

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1904.

NO. 22

Walsh's Best Flour

costs no more than the inferior flours now on the Lachute market. WALSH'S FLOUR makes a light, white, wholesome bread; and excellent pastry. Every sack the same. The best

McFaul's Flour Store, Lachute

Large stock of Lake of the Woods and Ogilvie Flour which I am selling at \$2.25 per bag. H. FILLION, Baker, Lachute.

Some very pretty all black muslins at 15, 25, and 45c. per yd. G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Bring in your wool early. We pay 20c. in trade. W. BANFORD.

Nice fine butter in small tubs, 16c. a lb at G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Boys Suits, all kinds, largest stock between Montreal & Ottawa. W. BANFORD.

A few gallons of nice maple syrup in 1 gall. tin 75c. per gall, in 5 gall. tins 75c. per gall. No charge for time, at G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Ladies' Skirts, Northways make. Best in Canada at W. BANFORD'S.

Do not forget to come and see my ladies Cravanne Coats, Mens Waterproof Coats, Ready Made Suits, which will be sold cheaper than anywhere else. Everything up to date, Best of material and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE.

SPECIAL.—Soft front shirts for boys, sizes 13 & 13½. Something nice, also Boys Belts at 25c. G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Men's Suits.—Our great variety is what counts for you. All prices. W. BANFORD.

Wool Wool.—Bring us your wool. We will give you 20c. per lb. in exchange for Tweeds, Flannels, Dress Goods, Boots and Shoes, Carpets etc. G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Bring us your eggs. We can't get too many. We pay now 15c. doz. W. BANFORD.

The Japs are Advancing.—and moving their forces to the front preparing for Port Arthur's fall. We are also on the advance these latter June days preparing for Haying by moving to the front our large and well selected stock of Haying Tools, such as scythes, snaths, stones, hay cutters, hay forks, hand rakes, manilla hay fork rope, etc. Save your money by calling at T. McOUAT & SON.

SPECIAL.—Put on the counter some few pieces of Dress Goods—to clear out. You can have what you want at 20c. per yard. G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Too Great a Risk.

In almost every neighborhood someone has died from an attack of cholera or cholera morbus, often before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. A reliable remedy for these diseases should be kept at hand. The risk is to great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has undoubtedly saved the lives of more people and relieved more pain and suffering than any other medicine in use. It can always be depended upon. For sale by T. Christie, Lachute.

FOR SALE

A corner lot with good buildings, situated in the West Ward, Lachute. Price \$1200.

A lot with buildings, situated on Foundry St., Centre Ward. Price \$400.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms. Apply to

Jas. W. RAITT.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

DENTISTRY.

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

Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. (Absent on Tuesday only.)

Dr. R. S. STACKHOUSE, Sr., Dr. A. W. STACKHOUSE.

SURGEON DENTISTS

Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

N. FOREST,

NOTARY.

ST. SCHOLASTIQUE

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. R. Creswell is visiting friends in Montreal this week.

Miss M. C. James returned from Shawville on Saturday.

Mayor M. J. Strong of Cambria was in town the early part of this week.

Mr. Herbert McAdam accompanied by his sister Miss Ethel, spent Sunday in town.

The Misses A. and M. Shepherd left on Tuesday morning for Cowley, Alberta.

Don't miss the Wrestling Contest in the Victoria Hall on Dominion Day, July 1st.

Miss Anderson and Miss Tibbetts of Ottawa are visiting friends in town.

Miss Bella Geezan of Vankleek Hill spent Sunday with her parents in Lachute.

Mr. Herbert McGregor of New York was the guest of Mrs. P. R. McGibbon on Monday.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Boshart are visiting their many friends in town this week.

Mr. O'Brien the well known advocate of L'Original, was in town this week.

The Misses Lottie and May Graham of Montreal are guests at the Rodrigue Hotel.

Miss Edna McOuat of the Ladies' College, Ottawa, is home for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Miller of L'Original is on a visit to her sister in law Mrs. Miller of the West End.

Miss Buckham left on Tuesday to spend a short holiday with her parents in Huntingdon.

The Guardian Assurance Co. Ltd. is now represented in St. Andrews by Mr. C. T. Wales.

During his stay in Lachute, Bishop Carmichael of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. J. R. Parris.

Mr. Raitt is erecting a handsome new stable and carriage house in rear of his dwelling on Main St.

