged to your offer, you can stay if Ziza would like it."

Ziza said she would like it, with such good will that Willie adored her from that moment, and vowed in his heart he would nurse her till she,—he did not like to finish the sentence; yet, somehow, the little that he had heard and seen of the child, led him irresistibly to the conclusion that she was dying.

This having been satisfactorily arranged, the Cattleys, senior and junior, threw cloaks round them, exchanged their wigs for caps; and, regardless of the absurd appearance of their faces, hurried out to one of the minor theatres, with heavy hearts because of the little fairy left so ill and comfortless at home.

In a few minutes they were tumbling on the stage, cracking their jokes, and convulsing the house with laughter.

(To be Continued.)

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

Why it is a Dangerous Time For The Little Ones.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every infant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies as is shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:—

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing did her any good until I gave her the tablets. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and good. I can strongly recommend the tablets to other mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent postpaid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

WHERE DOES OUR WHEAT GO?

Interesting Statistics of Government Officials.

Where does all our wheat go to? Or perhaps the question should rather be what is the matter with our statistics? It is just now very important that the people in Great Britain should know exactly what amount of wheat Canada already exports as a basis for estimating what this country is capable of exporting under an increased average.

Much of our wheat enters Great Britain under the general term "American," says the Winnipeg Telegram, and British statistics do not tell the correct story, but there is no reason why our own statistics should not be correct. Yet it is almost impossible to believe that they are correct. In the blue books there are given what are claimed to be the complete figures of the exports of Canadian produce. Take for example, the year ending June 30, 1902, with the figures covering the crop of 1901. The blue books state that in that year there were exported from Canada to all countries 26,117,530 bushels of wheat and 1,089,648 barrels of flour, or a total of, say, 30,600,000 bushels of wheat. Now, the total Canadian crop of that year was estimated at about 90,000,000 bushels, and we know for certain that over 44,000,000 bushels was inspected in Winnipeg. What became of the balance between the 30,600,000 bushels exported and the 90,000,000 bushels grown? Suppose we allow for some exaggeration in the estimate of the yield, yet there is no exaggeration in the amount inspected at Winnipeg, practically all of which

went east, in the shape either of grain or flour. How did 14,000,000 bushels of this wheat disappear? A good deal of Manitoba wheat is consumed.

IN EASTERN CANADA, but as Eastern Canada produces more than enough for its own consumption, the Manitoba wheat used there would release eastern wheat for export. It is probable that six bushels per head would be a high enough average for consumption in Canada, perhaps too high, but make it seven bushels per head, and we could account on the score of consumption for only about 38,500,000 bushels. The requirements for seed would not be more than about 10,000,000 bushels. Taking the two together we might account for about 50,000,000 bushels, but this would seem to be the outside limit. On a 90,000,000 bushel crop we should easily be able to export 40,000,000 bushels, yet the official figures credit us only with 30,000,000 bushels. Was the other 10,000,000 bushels fed to stock, or was it never grown at all? Or, taking only the figures for Winnipeg inspection, is it possible to believe that 14,000,000 bushels which passed through Winnipeg was consumed in Eastern Canada without releasing a single bushel of eastern wheat for export? We have not yet the complete figures for the year ending June 30, 1903, but for eleven months of that year the exports are given as 29,846,520 bushels of wheat and 1,099,915 barrels of flour, or about 33,800,000 bushels altogether. Yet the crop of 1902 was greater than that of 1901 by about 8,000,000 bushels. The Canadian Statistical Year Book gives the Canadian crop as 90,626,345 bushels, and The United States Crop Reporter gives it as 98,654,000 bushels. Making all reasonable reductions for overstatements in this case, also, there will be a discrepancy which is hard to explain. Do we feed immense quantities of wheat to stock? Do we eat as a people an enormous amount of flour—the consumption in the United Kingdom is only a little over four bushels per head, and we have already allowed 7 for Canada? Does Eastern Canada not produce nearly as much wheat as it claims to produce? Or are our official statistics of export totally incorrect? This is a subject worthy of attention.

KIDNEY TROUBLES

CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

Sufferers from This Disease are in Great Peril and Should not Experiment With Other Medicines.

From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.

The kidneys are the most important organ. They must filter every drop of blood in the body. If the blood is weak the kidneys cannot do their work, so the blood is left unfiltered and foul, and the kidneys are left clogged with poisonous impurities. Then come the backaches that mean fatal kidney disease. Don't neglect that backache for a moment. Strike at the root of the very first symptoms of kidney trouble by enriching the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that makes the blood rich, red and health-giving.

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Seaforth, Ont., has proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the most obstinate case of kidney trouble. To a reporter of the Sun he freely gave the particulars of his case: "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about two years," said Mr. Holland, "sometimes the backache which accompanied the trouble would be so severe that I would be unable to work, and I have often suffered severely for weeks at a time. I tried a number of medicines said to be a cure for kidney trouble, but I found nothing to help me until on the advice of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills soon began to make their good work felt, and after using them for about a month every vestige of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had a single symptom of the disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a great blessing to me and I am always glad to say a good word in their favor."

As a curative medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never yet been equalled. They build up the blood and nerves, give new strength and enable the body to resist disease. Among the complaints cured by these pills are rheumatism, nervous disorders, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, anemia, lung troubles and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Don't take a substitute at any price—only the genuine pills can cure.

POVERTY IN DENMARK.

Denmark makes a clear distinction between the thrifless and the respectable poor. The former are treated like English paupers. The latter never cross a workhouse threshold. If destitute, they receive a pension ranging from \$15 to \$85 a year; or, if too feeble to look after themselves, they are placed in an old-age home.

She Nursed the Sick And Ruined Her Health

For Months Mrs. Myles Lay a Helpless Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Gradually Grew Weaker and Weaker.

Mrs. John Myles, Sr., of South Woodlee, Essex Co., Ont., is well known throughout the surrounding country because of her work among the sick and suffering and it was on account of over exertion in this regard that her health broke down and she lay weak and helpless, a victim of nervous prostration. Doctors could not help her and she resolved to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As a result she has been thoroughly restored and by recommending this treatment to others has been the means of bringing back health and happiness to many a weakened and discouraged sufferer from diseases of the nerves.

Mrs. Myles writes:—"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was confined to my bed with that the doctors said was nervous prostration. My stomach was very weak and I could not sleep at night any length of time. Nervousness and trembling would come over me at times and I seemed to be getting weaker and weaker all the time. There were also pains at the top of the head which caused much suffering and anxiety. After using half a dozen boxes of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I began to gain in weight and to feel stronger. Since then I have been gradually restored to health and in looking back can say that the improvement has been something wonderful. I used in all forty boxes of this preparation and feel it a duty as well as a privilege to recommend it to all who are suffering from nervous disorders. Several persons to whom I have described my case have used it and been cured and I am sure that I owe my present good health, if not life itself to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Nervous prostration and exhaustion, headaches, dyspepsia, dizziness and fainting spells, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, feelings of weakness, depression, and despondency are overcome by this treatment, working as it does, hand in hand with nature. Though gradual, the results are all the more certain, lasting, and by noting your increase in weight, you can prove to your satisfaction that new firm flesh and tissue is being added. Each box, six boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See the testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbor what they think of it. You can see it and get your money back if not cured. See a list of all dealers, EDMONDSON, BATES & CO. TORONTO.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Mrs. R. D. McGregor, who died in Montreal last Monday morning was buried yesterday afternoon, the services being held in the Presbyterian Church here. The Rev. M. F. Boudreau, pastor of the church, conducted the service, being assisted by the Rev. John Fowkes, Methodist and the Rev. Mr. Cains, Baptist. The church was crowded to the doors. The chief mourners were Mr. R. D. McGregor, husband, Captain William Cooke, father; Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Ethel Cooke, Grenville, and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Sproule, Montreal, sisters; Geo. Cooke, Ottawa; Leonard Cooke and John Cooke, Grenville, and Alfred Cooke, Sault Ste. Marie, brothers; and James McGregor, Lancaster, brother-in-law.

At the residence of Mr. John Fraser, Grenville, Que., on Wednesday, his third daughter, Miss Edith Jane Fraser, was married to Mr. John Gibson Spratt, of Chateaufort. The Rev. M. F. Boudreau performed the ceremony. Wagner's "Bridal March" was played by Miss Miss Gertrude Boudreau, as the bride party entered the room. The bride was attended by Miss Ethel Mooney, of East Hawkesbury, and the bridegroom by Mr. Samuel Roth, of East Hawkesbury. Mr. and Mrs. Spratt took the Ottawa train, intending to visit Toronto and other western cities before returning home. A number of friends accompanied them to the station.

MILLE ISLE.

Mr. B. Westgate of Montreal, spent a few days pleasantly with his parents last week.

Mr. J. W. Patterson who has been indisposed is convalescent.

Miss Wilson, of Montreal, is spending a few days the guest of Mrs. James Morrow.

The residence of Mr. Wm. Beattie was damaged considerably by lightning on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. King and family also Miss J. Wilson left on Saturday after vacation at Mr. T. Wilson's.

Rev. N. J. M. Beattie of Ensbury Falls, spent a few days, with his sister Mrs. T. McCamby.

Mr. Russell's family of Montreal, returned home last Monday after spending their holidays among relatives and friends here.

Miss L. Beattie and the Misses M. and J. Ryan returned to Montreal after spending their vacation at their respective homes.

The social given by the Ladies Auxiliary on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. J. Westgate and was largely attended.

The Rev. Mr. Beattie, returned to Millie Isle last week to resume his pastoral duties after visiting for the past two weeks with his family in Montreal.

RIVIERE ROUGE.

Miss Maud Hyde "Orchard Farm" left for Montreal, last week.

Miss Emma Bu... spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Mr. E. Burwash of Dawson City, spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Mr. W. Bradley spent Saturday evening last in Killowen.

Mr. Guy Dalg paid your correspondent a pleasant call on Sunday last.

Mr. Gussy Ladouceur made a business trip to Montreal, on Thursday last.

Miss Mary Young who has been on the sick list for some time, we are glad to report has regained her health.

Miss Hamilton of Beech Ridge, was the guest of her friend Miss Emma Burwash on Sunday last.

The Misses McMartins of Montreal, were the guests of their sister Miss Lottie during the greater part of last week.

Mrs. Newburgher, of Montreal, who has been visiting friends in this locality, returned to her home last week.

Mr. F. B. Miltz spent Friday and Saturday in Ottawa during his absence Mr. Oetive Guilbault was left in charge of our factory.

Mrs. Stephen Burwash who has been spending a few weeks with her daughter Mrs. John Knox of Hawkesbury, returned home last week.

Miss Bertie Burwash left on Saturday for Hawkesbury, where she intends spending a few weeks the guest of her sister Mrs. John Knox. She will be greatly missed by her many friends.

The really unhappy man whose unhappiness is his own fault is the one who is forever carrying "a chip upon his shoulder." Perhaps his unhappiness is his unhappiness, for when he is not engaged in a personal altercation he is brooding over some fancied slight and awaiting favorable opportunity to give vent to his wrath. The man with the chip upon his shoulder is a silly recognized his society by wise people is carefully avoided. He can go nowhere without trouble following in his wake. If he attends a party or even church he is annoyed by some one in the audience. There are a good many young men similarly constituted, who manage to be in trouble from the moment their eyes open in the morning till they close them in sleep. These people are indeed to be pitied, if indeed they are not cordially hated. This quarrelsome habit of mind can be so fastened that the petulance grows to be a malignant disease and leads sometimes to the insane asylum. This fretful quarrelsome disposition can easily find a remedy. Some persons may not agree with your correspondent Mr. Editor with his measure, simply a good sound thrashing. Everyone I am sure have heard of the story of the child who was continually whimpering and quarrelang. In despair the mother cried, "Are you sick?" "What do you want?" Gravely the child answered, "I think mamma I want a whipping." She received it, and there was a marked improvement in her temper.

J. E. VALOIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

LACHUTE, P.Q.

Money to Loan on Security.

Office - BETHANY STREET.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

MAIN STREET - LACHUTE, P.Q.

New Store New Goods.

Having opened our new and commodious store, we have placed in stock a splendid assortment of all the best lines of HATS & SHOES, upon which we are offering big reductions from now till the end of August. We also carry a full assortment of Factory and Home-made Harness.

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

The Agricultural Exhibition



Will soon be here, and no doubt will be a source of great attraction, but we want to tell you of

Our Exhibit of Ladies' Jackets.

They are of the Latest Styles, and are Up-to-Date in every particular. While others are getting prizes at the Exhibition, you can secure yours right in our store. Call & get one at Exhibition rates.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
LACHUTE, QUE.

Our Spring Stock is larger and better assorted than ever before and affords you a greater opportunity of getting your

New, stylish, Hats and Tweeds

Which we are sure will tickle your fancy. We also have a large and select assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large supply of HAYING REQUISITES.

Sherwin, Williams Paint always on hand.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
ST. PHILIPPE, Que.

BOYS SERVICEABLE BOOTS

A complete assortment now in stock of
McCREADY COMPANY'S BEST MAKES.

Gentlemen

We had your special requirements in view when we were selecting our Shoes for Spring and Summer. Call and see how we anticipated your wishes.

Ladies

For you we selected the daintiest, best made and best finished Shoes, including some of the best known and most popular lines in the United States.

E. LAVIGNE, - - Foundry Street,
LACHUTE.

BANK of OTTAWA

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, ONT.
Capital, (authorized) - \$3,000,000
Capital, [Fully paid up] - \$2,000,000
Reserved Fund - \$1,334,373

BRANCHES:

ONTARIO.

Alexandria, Arnprior, Avonmore, Bracebridge, Carleton Place, Cobden, Hawkesbury, Keewatin, Kemptville, Lenark, Mattawa, Ottawa, Parry Sound, Pembroke, Rat Portage, Renfrew, Smith Falls, Toronto, Vankeek Hill, Winchester, Maxville, North Bay, Prince Albert.

QUEBEC.

Granby, Hull, Lachute, Montreal, Shawinigan Falls.

MANTOBA.

Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Emerson.

Geo. Hay, President, David MacLaren, Vice-President, Henry N. Harte, John B. Fraser, Hon. Geo. Bryson, John Mathers, Henry W. Edam, Denis Murphy, M.L.A. Geo. H. Farley.

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. PARIS, - - - Manager

LACHUTE CRIST MILLS

We keep constantly on hand flour & feeds of the best quality, sold in car lots or small lots to suit purchaser. . . .

J. D. Campbell & Co.,
LACHUTE, QUEBEC.



Ottawa River Navigation Co.

MAIL LINE STEAMER

BETWEEN

OTTAWA and MONTREAL

Steamer "SOVEREIGN" leaves Carillon at 1.30 p.m. for MONTREAL.

SHOOTING

LACHINE RAPID

arriving at Montreal at 6.30

For OTTAWA, train leaves J for Grenville at 12.30 p.m. (no connect with Steamer "EMPH" for Ottawa.)

Steamer "DUCHESS OF YORK," MARKET LINE, leaves Carillon for Montreal at 6 a.m. on MONDAYS, and 4 a.m. on THURSDAYS. Returning, leaves Montreal for Carillon Wednesday and Saturday at 6 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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

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

Leave	9.00 a.m.	10.30 p.m.
MONTREAL		
TORONTO	4.40 p.m.	7.15 p.m.
HAMILTON	5.50 a.m.	8.30 a.m.
NIAG. FALLS	7.05 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
BUFFALO	8.30 p.m.	11.40 a.m.
LONDON	7.45 p.m.	11.00 a.m.
DETROIT	8.30 p.m.	1.30 p.m.
CHICAGO	7.30 a.m.	8.45 p.m.

* Daily. † Daily Except Sunday.

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

* A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to the 9.00 a.m. train, serving meals a la carte and refreshments at any hour during the day.

Tourist sleeping cars leave Montreal every Monday and Wednesday at 10.30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast. A nominal charge is made for accommodation in these sleeping cars. Berths reserved in advance.

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

For tickets, reservations of space in sleeping cars apply to

J. M. DORRIS, Lachute or St. Philippe Q.
W. H. GARNETT, Lachute, P.Q.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

OTTAWA'S Far-Famed Fair.

The Paragon of Exhibitions.

To be held

Sept. 11th to 19th.

Largely increased prize list and special premiums for competitions and classes. Additions in the interest of the farmer.

Card of races prepared, the best ever announced in Eastern Canada. Trotting and Running every day.

Greatest Looping of the Loop act done. Balloon Ascensions with bomb drop. The grand musical dancers just from Europe, 26 ladies in the troupe. Marvellous performances with trained horses and dogs and many other of the best specialties to be had, already arranged for.

"Eruption of Mount Pelee, Martinique and destruction of St. Pierre," that great calamity that recently horrified the world, to be vividly represented at night. A wonderful spectacular with the grandest of night shows. Grandest fireworks fireworks display ever seen at the Capital.

Special rates on all railways and Steamboats for both exhibitors & visitors

For Prize Lists, Entry forms and all information write the Secretary,
E. McMAHON,
26 Sparks St. Ottawa.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Do not mistake
Castoria
is a
cure.

THE

SHAWINIGAN

FALLS

ROUTE.

Trains Leave Lachute

to St. Jerome, Montreal, St. w Glasgow, Joliette, Shawinigan d Mere, Quebec, etc. 11

and Newfield, Hawkesbury, etc.

Trains Arrive Lachute

from Hawkesbury, etc. etc.

From Quebec, Shawinigan Falls, Montreal and intermediate points.

All trains connect at St. Jerome with C.P.R.

GUY TOMES, A. J. GORRIE, Gen. Frst & Pass. Agt. Gen. Supt. QUEBEC.

Jos. Hamel, Agent Lachute, J. M. Dorion, Agent St. Philippe West



IF THE BREAD'S THERE

The most important part of the meal is—

Our Bread

will not only sustain life, but take the place of many dainties, which are considered indispensable to the well set table.

This bread is delightfully crisp and palatable. Never gets soggy or sour. Made of the finest hard western wheat flour.

JOHN HOPE.

The Watchman.

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXVIII.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1903.

NO. 33

NEW MILLINERY.

Having opened our Millinery Establishment in the Shepherd residence, Main St. Lachute, we would respectfully invite the general public to our First Fall Opening on the 17th and 18th of this month.

It will always be our aim to please and we solicit a share of your patronage.

The MISSES SHEPHERD.

Remember! Remember!

Special Great Attractions Exhibition Week.

Professor Hume's Grand Concerts, with the greatest array of talent ever seen together in Lachute, including

Professor Lanskaill
— IN —
Magic and Mystery.

20 Minutes in Wonderland 20

"The more you watch the less you see."

Victoria Hall, Sept. 22 & 23

Admission 25c, Children 15c, Men's 35c.

TEACHER WANTED.—For the Elementary School at Edina. Apply to JOHN McOUAT, Sec. Treas. Brownsburg.

WANTED.—General Servant in small family. No washing or ironing. Good wages to a respectable girl. References required. Address 718 Park Avenue, or 32 Bleury St.

WANTED.—A teacher (Protestant) Salary \$18. per month for ten months. Apply to John Newton, Plaisance Post office, P. Q.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Having secured the services of a first-class photographer in the person of Mr. Conlon the work in future turned out of this studio will be equal to any of the cities. Prices right. Your patronage solicited.

J. BRISSON, Foundry St.

Do you remember the time you had with that old pump last winter? Get a first-class new one from McOUAT & McRAE in good time this fall and be happy.

McOUAT & McRAE.

WANTED.—A Young Lad, about 14, to learn the printing. Apply to this office.

The one fence that really fences at smallest expense, is the American Woven wire fence, sold by McOUAT & McRAE. You can't get over that. Neither can the cattle.

McOUAT & McRAE.

"MY FALL STOCK is coming in now, and those who want high grade overcoatings will find them at my place. I have also purchased a stock of Ladies cloth for Coats, to which we invite your inspection. We have Gents Furnishings of all kinds.

D. LAPOINTE.
FOR SALE

I Jeffrey Threshing Machine with two horse tread power complete, 1 Massey Harris Straw or Ensilage Cutter with 24 ft. carrier, 1 Thoms Hand Straw or Ensilage Cutter with blower. Also Ayrshire Bulls and Yorkshire pigs, all ages.

Apply to DAVID BODDEN, or HON. WM. OWENS, Montebello, Que.

Two lots of bush land, situated one of 50 acres in North half of lot No. 27 in the 9th range of Wentworth, and lot No. 3 in the 6th range of Harrington, containing 100 acres. For particulars apply to Box 254, Lachute, or C. Stanforth, Arundel.

GOOD FARM.—Situated on the North side of the river, and only two miles from the C.P.R. Station, Lachute. Contains 75 acres, no stones, well watered, well fenced, good house with out-buildings, water in house and stables, small orchard and bush.

Apply to ALFRED BROWN, Cedar Farm, Lachute.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Agricultural Society was held Wednesday afternoon to complete arrangements for the Exhibition next week, Sept. 22 and 23. The Directors have done everything in their power to make this one of the best on record.

The Secretary of the Agricultural Society has received word from the following ladies and gentlemen who have consented to act as judges for the Argenteuil Exhibition next week: Horses, Mr. Robert Ness, of Howick; Cattle, W. H. Stevens of Trout River; Norman D. Wilson, Cumberland, Ont.; Swine, W. A. Oswald, Petit Brule; Butter and Cheese, Wm. Brown, of Point Fortune; Roots, J. Bonhomme, Lachute; Fruit, Jas. B. Oushing and Thomas Barron; Domestic Manufactures, C. Wales, St. Andrews; Fancy Work, Mrs. Mackie and Mrs. Robertson.

MR. McCREA BANQUETTED.

On Friday night of last week about 70 of our citizens met together in Victoria hall for the purpose of doing honour to Ex-Mayor of Lachute, Mr. John McRae, on the occasion of his departure for the North West. The function took the form of a dinner, to which was added an address and presentation of a very beautiful locket with suitable inscription. Mayor Slater presided and G. E. Bampton, K.C., acted as Toast-Master. At the conclusion of the reading of the address by T. Barron, Mr. McRae, was so overcome that he asked for several minutes to collect his thoughts. During this interval Mr. H. Kearns, sang a song. Mr. McRae, stated that he did not know what he had done to call forth such kindness on the part of the citizens of Lachute. During his residence here for the last 25 years he had only endeavored to mind his own business and give offence to none, if possible. He felt sure that notwithstanding the sentiments expressed in the address, he had not always succeeded, for by nature he was perhaps rather blunt and he always spoke out his ideas. In the various public offices he had held he had only done his duty, and so he felt that he certainly deserved no such demonstration as he saw before him. However, he thanked them all from his heart and hoped he would yet have the pleasure of visiting them again. Addresses were delivered in answer to the various toasts by Capt. Smith, C. Calder, F. Lavigne, J. B. Bonhomme, I. Masson, P. R. McGibbon, T. McOUAT, T. H. Ayers, H. J. Gilles, G. J. Walker, H. Fraser, W. H. Garretsee, Geo. Hay, H. R. Hammond, Walter McOUAT, Rev. H. Charters, Dr. McConnell, G. Clunie, A. McOUAT, A. D. Kennedy,

DEATH.

SUTHERLAND.—At Lachute, Friday, Sept. 11, John Alexander, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sutherland.

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS OF LACHUTE AND DISTRICT.

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, beg to inform you that the Tank Wagon system of delivery of coal oil, will be in operation in above district, in the course of two to three weeks, when our representative will take pleasure in calling on you, and complete arrangements for your winter supply.

Special attention is called to our large stock of harness, all kinds and sorts, either handmade or factory.

H. GILES & BRO.

Fall Ploughing Match, is not here yet, but if you want to practice and be in readiness for it, get one of our genuine Wilkinson Plows. For Sale by McOUAT & McRAE.

Remember! We have not got one Ladies Jacket in stock from last season, all new clean stock.

W. BANFORD.

BOY'S CLOTHING.—Do not put off getting your boy's fitted with our nice winter suits. Double and single breasted. The largest stock, and always kept large by new goods regularly arriving.

WM. BANFORD.

EXHIBITION NEXT WEEK.—We have an exhibition of more than ordinary interest, wire nails, slightly rusted, but not injured in the least, \$2.25 per bag. Iron pipe 1 1/2, 1, and 1/2 inch, below wholesale prices. A lot of other articles slightly rusted. A snap while they last. Samples of above can be seen on the grounds Exhibition days, the stock will be at our store.

McOUAT & McRAE.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of Imitations
Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Grace Barron of Montreal, is visiting her parents.

Mrs. D. McAdam spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Mr. Frank Harris of Saranac, N. Y. is spending a few days in town.

Mr. J. McCoy spent Sunday with his parents in Hawkesbury.

Mrs. Hampton, and Mrs. Mitchell, are visiting friends in Ottawa.

Miss McAnn of Montreal is the guest of Mr. Massiah for a few days.

Miss Elliott of Westmount, Montreal, is the guest of Miss Alma Fraser.

Mr. Henry Giles has purchased the camp of Mr. Jno. McRae at Lake Louise.

Miss Scott visited the city Saturday last and had a most enjoyable time.

Miss Boudreau and brother drove to Grenville Friday evening to visit their home.

Miss Mary Armstrong has gone to Lakefield to take charge of the school in that district.

A large number from here attended the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Calder left on Saturday for a short visit with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. H. S. Lowndes of Montreal was renewing old acquaintances in town on Wednesday last.

Miss Henry has improved the appearance of her lawn, by removing some superfluous trees.

Mr. Hector Banford of Hawkesbury, is the guest of his uncle Mr. Wm. Banford for a few days.

Miss Audrey Bennett, Canada's sweetest singer, will appear at Prof. Hume's Concerts, Sept. 22 & 23.

Come and bring your friends to the Exhibition next Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 22 and 23.

Mrs. McRae and family left on Monday last for their western home in Innisfail, Alberta, N.W.T.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid enjoyed a very pleasant tea in the school room behind the church last Friday afternoon.

Mr. W. J. Todd attended the Huntingdon Exhibition last week and reports it as having been a great success.

The C.P.R. Station is looking very pretty in a new coat of paint, the color of which is yellow, with dark green facings.

No service was held in the Methodist Church last Sunday evening, owing to the Rev. W. H. Raney suffering from a severe cold.

From now till the end of 1903 we are offering the Watchman and the big Family Herald and Weekly Star for 25cts. Don't delay.

Mr. Trevor Evans of Montreal, representing the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co'y. was in town on Tuesday last.

Mr. F. Lavigne has erected a nice property on Foundry Street, which he is leasing to Mr. Desjardins, as a new butcher shop.

Mrs. D. Morrow and family who have been spending the summer in Lachute the guest of Mrs. R. Creswell returned to Montreal on Friday last.

Miss Florence McOUAT, who has been spending a couple of weeks vacation at home, is about to return to her duties in the Montreal General Hospital.

Mr. Wm. Howard, Supt. of the J. C. Wilson Paper Mills, returned on Tuesday from a very pleasant holiday spent in the Old Country, looking much the better of his trip.

Mr. Bannerman has contracted with Mr. Paquette of St. Faustin, for the building of a new flume and repairs to the Rope Factory which will cost in the neighborhood of \$3,000.

The following guests were registered at the Elgin House, Lost River, on Saturday last: J. W. Ralitt, E. H. McCoy, G. M. Walker, Jas. Paton, and N. T. Lefebvre.

A meeting of the School Commissioners will be held to-night, when the appointment of a new commissioner will be made to fill the vacancy on the Board caused by the resignation of Mr. Jno. McRae.

Mr. O. B. Lafleur is erecting a large 50 ft. building to adjoin the Furniture Factory with their commodious sale rooms, which, when completed, will make a substantial block and be a credit to his enterprise and to the town.

Buy Your

PLANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES and FURNITURE

WHERE YOU CAN GET the most from your money.
WHERE YOU CAN GET the most satisfactory deal.
WHERE YOU CAN GET the highest grade instruments.]
WHERE YOU CAN GET a gilt edge guarantee.
WHERE YOU WILL HAVE nothing to regret afterwards!

CALL OR WRITE TO

J. A. BEDARD & SON,

Main Street, - - LACHUTE, Que.

We also have, as usual, a large stock of BOOTS and SHOES at prices WAY DOWN.

Always on hand POPULAR SHEET MUSIC.

"THE ELITE."

Be sure and see our Show, Exhibition Week, of the most Up to date goods. Jackets, skirts, Waists, Ties, Belts, Collars, Fancy China, Wools, Novelties, Trimmings etc., and the famous B & I bias filled Corsets.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING October 1st and Following Days

H. E. BURWASH.

90% of Head-Aches

are caused by eye-strain. Cured permanently by Eye-glasses.

Eyes are bread-winners. Take care of them.

Eyes examined free by the most Scientific Methods.

Glasses recommended only when absolutely necessary.

W. H. GARRETSEE,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER and OPTICIAN,
LACHUTE.

EXHIBITION WEEK.

When you come to Lachute to see the sights don't forget that our large stock of suitings & gent's furnishings is one of the most important.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St., Lachute.

SIMPSEY'S

£1,000 GIRL

Chow-chow-chow! Trrrrr—chow-chow-chow!

Mr. Creet knitted his brows as he listened to that canary singing. He was in a condition for anything to prey upon his nerves. Hadn't he been for the last ten days in that dingy sitting-room at No. 107, Wintred Street, watching that man in the house over the way—the man he knew had the countess's necklace; the man who was worth a thousand pounds if he could catch him; the man against whom, though he'd gladly stake his life in a fair wager that he was the thief, he could not get just that tangible proof which would permit of his handing him over to the law, and so secure to him, Mr. Creet, the countess's handsome reward?

For ten mortal days his eyes had hardly been taken off the house which held the man he had marked for his quarry. Yet how little he had learnt of Jem Byrne, the thief, who had a room there, and whose every movement he had followed as far as possible, watching, like a cat does a mouse, from behind the faded red curtain of his windows! That was the man who had the countess's ten thousand pounds' necklace!

The handle of the door was turned. Mr. Creet only ventured a half-glance towards the person who had entered. He knew who it was, and he could not take both eyes off the house over the way.

It was a tall, handsome girl who entered, smartly dressed in a walking-costume, which set off her figure with an amount of coquettish grace. "Ah, Sue, so you've got here. Any news at the office?"

"Nothing at the office, dad! Let me kiss you, you dear old thing. Oh, I shall be so glad to have you back from this business, dad. It's so awfully lonely at home, and—"

"Yes, yes, of course. But what do the fellows outside at the corner say?"

"Nothing. I've read their reports—they're here. They have found out nothing."

"The fools!" said Mr. Creet irritably. "Thirty bob a week, and they can't find anything!"

"Well, I don't know. It really seems to me you've got a soft job, dad. Seven pounds a week, and you've only got a stare at that place opposite. When I was in the Post Office and had to work the telegraph—"

"You think that because you're a fool, Sue!" exclaimed Mr. Creet somewhat irritably. And then he added repentantly: "You're a dear, good girl, Sue, and cleverer than thousands, but you don't know, my girl—you don't know everything!"

"You're a bit upset, dad, over waiting for that thousand pounds the countess offered for the necklace. I wonder if you'll get it?"

"Of course I shall!" snapped Mr. Creet. "Think I'm going to be beaten by that fellow over the road? Hallo! there's my man going out, dressed up fine!"

He peered out from behind the blinds, watching with quivering eagerness the figure of Mr. Jem Byrne, as that worthy sauntered down the street.

"He's gone Mews's way," he remarked. "Sharp chap, Mews. He won't lose him, I'll bet."

Trrr! Chow-chow-chow!

"I'd give a sov. to anyone who'd wring the neck of that infernal bird! the detective cried angrily.

"What can people want keeping such a bundle of noise as that, d'ye think? We won't have a bird like that when we get our pub, Sue!"

"I don't want a pub, as you call it," retorted Sue. "I hate them! I—"

"Oh, ah! I know what you'd like!" cried Mr. Creet sarcastically. "That fellow Simpson hasn't been hanging about, has he?"

"Mr. Simpson is too honorable to do such a thing," answered Sue hotly. "and it's mean of you to imagine such a thing. He's a gentleman, if he's only a clerk in a merchant's office, and I—"

"Well, let him coin his virtues into cash," said Creet doggedly. "I don't mind how quick he is about it; I— Well! here's my man come back again! Well, I'm—"

He remembered his daughter's presence in time to make a long whistle. "Well, I'm blest! If he hasn't been and bought one, too! A canary, or I'll be hanged!"

Mr. Byrne entered the house, and a moment or two later he appeared at the window of his room with the cage. He was evidently fixing it up with a chain from the window-top. He could not see the canary, but it quickly commenced to give proof of its presence. It began to sing, and the widow's canary answered back.

For some moments he and the girl listened.

"Dad," she cried, suddenly putting out her hand, "if Mr. Simpson had five hundred pounds you said you'd let us get married."

Mr. Creet nodded angrily.

"I suppose he found the countess's necklace?" she asked.

"Then he should have the thousand pounds, and I'd throw you in, and I'd eat my head as well," snorted Mr. Creet. He looked at her anxiously.

"I'm feeling lonely enough, Sue, by myself," he said, "and Mrs.

Black, the landlady, would give you a bedroom here. I wish you'd join me. It'll help pass the hours along and the office can shift for itself for a day or two."

To his intense surprise she was delighted.

Even with Sue for a companion the days passed slowly for Mr. Creet, and each night brought with its darkness the sad reflection that the day had discovered nothing.

The fourth day brought Mr. Creet's growing wrath to a head. Sue had been out for a short walk. He had insisted on her going out each day for an hour's constitutional. When she returned her face was very red, her dark eyes hardly seemed able to meet her father's keen twinkling grey ones.

II.

She had met Mr. Simpson, and he had given her a note for her father. Mr. Creet snatched at it, and tore the envelope open with a face expressive of the liveliest indignation. He started and laughed hoarsely.

"Dear Mr. Creet—the letter ran—'I know you're engaged in trying to discover the Countess of Deerdale's necklace. It is to be handed to Mossy Dick by a messenger to-night between seven and eight o'clock in the bar-parlor of the Skipping Ram, Rotherhithe. I cannot say whether the bearer of the jewels will be a man or a woman; but, believe me, what I say is true. You know I would not risk losing your esteem by misleading you in the matter. Don't imagine, therefore, that the above is not correct. —Yours faithfully,

"John Simpson."

Mr. Creet tore the note into pieces, flung them on the floor, and stamped on them, while Sue watched him with a white face.

"You'll go, father, you'll go?" she pleaded.

"Go?" snorted Mr. Creet. Go? To be made a fool of? To be played with, and made look a rascal by an impudent upstart who meddles—"

"If what he says isn't true, I'd never speak to him again!" cried Sue, with flashing eyes.

"If you'll swear you'll never speak to the fellow again when I come back, I'll go," he declared.

"If you come back and don't find that Jack's said what is true, I'll never speak to him again!" she repeated determinedly.

At seven o'clock that night the bar-parlor of the Skipping Ram was empty, save for a tall, thin, grey-haired, and long grey-bearded man, clothed in shabby black, whose small, twinkling eyes, placed considerably too close together in his wrinkled, dust-grimed face with its long, beak nose, were turned expectantly to the door.

He had half-finished his glass of whisky-and-water when the door opened, and a woman, in widow's dress, and wearing a heavy veil, entered.

"So you've come?" said the man, making no attempt to rise, but motioning her to seat herself beside him on a wooden ledge on which he rested.

"You've brought it?" he whispered to her.

She nodded, and drawing a small parcel from her pocket, was handing it to him, when with a cry she turned and the man leaped to his feet. The door was hurried open, and two men appeared.

"I am a detective," said the first man, "and I arrest you, Mossy Dick, and you, my lady, for being in possession of the Countess of Deerdale's necklace."

As if paralysed the woman looked at him dazedly. Mossy Dick made no motion to take the packet. The detective took the packet from her and handed it to Mr. Creet.

"The sparklers, sure enough," he said. Mr. Creet opened the packet. It held the Countess's necklace.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Creet, on such a clever bit of work, and on having noticed a thou' remarked his comrade.

Mr. Creet received his companion's congratulations meekly. He was wondering inwardly how things had come about. How did Simpson know about the necklace? How was it that the old widow-lady, the

woman he had had such a contempt for as the owner of that miserable canary, was concerned in the affair?

He returned to Wintred Street, still so puzzled over these things that he hardly noticed two cabs drive past him, as he entered the street. In one was a weeping girl in nurse's dress, while beside her sat a policeman. In the other was Mr. Jem Byrne between a couple of officers. Mr. Creet gave a sigh of satisfaction.

It seemed quite natural that the next person he should meet should be Mr. Simpson.

"Everything all right, Mr. Creet?" he asked.

"Everything. You'll come in, Mr. Simpson, won't you?" Sue's inside. I'd like to hear from you how you got to know all this?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Simpson, "certainly."

He was a tall, well-made young fellow, with an honest face, and large grey eyes, which now sparkled somewhat mischievously and triumphantly. Mr. Creet had never before been so pleased with his appearance. He had a good character, too.

How pretty they looked together, he mentally remarked, as he introduced Simpson into the dining-room and Sue met him! Her face flushed, her eyes sparkling.

"And now tell me. How did you find out about the necklace?" asked Mr. Creet.

"From information received, sir," laughed Simpson.

"From whom?"

"From the very clever young lady detective who sits beside you," replied Simpson.

And then Sue told her story. As she had listened to the singing of the widow's supposed canary and to the notes of Mr. Jem Byrne's, it had suddenly recalled to her the memory of the noise of her old telegraph machine—click, click, click. Whirr! click, click, click.

What if the notes represented dots and dashes expressed in sound? In a few moments she had satisfied herself that they were. The widow lady and Jem Byrne were communicating with one another. Sue's ears were quickly drinking it all in.

"But how could they train a canary to sing just the notes they wanted?" asked Mr. Creet.

"It was not a canary singing at all," replied Sue. "The birds you saw were frauds—hen-birds that never sang a note, merely put up for show. The sounds were made by Byrne and his confederate by means of those blow-tubes we used, when children, to train canaries to sing. You can use them so that no one can tell the noise from the real thing, and, of course, you can put in just as many chow-chow and trills as you want."

"Well, I'm hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Creet.

Mr. Creet declared he would not touch the reward—it was Simpson's far enough, and he sighed over the shattered vision of the public-house to which he had hoped to retire.

All difficulties, however, were overcome when Lord Deerdale heard the story of the necklace's recovery, for he insisted on paying Creet the thousand pounds and Sue another.

"And the bracelet's cheap at that!" he declared—"dirt cheap!" London Answers.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

"It cannot be," sighed the maid. "I respect you highly, Mr. Bowen, but we are incompatible."

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped," the young man replied, pocketing his chagrin and looking about for his hat. "But it defeats all my cherished hopes. I had planned a house in which I fondly imagined we might be happy. It was to have a drawing-room twice as large as the ordinary size, with a capacious wardrobe in every room in the house."

"Stay, Harry," she said, falteringly. "Perhaps I have been too hasty. Give me a day or two to think it over. It is not impossible that—that—"

And Harry stayed.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

One of his possessions which Sir Edward Lawson, who has just been made a peer, shows with pride is a huge volume containing a complete record, including all the newspaper articles, criticisms, etc., which it called forth, of the famous gathering of children in Hyde Park which Sir Edward organized in the Jubilee week of 1887. A great soldier once said that the most skillful general could not get 20,000 men out of Hyde Park, but Sir Edward on that occasion took 30,000 children into the Park and out of it again, and he is properly proud of the achievement.

A story is told that a lady traveling in the same railway compartment with Lord Rosebery on leaving it dropped her umbrella on the foot-board. He at once rescued it and restored it to the fair owner, who received it without a word of thanks and was going away, when Lord Rosebery exclaimed, "You have forgotten something, madam."

"Indeed! What is it?" she replied. "To say thank you," said his lordship, much to the delight of the other occupants of the carriage.

When the war in South Africa began, Lord Brooke, the son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, was a lad of seventeen, at Eton, and his parents naturally turned a deaf ear to his entreaties to be allowed to go to the front. When the Government began to appeal for volunteers, however, he ran away from school, sold his fur coat and his jewellery, and bought a second-class ticket for the Cape. Touched by this display of spirit, the Earl of Warwick did not insist on his return, but obtained a place for him as extra A. D. C. to Lord Milner.

Dr. Lapponi, the Pope's physician, has had many experiences during his long attendance on the Pope of the Pontiff's quiet humor. Once when he had given the Pope a powder to take to ease a sore throat from which he was suffering, the latter sat with the packet in his hand and made no move towards complying with his doctor's directions. Dr. Lapponi, determined that the powder should be taken, waited a while, and then cleared his throat a couple of times in a pointed manner. "Take it," said the Pope, handing him back the medicine; "you seem to need it more than I do!"

There are several young Premiers in various parts of the Empire, but the latest is the youngest of all. He is Mr. R. M. B. the new Premier of British Columbia, who was born in New Westminster, the original capital of that western Canadian province, thirty-three years ago. He went to the other end of the Dominion for his education, as he is a graduate of Dalhousie University, Halifax. In 1892 he was called to the Bar of British Columbia, and six years later he entered the Parliament of the province of which he is now Prime Minister, so that his term of political preparation for the Premiership was less than five years.

The King and the Prince of Wales have been pigeon fanciers for many years, and have at Sandringham two of the finest and best equipped lofts to be found in England, under the management of Mr. J. Walter Jones, the local schoolmaster, who is constantly engaged in training the birds on a thoroughly scientific principle. The greatest achievement of the King's birds was four years ago, when he won the "Pigeon Derby," flying his homer the distance of 510 miles at a rate of 1,307 yds. per minute, and thus was first of the 132 birds which competed. In the same event two of the birds belonging to the Prince of Wales were third and fourth.

"How old does a single woman have to be before she is considered an old maid?" asked the youth from Ludlow. "If homely and poor," replied the Cumminsville sage, "she breaks into that class at twenty-five; but if handsome and rich, ninety-nine years is the limit."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

During last year 1,295 vessels of the aggregate tonnage of 800,874 were built in the United Kingdom.

London is said to possess at present no less than 313 parks and open spaces, while in 1884 their number was only 102.

Many of the Boer family Bibles taken from farms and found on the veldt during the war, are, in response to Lord Roberts's request, being returned to their original owners.

The dwelling in which Dickens found Mr. Krook and Miss Flite, in "Bleak House," is to be pulled down. It stands in Chichester, rents, Chancery lane, at the corner near the Little entrance to Lincoln's Inn.

Sir Frederick Traves, who is about to retire, has established a record in performing a thousand consecutive operations for appendicitis without a death. Last year there were 15,000 operations for this malady. In Great Britain, with ninety per cent. of recoveries, including the King.

A number of workmen, under the personal supervision of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, are making some important investigations in the neighborhood of Liffaen, Carnarvonshire, as to some Roman remains. Interesting results are expected as Roman works are plentiful in most parts of the county.

Accomplishments of a scholastic as well as an agricultural kind are, it would appear, sometimes required of farm hands. Here is an advertisement from a West of England paper: "Healthy young man wanted for small farm; must be early riser and able to kill pigs. Preference given to an educated person. Will be expected to teach little boy when not required on farm."

A new Wesleyan Soldiers' and Sailors' Home is to be erected at Portsmouth, on the site of the old Wellescome Mission. The architecture will be imposing, and there will be a hall in amphitheatre form to seat 670 persons. A hundred cubicles will be provided. The home is to be built in connection with the Twentieth Century scheme, by means of which, it is hoped, the number of such homes will be increased from 34 to 61.

Lord Roberts, as Commander-in-Chief, addressing the cadets at the half-yearly prize distribution at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, said that, while the report was on the whole satisfactory, he was concerned to find them deficient in regard to spelling, knowledge of the English language, and map reading. He strongly advised them to set about improving themselves in this respect. He had more than once refused staff appointments to men who, otherwise fully qualified, could not spell, or whose writing was illegible.

It is easy to shift goods from one part of a room to another by putting them in a cage, hanging the cage on a single rail, and letting gravitation do the rest. That in principle is what a new company intends to do for railway passengers between Liverpool and Manchester. One carriage, loaded with passengers, will be slung astride a single rail, built about five feet from the ground, with guiding rails on either side, to avoid side or up and down movement; it will travel by electricity at the speed of a hundred miles an hour—and over.

The old royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" is to be broken up in Portsmouth dockyard, and such parts as the King desires will be preserved as mementoes of Queen Victoria. The yacht, designed by Oliver Lang, was the oldest and the handsomest royal yacht afloat. She was built in 1856 with a speed of seventeen knots, the whole of the internal arrangements being carried out from the designs of the Prince Consort. She was a heavy roller in a bad seaway, but very comfortable when anchored. The Queen and Prince Consort used sometimes to live on board of Cowes, the royal children having their music and school-rooms and nursery.

From some unexplained cause the British metropolis in this season more than usually crowded with Americans. The fashionable west end is very full, and there all the hotels are crammed. During the day American and country visitors throng the streets; for the tourist in London finds as great a delight in Piccadilly or the Strand, looking in the shop windows or studying the crowds, as in "doing" the show places. The streets of London at this season, as seen from the pavement or the top of a bus, are the most fascinating sights the holiday visitor can find anywhere. Americans affect to despise the rumbling, old-fashioned bus, but they seem to have caught the charm of the outside seats, and of being driven through the roar of London, and seeing not one town, but many, in the course of an hour or two's drive. There is perhaps greater variety in the metropolis than in any other city Europe can boast.

Ethel—"Are you sure that all his thoughts are of you?" Edith—"Oh, yes! Why, he has just lost his position on account of inattention to business!"



Mr. Perkins—That's a pretty likely lookin' boy you have there, Sam.
Mr. Dobbs—He's good enough if he wasn't so all-fired slow; why, if that boy had a had the job buildin' the ark we wouldn't a' had the flood yet.

The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 12, 1903.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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.

Locals, constituting 5 lines or less, 25 cents per each insertion.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE, QUE.

THE DICTATORSHIP OF HON. SYDNEY FISHER.

The Hon. Sydney Fisher showed at the Brome County Convention last week, that he thought himself big enough to attempt to boss Premier Parent, the man of many offices. We admit his courage and hope he may succeed. That there is a certain amount of dramatic talent, too, about the Honorable Minister of Agriculture cannot be denied.

Last Saturday's comedy at Knowlton proves it beyond a doubt. Everyone was wondering when, if ever, the Quebec Cabinet representation would be completed. Bets were about even that Premier Parent would never resign the treasury, even if he had to do without an English speaking Minister for ever. No one had ever dreamt about the Brome County Convention as a solution of the difficulty. But it was held and it settled everything to its own satisfaction.

The Hon. Mr. Fisher was there, probably by accident. As a little incidental, an address was read to him by one of the departmental clerks from Ottawa, congratulating him on the great prosperity of the country, and the fact that the harvests were still being gathered under a Liberal administration. The Minister was modestly surprised and duly made a carefully prepared reply, but the true heights of his grandeur and dignity were reached when he exclaimed that one Brome Minister was no good, there must be two to amount to anything, and Premier Parent had better listen to their advice or vague, but terrible results would follow.

We have waited to see the effect of this on the Provincial Premier, but he is evidently too much paralyzed with fear as yet, to take any action. A few more lordly words disposed of all the English speaking members of the Legislative Assembly as unworthy of consideration. Did they not represent constituencies that were far from Brome? No exception was made, even for Mayor James Cochrane. Mr. Weir, of Argenteuil, who has great aspirations, was not mentioned. A few contemptuous words disposed of the whole crew. Such is politics in the hands of a master. Even the Hon. Mr. Mc Corkill was none too tenderly dealt with. Brome County Liberals needed him for the moment, but he had the great defect of living several miles from Fisher's farm. The surprising fact that Brome County had not within its borders a man fit for Cabinet rank made it necessary to pass Mr. Mc Corkill as a compromise but most it would be a restricted one. The man of the county was

offered to him, but with the condition that he should first prove himself worthy of the honour, by securing the treasury portfolio. But the condition is an easy one, for had not Sydney Fisher spoken. We have sometimes thought that the other sections of the province were of some importance, and that, in particular Montreal, which contributes so much to the Provincial revenues might be considered in the important matter, if for no other reason than that the Hon. Sydney Fisher was born here, but we are learning the lesson of humility. *Montreal Star.*

A LACHUTE BOY'S SUCCESS.

The Rev. G. Goldsworth Bland, pastor of the Eastern Methodist Church, has accepted the offer of the chair of theology in the Wesley College, Winnipeg, and will enter upon his new duties on Sept. 30. The news has come as a great surprise to the Methodists of Ottawa. Indeed it was only this evening that the fact was made known at an emergency meeting of the officials of the Eastern Church, when the Rev. Principal Sparling met the board and explained the circumstances of the work in the west and asked the officials' consent to Mr. Bland's release, the latter having accepted the chair of theology. Regretfully, but unanimously, the complied, and the Rev. Mr. Bland will take leave of his congregation on Sunday Sept. 20. Principal Sparling explained that fifteen years ago he had offered Mr. Bland work in Wesley College, which he then declined, but in view of all the circumstances he was now willing to engage in college work.

The new professor of Wesley College was born in Lachute, Que., Aug. 26, 1859. He is a Methodist of the fifth generation, and comes of Yorkshire stock. Mr. Bland received rudiments of his education at a private school in Montreal, and graduated from McGill in 1877. He entered the ministry in 1880, was ordained at Brockville in 1884, and has been successively stationed at Cataract, Farmersville, Williamsville, Kingston, Perth, Quebec, Cornwall, Smith's Falls, and Ottawa. Mr. Bland has always been a student and is classed among the most original thinkers of the ministry.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

A W.C.T.U. Convention was held in the Methodist Church, Point Fortune, on Thursday, the 3rd. of September. Notwithstanding that the harvest was begun there was a goodly number of interested and enthusiastic temperance workers in attendance, many coming a long distance. The pretty little church was beautiful and bright with the glancing rays of the sun, blooming plants and lively cut flowers. The afternoon session was opened with devotional exercises led by the County President, Mrs. (Rev.) Patterson of Lachute, after which business began in earnest.

The County Secretary being absent, her place was ably filled by Mrs. Barclay of St. Andrews. Reports were read, and all were highly satisfactory, showing that good work had been done. Several interesting papers were read. Three ministers were present, two of whom spoke a few encouraging words to the ladies. The appointment of new County officers followed, and the afternoon session closed with prayer. The delegates were kindly entertained to tea by the resident ladies. In the evening the church was crowded to the door. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Boyd, presided over the meeting. Rev's. Fraser and Day each spoke a few words, after which the Rev. Mr. Huxtable gave a splendid address on temperance filling the church with his powerful voice and kindling the enthusiasm of the audience with his emphatic denunciation of the great blot on our fair Canada, but Canada's daughters were stirred and thrilled ready for fresh work against the enemy of our homes and land. The convention closed with "God be with you till we meet again" and was voted a success throughout.