Dr. A. W. Stackhouse accompanied by his bride, returned from their wedding trip on Monday last.

Miss Nettie Giles of Sawyerville Academy, arrived home for the summer vacation on Monday.

Mr. Smith of the Canada Life, Montreal, is spending this week in town, the guest of Mr. Jas. W. Raitt.

The Misses Ethel and Bessie McOuat are spending a few days at their summer residence in Sixteen Island Lake.

Mrs. J. C. Copping and her son Allan B. have arrived in Lachute and will spend the summer months at "Ivan Bower."

Miss Alice McLaren of Vankleek Hill is spending a short visit in town the guest of her aunt Miss Lizzie McGibbon.

Miss A. Wilson and Miss Cameron of Montreal, have arrived in town and will spend the summer months in our midst.

The Dalesville Baptist Church are holding their strawberry social next Tuesday 5th. You will be assured a good time.

Mind you take in the Wrestling Match in the Victoria Hall on July 1st, at 8 o'clock. Gentlemen 25c. Ladies free.

We are now offering the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star, together with the Watchman for 65c. to the end of the year.

The 11th Batt. Argenteuil Rangers left for camp at Three Rivers on Tuesday morning, under command of Lieut. Col. Hodgson.

The Rev. Ernest Thomas lately pastor of the Methodist Church at Nepean, Ont., arrived in town last week and took charge of his new appointment here on Sunday last.

Those taking in the holiday at Lake Louise, will have the privilege of attending the social and dance at Mr. Jos. Gagnier's, which is now an annual event and at which a good time is always assured.

We are sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mr. Wm. Todd, Lachute Road, who has found it necessary to enter the Victoria Hospital to undergo an operation for the removal of an inward growth.

Mr. E. H. Wilson took his pretty little gasoline launch "The Arrow" to St. Andrews on Saturday morning last for a pleasant trip to his old home in Beaconsfield. He was accompanied by his two sisters Mrs. McIntosh and Miss Annie Wilson and Mr. F. A. Brennan.

Mr. Herbert Blair has just unloaded a car load of McCormick Machines and invites a visit of all interested to see his large assortment of the best machines on the market.

We are pleased to note that two of Miss Buckham's pupils, Miss Katie Pollock and Miss Katie McGibbon have successfully passed their musical exams in the Dominion College of Music, Montreal, and will shortly receive their diplomas.

A Confirmation Service was held on Monday afternoon in St. Simeons Church, when the ordinance was administered to two candidates. The Church was prettily decorated for the occasion and the service was conducted by Bishop Carmichael and assisted by Rural Dean Saunders, Rev. Frank and Herbert Charters.

Lachute was treated to a fine display of fireworks on Tuesday evening. They were fired from the big rock on the mountain, which is now the property of Mr. Omer Paquette, and could be seen to advantage from a great distance. The celebration was under the auspices of the Fanfare d'Argenteuil and in honour of St. Jean Baptiste.

Billy Shaw, light-weight Catch as Catch can wrestler, who will meet all comers at the Victoria Hall, July 1st 1904. He will freit \$25.00 to any light-weight that he fails to throw in 15 minutes. He will meet Hoop r from Toronto, a well known wrestler in Canada. Best two out of three falls to a finish match. Both men in good condition and will put up a good match. Tickets 25c. Ladies free.

A most successful social was held on the lawn of the Rev. Jas. McLaren on Tuesday evening. The lawn was prettily illumined by electric light and numerous Chinese lanterns which gave a very festive appearance. The delicacies furnished, comprising ice cream, cake, candies, fruit etc., were much relished and enjoyed while listening to an excellent programme of music, song and recitation, those taking part being Miss Benedict, Miss Palliser, Messrs. J. John of Hawkesbury, Jas. Drew and Geo. McIntyre. The Revs. Fraser and Boudreau also gave short addresses. Some pretty selections were rendered by the orchestra.

WEDDING BELLS.

A very pretty though quiet wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Jno. Miller, Lachute, when her eldest daughter Ethel Catherine was united in marriage to Mr. Geo. H. Stanforth. The Rev. Ernest Thomas officiating. The bride who was given away by her uncle Mr. Wm. Miller, wore a gown of white silk, carried a bouquet of orange blossoms and was attended by her sister Miss Annie who also carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by Mr. Robt. Pollock. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and useful presents. The ceremony performed an adjournment was made to the dining hall which had been prettily decorated for the occasion with pink roses and where an elaborate spread was partaken of. The happy couple left on the evening train for a trip to Quebec and the Saguenay, the bride travelling in a blue suit and all black hat.