PIERCED.

John 19: 37.

Saviour, while Thy great love adorns
The path wherein Thy servants tread,
We view afresh that crown of thorns
Which once was placed upon Thy head:
And while Thy thorn-pierced brow we see
We consecrate ourselves to Thee.

For our transgressions Thou wast slain;
In Thee alone our title stands:
Like nails which pierced thine outstretched
[ed hands]:
Yet waves of love our souls enfold
While we Thy nail-pierced hands behold.

Thy precious blood so freely shed
Remission for our sins obtains:
Thy body is the broken bread,
Thy blood removes the deepest stains:
As those who in Thy love abide
We gaze upon Thy spear-pierced side.

Send forth Thy light and truth, we pray,
That all mankind may Thee adore;
Bring in Redemption's glorious day
When sin and death shall be no more:
And make in these Thy work complete
Who gaze upon Thy nail-pierced feet. *THE*
T. WATSON.

Daleville, Que. 1903.



Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.
Fall Session opens Sept. 7, 1903.

This institution gives a thorough up-to-date business training in book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, French, etc. Write for prospectus giving full information regarding terms, etc.

A. W. YOUNG,
Principal.

HARNESS !!!

The undersigned has just received 25 sides of No. 1 harness leather and trimmings. I have also 10 sets of hand-made buggy harness that I will sell at a reasonable price, also bridles, halters, and double breeching. Farmers, I want all your harness repairing and I will do it cheaper than ever. Old stand opposite P. O.

WM. CRESWELL.

J. O. FOURNIER, L.L.L.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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

Range of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

- Painful Stomach
- Colic
- Diarrhoea
- Acid Stomach
- Indigestion
- Flatulence
- Worms
- Constipation
- Stomach Troubles

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

See Similar Signature of

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At 6 months old

35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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For Over Thirty Years

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Students to the Academy will bear in mind that we keep all the books required in the

Elementary, Model & Academy Grades

and as usual have a large assortment of

Exercise Books, Scribblers,
Lead Pencils, Erasers,
Compasses, Pencil Boxes,
School Bags, Etc., Etc.

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THE WEST-END BAKERY.

Can be relied upon for supplying all your needs. These are some of our Specialties

Bakers and Home-Made Bread, Graham Bread, Scones, Rolls, Mince, Apple and Mutton Pies. &

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

We have our Soda Fountain in full operation now and you may have your choice of a number of very fine syrups.

Our Ice Cream Parlor is an inviting place, and our Ice Cream is delicious.

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LACHUTE MILLS, QUE.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

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BIG DRIVE IN CARPETS.



You should call and see what bargains we are offering in the line of carpets. They are the finest and largest stock of goods between Montreal and Ottawa, and are imported direct from great Britain.

From 18c. to \$1.40 per yard.

LINOLEUMS AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

Well seasoned goods and pretty patterns.

READY MADE CLOTHING

or clothing made to order, just as you like. The right goods at right prices. We import our own Tweeds. A look at them will convince you that they are right.

LARGE ASSORTMENTS of white and colored Muslins. Just the thing for this hot weather.



Ladies' Jackets.

Our new Ladies Coats are now in stock, not a last Season's Jacket to offer you. Every one is up-to-date, and the best fitters this Dominion can produce. We have a choice stock of Dress Goods in great variety now opened up. Heaps and heaps of goods of every variety.

Wm. BANFORD.

ARGENTEUIL Exhibition.

That's where you'll have
the good time next week.
Pipers, Brass Band, Tug-of war,

Sept. 22 & 23.

New Cash Grocery Store.

Having purchased the Commodious
store on Bethany St. from Mr. J. B.
Raymond, I have stocked it with a
large assortment of

Fresh Groceries

which will be found choice, good &
reasonable. We solicit a call.

FRANCIS LAURIN.



THE O.K. STOP ON BARN DOOR ROLLERS

The most perfect in existence.
Roller bearing,
Covered Sheave,
Can't come off,
Won't break,
Swing bracket,
Cheap as ordinary Rollers.
This is not a blow,
You must see them.

McOuat & McRae, Lachute, P.Q.

SUITABLE

PRESENTS.

Sometimes it is difficult to select a suitable
gifts for our friend. We have a nice assortment
of Music Cases, Easels, Chairs, and Rookers that
make presents that are always appreciated.

LACHUTE FURNITURE FACTORY

O. B. Lafleur, Prop.

BEECH RIDGE.

Mrs. Gates Sr. is visiting her son Mr. F. Gates.
Rev. Mr. Ballantyne conducted prayer-meeting here on Wednesday evening.
Quite a number from here attended the Vankleek Hill, Exhibition and report a good time.
Mrs. D. H. Loynachan and daughter Adele & Mrs. R. C. Morrin.
Miss Candlish of Montreal, is at present the guest of Mrs. J. B. Cooke.
By all appearances wedding bells are about to be chimed.

TENDER.

Sealed Tenders will be received up to noon of Oct. 1st. next, for the construction of a bridge over the West River, to replace the old one, length 100 feet, width 15 feet. Piers, abutments and superstructure to be constructed on same plan as the old bridge. For further particulars, apply to the chairman of the Road Committee.

JAR. W. RAITT, Sec.-Treasurer,
Lachute, August 19th, 1903.

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Will be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

B. S. STACKHOUSE, S.A., D.D.S. L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST.

LACHUTE P.Q.

Will hereafter be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

N. FOREST,

NOTARY,

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } 220.
District of Terrebonne.

Dame Adelaide Leonard, wife of John Lapine, Florence, State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America, and the said John Lapine, to authorize his said wife a *cestui en justice*, Plaintiffs,

vs.

Francis Xavier Leonard, formerly of St. Hermus, district of Terrebonne, and now absent in unknown parts, in his capacity of executor of the will of the late Francis Xavier Leonard, in his lifetime, of Commonwealth, in the U. S. of America, Defendant.

It is ordered to the defendant to appear within one month.

St. Scholastique, August 24th, 1901.

GRIGNON & FORTIER, P.S.C.
J. A. C. ETHIER, Pliffs. Attorney.

Estate of Late

DAME SARAH NICHOLSON.

The undersigned executors of estate offer for sale the following lots of land:

1st.—The homestead property in first range of the Township of Chatham, with large commodious stone dwelling and outbuildings; being lot No. 216 cadastral plan, containing about 75 acres, all of which is under cultivation.

2nd.—Lot No. 226, same range and township, with wooden house and outbuildings, and contains about 69 acres.

3rd.—Also a village lot in the parish of St. Andrews, on main road from the village to the Roman Catholic Church, without buildings. Contains 1 arpent; eligible as building lot.

—Terms Cash.—

Possession to be given after 1st November, 1901. Applicants will please communicate with

JOHN E. HALSEY, Solicitor,

780 F. SHAW, M.D., St. Andrews.

Referee for titles,

H. HOWARD, Notary, St. Andrews.

St. Andrews, July 20th, 1903.

About the ...House

IRONING TABLE-LINEN.

No matter how carefully, in every detail, the dining-table may be laid with beautiful china, silver and cut glass, if the table-linen has been poorly ironed this one defect will stand out so prominently that it will hide from view all other perfections. Yet how often we see rough, limp table-linen even on the tables of those who are perfect housekeepers in all other respects. It seems too bad that so much carelessness should be indulged in, especially in so important a branch of housekeeping, for many beautiful effects and much daintily prepared food have been spoiled by unattractive table-linen.

It may not, however, be owing wholly to carelessness of the person performing the work, for it is an art to iron table-linen perfectly; yet it is so very simple and easily learned that even the most stupid can be taught how to do it.

Too often servants who are ignorant of the proper method of performing any branch of house-work are left to follow their own ways, and then their work is viewed with dissatisfaction. No housekeeper should permit a new servant to iron her table-linen without taking the oversight of the work herself the first time it is done. If she finds that the servant can do this work properly, then she can trust her to it alone; but if not, careful teaching in all its details should be given each week until the lesson is thoroughly learned. I have taught this branch of housework to many young, inexperienced and really stupid girls, and without one exception by exercising patience and perseverance, they have been able to perform this work most satisfactorily and in a reasonable short time.

When table-linen is washed, bluing and boiled starch should be added to the last rinsing-water. Care should be taken not to use too much starch. The aim should be to avoid using enough to make the linen stiff and paper-like, but to use just enough to give a smoothness and gloss to the linen and remove the limp appearance which unstarched linen has, especially if it has been laundered many times.

Starched linen should be thoroughly dry before sprinkling, and should be sprinkled the night before it is to be ironed. The sprinkling should be done thoroughly, not slightly dampened, as we sprinkle cotton; for what would be sufficiently damp to iron cotton nicely would leave linen rough and wrinkled, no matter how many times it may be gone over with the iron or how much strength be expended. Every thread must be very damp, almost wet. Herein lies the secret of smooth, glossy linen. Even cheap, coarse grades of linen can be made to look smooth and nice if sufficiently dampened before ironing.

Next in importance is a hot iron. Linen cannot be nicely ironed with an iron moderately hot. The linen being so very damp, a much hotter iron can be used without scorching the linen than can be used for ironing cotton. However, care should be taken not to yellow the linen at the last of the ironing after the moisture is nearly dried out for this would spoil the result, regardless of how nicely the work may have been done up to this point. After selecting an iron of the right temperature, the linen must be gone over again until it is thoroughly dry. No portion of it must be left even slightly damp; this is very important.

A table-cloth may be ironed, folded once lengthwise through the centre, but only this one crease should be ironed in it. Fringed napkins and doilies should be held up by two corners and snapped vigorously, changing from side to side until the fringe of all four sides is thoroughly shaken out, then smoothed out on the ironing-board with the hands, having the fringe perfectly straight. Iron the centre first, leaving the fringed edges until the last, going, and making the strokes of the iron straight-wise with the threads of the fringe. Ironing crosswise the fringe would disarrange it, and it would not then be straight, but crossed together, having a mussy appearance, spoiling what otherwise would be a nicely ironed piece of linen. Napkins, doilies, tray-cloths and centerpiece-cloths should be ironed single; embroidered pieces only on one side, and that on the wrong one, but napkins should be ironed on both sides, and only the napkins folded. And remember, each piece must be ironed over and over again until thoroughly dry, smooth and glossy.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD SOUP.

Invariably the housewife who has a reputation for fine soups is the one who supervises the food left from each meal, and sees that no bone, unless burned in the broiling, no scrap of meat, not the least bit of gravy, not a teaspoon of vegetables are wasted. All these she uses in her soup kettle. This, indeed, is the French woman's secret, and she helps it out with judicious seasonings.

Fresh meat will need to be purchased at least once a week for the soup stock. For the purpose a piece of the shin of beef, with the bone

which contains marrow, a knuckle of veal for additional gelatine and the cold meat and bones which have been saved should all soak in cold water for half an hour or so, and then be brought very slowly to a simmer. When the meat is cooked to shreds and the knuckles fall apart it is time to remove the kettle. Many persons season the stock while it is cooking, but this practice has its disadvantages. In the first place vegetable juices will cause it to sour much more readily; besides, once it has been seasoned it is impossible to vary it so decidedly. Then, too, in the daily scaldings of the stock, which is necessary if the fat is removed from the top, much of the flavor is lost in steam. It is an excellent plan to fill stone crocks, each holding enough for one day's supply to let the cake of grease form upon them, and when they are entirely cold cover them and place them in the refrigerator. Undisturbed, and in a cool place, the stock will keep for two weeks.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Wheat flour is the best thing to throw over burning kerosene or any kind of grease that is on fire. Water thrown on burning kerosene will spread it; flour smotheres it.

If you have once tried chopping the ham for sandwiches, you will never use the sliced ham again. Run the meat through the meat-chopper if you happen to have one; season it with prepared mustard, salt and pepper. If too dry moisten with a little cream. Old hens cooked tender and the meat prepared in this way make good filling for sandwiches.

A correspondent tells her method of decimating the flies that are the midsummer pest of the housekeeper. She tacks tanglefoot fly paper over the top of screen doors and where the flies seem to congregate, avoiding the sun. The double sheets cost 5 cents for three. One can be divided and hung "where it will do the most good." She also uses the wire traps set with vinegar and molasses, and manages to keep her house comparatively free.

Some one has discovered that bluing put in the water in which the clothes are boiled, instead of the rinsing water, will make the clothes whiter. The same writer asserts that green walnuts, bruised and put in the cupboard, infested with ants, will drive them away.

MADE BY THE SEA.

Natural Curiosities on the Coast of Ireland.

Natural bridges are to be found in various parts of the world, but probably nowhere in such numbers as on the west coast of Ireland, where the fierce Atlantic waves have beaten the rocks into many curious shapes. One of the most notable of these rocky bridges is to be seen at Kilkee, a beautiful seaside town on the coast of Clare. The bridge is a piece of nature's own handiwork, which probably occupied thousands of years in the making. Beginning, no doubt, with a mere indentation in the cliffs, the sea gradually hollowed out a cavern which it enlarged century after century, until a clean breach was made through the rocks. This was gradually increased until only an upper ledge of rock was left, and thus the bridge was formed. The Clare coast abounds in strange rocks. Some of them are worn and broken into such fearful and fantastic shapes that, as an imaginative visitor expressed it, they are the kind of rocks one might meet with in a nightmare. Not a great way from the natural bridge is to be found the puffing hole, another instance of nature's strange work amongst the rocks. It is a sort of cavern where the sea, as it dashes in, performs queer antics, spouting up columns of water like a geyser. Other curious rocks there are which stand like high towers. On the top of one of these grass grass grows so luxuriantly that the natives actually haul their sheep up by means of ropes in order that the animals may browse on the top. The spectacle of a bewildered-looking sheep being carried up the rock by a rope round its body is decidedly a curious one. But the work of getting it down is even more exciting. It was an Irish observer who lamented the fact that the sea, while constructing a natural bridge, had not supplied some of these steep rocks with a natural staircase.

It is not surprising that a coast so full of natural curiosities should abound in quaint legends. One of the strangest of these relating to this part of the coast tells how every seven years an ancient city submerged by the waves centuries ago can be seen by those in boats passing over the spot. But it is a fatal sight. Within a month afterwards those who have seen it inevitably die. (Gistors to Kilkee, therefore, are generally more anxious to inspect the natural bridge than to risk their lives by gazing on the submarine city.)

A GRAVE QUESTION.

Great Specialist—There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with you organically. Have you any mental anxiety?

Patient—Yes, I have.

"You must open your mind to me. What is it?"

"I'm wondering how much you will charge me."

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

SHEEP NOTES.

Start with a good flock and keep it up.

Do not raise sheep for sentiment, but for profit.

Good lambs are never reared unless they receive a favorable start in life.

Everything that decreases production is so much self-help to the sheep grower.

Under present conditions sheep can hardly be kept for any one object.

With lambs early pampering should be avoided if mature and healthy development is secured.

A short legged, short bodied sheep is often heavier and will produce more wool than one that looks much larger.

The time required to fatten the sheep depends somewhat on their age and their condition at commencement.

Properly managed sheep will restore the worst of worn out farms to a better than their original fertility.

Taking a term of years together, no other stock shows so great a uniformity of prices as sheep.

The flock of sheep must be poorly handled when as many as were started in the spring cannot be sold off.

Dropping of the wool due to an inflammatory condition of the skin is a certain result from feeding mouldy or smutty fodder.

A sheep is fretful, and its low nervous condition tends to make any irregularity in feeding injurious to it.

When they are to be bred, sheep should be in a good, thrifty condition, which is better than being too fat.

A really good ewe should produce sufficient wool to pay for keeping her, leaving the lamb she should produce, as profit.

On many farms, one sheep to acre, in addition to other stock kept, will usually prevent almost all waste.

Early maturity is just as advantageous to the breeder and feeder of sheep as to any other stockman.

There is considerable difference between oily wool and gunny wool. A sheep with gunny wool can stand but little where an oily woolled sheep will keep fat.

In keeping sheep there is a clear profit to the farm, for it becomes cleaner and more productive for each arable acre becomes more productive.

COOLING MILK.

There are two ways of cooling milk that must be kept over night before being sent to the cheese factory. One is to give it a strong stirring, and the other is to set the can in cold water. The best way, however, is to combine the two methods. The object of cooling milk is to prevent it souring, and souring is the result of the development of bacteria. Cooling milk by stirring it and exposing it to the air tends to prevent souring, but it also exposes the milk to the danger of being contaminated with bacteria, always present in the air, which cause bad flavors in the cheese. This fact emphasizes the importance of stirring the milk, where that process is necessary to cool it, in pure air. The air a few feet from the barn is generally the most heavily laden with germs, and consequently, the milk should not be exposed any more than is necessary near the barn, but should be strained and otherwise handled some distance away, and in a place where currents of air do not carry contamination from the barn to the milk.

Cooling the milk with ice or water would be the better way, where ice or cold water could be had, as this exposes the milk less to contamination. In such cases sufficient stirring could be given to cool all parts of the milk as quickly as possible. Aeration should also be practiced when rape, turnips or other strong-smelling foods are given the cows, but the use of such foods is not to be recommended. Stirring the milk for an hour or more just over the barnyard fence, or anywhere near the barnyard, cannot be too strongly condemned, as it adds to the "cheesemaker's" troubles and tends to injure the quality of all the cheese made at the factory, by carrying to it germs that cause bad flavors and pinholes in the finished product.

IT PAYS TO HERD TURKEYS.

A peculiar thing about herding turkeys, especially if the poulters have turkey mothers, is that once their day's route is established they will go the same round each day and generally on schedule time. The best plan is to keep the flocks restricted to the territory adjacent to their coop until the poulters are feathered, when the broods can be flocked together and started out to the woods and fields. Here is where the herder is needed. The losses from various sources—strays, hawks, foxes, minks and weasels, hunters and dogs a little later in the season, make big inroads into the flock unless guarded. Ordinarily this would be rather dull work for a boy or girl, and none should at-

ttempt it unless there were two for company.

The route taken by the flock could be through all the stubble fields where sufficient grain food would be gleaned, in the pastures and cut meadows, where the poulters would do good work on grasshoppers, crickets and other insects, and into the woodland, where they dust themselves in the fine dust of some rotten log, to rid themselves of lice. Even when it is impractical to guard them the entire day, much can be done by way of insuring their safety by having them roam in the direction showing least danger. This can be done by starting them right in the morning and feeding them a short distance away from home on their return at night.

BREEDING FOR SIZE.

This is one of the most important features in breeding for the best markets. It is to get large size in the draft horse by grading up in the same breed to the best heavy draft stallions. They, by good care and abundant food, encourage the natural large size and early maturity, as the high prices now justify every precaution to get the large size and bring it up to the best there is in the breed, for upon the size and quality the price depends. A correspondent in an English exchange says:

"There cannot be the least doubt that if the different societies formed for promoting of breeding of different classes of horses were approached the opportunity would be willingly placed before any one of learning how the Shire, Hunter, Hackney, and even Polo men try to arrive at the best way to achieve their object, and I might say, not only try to, but how they have done it."

The question of weight, no doubt, is a most important one as regards Shire horses, as any one who has attended a Shire horse sale will have noticed in the catalogue, and also how strongly this has been pointed out by the auctioneer when a good gelding has been led into the ring."

TRIALS OF ROYALTY.

Not Much Truth in the Proverb, "As Happy as a King."

It is sometimes forgotten by the populace, when envious glances are shot at the pomp and pageant of royalty, that kings and princes are, after all, human beings, subject to the same passions, the same weaknesses, as their subjects. Nowadays there are few monarchs on the earth who are able in their own lives to give point to the proverb, "as happy as a king." The necessity for bearing a brave face before the world in the midst of heavy personal bereavement or pain, the martyrdom that springs from an over-pressed conviction of the uncertainty of royal life, the impossibility of nailing to the counter the gibes and slanders of tongue and pen, the depressing effect upon the mind of domestic troubles and jars, the ill-conduct of near relations—these and a score of other sources of misery are illustrated day by day in the lives of royal personages whose names are in every mouth in Christendom. Happily, King Edward has been spared the pain of some of these causes of suffering. But he has had his share of sorrow, and the nation has learned to understand something of the intense sadness that from time to time overshadows the brave spirit of one whose moral courage has often shone most brightly when he was most depressed. In recent years nothing, perhaps, caused him keener distress than the unmannerly taunts aimed at his revered mother by the Continental press. And few monarchs in Europe have had to endure more persistent attacks than His Majesty; yet his intimates were forbidden to take any public notice of statements obviously absurd. There was a world of long-suppressed indignation in a letter which Lord Knollys sent to a correspondent some time ago, in which he wrote: "It is often a matter of surprise to me to find that the inventions which appear in certain newspapers respecting members of the royal family are so often believed." Queen Alexandra has had to endure much silent suffering at times because of the obligation that lay upon her to bear up under great physical weakness, in order that the duties of her high station might be performed, lest the public should be disappointed. Again and again she has been observed to display a suspicious droop of the lips when trying heavily to carry out her task, whether it be the wearing of a ceaseless smile while the leaders of the social world, pass before her, or the still heavier burden of bowing with monotonous iteration while driving in a long procession through the public streets.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Not more than 400 of the "Cedars of Lebanon" are standing to-day. They do not, though their age is measured in years by thousands, rival in dimensions the cedars of the western world, the largest, so slow is their growth, being but twelve feet in diameter. No tree gives so great an expanse of shade as the cedar, and it never dies, except from lightning stroke or the woodman's axe.

Don't get discouraged. Even to the oyster there comes an opening when least expected.

GEO. H. KENT'S CASE RECALLED.

DYING OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Recent Deaths of Prominent Men From the Most Dreaded of All Maladies Recalls the Fact That Dodd's Kidney Pills have Conquered It.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 17.—(Special).—The recent numerous deaths of prominent men from Bright's Disease, recalls the case of Geo. H. Kent, of 408 Gilmour St., this city.

Mr. Kent, who is still living here strong and hearty, was dying of Bright's Disease. He had lost the use of his limbs and his whole body was swollen to a terrible size. Three doctors were positive that he must die.

While watching at his bedside, his wife happened to read an advertisement that said Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Bright's Disease. They were sent for as a last resort. From almost the first dose Mr. Kent says he felt benefited by them. After taking four boxes he was able to sit up. Seventeen boxes cured him completely.

Mr. Kent's cure caused great excitement at the time. People who had heard of it came from far and near to see him, and all went away convinced that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease.

This conviction is strengthened by a number of other cases reported throughout the country where this great remedy has been used, and Bright's Disease vanquished.

AMONG FUR SEALS.

Methods of Mating and Fights for Marital Privileges.

Sir Edwin Arnold writes in The London Daily Telegraph:

"I retain the memory of a grey morning in the North Pacific when being early on the deck of the steamer Empress of Japan I saw the sea covered leagues beyond league with a huge moving army of smooth-headed otaria (fur seals). We were not far from the Pribyloff Islands—the summer home of the fur seals, and these by scores of thousands, steering northwards, were the males bound to their annual rendezvous. They would land, would range themselves in stations along the sands and rocks of the islands, and presently would surely see arrive among them the females of the prodigious family. The females would give birth each of them to a seal pup, and when these little ones had been suckled for a brief period the males, with many a furious combat, would each select the wives they fancied, and pass along with them a monstrous honeymoon. During that interval the entire island coast would echo with uncouth battle cries, and yet more hideous howlings of phocine love, and the strange fact is that while some six or eight weeks are spent in the grim clamor of these 'rookeries,' neither the male nor female otaria would touch one particle of food. All alike subsist through the stormy days and nights of the annual gathering upon the layers of fat, four or five inches thick previously deposited under their coats. The ponderous fathers of the flock, who came ashore weighing half a ton each, slide back again into the Pacific waves, lean, famished and covered with many a deep scar upon their skins, from wounds inflicted by their rivals."

"Strange also is it that, although born for a life in the ocean, the pups do not at first understand how to swim. The far-off memory in their blood of existence on dry land is stronger at birth than any instinct explaining to them the fins and paddles, which are their feet and hands. Their dams thrust them over the crags into the element, which at first they dread and in the quiet by-gone times they would then glide away, followed soon by their mothers and fathers, until the next season brought back the grotesque birth and marriage meetings. Of late, however, for many of them there is no such tranquil departure from the scene of their combats and courtships. The seal fishers come, and in many a well-known spot cut off the males from the water, kill them with clubs by thousands, and take their skins. These skins after rough preparations are sent mainly to London to be dressed and dyed, just as almost all the diamonds go to Amsterdam to be cut."

"What would you like to be when you grow up?" asked an old gentleman. "I'd like to be a bricklayer," replied the boy. "That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?" "Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work."

"Poor Bickers has a very hard-hearted wife," said Trivet. "What's the trouble now?" asked Dicer. "She not only broke the broomstick over his head, but made him go to the stores and buy another."

Mrs. Rookwood—"So you keep boarders. Do you?" Mrs. Clifton—"No, indeed! We merely entertain a few remunerative guests."

AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Left alone with the fairy, Willie Wilcocks began his duties as "nurse," a sphere of action into which he had never thought of being introduced, even in his wildest dreams. He began by asking the fairy if she was all right and comfortable, to which she replied that she was not; upon which he explained that he meant was she as right and comfortable as could be expected in the circumstances; could he do anything for her, in fact, or get her anything that would make her more comfortable than she was—but the fairy shook her poor head and said, "No."

"Come, now, won't you have something to eat? What had you for dinner?" said Willie, in a cheery voice, looking round the room, but not discovering any symptoms of food beyond a few empty plates and cups (the latter without handles), and a teapot with half a spout.

"I had a little bread and butter," said the fairy.

"No tippie?" inquired the nurse.

"No, except water."

"Ain't there none in the house?"

"No."

"I've got nothin' better at other times?" inquired Willie in surprise.

"Not often. Father is very poor. He was ill for a long time, too, and if it hadn't been for your kind master I think we should all have starved. He's better now, but he needs pretty good living to keep him up to his work—for there's a deal of training to be done, and it wears him out if he don't get meat. But the pantomimes began and we were getting on better, when the fire came and burnt everything we had almost, so we can't afford much meat or beer, and I don't like beer, so I've got them persuaded to let me live on bread and butter, and water. I would like tea better, because it's hot, but we can't afford that."

Here was a revelation! The fairy lived upon bread and butter and water! Willie thought that but for the interpolation of the butter it would have borne marvelous resemblance to prison fare.

"When had you dinner?" inquired Willie suddenly.

"I think about four o'clock."

"An' can't you eat nothin' now?"

Again the fairy shook her head.

"Nor drink?"

"Look if there's anything in the teapot," said the fairy.

Willie looked, shook his head and said—"Not a drop."

"Any leaves?"

"Why, y-yes," he brought the pot nearer to the candle; "there are a few used-up ones."

"Oh, do pour some hot water into it; but I fear the water is cold, and the fire's too low to boil it, and I know the coals are done, but father gets paid his salary to-morrow, and he'll give me some tea then. He's very kind to me, father is, and so is Jim."

She sighed as she spoke, and shut her eyes.

"Ziza," said Willie in a careless tone, "you won't object to my leavin' you for a few minutes; only a few; I want to get a little fresh air, an' see what sort of a night it is; I won't be long gone."

Ziza, so far from objecting, said that she was used to being left alone for long long hours at a time, and wouldn't mind it. So Willie put the candle nearer to her bedside, placed a tea-cup of water within reach,

went out, shut the door softly behind him, groped his way through the passage and up the stair, and got into the street.

That day his eccentric employer had paid him his first month's wage, a sovereign, with many complimentary remarks as to his usefulness. The golden coin lay in his pocket. It was the first he had ever earned. He had intended to go straight home and lay the shining piece in his mother's lap, for Willie was a peculiar boy, and had some strange notions in regard to the destination of "first-fruits." Where he had got them nobody could tell. Perhaps his mother knew, but nobody ever questioned her upon the point.

Taking this gold piece from his pocket, he ran into the nearest respectable street, and selected there the most respectable grocer's shop, into which he entered, and demanded a pound of the shopman's best tea, a pound of his best sugar, a pound of his best butter, a cut of his best bacon, and one of his best wax candles. Willie knew nothing about relative proportion in regard to such things; he only knew that they were usually bought and consumed together.

The shopman looked at the little purchaser in surprise, but as Willie emphatically repeated his demands he gave him the required articles. On receiving the sovereign he looked twice at Willie, rung the piece of money three times on the counter, and then returned the change.

Gathering the packages in his arms, and putting the candle between his vest and bosom, he went into a baker's shop, purchased a loaf, and returned to the "subterranean grotto" laden like the bee.

To say that the fairy was surprised when he displayed these things, would be a feeble use of language. She opened her large eyes until Willie begged her in alarm not to open them wider for fear they should come out, at which sally she laughed, and then, being weak, she cried.

After that she fell in with her nurse's humor, and the two proceeded to "have a night of it." Ziza said she'd be a real fairy and tell him what to do, and Willie said he'd be a gnome or a ho-fairy and do it.

At the outset Willie discovered that he had forgotten coals, but this was rectified by another five minutes' airing, and a rousing fire was quickly roaring in the chimney, while the kettle sang and spluttered on it like a sympathetic thing, as no doubt it was. Willie cleared the small table that stood at the invalid's bed-side, and arranged upon it the loaf, the teapot, two cracked tea-cups, the butter and sugar, and the wax-candle—which latter was stuck into a quart bottle in default of a better candlestick.

"Now ain't that jolly?" said the nurse, sitting down and rubbing his hands.

"Very!" replied the patient, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"It's so like a scene in a play," continued Willie.

"Only much more real," suggested the fairy.

"Now, then, Ziza, have a cup o' tea, from the market o' China as your Dad would say, if he was sellin' it by auction. He's a knowin' coddler your dad is, Ziza. T're e. I knowed I forgot somethin' o' the cream!"

"I don't mind it, indeed I don't," said Ziza earnestly.

Willie had started up to run out

and rectify this omission, but on being assured that the fairy liked tea almost as well without as with cream, and that there was no cream to be got near at hand, he sat down again and continued to do the honors of the table. First he made the fairy sit up in bed, and commented sadly on her poor thin neck as she did it, observing that she was nothing better than a skeleton in a skin. Then he took off his own jacket and put it on her shoulders, tying the arms round her neck. Next he placed a piece of board in front of her, saying that it was a capital tray, and on this he arranged the viands neatly.

"Now, then, go at it, Ziza," he said, when all was arranged.

Ziza, who received his attentions with looks that were wonderfully grateful for one in her weak state of health, went at it with such vigor that the bread was eaten and the tea drunk in a few minutes, and the supply had to be renewed. When she was in the middle of her second round of buttered toast (for Willie had toasted the bread), she stopped suddenly.

"Why don't you go on?" asked Willie.

"Because you have not eaten or drunk one mouthful yet."

"But I'm lookin' at you, and ain't I eat better! However, if ye won't go on I'll not keep you back," and with that Willie set to work, and being uncommonly hungry, did what he styled "terrible execution among the wittles."

For some time the nurse and patient ate in comparative silence, but by degrees they began to talk, and as they became more confidential their talk became more personal.

"D'you like bein' a fairy?" said Willie, after a lull in the conversation.

"No, I don't," replied Ziza.

"Why not?"

"Because—because—I don't like the kind of things we have to do, and—ah—in short, I don't like it at all, and I often pray God to deliver me from it."

"That's strange, now," said Willie, "I would have thought it great fun to be a fairy. I'd rather be a little clown or a ho-fairy myself, now, than anything else I know of, except a freeman."

"A freeman, Willie?"

"Yes, a freeman. My brother, Blaz—a Frank, I mean, is one, and he saved the lives of some people not long since."

Of course Willie here diverged into a graphic account of the fire in Beverly Square, and, seeing that Ziza listened with intense earnestness, he dilated upon every point, and went with special minuteness into the doings of Frank.

When he concluded, Ziza heaved a very deep sigh and closed her eyes.

"I've tired you, Ziza," exclaimed Willie, jumping up with a look of anxiety, and removing the tea-board and jacket, as he child slipped down under the clothes. He asked if she wanted to go to sleep.

"Yes, for I'm very tired," she sighed languidly; then added, "but please read to me a little first."

"What book am I to read you?" said Willie, looking around the room where no book of any kind was to be seen.

"Here, it's under the pillow."

Willie put his hand under the pillow and pulled out a small pocket-Bible.

"Read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel," said the child, closing her eyes.

Willie read in the monotonous tones of a schoolboy's voice until he came to the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Stop at that verse," whispered Ziza. "I'll go to sleep now."

Her deep breathing soon proclaimed that she was in the land of dreams, so Willie removed the candle a little farther away from her, and then resting his elbows on the table, his head in his hands began to read the Bible. He turned over a few pages without much intention of fixing any particular place, for he was beginning to feel sleepy.

The first words his eyes fell upon were, "Blessed are they that consider the poor."

He roused up a little at this, and read the verse again, for he connected it with the fact that the fairy was poor. Then he pondered for some time, and, falling asleep, dropped his head on the Bible with such force that he woke up for a little and tried to read again. He gave up the attempt, and, laying his forehead down upon it, quickly fell sound asleep.

In his state the couple were discovered, an hour or two later, by Messrs. Catley senior and junior on their return from the theatre.

"Inscrutable mysteries! I say, what is this?" exclaimed the elder clown, advancing into the room on tiptoe.

Apostrophizing his eyes and one Betty Martin, the younger clown said that it was a "rare go and no mistake," whereupon his father laid his hand on Willie's shoulder and gently shook him.

"Eh! another cuss, Ziza?" exclaimed the self-accused nurse, as he put out his hand to seize the teapot.

"Hallo! I thought it was the fairy," he added, looking up with a sleepy smile; "I do believe I've gone and fell asleep."

"Why, lad, where got ye all those things?" inquired the senior Catley, laying aside his cloak and cap, and speaking in a low tone, for Ziza was still sleeping soundly.

"Well, I got 'em," replied Willie

in a meditative tone, "from a friend of mine—a very particular friend of mine—as declines to let me mention his name, so you'll have to be satisfied with the wittles and without the name of the virtuous giver. Praps it was a dook, or a squiro, or an archbishop as did it. Anyway his name warn't Walker. See now, you've bin an' woke up the fairy."

The sick child moved as he spoke, but it was only a turn, without awaking, on her side.

"Well, lad," said the clown sitting down and looking wistfully in the face of his daughter, "you've got your own reasons for not tellin' me—mayhap I've a pretty good guess anyhow I say God bless him for I do believe he's saved the child's life. I've not seen her sleep like that for weeks. Look at her, Jim; ain't she like her old self?"

"Yes, father, she don't need no paint and flour to make a fairy on her just now. She's just like what she was the last time I seed her go up in a gauze cloud to heaven, with red and blue fire blazin' all round her."

"I'll bid ye good-night now," said Willie, buttoning up his jacket to the chin, and pulling his cap down on his brows with the air of a man who has a long walk before him.

"You're off, are you—eh?" said the elder clown, rising and taking Willie by the hand, "well, you're a good lad. Thank'ee for comin' here an' takin' care of Ziza. My subterranean grotto ain't much to boast of, but such as it is you're welcome to it at all times. Good night."

"Good-night," said Willie; "good-night, Jim."

Jim, fortified good-night heartily, and then Willie stepped into the dark passage. He glanced back at the fairy before shutting the door, but her eyes were closed, so he said good-night to her in his heart, and went home.

CHAPTER XVII.

"My dear Miss Tippet, I shall never, no never, get over it."

So said and so undoubtedly thought a thin little old lady with remarkably bright eyes, and a sweet old face, as she sat sipping tea at Miss Tippet's elbow.

It was in the drawing-room of Miss Deemas that she sat, and the Eagle sat opposite to her.

"It was very dreadful," responded Mrs. Tippet with a sigh.

"It was awful. I know I shall never get over it—never," repeated the little old lady, finishing her tea, and asking for another cup in the calmest possible voice, with the sweetest possible smile.

"Oh yes, you will, Mrs. Deemas," said Miss Deemas sympathically.

"No, indeed, I won't," repeated Mrs. Deemas; "how can I? Just think of the situation. Sitting in my chair in deshabille, when a man—a man, Miss Deemas—"

"Well, I know what a man is," said the Eagle bitterly; "why don't you go on?"

"Burst himself through my bedroom door," continued Mrs. Deemas, "with lime and charcoal and brick-dust and water streaming down his face, and—oh!—oh!—oh! in his arms, bore me out into the street—the street! Oh! I shall never get over it; and so little, so very little clothing on me—"

"How much had you on?" asked Miss Deemas in a deep voice, the calmness of which contrasted forcibly with Mrs. Deemas's excited tone.

"Really, Mrs. Deemas, I see no necessity for going into particulars. It is sufficient to know that I was carried by a man into the street in the face of some thousands of people, for I heard them cheering though I saw them not. I know I shall never get over it—another cup, my love; not quite so much sugar—no, not if I were to live to the age of Methusalem."

"I don't wonder, indeed I don't," murmured the sympathetic Miss Tippet. "I think, Julia dear, you are a little too hard on Mrs. Deemas. How would you like to have been carried out of a burning house in such a way by a big rough man?"

"Oh, my dear," interposed Mrs. Deemas, "I did not say he was rough. Big he certainly was, and strong, but I must do him the justice to say that the man is—oh! oh! oh! lifted me up very tenderly, and carried me as though I had been an infant and he my mother, through smoke and fire and water, into the street, before the eyes of the whole—oh! it's too awful to think of!"

"Stuff!" ejaculated Miss Deemas, pecking a piece of cake out of her fingers as she spoke, metaphorically of course, have pecked the eyes out of the head of Frank Wilcocks, or any other man. "Didn't you say he put a blanket round you?"

"Of course, Miss Deemas; I should have died otherwise of pure shame."

"No; you wouldn't," retorted the Eagle. "You would probably have been half suffocated and a good deal dirtied, and you wouldn't have died; and what need you care now, for the people saw nothing but a bundle. You might have been a bundle of old clothes for all they knew or cared. All they wanted to see was the bravery, as they call it, of the man; as if there were not hundreds upon hundreds of women who would do the same thing if their muscles were strong enough, and occasion served."

"But it was a brave act, you know," said Miss Tippet timidly.

"I don't know that," retorted Mrs. Deemas, helping herself to more cake with as much decision of manner as if she had been carving it

off by force of arms from before the very muzzle of a masculine battery. "I don't know that. He had to escape, you know, for 'is own life, and he might as well bring a bundle along with him as not."

"Yes; but then," said Mrs. Tippet, "he first went up the—the thin gummy you know."

"No, he didn't," retorted Mrs. Deemas smartly, "he was in the house at the time, and only came down the 'thingumy,' as you call it!"

It was a peculiarity of Mrs. Deemas's character, that she claimed the right to be as rude as she chose to people in her own house, and rather prided herself on this evidence of independence.

(To be Continued.)

HARD ON THE BABIES.

One of the first effects of a hot wave, particularly in towns and cities, is a pronounced increase in the number of deaths of infants. Even in the open country the suffering of the helpless little ones would move the hardest heart. Stomach trouble and diarrhoea are the foes most to be dreaded at this time and every mother should appreciate the necessity of careful diet and attention at the first sign of these troubles. Medicine should never be given to check diarrhoea except upon the advice of a physician. A diet limited almost entirely to boiled milk and the use of Baby's Own Tablets will cure almost any case and keep baby in health. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, of Kingston, Ont., writes:

"When my little girl was about three months old she suffered with vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly. I did not find any medicine that helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. After giving her the Tablets the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. Since then whenever her stomach is out of order or she is constipated we give her the Tablets, and the result is always all that we desire. They are the very best medicine I have ever used for a child."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent postpaid, at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

DEDUCTION WENT WRONG.

"Yes," said the reader of hats, "I can tell the moment I look at a hat what kind of man the wearer is, how old, whether tall or short, and other characteristics. Oh, it's no trick. I don't know how I came by the faculty."

"It must be a gift," suggested one of the company.

"Like second sight or mind-reading," observed another.

"Bring on your hat," said a third. "I'm anxious to see how it works."

A large number of hats were produced from one source or another, large hats, soft hats, and stiff hats, and their ownership was successfully concealed.

The hat-reader took a rather broad-brimmed, soft, shabby hat from the lot, and began to inspect it.

"This," he said "is the hat of a tramp."

"How do you know?"

"By unmistakable signs. The brim is turned up at the back; that comes from often sleeping in hay-mows or under trees. It is pulled down in front to shade the face from too close inspection."

"Wonderful. Go on."

"It's owner was often hungry. He has gnawed the brim. He was dishonest, for he hid things in the crown. The shape of the crown shows that he had the pointed skull of an idiot. Am I right?"

"I guess so, old boy," said the host of the occasion. "That's my hat, and when I was on my walking tour this summer I did nearly all you mention. Try another."

HIS WIFE'S FAULT.

They were speaking of the pessimistic member.

"He never looks on the bright side," said one.

"No," added another. "Moreover, if there's any way for him to shift the blame for his misfortunes on others, rest assured he'll do it."

"Quite so," concluded a third. "Why, the other day they told me of his wife's devoted nursing of him during his recent attack of rheumatism. In spite of his fault-finding, his spouse did everything she could to alleviate his pain. Often his sufferings would cause the poor thing to burst into tears as she sat by his bedside. Well, one day a friend dropped in to see how the invalid was getting on."

"Badly, badly," wailed the pessimistic one. "And, do you know, it's all my wife's fault!"

"Impossible!" gasped the friend in surprise.

"Quite true. I assure you," murmured the sick man. "It is this way. Damp places are bad for me; yet there that woman sits and cries just to make the air moist."

Biliousness From the Liver

A Common and Distressing Ailment Which is Promptly Cured by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

"Biliousness" is the one word used by most people to describe their trouble when the liver gets out of order, leaves bile, and brings on sick headache and irritable temper, stomach troubles, and irregularities of the bowels.

People who suffer much from biliousness become pale and yellow in complexion, irritable, and morose in disposition, and are liable to find themselves among the chronic grumblers, to whom nothing seems to go right.

The trouble begins with the liver becoming torpid and sluggish in action, and disappears when the liver is set right. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure biliousness promptly, because of their direct action on the liver. They thoroughly remove all the symptoms because of their combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels.

Mrs. Faulkner, 8 Glidersleeve Place, Toronto, says:—"After doctoring without success for biliousness, liver

complaint, and sick headache for over three years, I am glad to testify to my appreciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. At first they seemed a little strong, but being both searching and thorough in their action, amply repay any inconvenience by after-results. I am feeling better in every way and my headaches have entirely disappeared. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are certainly the best I have ever used, and I freely recommend them."

After all, it pays to stand by the tried and proven medicines instead of running after every new-fangled treatment that is brought out. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are considered well-nigh indispensable in thousands of the best homes. They stand supreme as a reliable family medicine. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates and Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the inflamed, cleans the sinuses, stops droppings in the throat, and restores healthy action. Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

CUSHING.

Miss Helen Johnson of Ottawa, was a guest at the Manor for a few days last week.

Mr. John O'Neves of the Str. "Hall" paid one of his brief but welcome visits to his family and friends at Cushing last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Cooke visited friends in Grenville, on Sunday last.

Mr. Geo. O'Brien spent a couple of days this week viewing the wonders of the Ottawa Exhibition.

Mr. T. Weir arrived home last week from Kingston where he has spent the quarter part of the summer engaged on the works in the harbor with his steam-tug the "Maggie May."

Mr. Chris Hartley left on Saturday last for Montreal where he expects to remain for some time.

Another regrettable departure is that of Miss Millie Watson who left on Tuesday for Montreal, with the intention of remaining for the winter.

Miss Mary R. Saltmarsh of Concord, N. H. is here on a visit to her grandmother Mrs. E. Wheelan.

The Misses Murlson of Montreal, were guests at Mr. H. Hartley's for a few days last week.

Messrs. S. and J. Keatley and Miss Mary Keatley of Grenville, were visiting at "Highland Home" on Monday evening.

Our enterprising fellow-townsmen Mr. G. Nicholls is erecting a neat and cosy dwelling-house on the farm which he recently purchased from Mr. Robert Robinson of Lachute Mills.

An interesting event occurred on Monday of last week when Mr. Louis Bertrand was united in marriage to Miss Leblond of Grenville's Point. The ceremony which took place in the morning at Chute a Blondeville was attended only by the immediate relations of the happy couple but in the evening a reception was held on the lawn at the residence of the bride's parents which was attended by all the elite of Grenville's Point and Cushing.

Mr. John Cronier of Pittsburg Iowa, was here for a few days last week visiting her old friends also at Brownsburg.

STONEFIELD HEIGHTS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Dawson attended the Harvest Festival in Lakefield the early part of this week.

Mrs. H. Wade Master Russell and Miss Bets Cliche were the guests of Mrs. R. C. Brown on Monday.

Our quiet neighborhood has been somewhat stirred by the appearance of three suspicious looking characters during the past two weeks.

An excursion for "men only" will be held on Thursday evening leaving Stonefield Crossing 7.30, for Carillon where they expect to meet some Carillon and St. Andrews friends.

Messrs. W. Heatlie, and T. Smillie, passed through here with their threshing machine last week, we wish them success in their line of business.

Mr. Ernest Dawson of Montreal paid a short visit to his parents after returning from the West.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN,

Sir,—I was somewhat puzzled on reading the editorial in last week's issue on "Fisher & Argenteuil" as to why a symposium of that character should find its way into a Conservative paper; but remembering your generosity and readiness to help the distressed, I concluded that you had lent your columns to some one trying to gain port in teeth of storm, even at the risk of being thought as deserting the party, otherwise the following paragraph is strange reading in a Conservative organ—"It is difficult to know how a man in a responsible position such as that held by Mr. Fisher, should be allowed to help the Conservative cause as he is doing." What strikes me most is the animosity of the writer towards the Minister of Agriculture, going far to corroborate Tarte's famous utterance respecting the attitude of Liberal leaders toward one another, "We fight like blazes."

I do not think that the Conservatives of this County were aware a fight was on between Argenteuil and Brome for the Township. My private opinion is, that Mr. Parent had decided on Mr. McCorkill as the fittest man on the Liberal side in Quebec politics for the job, and not wishing to offend his aspiring followers, called in Sydney Fisher to act the dictator to the Quebec Government on behalf of the Protestant minority. The Liberal convention on Saturday decided on McCorkill for Brome and later Parent will acquiesce. That's the way they do things in politics. However, we are promised an interesting time for this writer says:—"When the Hon. Sydney Fisher next visits the county of Argenteuil as an electioneering campaigner he had better bring a protecting force with him."

Free trade ministers need "Protection" at times. Poor Fisher! He was charged with making appointments that lost Manitoba to the Liberals, and resenting it hotly, was promptly choked by the Minister of the Interior, so the report goes. Now he is threatened from Argenteuil. But I hasten to assure him that it is not the Conservative party that are seeking his gore. Why should we, for the author affirms "that he will easily come into the credit of being one of the strongest canvassers in favor of the conservative candidate the party could have." No, we shall invite him! We will press him to come. We will rally round him! We will "protect" his august person, lest he be wounded in the house of his friends.

Yours sincerely,
BROTHERLY LOVE.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

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

New Store New Goods.

Having opened our new and commodious store, we have placed in stock a splendid assortment of all the best lines of **BOOTS & SHOES**, upon which we are offering big reductions from now till the end of August. We also carry a full assortment of Factory and Home-made Harness.

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

The Agricultural Exhibition



Will soon be here, and no doubt will be a source of great attraction, but we want to tell you of

Our Exhibit of Ladies' Jackets.

They are of the Latest Styles, and are Up-to-Date in every particular. While others are getting prizes at the Exhibition, you can secure yours right in our store. Call & get one at Exhibition rates.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
LACHUTE, QUE.

Our Spring Stock is larger and better assorted than ever before and affords you a greater opportunity of getting your

New, stylish, Hats and Tweeds

Which we are sure will tickle your fancy. We also have a large and select assortment of . . .

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large supply of **HAYING REQUISITES.**
Sherwin, Williams Paint always on hand.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
ST. PHILIPPE, Que.

BOYS SERVICEABLE BOOTS

A complete assortment now in stock of **McCREADY COMPANY'S BEST MAKES!**

Gentlemen

We had your special requirements in view when we were selecting our Shoes for Spring and Summer. Call and see how we anticipated your wishes.

Ladies

For you we selected the daintiest, best made and best finished Shoes, including some of the best known and most popular lines in the United States.

E. LAVIGNE, - - LACHUTE.
Foundry Street,

BANK of OTTAWA

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, ONT.
Capital, (authorized) - \$3,000,000
Capital, (Fully paid up) - \$2,000,000
Reserved Fund - \$1,334,273

BRANCHES:

ONTARIO.

Alexandria, Arnprior, Avonmore, Bracebridge, Carleton Place, Cobden, Hawkesbury, Keewatin, Kemptville, Lenark, Mattawa, Ottawa, Parry Sound, Pembroke, Rat Portage, Renfrew, Smith Falls, Toronto, Vankleek Hill, Winchester, Maxville, North Bay, Prince Albert.

QUEBEC.

Granby, Hull, Lachute, Montreal, Shawinigan Falls.

MANITOBA.

Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Emerson.

Geo. Hay, President, David MacLaren, Vice-President, Henry N. Rate, John B. Fraser, Hon. Geo. Bryson, John Mathew, Henry W. Egan, Denis Murphy, M.L.A. Geo. H. Perley.

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

LACHUTE CRIST MILLS

We keep constantly on hand flour & feeds of the best quality, sold in car lots or small lots to suit purchaser. . . .

J. D. Campbell & Co.,
LACHUTE, QUE.



Ottawa River Navigation Co
MAIL LINE STEAMER

BETWEEN

OTTAWA and MONTRE

Steamer "SOVEREIGN" leaves Carillon at 1.30 p.m. for MONTRE

SHOOTING

LACHINE RAPID

arriving at Montreal at 6.30

For OTTAWA, train leaves Carillon at 12.20 p.m. (no connect with Steamer "EMF" for Ottawa.)

Steamer "DUCHESS OF YORK," MARKET LINE, leaves Carillon for Montreal at 6 a.m. on MONDAYS, and 4 a.m. on THURSDAYS. Returning, leaves Montreal for Carillon Wednesday and Saturday at 6 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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

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

Leave	9.00 a.m.	10.30 p.m.
MONTREAL	4.40 p.m.	7.15 p.m.
TORONTO	5.50 p.m.	8.20 a.m.
HAMILTON	7.05 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
NIAG. FLS	8.20 p.m.	11.05 a.m.
BUFFALO	7.45 p.m.	11.00 a.m.
LONDON	8.30 p.m.	1.30 p.m.
DETROIT	7.50 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
CHICAGO		

* Daily. † Daily Except Sunday.

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

* A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to the 9.00 a.m. train, serving meals a la carte and refreshments at any hour during the day.

Tourist sleeping cars leave Montreal every Monday and Wednesday at 10.30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast. A nominal charge is made for accommodation in these sleeping cars. Berths reserved in advance.

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

For tickets, reservations of space in sleeping cars apply to

J. M. DORION, Lachute or St. Philippe Q
W. H. GARRETT, Lachute, P.Q.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

OTTAWA'S Far-Famed Fair.

The Paragon of Exhibitions.

To be held

Sept. 11th to 19th.

Largely increased prize list and special premiums for competitions and classes. Additions in the interest of the farmer.

Card of races prepared, the best ever announced in Eastern Canada, Trotting and Running every day.

Greatest Looping of the Loop act done. Balloon Ascensions with bomb drop. The grand musical dancers just from Europe, 16 ladies in the troupe. Marvellous performances with trained horses and dogs and many other of the best specialties to be had, already arranged for.

"Eruption of Mount Pelee, Martinique and destruction of St. Pierre," that great calamity that recently horrified the world, to be vividly represented at night. A wonderful spectacular with the grandest of night shows. Grandest fireworks fireworks display ever seen at the Capital.

Special rates on all railways and Steamboats for both exhibitors & visitors

For Prize Lists, Entry forms and all information write the Secretary,
E. McMAHON,
26 Sparks St. Ottawa.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.



THE
SHAWINIGAN
FALLS
ROUTE.

Trains Leave Lachute

Route, St. Jerome, Montreal, Ste. d. Mers, Quebec, etc. 11
nedfield, Hawkesbury, etc.

ains Arrive Lachute

From Quebec, Shawinigan Falls; Montreal and intermediate points.

All trains connect at St. Jerome with C.P.R. GUY TOMBS, A. J. GORRIE, Gen. Frst. & Pass. Agt. Gen. Supt. QUEBEC.

Jos. Hamel, Agent Lachute, J. M. Dorion - Agent St. Philippe West.



IF THE BREAD'S THERE

The most important part of the meal is—

Our Bread.

will not only sustain life, but take the place of many dainties, which are considered indispensable to the well set table.

This bread is delightfully crisp and palatable. Never gets soggy or sour. Made of the finest hard western wheat flour.

JOHN HOPE.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXVIII.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 25, 1903.

NO. 34

EXCURSION TO ARUNDEL.

The C. P. R. and Great Northern Railway Companies have announced a special excursion to Arundel on the 29th and 30th inst. Tickets good until October 1st, at single fare from Canmet and Grenville on the Ottawa River and from Montreal and all intermediate points.

The occasion of the excursion is the inauguration of the new iron bridge over the River Rouge at Arundel. Prime Minister Parent and Hon. Messrs Turgeon, and Gouin accompanied by members of the Federal and Local Parliaments will be present and deliver address.

Arundel is one of the most beautiful villages in the Laurentian Mountains and an opportunity will be had to visit the well-known monastery of the Marist Fathers, the Orphan Asylum and Model Farm. A special train conveying the ministers will leave Place Viger Square on the morning of the 30th inst. at 8 o'clock.

NEW MILLINERY.

Having opened our Millinery Establishment in the Shepherd residence, Main St. Lachute, we would respectfully invite the general public to our First Fall Opening on the 17th and 18th of this month.

It will always be our aim to please and we solicit a share of your patronage.

The MISSES SHEPHERD.

MILLINERY OPENING.

Thursday, October 1st, and following days.

All that is newest in trimmed Millinery and ready to wear hats, can be found at

MRS. HAMPTON'S,
Main St. Lachute.

Fall Ploughing Match, is not here yet, but if you want to practice and be in readiness for it, get one of our genuine Wilkinson Plows. For Sale by McQUAT & McRAE.

Remember! We have not got one Ladies Jacket in stock from last season, all new clean stock.

W. BANFORD.

Do you remember the time you had with that old pump last winter? Get a first-class new one from McQuat & McRae in good time this fall and be happy.

McQUAT & McRAE.

The one fence that really fences at smallest expense, is the American Woven wire fence, sold by McQuat & McRae. You can't get over that. Neither can the cattle.

McQUAT & McRAE.

MY FALL STOCK is coming in now, and those who want high grade overcoatings will find them at my place. I have also purchased a stock of Ladies cloth for Coats, to which we invite your inspection. We have Gents Furnishings of all kinds.

D. LAPOINTE.

FOR SALE

1 Jeffrey Threshing Machine with two horse tread power complete. 1 Massey Harris Straw or Ensilage Cutter with 24 ft. carrier. 1 Thomas Hand Straw or Ensilage Cutter with blower. Also Yorkshire Bulls and Yorkshire pigs, all ages.

Apply to DAVID BODDEN, or HON. WM. OWENS, Montebello, Que.

Two lots of bush land, situated one of 50 acres in North half of lot No. 27 in the 9th range of Westworth, and lot No. 3 in the 6th range of Harrington, containing 100 acres. For particulars apply to Box 364, Lachute, or C. Stanforth, Arundel.

GOOD FARM.—Situated on the North side of the river, and only two miles from the C.P.R. Station, Lachute. Contains 75 acres, no stones, well watered, well fenced, good house with out-buildings, water in house and stable, small orchard and bush.

Apply to ALFRED BROWN, Cedar Farm, Lachute.

A great number of the residents of both the East and West Wards are very indignant as to why they should be ignored as to representation on the School Board. As it now stands, every member on the Board is a resident of the Centre Ward, and the question is being generally asked, Why?

Mr. John Hope while attending the exhibition on Wednesday was assaulted by a young man named Beaton, of Lost River. When brought before Mr. Barron he pleaded that he was under the influence of liquor, but the excuse was hardly considered sufficient to warrant the abuse of people and he was condemned to a fine of \$10 and costs.

The concerts held in the Victoria Hall during the two nights of the exhibition were of the most successful ever held in Lachute, the hall being packed each evening with an appreciative audience. Much credit is due to Professor Hume for the excellent music rendered by his pupils on the violin, piano and cornet. Miss Jennie Finch, who is a great favorite in Lachute, and whose dancing capabilities are so well known, was received with great enthusiasm, having to respond each time to a well deserved encore which she readily gave. Miss Aubrey Bennett, of Montreal is a young lady of great promise and charmed everyone with her sweet singing, receiving an encore each time. A hearty welcome is awaiting her should she again visit Lachute. The wonderful tricks performed by Professor Lanskill made the folks gaze with astonishment, and the hat still keeping them guessing. The comic singing of Mr. Gloya was the cause of much merriment. These entertainments serve to show the parents what great progress our young people are making in the musical world.

CONGREGATIONAL RE-UNION.—In the Presbyterian church, Lachute, on Tuesday evening September 29th, a congregational gathering will be held. Tea will be served from 6:30 to 8 o'clock. Abundance of provision will be brought along by each of the families not only for themselves but for all friends invited. The gathering is entirely free of everything of a financial character. It is called for one purpose only, viz: A good social time. No business of any kind to be considered. No admission fee at the door. Everybody is welcome who receives an invitation through any family or young person belonging to the church or attending the services regularly. The Rev. W. R. Cruikshank, B.A. of Montreal, has promised to be present.

Next Sabbath morning in the Presbyterian Church, the Service will be one for the children of the whole congregation, all the families where there are children are urged to bring them to this rally, any children not brought to this service will be disappointed when they learn of the happy time the others had. Come in good time. All other services are withdrawn in behalf of this children's service. Let the older ones think back on their own young days and for this day be young again for the children's sake. The form of service is patriotic. Give the children a chance to be enthused with a love for their country. A souvenir of a pretty design has been sent for, each child will receive one as a memento of this rally day. Come, Come, Come. "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

A meeting of the School Commissioners was held on Friday last, and the resignation of Mr. McRae was read and accepted. A largely signed petition from ratepayers was received, asking that Mr. Ed. Wilson be appointed to fill the unexpired term of Mr. McRae. Mr. Calder moved that the prayer of petitioners be granted. Mr. Gall moved in amendment, seconded by Mr. Giles, that Mr. W. H. Garretsee be appointed. The amendment carried. Owing to a deficit in finances it was decided to add 1 mil. on the \$ to taxation and to raise the school fees as follows: Elementary, residents, 30c.; non-residents, 60c. Academy, residents, \$1.; non-residents, \$2. Model remained unchanged. Mr. Calder objected to the raising of fees as a retrograde step, more especially in the higher grades, considering that for the small amount obtained it was injudicious to raise the Academy fees on outsiders.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—Do not put off getting your boy's fitted with our nice winter suits. Double and single breasted. The largest stock, and always kept large by new goods regularly arriving.

WM. BANFORD.

Special attention is called to our large stock of harness, all kinds and sorts, either handmade or factory.

H. GILES & BRO.

LOCAL NEWS

From now till the end of 1903 we are offering the Watchman and the big Family Herald and Weekly Star for 25cts. Don't delay.

Miss Reid of Cascades, is in town on a short visit.

Mrs. Dr. Stackhouse returned from Detroit on Friday last.

Mrs. G. H. Christie spent Thursday and Friday in the city.

Mr. F. Shettler of Buckingham was in town this week.

Mr. H. Neil spent a few days in Three Rivers this week.

Dr. E. N. Lambly of Philadelphia, is in town on a short visit.

Mr. Henry Heavyrege, of Lachine, spent Sunday in town.

Dr. Archibald of Montreal was the guest of Mr. T. Barron over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Douglas McFarlane are guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Barron.

The Misses Barr are guests of their sister, Mrs. James McPaul for a few days.

Mr. Talbot of the Sun Life Ins. Co., Montreal, was in Lachute on Tuesday last.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services will be held in St. Imeon's Church on Sunday next.

Mr. G. Clunie left on Thursday for Chicago, to pursue his duties in the Dental College.

Mr. Ernest Calder of Toronto was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. P. R. McGibbon, over Sunday.

Mr. Murphy, of the G.N.R. left on Saturday for Kingston to attend the funeral of his father.

Miss Wanless of Montreal was the guest of Mrs. W. J. Simpson for a few days last week.

Mr. R. Cousins of Stonefield was in town this week and paid the 'Watchman' a friendly call.

Mrs. Jas. Barley and Miss Bertha of Boston, Mass., are renewing old acquaintances in town.

Mr. Neil McArthur of Shawville, is spending a short visit in town, the guest of his son Mr. R. McArthur.

Mrs. Clunie has returned from the city after spending a pleasant visit with friends for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, of Fitzburg, Mass., and Miss Jarvis of Westmount, are guests of Mrs. Todd this week.

Miss Y. Marsil is open to give music lessons every Saturday at her residence next to W. J. Todd's store, West End.

Great sympathy is felt for Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Hay in the death of their little son which occurred on Sunday last.

A shooting match for geese will be held at Peter Bryce's, North River, on Saturday, Oct. 3rd, at 1 o'clock sharp.

Mrs. C. H. Finch and daughter, Mrs. W. Young and F. Jones were guests of Mrs. Hugh Fraser for a few days this week.

Col. and Mrs. Barr of Montreal are expected on Saturday by their friends of Lachute, to enjoy a few days recreation in our town.

Mrs. Devigny and Mrs. Smith, of Buckingham, spent a few days with their friends Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong this week.

Next Sabbath is held as rally day for the children of the Methodist Ch. and special service, suitable to the occasion will be held.

Mrs. Hampton begs to announce her fall millinery opening for Thursday, Oct. 1st, and following days. All are invited.

We are pleased to see Mrs. Beckham again in our midst. Mrs. Beckham has been visiting her brother-in-law Mr. Williams, who has been very ill, but is now convalescent.

Dr. Gauthier of St. Anne de Plain, has now taken up his residence in Lachute, and opened his office in the residence of Mr. A. Raymond, Foundry St.

The heavy rains on the 17th kept many from attending the Misses Shepherd's Millinery opening, but Friday proved a great success from point of numbers and business done.

Miss Smiley, of Ogdensburg, has opened a dressmaking establishment in the residence of Mr. Brisson on Foundry St. where she will be pleased to receive a call from any desirous of securing first-class work.

Buy Your

PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES and FURNITURE

WHERE YOU CAN GET the most from your money.
WHERE YOU CAN GET the most satisfactory deal.
WHERE YOU CAN GET the highest grade instruments.
WHERE YOU CAN GET a gilt edge guarantee.
WHERE YOU WILL HAVE nothing to regret afterwards.

CALL OR WRITE TO

J. A. BEDARD & SON,
Main Street, - - LACHUTE, Que.

We also have, as usual, a large stock of BOOTS and SHOES at prices WAY DOWN.

Always on hand POPULAR SHEET MUSIC.

"THE ELITE."

Be sure and see our Show, Exhibition Week, of the most Up to date goods. Jackets, skirts, Waists, Ties, Belts, Collars, Fancy China, Wools, Novelties, Trimmings etc., and the famous B & I bias filled Coats.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING
October 1st and Following Days

H. E. BURWASH.

90% of Head-Aches

are caused by eye-strain. Cured permanently by Eye-glasses.

Eyes are bread-winners. Take care of them.

Eyes examined free by the most Scientific Methods.

Glasses recommended only when absolutely necessary.

W. H. GARRETSEE,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER and OPTICIAN,
LACHUTE.

EXHIBITION WEEK.

When you come to Lachute to see the sights don't forget that our large stock of suitings & gent's furnishings is one of the most important.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St. Lachute.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets. Black, Mixed and Green. Upon tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

KNOWLEDGE IN PLANTS.

Said to Have Traits Found in Human Beings.

That plants have intelligence is maintained by Prof. Shaler of Harvard University. After discussing the automata, he says in a thesis: "We may accept as true the statement that our higher intelligence is but the illuminated summit of man's nature, and extend it by the observation that intelligence is normally unconscious, and appears as conscious only after infancy, in our waking hours, and not always then."

In summing up he uses the following:

"Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing there is reason to conclude plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work."

EVIDENCE THAT NONE CAN DOUBT.

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE THE ONE SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

W. E. Ellis got so He Could Not Walk or Feed Himself—He Tells of His Cure.

Cedar Dale, Ont., Aug. 24.—(Special.)—Every day seems to furnish fresh proofs that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism. This village furnishes evidence that no one can doubt in the person of W. E. Ellis. His story is best given in his own words.

"Two years ago," says Mr. Ellis, "I got Muscular Rheumatism. I tried all sorts of medicines, but none of them did me any good."

"At last my wife would send for a doctor. When he arrived I said, 'Doctor, can you cure Muscular Rheumatism?' 'No,' said the doctor. 'Then I said, 'you are of no use to me.'"

"I got so bad I could not feed myself or walk alone. Then I was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took six boxes of them which drove all the Rheumatism out of me and left me in good health again."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by removing the cause—by putting the Kidneys in shape to take the uric acid out of the blood. They always cure Lumbago and Sciatica in the same way.

COLONIES OF THE WORLD.

Occupy Two-Fifths of the Land Surface of the Globe.

Colonies are not only convenient outlets for the surplus population of older nations but form centers of trade and influence for the mother country. They occupy two-fifths of the land surface of the globe and have one-third of the world's population, that is, about 500,000,000. Most of the colonies are tropical. Canada is an exception. This fact seems to lend force to the prognostics of certain economists who insist that ultimately the strong nations of the North will have to control the tropics.

There are 140 tropical or sub-tropical colonies divided roughly into three groups—East Indian, West Indian, and African. The native population of these colonies is 435,000,000, with but few Europeans. On the other hand, the population in Canada, Australia, and South Africa is largely British and numbers something like 15,000,000. Great Britain comes first in colonial possessions, controlling nearly one-half of the 140 colonies, dependencies, protectorates, and "spheres of influence." The area of the British Empire is about 11,400,000 square miles exclusive of Egypt and the Sudan.

Next comes France, controlling an area of about 4,500,000 square miles, with a population of 36,000,000 or more. In Africa alone the French domain comprises more than one-third of the land surface. In Asia, her largest possession is French Indo-China, with its 363,000 square miles and its 20,400,000 souls. Germany's colonies are recent, beginning in 1894. She ex-



There are very few cleaning operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean.

ercises influence over 1,000,000 square miles of territory with a population of 14,700,000, mostly in Africa.

The Netherlands control a colonial population of 35,000,000. Of Spain's former vast colonial possessions only a mere fragment of less than 100,000 square miles remain.

The seven great nations which have in modern times experimented with the government of non-contiguous people, or "colonies," so-called, are England, Netherlands, France, Belgium, Germany, Portugal, and Spain, and their relative success may be considered as in about the order in which they are here named.

WANTED.

I'd like to read a joke about A woman who can cook; Or meet a man who owned right put He could not write a book.

I'd like to see the villain who With rage turned aught but white; I fain would meet a poet too— A poet who could fight.

I'd like to meet some man-in-law Loved by her daughter's spouse; A tramp who just delights to saw, Or a girl who loves a mouse.

Such prodigies as this I fear Can never, never be; But, if they ever should appear, May I be there to see.

A NEW KIND OF GLASS.

A new kind of glass that resists great heat as well as sudden changes of temperature is made from Brazilian quartz pebbles, says an exchange. The pebbles are heated red-hot and then thrown into distilled water. The purest pieces are next selected, and welded with the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe into long stems like knitting needles, from which glass vessels of any shape can be made. At present the quartz glass is chiefly employed for making laboratory apparatus. Into a test-tube made in this way a white-hot coal can be dropped without breaking it. Vessels of other forms can be heated white-hot and then plunged into cold water without cracking.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

Gracie, aged five, had just recovered from measles, when her small brother took the same complaint.

Upon becoming convalescent he was sitting up munching a sponge-cake, while his sister sat looking on.

By various means she tried to induce him to part with a bit of the dainty, but the invalid took no notice. He ate steadily on; but just as the last bites were disappearing, Gracie could stand it no longer, and she exclaimed indignantly:

"Just look at him! He won't give me a crumb, and it was me that gave him the measles!"

George: "You do not call on Miss Rosebud now?" Jack: "No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh." George: "I never noticed that." Jack: "You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her."

M'Jigger: "Chicken-peared? Well, I should say he's the limit." Thelgumbob: "Is that so?" M'Jigger: "Nothing can make him fight. Why, I've even seen him let a man cheat him out of his turn in the barber's shop, and he never said a word."

THE BANDED ROUTE.

There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling on a firm roadbed, upon which is laid the heaviest of steel rails, made from all their curves, and that the train which carries him is of the highest standard of excellence known to railroads and is being guided to its destination by experienced minds. These are the conditions which become apparent to the frequent traveler on The Wabash Line, and which have made that line justly famous. The Wabash has its own rails direct to the World's Fair Grounds in Saint Louis. All Wabash through trains stop at World's Fair Station (Forsyth) in order to give passengers an opportunity to view from the trains the World's Fair Buildings, J. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto and St. Thomas.

A FAIR PERCENTAGE.

In British shipyards 60 per cent of the world's output of vessels during last year were built, from which, during the year, were launched a total of 1,368 vessels or 1,619,000 total tonnage. There were launched in America in 1902, 163 vessels of 815,000 tons. Germany launched 259 vessels of 272 tons.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

"Now, here is a showcase," said the commercial traveller, pointing to a peculiar-looking specimen of his wares, "that is bound to become popular. It magnifies everything put in it to double its natural size."

"Can't use it in my business," replied the prospective customer.

"What I want is a case that will seemingly reduce the actual size of its contents."

"What is your line?" asked the dealer.

"My speciality is ladies' shoes," replied the other, with a half-suppressed grin.

"I reckon you don't often have such a jolly little party as this to drive?" remarked one of a rather noisy company of young fellows during a day's drive in the country. "Not now!" was the quiet response of the driver. "I ain't driv such a lot sin' I left my last job!" "What was that?" "Coachman at a lunatic asylum!" came the cool reply.

Better say only half you think than think only half you say.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1902.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"This," said the dear girl, as she led the way into a secluded nook in the conservatory, "is what papa calls his matchbox. Everybody comes in here to propose."

ROUND TRIP HOME-SEEKERS EXCURSIONS.

On August 18th, also September 1st and 15th, 1903, round trip tickets will be issued from Chicago and St. Paul at single first-class fares, plus \$2.00 to points on the Great Northern Ry. in the states of Minnesota, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, also to all points in British Columbia reached via Great Northern Ry. These tickets are valid for return passage within 21 days from date of issue.

Full information as to stop-over privileges, etc., by calling on, or writing, Charles W. Graves, District Passenger Agent, 6 King St., west, Room 12, Toronto, Ont.

District Visitor: "I hope you and your husband agree now, Mrs. Notact?" Mrs. Notact: "Oh, yes, mum; we agree on everything now." (After a pause.) "He said you was a meddling old fool to other day, mum!"

I was Cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. M. CAMPBELL, Bay of Islands.

I was Cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. WM. DANIELS, Springhill, N. S.

I was Cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. GEO. TINGLEY, Albert Co., N. B.

First Officer: "How would you fancy a sailor for a husband, Miss Curzon?" Miss Curzon: "Very much indeed, if he were like yourself." First Officer (highly flattered): "It's extremely nice of you to say that, but why so?" Miss Curzon: "Because he wouldn't be home much!"

Lever's Y-Z (Wash Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

Mrs. Wickwire sat up and shook her sleeping husband's shoulder vigorously. "What is it?" he mumbled. "I want you to snore either in soprano, bass, alto, or tenor, and confine yourself to one tone. You keep switching from one to another so rapidly that I can't sleep."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Mr. Ireland: "This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies." Mrs. Ireland: "Is it?" Mr. Ireland: "I should say so. If you are drowning turn to page 103, and there you'll see how to save yourself."

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT

It removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, flag bone, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save 50c by use of one bottle. It contains the most wonderful Spanish Cure ever known.

Servant: "Please, sir, don't you think I had better go for the doctor?" Master Johnny says he feels so bad. The Governor: "Oh, that's nothing; he's felt bad before this, hasn't he, and got over it?" Servant: "Yes, sir; but not on a half-holiday!"



Stands any Test

The most severe judgment of the expert tea taster pronounces Blue Ribbon Tea absolutely the best. Why?

It is free from tannin and other bitter substances—no coarse fibrous leaves employed in its making.

The taste is pure, rich and creamy—that nameless quality that signifies to the expert and lovers of true tea that it is the best leaves and shoots of the tea plant properly cured.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. Should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label

OUR BRANDS.

King Edward 1902

"Headlight" 1902

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Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

"Look at me," exclaimed the leading lawyer, warmly; "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of your patients put together."

"Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life, and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."

The bride: "I told hubby I was going to give him something of my own cooking, and he said I'd better try it on a dog first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion?" Her Bosom Friend: "Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs!"

THE GREAT PARKS OF COLORADO

Constitute one of her chief glories. They contain fields, forests, and plains; they are watered by creeks and rivers, and contain villages and farm-houses; they have springs and lakes where hotels and other places of entertainment are found for those seeking health and recreation.

To enable people to reach these favored localities without unnecessary expenditure of time or money, the UNION PACIFIC has put into effect very low rates and splendid train service from Missouri River to Denver.

Accommodations are provided for all classes of passengers on these trains, the equipment including free reclining chair cars, dining cars, buffet smoking cars, drawing-room sleepers, day coaches, etc.

Full information cheerfully furnished on application to H. F. Carter, T.P.A., 14 James Building, Toronto, Canada. F. B. Choate, G.A., 126 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

"You mustn't cough so much, Willie," his mother said. "I can't help it, mamma," replied the little boy with the long golden curls. "Something amuses me in my throat."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

"I used to be in love with your wife, Charlie, but I got over it." "Well, you needn't brag about it. So did I."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Old Million (with a scowl): "You want my daughter, eh? Now, sir, tell me in what single instance have you ever exhibited any business tact?" Jake Fellows (grinning): "Well, that's easy enough. I picked on you for a father-in-law."

Rupture

We are getting them, lots of them. When no other man will hold them they come to us. That's our job. The best is the cheapest. That's our motto. The best is the cheapest. That's our motto. The best is the cheapest. That's our motto.

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Has no superior RESIDENTIAL School for Girls. Give Academic, Matrimonial and Select Courses. For Circulars, etc., apply to the Principal, 105 Bay St., Toronto.

CLEANING LADIES

Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it. BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO. MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC.

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool, Boston to Liverpool. Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodations for all classes of passengers. S. Jones and Son, Agents.

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Young Men and Women. To prepare for a much better position than I hold by handling for them these. Mail Lessons from the Central Business College, Toronto.

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We have Mexicans, California Navels, Valencia, and Seville. BANANAS. Carload every week. All the above at market prices. We can also handle your Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

THE CANADIAN COMMISSION CO., Limited, 100 West Market St., TORONTO.

AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XVII. Con.

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Denman, "his being in the burning house at all of his own accord, was of itself evidence of courage. I think the fireman is a brave young man."

Thus much Mrs. Denman said with dignity to Miss Deemas. The remainder of her speech she addressed to Miss Tippet.

"But my dear, I feel that although I owe this young man a debt of gratitude which I can never repay, I shall never be able to look my preserver in the face. I know that his mind will always revert when he sees me, to the fling—the figure that he lifted out of that easy-chair. But there is one thing I have resolved on," continued the little old lady in more cheerful tones, as she asked for another cup of tea, "and that is, to get a fireman to instruct me as to the best method of saving my own life should fire again break out in my dwelling."

The Eagle gave a hysterical chuckle at this.

"I have already written to one who has been recommended to me as a shrewd man, and he is coming to call on me this very evening at seven o'clock."

Mrs. Denman started, as if her own remark had recalled something, and pulled out her watch.

"Why, it is almost half-past six!" she exclaimed, ringing hastily. "Excuse a hurried departure, Miss Deemas. Your society and sympathy" (she looked pointedly at Miss Tippet here) "have been so agreeable that I did not observe how time was flying. Good-bye, Miss Deemas. Good-evening, dear Miss Tippet."

Miss Deemas bowed.

"Good-bye, my love," said Miss Tippet, bustling round her friend. "I'm so glad to have met you, and I hope you'll come and see me soon; 6 Poorthing Lane, remember. Come whenever you please, dear Mrs. Denman. Yes, yes, time does indeed fly, as you say; or as my friend, Sir Archibald, what's-his-name used to remark, 'Temptit fegus something re-what's-name.' Good-bye, dear Mrs. Denman."

While the ladies were thus engaged, one whom the Eagle would have tossed her back at with supreme contempt, was enjoying himself in the bosom of his family. This was none other than Joe Corney himself, who, having received a stop for a distant fire, had looked in on his wife to tell her of the note he had received from Mrs. Denman.

The family bosom resided in a small portion of a small house in the small street where the fire-engine dwelt.

Joe had laid his helmet on the table, and, having flung himself into a chair, seized his youngest child, a little girl, in his arms, raised her high above his head and laughed in her face; at which the child chuckled and crowded to the best of its ability.

Meanwhile his eldest son, Joe Junior, immediately donned the helmet, seized the poker, thrust the head of it into a bucket of water, and, pointing the other end at a supposed fire, began to work an imaginary hand-pump with all his might.

"It's goin' out, daddy," cried the urchin.

"Sure he's a true chip o' the owld block," observed his mother, who was preparing the evening meal of the family; "he's uncommon fond o' fire an' wather."

"Molly, my dear," said the fireman, "I'd have ye kape a sharp eye on that same chip, else his fondness for fire may lead to more wather 'than ye'd wish for."

"I've bin thinkin' that same meself, honey," replied Mrs. Corney, placing a pile of buttered toast on the table. "Shure didn't I kitch him puttin' a match to the straw bed the other day! Me only consolation is that ivery wan in the house knows how to use the hand-pump. Ah, then, ye won't believe it, Joe, but I catched the baby at it this mornin', no later, an' she'd have got it to work, I do believe, av she hadn't tumbled right over into the bucket, an' all but drowned herself. But, you know, the station's not far off, if the house did git alight. Shure ye might run the hose from the ingin to here without so much as drawin' her out o' the shed. Now, then, Joe, tay's ready, so fall to."

Joe did fall to with the appetite of a man who knows what it is to toil hard, late, and early. Joe Junior laid aside the helmet and poker, and did his duty at the viands like the true son of a fireman—not to say an Irishman—and for five minutes or so the family enjoyed themselves in silence. After that Joe senior heaved a sigh, and said that it would be about time for him to go and see the old lady.

"What can it be she wants?" asked Mrs. Corney.

"Don't know," replied her husband. "All I know is that she's the old lady as was bunched nee and crop out o' the first-floor windy o' the

house in Holborn by Frank Willders. She's a quare owld woman that. She's got two houses no less; wan over the coachmaker's shop—the shop belin' her property—an' wan in Russell Square. They say she's rich enough to line her coffin with gold an' inch thick. Spakin' o' that, Molly my dear, a quare thing happened to me the other night. It's what ye call a coincidence."

"What's that, Joe?"

"Well, 't ain't easy to explain, but it means 'two things happenin' together in a most onlikely way—d'ye see?"

"No, I don't, Joe," replied Mrs. Corney, helping herself to another slice of toast.

"Well, it don't matter much," resumed Joe, "but this is what it was; Mr. Dale an' me was sittin', about two in the mornin', at the station fire smokin' our pipes (for it was my turn on duty) an' chattin' away about one thing an' another, when somehow we got upon tellin' our experiences, an' Dale he tells me a story o' how he was once called to a fire in a cemetery, an' had to go down among the coffins—for they was afire—an' what a fright some o' his men got, when, just as he had finished, an' all my flesh was creepin' at wot I'd heard, there comes a ring at the bell an' a call to a fire in Portland Street. I runs an' gets out the ingin, an' Frank (he was my mate that night) he rings up the boys, an' away we wint in tin minutes. It wasn't far, an' when we got there in wot wint into the house, which was full o' smoke, but no fire to be seen. We wint coughin' and sneezin' an' rubbin' our eyes down into a cellar, where the lads of another ingine was at work before us wi' the hand-pumps, an' would ye belave it? but the walls o' that cellar was lined wi' coffins! True for ye, there they was, all sizes, as thick as they could stand. I thought I was dramin', but it was no drame, for it was an undertaker's shop; an' when I wint upstairs, after we dis-kivered the fire an' put it out, I sees two coffins on tressels lyin' ready for use. Wan was black-painted wood, no doubt for a poor man, an' nothin' inside o' it. The other alongside was covered wid superfine black cloth an' silver-mounted handles an' name-plate, an' it was all padded inside an' lined wid white satin!"

"White satin, Joe? You're jokin'."

"As sure as your name's Molly, it was white satin," repeated Joe; "I wouldn't have belaved it av I hadn't seen it; but that's the way the quality goes to their graves. I looks at the two coffins as I was comin' away, an' thinks I to myself, I wonder whether the poor or the rich man'll be most comfortable when they're laid there?"

"Now, Molly, I'll bid ye good-night, an' be off to see this owld lady, this Mrs. Denman. Look after that boy, now, an' kape the matches out of his way, whatever ye do."

With this very needful warning, Joe Corney kissed his wife and the baby, and went off to the station to obtain leave of absence for a couple of hours.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Wending his way through the crowded streets, Joe soon reached the door of the house in Russell Square which belonged to Mrs. Denman.

The good lady had made use of a cab after quitting Miss Deemas, so that she was at home and seated in a luxuriously easy chair in her splendidly furnished drawing-room when the fireman applied the knocker.

"Does Mrs. Denman stop here, my dear?" said Joe to the smart servant who opened the door.

"Yes," replied the girl, "and she told me to show you up to the drawing-room whenever you came. Stop this way."

Joe pulled off his cap and followed the maid, who ushered him into the presence of the little old lady.

"Pray take a chair," said Mrs. Denman, pointing to one which had evidently been placed close to hers on purpose. "You are a fireman, I understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Joe, "I've bin more nor tin years at the business now."

"You must find it a very warm business, I should imagine," said Mrs. Denman, with a smile.

"True for ye, ma'am. My body's bin a most burnt off my soul over and over again; but it's cowlid enough too sometimes, especially when you've got to watch the premises after the fire's bin put out of a cowlid winter night, as I had to do at your house, ma'am."

Mrs. Denman started and turned pale.

"What! d'you mean to say that you were at the fire in—Holborn that night?"

"Indeed I do, ma'am. Och! but ye must be ill, ma'am, for yer face is as white as a ghost. Shure but it's

red now! Let me shout for some wather for ye, ma'am."

"No, no, my good man," said Mrs. Denman, recovering herself a little. "I—I—the fact is, it did not occur to me that you had been at that fire, else I would never—but no matter. You didn't see—any one saved, did you?"

"See any one saved, is it? Shure I did, an' yerself among the lot. Och! but it's Frank Willders as knows how to do a thing nately. He brought ye out o' the windy, ma'am, on his showlder as handy as if ye'd bin a carpet-bag or a porkmanty, ma'am."

"Hush, man!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Denman, blushing scarlet, for she was a very sensitive old lady; "I cannot bear to think of it. But how could you know it was me? It—it—might have been anything—a bundle, you know?"

"Not by no means," replied the candid Joe. "We see'd your shape quite plain, ma'am, for the blankit was tight round ye."

Mrs. Denman covered her face with her hand at this point, and resting her elbow on the arm of her chair, reflected that the thing was beyond remedy, and that as the man had come and was now looking at her, matters could not be worse; so she resolved to carry out her original intention, and question him as to the best course of action in the event of fire.

"My good man," she said, "I have taken the liberty of asking you to come here to tell me what I should do to guard against fire in future."

Joe rubbed his nose and looked at the ground; then he stroked his chin and looked at the old lady; then a look of intelligence lighted up his expressive countenance as he said abruptly—

"Is yer house an' furniture insured, ma'am?"

"No, it is not," replied Mrs. Denman. "I have never insured in my life, because although I hear of fires every day in London, it has never occurred to me until lately that there was any probability of my house being burned. I know it was very foolish of me, but I shall see to having it done directly."

"That's right, ma'am," said Joe, with an approving nod. "If you see'd the heaps an' heaps o' splendid furniture, an' goods an' buildin's as is burnt every day a'most in London, an' lost to the owners 'cause they grugged the few shillin's of insurance, or 'cause they was careless an' didn't b'lieve a fire would ever come to them, no matter how many might come to other folk, you'd insure yer house an' furniture first thing 'l' the mornin', ma'am."

"I have no doubt you say what is quite correct, Mr. Corney, and I will certainly attend to this matter in future; but I am more particularly anxious to know how I should act if the house in which I live were to take fire."

"Get out of it as fast as possible," said Joe, promptly, "an' screech out fire! till yer sides is sore."

"But, suppose," said Mrs. Denman, with a faint smile, "that the fire is burning in the stair, and the house full of smoke, what am I to do?"

"Och! I see yer drift now, ma'am," said Joe with a knowing look. "Av it's that what ye wants to know, I'll just, with your lave, ma'am, give ye a small discourse on the subjick."

Joe cleared his throat, and began with the air of a man who knows what he is talking about.

"It's as well, ma'am, to begin by tryin' to prevent yer house ketchin' fire—prevention bein' better nor cure. If ye'd kape clear o' that, there's two or three small matters to remember. First of all take oncommon good care o' your matches, an' don't let the childer git at 'em, if you've any in the house. Would you believe it, ma'am, there was above fifty fires in London last year that was known to ha' bin set alight by childers playin' wid matches, or by careless servants lettin' 'em drop an' treadin' on 'em?"

"How many?" asked Mrs. Denman in surprise.

"Fifty, ma'am."

"Dear me! you amaze me, fireman; I had supposed there were not so many fires in London in a year."

"A year!" exclaimed Joe. "Why, there's nearly three fires, on the average, every twenty-four hours in London, an' that's about a thousand fires in the year, ma'am."

"Are you sure of what you say, fireman?"

"Quite sure, ma'am; ye can ax Mr. Braidwood if ye don't b'lieve me."

Mrs. Denman, still in a state of blank amazement, said that she did not doubt him, and bade him go on.

"Well, then," resumed Joe, "look well arter yer matches, an' niver read in bed; that's the way hundreds o' houses get alight. When you light a candle with a bit o' paper, ma'am, don't throw it on the floor an' tramp on it an' think it's out, for many a time there's a small spark left, an' the wind as always blows along the floor sets it up, an' it kitches somethin', and there you are—blazes an' hollerin' an' ingins goin' full swing in no time. Then, ma'am, niver go for to blow out yer gas, an' if there's an escape don't rest till ye get a gasfitter and find it out. But more particularly don't try to find it yerself with a candle. Och! if ye'd only seen the blows-up as I've seen from gas, ye'd look better arter it. Not more nor two weeks ago, by ma'am, we was called to attend a fire which was

caused by an escape o' gas. W'en we got there the fire was out, but sitch a mess you niver did see. It was a house, ma'am, in the West End, with the most illigant painted walls and cornices and gimcracks, idged all with goold. The family had just got into it—noo done up for 'em, only by good luck, there wasn't much o' the furnitur in. They had smelted a horrid smell o' gas for a good while, but couldn't find it. At last the missis, she goes with a workman an' a candle to look for it, an' sure enough they found it 'in a bath-room. It had been escapin' in a small closet at the ind o' the bath, and not bein' able to git out, for the door was a tight fit, it had gone away an' filled all the space between the ceilin's an' floors, an' between the lath, and plaster, and the walls. The moment the door in the bath-room was opened all this gas took flight an' blowed up like gun-powder. The whole inner skin o' the beautiful drawing-room, ma'am, was blowed into the middle of the room. The cook, who was in the drawin'-room passage, she was blow'd down stairs; the workman as opened the little door, he was blow'd flat on his back; an' the missis as was standin' with her back to a door, she was lifted off her legs and blow'd right through the doorway into a bedroom."

(To be continued.)

CAUCASUS TRAGEDY.

In the village of Bayandour, in the Caucasus, lives a man named Ivan Aslamazoff, who a few weeks ago startled the community by cutting the throat of his 7-months-old son on the threshold of the church. He was at once arrested and taken before a judge, whereupon he gave an extraordinary explanation of his conduct. A few years ago, he said, he was very sick, and one night St. John appeared to him in a dream and took him into a valley, where he saw God seated on a throne of gold. The Almighty, he continued, then said to him: "Ivan, I will restore your good health to you, but in time you will have a son, and as soon as he is 7 months old you must offer him up as a sacrifice." Aslamazoff said that many times since then he had prayed God to spare his son, but that, as the Almighty made no response, he considered it his duty to sacrifice him. His story made a deep impression on the people, and the general opinion was that he had acted like a saint and that the authorities had no right to arrest him.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

GRAINS OF GOLD.

In all things it is better to hope than despair.—Goethe.

Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.—Sterne.

Idleness travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her.—Hunter.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Bishop Horne.

He alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.—Lavater.

If the ancients left us ideas, to our credit be it spoken, we moderns are building houses for them.—A. B. Alcott.

Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.—J. P. Senn.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—F. W. Robertson.

To be humble to superiors is duty; to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety; it being a virtue that, for all its lowliness, commandeth those it stoops to.—Sir T. Moore.

A Lasting Cure of Itching Piles.

A Chronic Case of Unusual Severity and Long Standing Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Piles, or hemorrhoids, are small tumors, which form in and about the orifice of the rectum. They are caused by an enlarged and inflamed condition of the veins, which are very numerous in this portion of the body. Piles frequently attack women during the expectant period or after childbirth.

Any form of piles causes dreadful suffering on account of the itching and burning which accompany them. One can scarcely walk at times, and during the night, when the body gets warm, suffering is intense.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin for 30 years a resident of Bowmanville, Ont., writes:

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About 7 years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on

CAUSED BY THE HEAT.

A Rash on Baby's Skin That Often Alarms Careful Mothers.

During the summer months a rash often appears on the face, neck and body of babies and small children which is liable to alarm the careful mother. It is due to the excessive heat, and, while not dangerous, is the cause of much suffering. Immediate relief is given by dusting the eruption liberally with Baby's Own Powder, which may be had at any druggist's, but to cure the trouble a medicine must be given that will cool the blood of the little sufferer. Baby's Own Tablets will be found a positive blessing in such cases and will soon restore the clearness and beauty of baby's skin. Mrs. Clifton Cuyler, of Kincardine, Ont., says: "My baby had a rash break out on her face and all over her body. I gave her medicine, but the eruption never left her until I gave her Baby's Own Tablets, and after using them a short time the rash entirely disappeared. I have also given her the Tablets for constipation with the best of results; they act gently but promptly, and always make baby quiet and restful. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for young children." Baby's Own Tablets may be had from all druggists. Own Powder at the same price. If you prefer to order direct they will at 25 cents per box, and Baby's be sent post paid on receipt of price by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

AN AWFUL CATASTROPHE!

A young wife came to her mother-in-law with a heart-broken expression recently and threw herself on the floor in the abandonment of grief.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary?" the elderly lady exclaimed. "Has anything happened to Will?"

"Oh, mother! He's taken to staying out at nights!" wailed the unhappy woman.

"How long has this been going on, my dear? It doesn't seem possible! I used to know all about my boy's habits, and he never went anywhere he shouldn't. How late does he stay away?"

"You know he usually leaves the office at five o'clock, mother. On the night before last he never got home until six, and last night he didn't set foot in the house until twenty minutes past six. Oh, mother, mother, what shall I do?"

CORRECTING A MISAPPREHENSION.

"Yes, Johnnie, what is it?"

"Ma, isn't pa half bright?"

"Why, what make you ask such a question?"

"'Cause I heard Mr. Highball say that if pa were half bright he would never have married you."

"Mr. Highball is a bad man, Johnnie. Your papa is one of the brightest men this country ever produced."

DECLINED PEERAGES.

The instances of men declining peerages are few. Mr. John Walter was one, and the late Squire Montagu, of Yorkshire, England, was another. Sir William Harcourt was a third, and Mr. Chaplin a fourth. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach also declined a peerage by anticipation in saying publicly when the project was mooted that he considered his baronetcy (one of the oldest) was a greater honor than a newly-created peerage.

LONG FASTS.

A physician in Georgia is said to have completed a fifty days' fast, undertaken to cure a severe case of dyspepsia. During the fast the doctor attended to his professional duties and took daily walks. The longest fast on record is said to have been one of sixty-three days.

Of the 16,000 islands scattered between Madagascar and India, only about 600 are at present inhabited.

his recommendation I took a box. After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly convinced that the ointment made a perfect cure.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years, and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only absolute and guaranteed cure for every form of piles. It has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. 60 cents a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

McFAUL BROS.,

The Store that sets the Pace.

BIG DRIVE IN CARPETS.



You should call and see what bargains we are offering in the line of carpets. They are the finest and largest stock of goods between Montreal and Ottawa, and are imported direct from great Britain.

From 15c. to \$1.40 per yard.

LINOLEUMS AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

Well seasoned goods and pretty patterns.

READY MADE CLOTHING

or clothing made to order, just as you like. The right goods at right prices. We import our own Tweeds. A look at them will convince you that they are right.

LARGE ASSORTMENTS of white and colored Muslins. Just the thing for this hot weather.

* * * *



Ladies' Jackets.

Our new Ladies Coats are now in stock, not a last Season's Jacket to offer you. Every one is up-to-date, and the best fitters this Dominion can produce. We have a choice stock of Dress Goods in great variety now opened up. Heaps and heaps of goods of every variety.

Wm. BANFORD.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

Just as we go to press, we learn that while returning from Lachute, after having delivered a load of cheese, Mr. G. T. Kennedy, of Pine Hill, was thrown out of his rig and sustained serious, if not fatal injuries. He is suffering from a broken leg and dislocated hip. Drs. Menzies and Christie are now attending him.

CUSHING.

The usual crowd from here went over to the exhibition on Wednesday. Mr. Ernest Noyes of the Star. Hall is spending a few days at home this week.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, met at Mrs. McAdams, Chat-boro, on Thursday last.

The Ladies' Missionary Auxiliary met at the Manse on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Thomas Lindley arrived home this week on a visit to his friends here after an absence of 25 years which he spent in the Western States.

Miss Wheelahan and Miss Saltmarsh and Miss M. Derrick of Stonefield visited friends at Grenville and Hawkesbury in Monday of this week.

Miss Katie McMurtrie of Montreal, who has spent the greater part of the summer with her aunt Miss Cameron at Greece's Point returned to town last week.

The many friends of Mr. J. Derrick of Stonefield are pleased to see him home once more, quite restored to health, after two months in the Royal Victoria Hospital undergoing treatment for a mild but protracted case of typhoid fever.

There was quite a little scene of excitement around McCormick's

Station on Tuesday of this week when the children of No. 2 school and a number of older people assembled to give a greeting to the delegates of the British Chambers of Commerce who passed down on the noon train en-route to Montreal on their return trip across the continent. The distinguished travellers appeared to enjoy the demonstration quite as much as the youngsters who waved their flags and sang the National Anthem with great enthusiasm during the few minutes the train stopped at the station.

BIRTH.

ARTHUR.—At Belle Riviere, on Sunday, September 20th, the wife of Mr. C. W. Arthur, of a son.

DEATH.

HAY.—At Lachute, on Sunday, September 20th, George Douglas, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hay, aged 3 months.

WADE.—At Grenville, on Wednesday September 23rd, Mr. John Wade, at the age of 63 years.

MORAW.—At Centerville, September 15th, John Moraw, in the 77th, year, of his age.

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

DR. A. A. GAUTHIER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at: Mr. A. D. Raymond's,
Foundry St., Lachute.

New Cash Grocery Store.

Having purchased the Commodious store on Bethany St. from Mr. J. B. Raymond, I have stocked it with a large assortment of

Fresh Groceries

which will be found choice, good & reasonable. We solicit a call.

FRANCIS LAURIN.



THE O.K. STOP ON BARN DOOR ROLLERS

The most perfect in existence.
Roller bearing,
Covered Sheave,
Can't come off,
Won't break,
Swing bracket,
Cheap as ordinary Rollers.
This is not a blow,
You must see them.

McOuat & McRae,
Lachute, P.Q.

SUITABLE

PRESENTS.

Sometimes it is difficult to select a suitable gifts for our friend. We have a nice assortment of Music Cases, Easels, Chairs, and Rockers that make presents that are always appreciated.

LACHUTE FURNITURE FACTORY
O. B. Lafleur, Prop.

SALE IN THE BROWNS-BURG BOARDING HOUSE.

On October 17th, 1903.

1 Refrigerator, 1 Churn, 1 Small coal stove, glassware, earthenware, kitchen utensils, 2 single bed-room sets, 1 double bed-room set, 1 iron single bed, kitchen table, bureau, 30 pictures, 2 cows, dining room chairs, etc.

Miss E. HAMMOND.

Messrs. O. Wales & Son of St. Andrews, are offering a large variety of Dinner Sets at \$4.95, also fine china assortments. Many pieces suitable for wedding presents.

TENDER.

Sealed Tenders will be received up to noon of Oct. 1st, next, for the construction of a bridge over the West River, to replace the old one, length 100 feet, width 15 feet. Plans, estimates and superstructure to be constructed on same plan as the old bridge. For further particulars, apply to the chairman of the Road Committee.

JAS. W. RAITT, Sec.-Treasurer,
Lachute, August 19th, 1903.

Professional & Commercial

G. E. HAMPTON, K.C.,
ADVOCATE.
Office; Main Street, East Ward,
Lachute P. Q.;
P.O. Box 249.
Attends Courts in District of Terrebonne, Ottawa and Montreal.
Collections promptly remitted.

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Office open daily (except Tuesdays and Saturdays) on 1st floor, Roby's Block,
Opposite Rodrigue's Hotel
LACHUTE

J. E. W. SIMPSON,
Insurance and Financial Agent,
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. 1
Only First-class Companies Represented
LACHUTE, P.Q.

DENTISTRY.
H. C. McCONNELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

S. S. STACKHOUSE, Sr., D.D.S., L.D.S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
LACHUTE - PRO. QUB.
Will hereafter be in Lachute the last four days of each week.

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

SUPERIOR COURT.
Canada
Province of Quebec } 220.
District of Terrebonne.

Dame Adelaide Leonard, wife of John Lapine, Florence, State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America, and the said John Lapine, to authorize his said wife a *cestui en justice*,
Plaintiff,

vs.
Francois Xavier Leonard, formerly of St. Hermas, district of Terrebonne, and now absent in unknown parts, in his capacity of executor of the will of the late Francois Xavier Leonard, in his lifetime, of Commonwealth, in the U. S. of America, farmer,
Defendant.

It is ordered to the defendant to appear within one month.
St. Scholastique, August 24th, 1901.

GEORGE GIGNON & FORNIER, P.S.C.
J. A. C. ETHIER, Pl^{de} Attorney.

Estate of Late DAME SARAH NICHOLSON.

The undersigned executors of estate offer for sale the following lots of land:

1st.—The homestead property in first range of the Township of Chatham, with large commodious stone dwelling and out-buildings; being lot No. 216 cadastral plan, containing about 75 acres, all of which is under cultivation.

2nd.—Lot No. 238, same range and township, with wooden house and out-buildings, and contains about 50 acres.

3rd.—Also a village lot in the parish of St. Andrews, on main road from the village to the Roman Catholic Church, without buildings. Contains 4 arpents; eligible as building lot.

—Terms: Cash.—

Possession to be given after 1st November, 1903. Applicants will please communicate with

JOHN E. HALSEY, Carillon,
THEO. F. SHAW, M.D., St. Andrews.

Referee for Sales,
H. HOWARD, Notary, St. Andrews.

St. Andrews, July 24th, 1903.

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen.
Hygiene and Other Notes
for the Housekeeper.

CULINARY HINTS.

Squash Pie.—Add four cups of milk to two cups of cooked and sifted squash, one egg, two crackers rolled fine, one and one-quarter cups of sugar, two level teaspoons of cornstarch, one-half level teaspoon of cinnamon, a little salt and nutmeg. Bake in one crust with high rim.

Soft Gingerbread.—Mix one cup of molasses, one level tablespoon of butter, two cups of milk, two cups of flour, one level teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-third cup of boiling water. Bake in shallow pan in a moderate oven.

Corn Griddle Cakes.—Grate enough corn from the ear to measure three cups. Beat the yolks of three eggs thoroughly, add to the corn, then three-quarters cup of milk, three-quarters cup of flour and one-quarter level teaspoon of salt. Beat well, then fold in carefully the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Cook on a hot griddle.

French Rolls.—Scald one cup of milk, an one-quarter cup of butter, and when lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in two level tablespoons of water, two level tablespoons of sugar and one-half level teaspoon of salt. Add one cup of flour to make a thin batter, set aside in a warm place for one hour, then mix with flour enough to make a dough. Knead well, put back in a bowl and let rise very light. Shape into small long rolls, lay in a French roll pan, cover with a cloth, let rise about twenty minutes then brush over with milk and bake in a quick oven.

Chocolate Cream Layer Cake.—Use one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour sifted with two level teaspoons of baking powder, one rounding tablespoon of butter and two eggs. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs one at a time, then alternately the flour and milk and bake in two layer cakes. For the filling cook three-quarters cup of milk, one level tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons of grated chocolate, one-half cup of sugar and one level tablespoon of cornstarch wet with a little cold water. Stir until cooked thick and smooth, then add one beaten egg, remove from the fire, add one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Spread between the cakes and pour a chocolate glaze over the top. Place a small saucan on the stove with two cups of sugar and one-quarter pound of chocolate grated and one cup of water. Stir and boil until it will form a thread. Take from the fire and beat until a thin skin forms on top, then spread evenly all over the cake and set for a few minutes in a very slow oven.

Onion Pickle.—Peel small onions of uniform size and let them lie in salted water for twenty-four hours. One cup of salt is sufficient for four quarts of water. Rinse in clear cold water two or three times, letting them stand in the last water for half an hour. Drain an hour and pack in jars with spices, using red pepper pods, whole cloves and a little mace. Cover with hot vinegar and seal.

Cucumber Mangoes.—Remove a strip an inch wide from good sized but green cucumbers by cutting straight in towards the center with the point of a knife. Take out the seeds and soft part with a spoon. Put twelve cucumbers and the slices taken from them into a brine of salt and cold water which is strong enough to hold up an egg. Cover and set aside for twenty-four hours. Drain well. Chop fine one head of cabbage, and three medium-sized onions chopped fine, one-half level teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves, one level tablespoon of grated horseradish, the same of salt and a saltspoon of pepper. One-half cup of small nasturtium seeds will improve it. Mix these ingredients well, then fill the cucumbers as solidly as possible, press the slice back in place and tie round with white twine. Place all in a pickle jar and cover with vinegar for twenty-four hours, then simmer in the same vinegar for half an hour. Drain and again cover with fresh vinegar and stand over night. Drain off this vinegar, scald it and run back on the mangoes, add a few pieces of horseradish root, which has a tendency to keep the vinegar. Put on a close-fitting cover and set in a cold, dry place.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Leather chairs and leather binders can be brightened by being rubbed with a cloth which has been dipped in the white of an egg. If in covering kitchen table with oilcloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, it will prevent the oilcloth cracking and make it wear three times as long. A little paraffin-oil rubbed on with flannel will clean a greasy sink. To clean silver spoons, knives and forks to every-day use rub with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda, and polish with a piece of chamois leather. A bit of blue in the water in which glass is washed adds much to its brilliancy. If new footwear is rubbed with fresh lard, and thoroughly heated in the stove before it is used, it will never crack, no matter how much it

is put in water. Oil cloths should never be washed in hot soap-suds. They should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth dipped in milk. This may seem expensive, but it pays in the end. Table salt and a wet cloth will remove egg-stains on silver. To stone raisins, free them from stems, place them in a bowl, cover with boiling water, and let them stand two minutes. Pour off the water and open the raisins, when the seeds may be quickly removed. A zinc bath-tub may be polished with kerosene. Have the tub dry before using the oil, cover one small place at a time with the oil rubbing it well with a brush and then with a cloth. When all has been gone over, wash the tub with boiling water. Lampwicks soaked in vinegar a short time before using them will give a much better light.

To prevent the piano from the effects of a damp room, place a small lump of unsalted lime in a bag and place inside the case. To obtain an enamel finish on your white clothes, add half a teaspoonful of borax to one pint of boiling starch. The best and easiest way to toast bread is to lay the bread on an asbestos pad, and place directly over a hot fire. Place a lump of sugar in the tea-pot when putting it away. This will prevent it from becoming musty. The gem cakes, or large ones, either, will not stick to the pans if flour is slightly dusted over the greased cake-pans. When washing blankets or woollens, dissolve borax in the hot water, then make a suds by using any good laundry soap. Rub the article to be washed with the hands; do not use the washboard. All woollens must be kept soft, and will not shrink by this method. Always rinse in warm water. A tablespoon of borax to five gallons of hot water is about right for the suds.

USEFUL HINTS.

A kitchen wall pocket full of soft bits of cloth is very convenient. Use the rags to rub the soot off kettle bottoms or wipe grease or gravy out of the skillet before washing. Wipe rubbers, muddy shoes, smoked lamp chimneys. Use them for any and every kind of real dirt about the house. Burn them, of course, and save washing.

In making Tonerise lace fill your cushion with fine sand. It will stay in place on the table, and you can use both hands for the work. The pins will also go in easier.

If you have a small allowance of cloth, pin the whole pattern on before doing any cutting. You will be sure to plan to the best advantage in that way.

If mother must mend by lamplight, can't one of the family read aloud to her?

THE TRICKS OF LUNATICS

CUNNING SHOWN BY SUICIDAL MANIACS.

Self-Destruction Is Very Often Thwarted by Constant Surveillance.

A lunatic bent on self-destruction is the most cunning, crafty human being in existence. The mind of the normal man is no match for the unbalanced person who has determined to commit suicide. To prevent self-destruction on the part of lunatics thus determined has been a life study on the part of noted alienists but no satisfactory results over were obtained.

The difficulty of watching all the gates through which it would be possible for an insane person to take his life was illustrated not long ago in a Massachusetts asylum, where an elderly woman had been sent with the distinct understanding that her life could be saved only by the most vigilant watching.

The patient was kept under constant surveillance. The suspect did not object, but she watched and waited. One afternoon the nurse left her alone a moment in the custody of one of the "trusties," a woman of fierce temper but almost sane and absolutely trust-worthy. The nurse had been gone but a few moments when a number of piercing cries were heard.

INCITES NURSE TO MURDER.

Rushing back, she found her patient dead and the "trusty" standing over her with a hatchet.

"Did you hear the names she called me?" shouted the "trusty," shaking her weapon in the air.

The cunning lunatic had accomplished her purpose by insulting the "trusty" and taunting her until her own half crazed mind gave way, and she turned to punish her insulter with the first weapon she could find.

Crazy King Ludwig of Bavaria grinned triumphant when his custodians consented to let him take a stroll through the park under escort of an athletic physician. That park bordered upon a deep lake, and even the patron of Richard Wagner had brains enough left to know that a good swimmer risks to be drowned by an awkward friend, and that the best swimmer must perish in the clutch of a foe determined to sink.

When the attainment of their fixed purpose is at stake lunatics are capable of baffling suspicion by remarkably clever combination games.

A patient in the model sanitarium at Sonnenstein, near Dresden, Saxony, tried all sorts of tricks to get hold of some iron implement that could be used as a substitute for a dirk knife, and finally founded a suc-

cessful scheme on the circumstance that such symptoms of fever as a quick pulse can be stimulated by any physical effort.

RESORTS TO SUBTERFUGE.

A man need not run uphill with a heavy trunk to make his heart beat fast; clinching his fists with persistent energy will answer the same purpose, and the life weary Saxon thus impressed his doctor with the belief that he had a feverish headache.

"Let's make the best of this chance and have a glass of lemonade," he urged his nurse, and during her momentary absence contrived to wrench off the stout wire that formed the handle of his pail.

With the aid of a little stone he had picked up in the garden, and using his blanket to muffle the sound, he then ground one end of the wire to a needle point and proceeded to pierce his left side in all directions. When they tried to awaken him the next morning they found his heart had stopped beating. That wire pail was ruined and had to be flung away but it had answered the purpose of curing his fever forever.

At their own expense suicide maniacs will experiment with all sorts of poisons, and the correspondent of a medical journal relates his experience with an incurable who was taken sick about twice a month in a manner that left no doubt about the cause of his ailments.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POISONS.

Fever, violent retching, fits, a thick coated tongue, indicated the agency of some virulent substance, though the patient persisted in making light of all those symptoms.

"Just a stomach trouble," he would remark between peeps at his photograph album. "I had those spells ever since I was a youngster; got used to them after a fashion; they don't bother me more than a fit of hiccoughs."

Pitting cunning against cunning, they got up a musical entertainment for his special benefit, and during his absence overhauled his room in all crannies. Eight different bottles, with as many different nondescript mixtures, were thus picked from their hiding places. He had tried his luck with more than one metallic oxide (verdigris, etc.), with red ink, harshhorn, and a villainous mélange of curds and old meat scraps corked up and left to ferment in the hope that they would develop some sort of sausage poison.

REPENTANCE OFTEN FEIGNED.

A favorite trick of would be self-destroyers is feigned repentance.

"My surroundings were to blame," the close guarded patient will inform his doctor. "Uncongenial company drove me mad, but in my present retreat I have found time for reflection and come to the conclusion that life is, after all, worth living. A little more exercise might complete my cure. What about your woodpile? And give me a chance to make myself useful."

"Ye-es, and get hold of a sharp ax," thinks the medical expert, but, in duty bound, has to venture on tentative indulgences that are always apt to lead to mischief.

COLORED RAIN.

The curious phenomena of colored rain, which occurs in various parts of the world, has at last been explained. In some cases the coloring matter is found to be nothing but the pollen dust shaken out of flowers on certain trees at such times as a strong wind was blowing over them. Fir trees and cypress trees when grouped together in large forests at certain seasons of the year give off enormous quantities of pollen, and this vegetable dust is often carried many miles through the atmosphere by the wind, and frequently falls to the earth in a shower of rain. The microscope clearly reveals the origin of such colored rain, which has on more than one occasion puzzled and mystified the inexperienced.

BE TEMPERATE.

The established rules against over-eating, excessive drinking of either ice or intoxicating beverages, hurrying or worrying, continue to be the best code of guidance for those who wish to get through the hot weather without stroke or sickness.

IN FERTILE ABYSSINIA

NATIVES APPEAR TO BE CONTENTED AND INDUSTRIOUS.

A Correspondent Describes His Meeting With the French Governor.

Reuter's Agency send some interesting notes from a correspondent who has travelled from Jibutli to Harrar. He speaks highly of the practical value as well as of the picturesque and rich appearance of the French Somaliland Protectorate as compared with British Somaliland. It has excellent harbors, and the new railway from Jibutli to Dire Dawa has tapped the produce of Abyssinia. The land of Abyssinia is very fertile, and the natives look contented and industrious.

The correspondent gives the following picturesque account of his entry into Abyssinia:

It was moonlight when the train from Jibutli steamed into its terminus. As we came to a stop within the glare of the platform lights, a throng of natives at once pressed round my carriage, enquiring in French, if the English gentleman had arrived.

My kit was stacked upon the shoulders of numerous lusty coolies, and I was conducted with a cordial good night from the station master, and a stammering recognition of his kindness from me to the hotel. Here I found that that spirit of courtesy which Mr. Gerolimato delights to show his guests had prompted him to engage rooms for me, as well as to order dinner.

WAKENED FROM SLEEP.

Later in the night, a little after 3 o'clock, a messenger from the Governor called me up to say that a riding mule and six burden camels would be in waiting to transport me to Harrar at sunrise.

The Abyssinians are early risers; fortunately, however, they accorded me an hour's grace, possibly the privileges of the illustrious, and I slept until 7. Then my duties for the day began in a rush.

The headman appeared to say that the camels had arrived. Did his Honor wish to have his effects loaded? A servant from the Governor called to inform me that his Excellency was about to visit me—where should he be received? My body-servant came with the lamentable tidings that my bath was packed, and that every receptacle was in use except a soup tureen—would the sahib care to use a soup tureen? To wrestle with questions of any kind at 7 a.m. is a little trying, but I seized upon the soup tureen, kicked the Governor's servant out of my chamber, and ordered the camels to be packed.

THE SOUP TUREEN.

The clamor of these different instruments had barely subsided when an increasing tumult attracted my attention. Above everything I could detect the shrill tones of my small Somali attendant, raised in indignant outcry. However, I continued my ablutions in the tureen when the door of my room opened violently, my chokra and a tall stately Abyssinian appeared together, the one struggling with the other.

The tureen was neither deep enough for me to get into nor large enough to hide behind. I had, perforce, to face the situation and to greet the Governor with as much dignity as I could muster in the absence of all clothing. However, coupled with the exertions of my chokra, I induced his Excellency to leave me to my toilette and the soup tureen. In the end he quitted my apartments to await my appearance in a more seemly state.

HIS EXCELLENCY.

An hour elapsed before we met again. Meantime my camels had moved forward towards Harrar, and my riding mule was in readiness outside the hotel. His Excellency, supported by his French-speaking interpreter, had seated himself in the porch of the hotel. Champagne, coffee, and cognac had been served to him, and he was disposed to regret his earlier precipitancy. I thanked him for his guard of honor, the camels, and the riding mule, and expressed my pleasure at meeting

such a distinguished representative of his country.

His manner was quiet and dignified. He spoke in very subdued tones, occasionally uttering a few words in French. His attitude towards me was at once cordial and politely attentive, whilst in everything that this amiable official did he showed his desire to render me any assistance in his power. In a little he rose to go, and, as he bade me adieu, I discovered that it was incumbent upon me to return his visit.

Within half an hour of his departure I dismounted at his official quarters. On my way through the grounds of his compound I passed numerous servants, who bowed low before me. At the steps of his audience hall the son of his Excellency welcomed me in the name of his father. He then accompanied me to the presence of his father, where I was formally presented. Here, after the usual formalities, my credentials were examined, and I was entrusted with letters to the Governor of Harrar, Ganiasmach Ganame, as well as a letter of ceremony to the British Consulate.

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

Then the conversation became less strained, and we discussed a bottle of Abyssinian wine. The Audience Chamber was furnished with strips of grass matting and many large Turkish rugs. Trophies of arms were suspended from the walls; there were two chairs, and a very broad, high couch, similar to the Chinese Kiang, stretched across the room. This was built into the floor and walls; also it was raised some three feet from the floor. It must have been at least four feet broad and eight feet in length.

General Ganame used it as his seat of audience, placing me in a chair to his right and the interpreter to my right again. His son took part in the unofficial conversation, speaking fluent French with a sweetly-modulated voice. His visage, manner, and deportment was dignified and his conversation quite intelligent.

Altogether the audience threw an exceptionally interesting sidelight upon the style and bearing of the upper-class Abyssinian. Assuredly they differ from the Somalis, although in the elemental details of their dress there is little appreciable alteration.

In half an hour my audience terminated, whereupon my kindly-disposed host accompanied me to the edge of a running gutter, which marks the boundaries between the native and French areas. At the drain my friends and myself halted, and, bidding each other elaborate adieux, took our different ways to our mutual destinations.

CORRECTED HIS MISTAKE.

High prices often prevail in frontier towns, and those who live in new settlements become accustomed to the charges and think little about it. A man who recently returned from the Klondike tells a good story.

People get used to paying big money for trifles, he said, and two dollars for a box of sardines or five dollars for a pound of bad coffee came to be regarded as reasonable prices. But once I had the surprise of hearing an unexpectedly low price named. It was like this: I had a jumping toothache, was nearly wild with it, and went to a shanty where I was told there was a dentist. A rough-looking fellow told me that he was the dentist, and I asked him to draw my tooth. He looked me over, got his forceps fastened on my tooth, and yanked it out after a couple of hard twists.

"How much?" I asked.

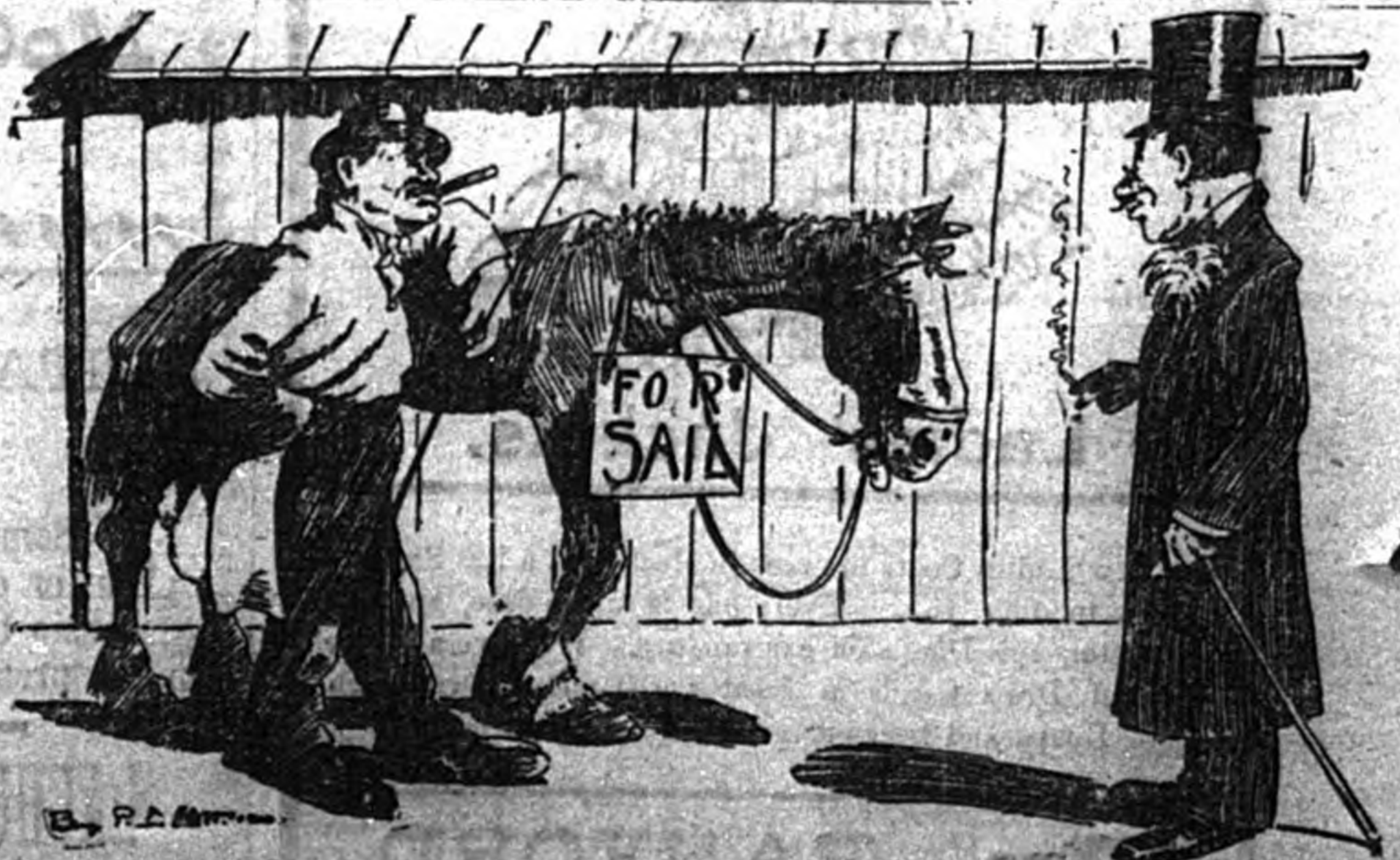
"Well, two dollars, I guess," said the dentist.

I paid him, although my jaw still ached badly.

"That's the cheapest thing I've seen round here," I remarked, as I gave him the money.

"Well," he said, "I thought I'd make it low, because on account of the bad light I pulled the wrong tooth."

I had to go the next day and have the bad tooth out, and he made matters square by charging me ten dollars.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Humorist—How soon is he going to sail?
Gyp—Aw-w-w—just as soon as somebody kin raise de wind.

Men Were Deceivers Ever

In one of the coolest, shadiest nooks of Kensington Gardens, Maisie Brooks sat one summer afternoon, grateful, after her long morning's work, for the peaceful resting-place, for the scent of the flowers, the sparkle of the sun upon the water.

She made a pretty picture, despite the short serge skirt which much wear and many wettings had caused to shrink most woefully, the mended boots, and the general air of shabbiness which pervaded her attire. For her small head was daintily set upon her shoulders, and the wealth of soft, fair hair would have made even a plain face charming. For the rest—a somewhat pathetic mouth, big, grave eyes, a straight nose, and a creamy skin, faintly tinged with rose. Pity that so fair a face should wear so sad, so weary an expression.

From under her heavy white lids, fringed with curling lashes, the girl gazed at the loiterers—young girls, charmingly dressed, smart Society women, nursemaids with picturesque-looking babies, depressed governesses bearing the burden of unruly children. Gradually, however, the passers-by grew fewer, and at last the place seemed deserted save for herself and a tall, distinguished, albeit slightly shabby individual, who was evidently making his way towards her seat.

Maisie felt a sudden interest in the new arrival. Had he been respondent in patent boots, the latest thing in ties, and of a fashionable "get-up" generally, this girl would not have vouchsafed another glance, but there was something about the tired droop of the head, the patient weariness in the large, dark eyes that touched her, familiar as she was with the heart-sickness of hope deferred.

"Out of a berth, poor fellow," she murmured and sighed sympathetically. She knew so well all that the phrase implies. The daily answering of innumerable advertisements, demanding impossible qualifications, for a wholly inadequate salary; the journeys to all parts of London only to learn that the coveted position has been obtained by a more fortunate individual and the ever-growing fear that the small store of money and credit will be exhausted and still find an anxious one in the great army of the "out of works."

Her cogitations, however, were brought to an abrupt close, for the stranger had grown very white, and with a moan fell back against the seat.

How it all came about Maisie could not tell, but in an incredibly short space of time she had found a keeper, dispatched him for a glass of water, and having revived the stranger was listening to his history with rapt attention.

Born in Australia, Robert Everett has passed the first twenty years of his existence in a lonely station far up the country. His mother was dead, his father a reserved, taciturn sort of man, had never given him any information as to his standing or position in England. After the old man's death, however, Robert discovered among his papers certain letters which showed that he was distantly related—if not more nearly connected—with a noble family.

Seized with a desire to find out who and what he really was, Robert sold his farm and came to England. Once in London he unearthed what seemed to him to be irrefutable proofs that he was the rightful claimant not only to large estates, but to a title.

His father had disappeared from England, owing, it was believed, to some love affair, and in the interval which had elapsed between his leaving the country and his death, accident had removed the three nearest in succession to the baronetcy. The present holder of the title, Sir Lionel Everett, belonged to a younger branch of the family, and Robert's claim was undoubtedly a strong one. But money and possession are all-powerful, and after two years of fruitless effort and interminable law proceedings young Everett found his money exhausted, and the suit as far from being settled as at first.

"It sounds absurd, doesn't it?" he asked, with a weary laugh. "How can I expect you to credit such a story when I can neither show you proofs, nor mention anyone who knows me? At this present moment I have not a friend—the solicitors who took up the case have abandoned it now that my money's gone, and I am, so to speak, laughed out of court. It is useless to hope that you will believe me."

"Indeed, I do believe you," said Maisie softly, convinced despite herself that his tale was true.

"Thank you," he said quietly, and stretched out his hand. A moment's hesitation, and then she slid her soft white fingers into his, and somehow each felt they had sealed a compact.

"What are you going to do?" asked the girl presently. "I mean until the case is settled."

He looked up wearily. "Got work of some sort, I hope. If not—starve."

"But—"

"I have some sort of shelter," he

answered, reading her thought. "I'm living in an attic in Bloomsbury—fortunately I paid the rent a month or so in advance, so I shan't have to sleep on the Embankment at present."

Maisie fumbled in her pocket, and with a shamefaced blush emptied the contents of her purse into his hand.

"Late again, Miss Brooks. This is the fourth time within the last 'Tis little enough, only a few shillings," she said pleadingly, "surely you won't refuse it? I think poor people should always help each other, and a little while ago I was as hard up, every bit as you."

He looked at her inquiringly, and for the first time he realized that, though pretty, she was hardly fashionably attired.

"Like you, I am an orphan," she said, "and have to make my own way in the world. I am a typist in one of the large shops in Westbourne Grove, and I live at Notting Hill."

"Poor little girl," he thought; and involuntarily a look of pity, mixed with admiration, flashed into his eyes. "I won't refuse your help," he said at last, "at any rate for the present; and now—as for luncheon hour over she rose to go—"when may I see you again?"

For a moment the girl hesitated. Was it prudent to see this good-looking stranger any more? Conventionality said "No." Inclination "Yes."

"I have a holiday on Saturday afternoon," she answered.

"And you will be here?"

"Yes."

"Thank you a thousand times." They parted at the gates; she returned to the emporium where, for the princely salary of eighteen shillings a week, she sat in a small office and typed for all she was worth from nine o'clock in the morning till seven at night; he, to find his way to the nearest coffee-house and enjoy the first square meal he had eaten for days.

month. Such unpunctuality—in this establishment at all events—cannot be tolerated. If it occurs again I shall be obliged to dispense with your services."

It was evident something had occurred to ruffle the serenity of the head of the counting-house, for, as a rule, Miss Brooks was something of a favorite with the powers that be.

Maisie faltered an excuse to the effect that she had not been well; but it was received with stony silence; and, with a sinking heart, the girl realized that for some unknown reason Mr. Hilton was determined, sooner or later, to dismiss her.

"He wants your place for his niece," whispered a fellow clerk; "she's just up from the country and is mad to get into an office."

"But why does he choose me?" asked poor Maisie.

"You don't stand up to him, my dear. Any of us others would answer him back, or speak to old Brown—the owner of the emporium—"but you take things quietly, and you get sat upon. Take my advice and be more cheeky."

But "cheekiness" and Maisie were as far asunder as the Poles. It was positive anguish to her even to contemplate a war of words, and rather than complain to "old Brown" she would have gone at a moment's notice. Her forebodings were only too quickly realized—within a fortnight she had left the emporium, and the manager's niece typed in her stead.

It was some six months since her first meeting with Robert Everett, and during that time their friendship had steadily increased. She had brought him luck, so he declared, for within a week of their acquaintance-ship he had obtained an appointment through the influence of some Australian friends, and was now doing very fairly well.

They did not talk quite so much now—days of the "case." Maisie was inclined to think that it would be better were he to abandon it once and for all, and settle down to a more peaceful if more monotonous existence. The young fellow, however, was obstinate; every penny he could save from his salary he put by, determined, as soon as he had raised the sums of war, to return to the attack.

But when he heard Maisie's news he faltered for the first time in his resolution.

"I'm not quick at figures," she bobbed, "nor at typing either, and fearfully slow at shorthand. I was a long time before I got employment at Brown's, and I can't go to Aunt Lucy's again; they're none too well off themselves."

"Why do you depreciate yourself so dreadfully, Maisie?" he asked a trifle crossly. "I assure you it doesn't pay in this world, at all events. Cheer up, little woman," he added more kindly, "you'll get a crib sooner or later. I'll speak to everyone I know. Before long you're sure to hear of something. Cheer up."

But in spite of his admonition, Maisie felt a curious sense of desolation as she watched the tall, straight figure out of sight. She did not know what she had expected, but she felt that had he been in trouble, somehow or other she would have acted differently.

Wilfred apparently arrived at the same conclusion, judging by his soliloquy over a midnight pipe.

"She's the sweetest little woman in the world," he declared, "and I'm an ungrateful ass to have hesitated a moment. She didn't beat about the bush when I was down on my luck. We'll get married next

week—"

with a sudden doubt, "she'll have me. I've enough put by to start housekeeping, and the case," he sighed regretfully, "must go by the board. She's worth more than a thousand titles."

He decided to call for Maisie directly he left the office on the morrow. They would go to the theatre, and he would be very kind and very loving to make up for his coldness of to-day. But he was unexpectedly detained in town, and the following morning found him laid up with an attack of the influenza fiend, too ill to move, even to scribble a note. She would be sure to write, he argued; she would be sure something was wrong.

But he had not taken the girl's extreme sensitiveness into consideration. She had expected him, as usual, the previous afternoon, and a dull pain had crept into her heart as the hours went on and never brought him. By the next morning she was wrought up to a pitch of grief and excitement painful to witness. She had been mistaken in him; now that he was getting on, he despised the poor little girl who had so rejoiced in his friendship.

"I shall die," she moaned, "I shall die."

Why should she not write and ask the reason for his treatment? Her pride revolted at the idea. She would wait in silence—even if it killed her.

And the second evening passed away, and the next morning found her wild-eyed and despairing, waiting once again for the letter that never came.

And so, the victims of mischance, these two fond hearts drifted apart, as suddenly and strangely as they met. Maisie received the offer of a situation in an office in Manchester at a much larger salary than she had ever dreamt of getting, and which she dared not refuse; and yet, how could she go to a strange place among strange faces, without a word, a sign of leave-taking, from Robert?

At last she dispatched a timid little note, telling him she was leaving London, and begging for an answer by return. Poor Robert was delicious when it arrived, and so, all forlorn and with a pain at her heart almost too great to bear, the girl set out.

Some three weeks later Robert, pale as a ghost and singularly gaunt, drove up in a hansom to the house where Maisie had lodged. Only that morning he had been given his correspondence, and, contrary to doctor's orders, and in defiance of everything and everybody had driven out to answer, if not too late, Maisie's farewell note.

He found the place deserted and empty. The landlady had moved, so the neighbors said, shortly after the young lady left.

And, notwithstanding all his efforts, no trace could he discover either of the landlady or Maisie. The tide of life had swept past him, leaving him stranded on the beach alone.

A year since Maisie had left London, and already time, the universal healer, had worked wonders. True, she still occasionally experienced a faint tremor at the postman's knock, and sometimes indulged in day-dreams of a happy reunion with Robert. But such wishful longings did not affect her materially, and gradually she grew more contented than she had ever been. Her employment was congenial—she was secretary to one of the heads of the firm—and, free from the fear of constant fault-finding.

She was the only woman in the building, and inasmuch as she was extremely pretty and singularly sweet-mannered, it is not surprising that all the employees, from the senior clerk to the smallest office boy, were her sincere admirers. More than one had shown an inclination to develop into something nearer and dearer, but she felt chary of ever again embarking on the troubled sea of love; besides, she could never care for any man save one.

Sometimes the thought flashed across her that perhaps her letter had miscarried—such things had happened. Once, when the longing to see or hear from him—it was Christmas time, and she was terribly lonely—mastered her, she penned a note couched in stiff, not to say stilted, language, giving her address, and saying "she would be glad to know how he was." A sudden rush of tenderness made her add a postscript which caused her, after it has gone, tears of mortification and distress.

"I can never forget you," she wrote; "you are all I have." And answer there was none.

Fate had once more intervened. Robert had gone to Australia for some important documents necessary to prove his identity, and the letter was sent after him, only to reach Australia five days after he had sailed for home.

After that Maisie stole her heart. There were others.

Accordingly, one of her most devoted admirers, a good-looking young giant of the name of Ernest Arnold, was suddenly raised to the seventh heaven of delight. Once she even deigned to accompany his sisters, under his care, to a fancy ball given in aid of some charity.

But the young fellow's hopes of a delightful evening were crushed by the unexpected line his lady fair took up. Maisie wore a mask and domino.

"What's the name of that tall girl in crimson, the one with that pretty

little fair thing? Are they sisters?" she asked of her partner.

"Sisters-in-law," he corrected. "The tall one is Lady Lionel Everett—she is chaperoning the other, Miss Daisy Everett."

"Is Sir Lionel Everett here?" asked Maisie, a sudden desire to see Robert's rival possessing her.

"Yes, that chap over there, dressed as a Crusader."

"By-the-by," he went on, "it's rumored that Sir Lionel is about to lose his title. Some colonial or other has turned up, and it's been suggested that he should marry Miss Everett and so keep the money in the family."

Maisie looked eagerly towards the group.

Daisy, fair as a lily, dressed as Elaine, a tall, splendidly-dressed Toreador bending over her, while Lady Everett chatted to a Monk.

Something about the Spanish Cavalier seemed curiously familiar to Maisie, and she longed to hear his voice.

A desperate determination took possession of the girl. She dropped her fan at the Toreador's feet.

He stooped and picked it up, hazarding a flowery speech in a grandiloquent style.

Maisie's heart beat fast.

"You should suit your compliments to your costume, or vice versa," she said softly.

"Is my tongue so very rough and ready?" he asked.

"Not always," she answered.

"Sometimes it is subtle, sweet, then cruel, wounding when most it caresses."

He started forward, but with a little mocking laugh she glided away.

For the rest of the evening the Toreador sought for the yellow domino—in every corner, until at the stroke of twelve everyone unmasked.

He was standing in an ante-room with Daisy Everett, facing a mirror. As he removed his mask, smiling admiringly enough at the fair Elaine beside him, the heavy draperies at the door were parted, and a figure in yellow domino glided to the glass.

"Maisie!" he called.

A voice answered "Robert!"

And then, regardless of Miss Everett's horrified amazement, he held her to his heart, fastening kisses on her lips, her hair, her eyes.

"But why had he disregarded her letter—her appeal?"

"My dear," he said, "if ever a man paid for his folly I have done so. I never had your letter till too late. I was very ill, my own, and when I came to you, you'd flown."

And so it came to pass that, after all, Robert Everett married Maisie Brooks before the title and position he so longed for came to him even as she had desired—Pearson's Weekly.

SALT FROM ENGLAND.

Shipped Over in Bags and Shipped Back in Meat.

One thousand sacks of English salt passed through the customs office in Kansas City the other morning. It is a fine quality used in packing meats for export and comes from Liverpool, says the Kansas City Star.

A peculiar thing about this same salt is that it must travel back to Liverpool again, though in a different form. Here it is used in packing meat which will ultimately find its way to John Bull's breakfast table. John Bull believes in reciprocity, as proved by the salt received. He uses our meat only on condition that we use his salt in packing it. This arrangement suits Kansas City packers and causes them little inconvenience.

When the salt is received they pay a duty of 12 cents per hundred pounds. When it is returned with beef and pork an export duty of the same amount is charged. Uncle Sam collects 1 per cent for handling these products through the customs office. The exporter and consignee get together and are not in the end, out very much.

Tons of salt are received in Kansas City for use in the packing houses in the west bottoms. It comes in sacks weighing about 225 pounds each. It is mined in the south of England, and is of a much finer quality, say the packers, than they could possibly secure in this country. So the arrangement suits both parties to the contract and salt comes over in sacks and returns in packed meats.

NATIONALITY NO DIFFERENCE.

They are laughing in Washington over a rebuke that a sentry of one of the departments administered recently to the Russian Ambassador's coachman.

The coachman, it appears, wished to drive his master's carriage along a roadway that for some reason was barred. When the sentry refused to let the carriage pass the coachman remonstrated.

"I drive," he said, "ze Russian Minister."

"I can't help it," returned the sentry.

"Let me through," persisted the coachman. "My master is ze Count Cassini, ze Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of ze Czar of All ze Russias."

"Frenchy," said the sentry, "I wouldn't let you through even if your master was a free-born American citizen."

Curiously, is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking own.

THE BEST DISPOSITIONS

WHY MARRIED PEOPLE ARE THE BEST NATURED.

Society of French Sociologists Say That There Are Exceptions to Every Rule.

That matrimony exercises a very distinct influence on the temper of men and women has been admitted as the result of an unusual and interesting investigation by a society of French sociologists. This verdict was based on reports concerning the temper, amiability and general disposition of men and women, both married and single, and in some instances of people before and after marriage.

It was found that marriage has a soothing effect; there is something about matrimony which brings a feeling of peace and contentment in most cases, although not in all. The society decided that there are exceptions to every rule.

Taking the woman's point of view, it was easy to see how her temper has improved by matrimony.

When she marries she has, it was assumed, attained the ambition of her life; she has got a husband and a home of her own; she looks forward to a happy life; in fact, the future is as bright as future could look.

THIS IS BOUND TO TELL.

Perhaps before marriage she was inclined to peevishness; she might even have had a dread of becoming an old maid; she might have a discontented family circle to deal with, and so on.

These things are all brushed away when she marries. She enters a condition which enables her to see a roseate hue on the most ordinary things of life, and where happiness prevails, or ought to prevail.

If this does not improve her temper, even supposing it to have been good enough before, nothing can.

Then the society takes up the man's point of view. He is, after marriage, well attended to; he has love waiting on him at all times; his slippers are by the fire, nice and cosy, when he comes home tired of an evening; a change of clothes awaits him if he comes home soaked, and his many other little wants are looked after.

Now, a man living with his mother and sisters may be well enough attended to, yet there is always a certain lack of interest; but it does not do for a wife to be uninterested where her husband's welfare is concerned; her happiness, her future—everything depends on his health being well looked after.

All this tends to soften his temper, which benefits his health, and his temper benefits again.

Moreover, there is a pleasant, comfortable feeling engendered by the knowledge that you possess a home of your own. You look around—that is your piano, your sideboard, your this, that, or the other thing; and there comes a nice glow of pleasure. You may light your pipe here, just as you please.

NO ONE WILL COMPLAIN.

Before marriage you had to smoke in a stuffy little parlor, or else go out of doors to enjoy your after-dinner pipe. What a difference, to be sure! Well, very naturally, this gives you satisfaction, and your temper is sweetened.

Perhaps before marriage a man or woman is very impatient; everything must be rushed through with, anything to get done. But if you are very impatient the temper suffers. It makes a man or woman very short and grumpy.

After marriage—or at any rate after young ones arrive—what a change! How patient the most impatient man or woman becomes! That blessed, though much anathematized, condition known as "teething" does a vast amount of good in this world. A teething baby has been the salvation of many a short-tempered, impatient man and woman. The young one simply won't be put down; no amount of coaxing does any good. One has to grin and bear it; but whilst bearing with the screaming you receive valuable tuition; you are taught to be patient, and once the lesson is learnt it never leaves you.

Besides, these soft baby fingers have an extraordinary effect on the temper of either man or woman. The pat of a baby's hand can drive the darkest scowl from the face, and one look from the innocent eyes of a baby can drive the bitterest thoughts from the mind. Let a husband and wife lose their tempers over any little thing—a baby's crying will make matters all right again.

"RETURN AT ONCE."

Merchant—"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?"

Boy—"No, sir; he was out, and the office was locked up."

Merchant—"Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?"

Boy—"There was a notice on the door saying 'Return at once,' so I came back as quick as I could."

The Maid-Servant—"Professor, madam has just returned from her journey." Professor—"Remind me by-and-by to give her a kiss."

The Marquis of Londonderry, owner of the famous collection, possesses photographs of all interior parts of the mines, as well as elaborate maps of the workings. He takes the greatest interest in the mines.

Prize List, Continued.

FANCY WORK AND FLOWERS.
Judges: Mrs. Wm. Robertson, Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Martin S. Albright.
Pillow shams.—Albert Griffith, R. Todd.
Shoppers.—Miss C. Paterson.
Folia Pillow.—Worsted work, Mrs. McRae.
Sofa pillow, crazy work.—Miss C. L. Paterson, McFarlane Bros.
Knitted lace.—Miss C. L. Paterson, Miss S. McCrea.
Crochet lace.—Miss S. McCrea, Miss C. L. Paterson.
Knitted Table Mats.—Mrs. Hry. McRae, Miss S. McCrea.
Crochet mats or tidies.—Jos. McKimmie, Miss S. McCrea.
Tidies.—John Dobbie, R. Muir.
Table cover, hand worked.—Henry McCrea, Miss C. L. Paterson.
Table centre, hand worked, Miss L. O. Walker, Mrs. Albert Griffith.
Fancy apron.—Miss S. McCrea, Mrs. Henry McCrea.
Knitting.—Mrs. Robt. Todd, Mrs. McRae.
Button holes, hand worked.—Mrs. McRae, Miss C. L. Paterson.
Breakfast Shawls.—Miss S. McCrea, Mrs. Henry McCrea.
Suit of knitted underwear, Mrs. H. McCrea.
Infants Jacket.—Mrs. J. A. McGibbon, Mrs. H. McCrea.
Hooked rug.—Wm. Copeland, And. Doig.
Patched garment.—Mrs. Ay. Hadley, Mrs. H. McCrea.
Best specimen of darning.—Mrs. Albert Griffith, Miss C. L. Paterson.
Best exhibit of machine work done on New William Machine.—Miss C. L. Paterson.
Kitchen apron.—Jos. McKimmie, W. A. Bradley.
Crochet cotton bed cover.—Miss Patterson, Mrs. E. Brown.
Plain Cotton quilt.—Andrew Walker, Albert Griffith.
Patched quilts.—Miss C. L. Paterson, Mrs. Henry McCrea.
Tatted cotton quilt.—Andrew Walker, Andrew Doig.
Fancy quilt.—Miss Labonte.
Cotton batting stuffed comforter.—Mrs. Jas. Cation, Mrs. H. Hadley.
Tatted quilt.—Miss F. Ierson, Mrs. H. McCrea.
Knitted quilts.—Mrs. Andrew Walker, Mrs. H. Todd.
Crazy quilts.—Mrs. Hadley, Mrs. J. Cation.
Crazy worsted quilts, hem-stitching and drawwork.—Mrs. H. Todd, Mrs. H. McCrea.
Plain white sewing.—Mrs. Henry McCrea, Mrs. Andrew Doig.
Embroidery on velvet, plush etc.—Mrs. J. A. McGibbon.
Best collection of fancy work.—Miss Lizzie Walker, Mrs. Albert Griffith.
A splendid collection exhibited by Miss Dobbie of Harrington received honors.
Exhibits laundry work.—Mrs. J. A. McGibbon.
Fancy Sofa Pillow.—Miss Murray, Mrs. R. Morris.
Landscape Paintings in oil.—Mrs. James A. McQuest, Miss Smart.
Flowers in oil.—Miss C. L. Paterson, Mrs. R. Todd.
Crayon work.—J. H. Monette, Mrs. J. Hay.
Water color.—Miss Smart, J. H. Monette.
Freshend drawing.—J. H. Monette.
FLOWERS: Primrose in bloom.—Robert Woods, Mrs. Henry McCrea.
Fuchsia.—Mrs. John Gordon.
Geraniums in bloom.—Mrs. R. McArthur.
Foliage Plants.—R. Woods, Mrs. H. McCrea.
Begonias in bloom.—Mrs. R. McArthur, Mrs. Henry McCrea.
Ferns.—R. Woods, Mrs. Ino. Gordon.
Best collection of house plants.—R. Woods.
Best collection of flowers in pot.—R. Woods, Mrs. Henry McCrea.
Best bouquet cut flowers.—Mrs. Henry McCrea, Mrs. J. McGibbon.
Foliage Geraniums, R. Woods, Mrs. McCrea.
Painting and training, Mr. Robinson.

WEDDING BELLS.

One of the prettiest house weddings of the season took place at the residence of the bride's parents "Willow Cottage" Beech Ridge, Quebec, on Tuesday September 22nd, 1903, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the contracting parties being Miss Gertrude I. Hamilton, younger daughter of Mr. Edward Hamilton, and Mr. William B. McBride of Lachute. The bride was given away by her father, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. H. Charters, rector of St. Simeon's church, Lachute. Mrs. Duffy presided at the piano, and rendered "Mendelssohn's Wedding March" very acceptably as the bridal party entered the parlor. Miss Florence Hamilton attended her sister as bridesmaid, and Mr. J. D. Hudson of Montreal supported the groom.
The bride, who was gowned in white silk and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, looked very charming and youthful. Miss Hamilton wore pink muslin, and carried a bouquet similar to the bride's.
The parlor was tastefully decorated in green and white, festoons of the same colors being suspended from the ceiling, directly over the contracting parties. After the ceremony and the usual congratulations and good wishes, the assembled guests, numbering about fifty, sat down to a sumptuous repast, Rev. Mr. Charters presiding. The toast of 'the bride' was proposed in feeling and kindly tones by Mr. Hudson, and fittingly responded to by the groom. Mr. Charters proposed 'the health of the bridesmaid,' to which the groomsmen replied.
The newly married couple left Lachute on the 7.30 p.m. train for Ottawa and other points west. A large party of friends accompanied them to Lachute, and gave the young couple a very hearty send off, a perfect hurricane of rice greeting them as they boarded the train. The presents were numerous and beautiful, some coming from distant Vancouver, B.C., showing the high esteem in which the young couple are held by their many friends.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of Peter Bryce, on Oct. 6th, at 1 p.m. The following effects:
2 mares, 1 year old colt, 1 spring colt, 1 cow, 3 1 year old heifers, 1 spring calf, 8 sheep, 3 pigs, 1 concord, 1 light express, 1 single sled, 1 sleigh, 1 hay cart, 1 dish harrow, 1 hay fork, carrier, and truck, 1 pair horse rake wheels, 9 colts Italian bees 8 bee hives with promodation, 200 bushels of oats, 15 bushels of wheat, memory barley, 15 tons of hay, a quantity of straw, 1 cooking stove, 1 box stove, 1 reeking washing machine, 1 baby carriage, 1 milk can, 2 cooley cans, forks, hoes, chains, 1 set light harness, 1 set heavy harness, 2 shot guns, 8 cords of stove wood.
Terms.—\$10.00 and under cash. Over that amount 9 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes. 5 p.c. off for cash.

CASTORIA.

Be sure the Signature is *Castoria*

New Store New Goods.

Having opened our new and commodious store, we have placed in stock a splendid assortment of all the best lines of **BOOTS & SHOES**, upon which we are offering big reductions from now till the end of August. We also carry a full assortment of Factory and Home-made Harness.

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

The Agricultural Exhibition



Will soon be here, and no doubt will be a source of great attraction, but we want to tell you of

Our Exhibit of Ladies' Jackets.

They are of the Latest Styles, and are Up-to-Date in every particular. While others are getting prizes at the Exhibition, you can secure yours right in our store. Call & get one at Exhibition rates.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
LACHUTE, QUE.

Our Spring Stock is larger and better assorted than ever before and affords you a greater opportunity of getting your—

New, stylish, Hats and Tweeds

Which we are sure will tickle your fancy. We also have a large and select assortment of . . .

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A large supply of **HAYING REQUISITES.**

Sherwin's Williams Paint always on hand.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
ST. PHILIPPE, Que.

BOYS SERVICEABLE BOOTS

A complete assortment now in stock of **McCREADY COMPANY'S BEST MAKES.**

Gentlemen

We had your special requirements in view when we were selecting our Shoes for Spring and Summer. Call and see how we anticipated your wishes.

Ladies

For you we selected the daintiest, best made and best finished Shoes, including some of the best known and most popular lines in the United States.

E. LAVIGNE, - - Foundry Street, LACHUTE.

BANK of OTTAWA

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, ONT.
Capital, (Authorized) - \$3,000,000
Capital, [Fully paid up] - \$2,000,000
Reserved Fund - \$1,334,273

BRANCHES:

ONTARIO.

Alexandria, Arnprior, Avonmore, Bracebridge, Carleton Place, Cobden, Hawkesbury, Keewatin, Kemptonville, Lennoxville, Mattawa, Ottawa, Parry Sound, Pembroke, Rat Portage, Renfrew, Smith Falls, Toronto, Vankleek Hill, Winchester, Maxville, North Bay, Prince Albert.

QUEBEC.

Granby, Hull, Lachute, Montreal, Shawinigan Falls.

MANITOBA.

Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Emerson.

Geo. Hay, President, David MacLaren, Vice-President, Henry N. Bate, John D. Fraser, Hon. Geo. Bryson, John Mather, Henry W. Egan, Denis Murphy, M.L.A. Geo. H. Ferley.

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

LACHUTE CRIST MILLS

We keep constantly on hand flour & feeds of the best quality, sold in car lots or small lots to suit purchaser. . . .

J. D. Campbell & Co.,
LACHUTE, QUE.



Ottawa River Navigation Co

MAIL LINE STEAMERS

BETWEEN

OTTAWA and MONTREAL

Steamer "SOVEREIGN" leaves Carillon at 1.30 p.m. for MONTREAL.

SHOOTING

LACHINE RAPID

arriving at Montreal at 6.30

For OTTAWA, train leaves Carillon at 12.30 p.m. (no connect with Steamer "EMPA" for Ottawa.)

Steamer "DUCHESS OF YORK," MARKET LINE, leaves Carillon for Montreal at 8 a.m. on MONDAYS, and 4 a.m. on THURSDAYS. Returning, leaves Montreal for Carillon Wednesday and Saturday at 6 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

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

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

Leave	7.00 a.m.	11.30 p.m.
MONTREAL	7.00 a.m.	11.30 p.m.
TORONTO	4.40 p.m.	7.15 p.m.
HAMILTON	5.50 p.m.	8.30 a.m.
NIAG. FALLS	7.05 p.m.	10.10 a.m.
BUFFALO	8.20 p.m.	11.28 a.m.
LONDON	7.45 p.m.	11.00 a.m.
DETROIT	8.25 p.m.	1.10 p.m.
CHICAGO	7.50 a.m.	8.45 p.m.

* Daily. † Daily Except Sunday.

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

* A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to the 8.00 a.m. train, serving meals a la carte and refreshments at any hour during the day.

Tourist sleeping cars leave Montreal every Monday and Wednesday at 10.20 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast. A nominal charge is made for accommodation in these sleeping cars. Berths reserved in advance.

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

For tickets, reservations of space in sleeping cars apply to

J. M. DORION, Lachute or St. Philippe Q.
W. H. GARRETT, Lachute, P.Q.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

OTTAWA'S Far-Famed Fair.

The Paragon of Exhibitions.

To be held

Sept. 11th to 19th.

Largely increased prize list and special premiums for competitions and classes. Additions in the interest of the farmer.

Card of races prepared, the best ever announced in Eastern Canada, Trotting and Running every day.

Greatest Looping of the Loop act done. Balloon Ascensions with bomb drop. The grand musical dancers just from Europe, 26 ladies in the troupe. Marvellous performances with trained horses and dogs and many other of the best specialties to be had, already arranged for.

"Eruption of Mount Pelee, Martinique and destruction of St. Pierre," that great calamity that recently horrified the world, to be vividly represented at night. A wonderful spectacular with the grandest of night shows. Grandest fireworks fireworks display ever seen at the Capital.

Special rates on all railways and Steamboats for both exhibitors & visitors

For Prize Lists, Entry forms and all information write the Secretary,

E. McMAHON,
26 Sparks St. Ottawa.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.



THE
SHAWINIGAN
FALLS
ROUTE.

Trains Leave Lachute

Lachute, St. Jerome, Montreal, Ste. Anne, Glasgow, Joliette, Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, etc. (1)
Lachute, St. Jerome, Montreal, Ste. Anne, Glasgow, Joliette, Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, etc. (1)

Trains Arrive Lachute

From Quebec, Shawinigan Falls, Montreal and intermediate points.
All trains connect at St. Jerome with C.P.R. GUY TONNE, A. J. GORRIE, Gen. Frgt. & Pass. Agt., Gen. Supt., QUEBEC.

Jos. Hamel, Agent, Lachute.
J. M. Dorion, Agent, St. Philippe West.



IF THE BREAD'S THERE

The most important part of the meal is—

Our Bread.

will not only sustain life, but take the place of many dainties, which are considered indispensable to the well set table.

This bread is delightfully crisp and palatable. Never gets soggy or sour. Made of the finest hard western wheat flour.

JOHN HOPE.