A very pleasing event took place at the home of Mrs. Jas. Hammond, Centreville, on Wednesday evening, June 29th, the occasion being the marriage of her eldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mr. Frank Gaston of Cushing, by the Rev. Jas. M. McLaren. The bride wore white organdie and was attended by her sister Miss Harriet Hammond and the groom by his brother Mr. L. Gaston. They received a large number of handsome and useful presents. The young couple left for their future home that evening, the bride wearing a blue cloth suit with white silk waist and hat to match. We extend to them heartiest congratulations.

BIRTH.

BRADLEY.—At Somis, Calif., on Friday, June 17th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bradley.

HAMPTON.—At Lachute, on Friday, June 24th, the wife of G. E. Hampton of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

RUTHERFORD—PRESTON.—At the Manor, Dalenville, Que., by Rev. T. Watson, on Tuesday, June 22nd, 1904. Robert J. Rutherford of Colborne, Ont., to Mrs. Emma J. Preston, widow of the late David Preston, Mechanical Superintendent of the C.P.R., Montreal.

We have on hand A Large and Well-assorted Stock of

WILLIAMS' PIANOS. EVANS BROS. PIANOS.
DOHERTY ORGANS, SHERLOCK WAINING ORGANS.

New Williams' Sewing Machines, Household Furniture of all description at prices defying all competition. Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Our Stock of BOOTS & SHOES is complete and selling at reduced prices.

J. A. BEDARD & SON,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

THE ELITE.

SUMMER BARGAINS

For Ladies in White wear, Skirts, Fancy Collars, Belts, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins.

Manufacturers samples of white waists. The greatest variety and value ever offered in town. Be sure and see them before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH.

Eyes Examined Free

.. BY THE MOST..

Up-TO-Date METHODS.



Spectacles prescribed only when necessary.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

Graduated of the Optical Institute of Canada,
LACHUTE.

KENNEDY

The
Gentlemen's Outfitter.

SUITINGS in all the nobby patterns of Canadian and Imported Goods.

HATS.—All the Latest and American Shapes and sizes.

Took's Shirts, Collars and Ties.

Campbell's Clothing, the highest grade clothing in Canada.

New Spring Gloves, Underwear, etc.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St. Lachute

About the ...House

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Vegetable Catsup.—To two quarts of chopped vegetable add two pounds of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of vinegar (not too strong), a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and salt and pepper. Cook till reduced to one-half, then boil and seal.

Orange Salad.—Fruit salads are very much the vogue at present and one of the simplest is an orange salad. Peel three oranges and take off all the white skin. Separate in sections and cut off the transparent skin separating them, after pulling it loose. Lay on leaves from the head of lettuce and pour over all a French dressing or a mayonnaise.

Raised Cake.—Cream a large cup of sugar with one half cup of butter and add a beaten egg. Mix with one pint of light bread dough and a level teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat with the hand until soft and white. Flour a cup of stoned raisins and shredded citron, and stir in. Bake in a deep cake tin for one hour in a slow oven. Best when a couple of days old.

Snow Pyramids.—Beat the whites of half a dozen eggs to a stiff froth; add a teaspoonful of currant jelly, and whip all together; fill saucers half full of cream, dropping in the center of each a tablespoonful of the egg and jelly in the shape of a pyramid.

Apple Snow.—Take apples of clear white pulp, pare, core, and quarter, put with the necessary quantity of water over a hot fire, and cook as rapidly as possible. Pass through a sieve, and set in the coldest place you can find. While they are cooling, whip the whites of two or three eggs to a stiff froth, and add some powdered sugar. When the apple has become quite cold, whip the egg into it, and keep it in a cold place until time for serving. Whipped cream may be served with it if desired.

Wine or Lemon Jelly.—Take half a package of gelatin, a gill and a half of cold water; soak for two hours; add one teaspoonful and a third of sugar; and one pint of boiling water; stir all together; add the juice of two lemons, or one glassful of wine; strain through a cloth and put in mold.

Iceland Moss Jelly.—Into one quart of water put about three-fourths of an ounce of moss, and simmer it down to half a pint; add fine sugar and a little lemon juice. One-fourth of an ounce of isinglass will improve it. The moss should first be steeped in cold water for an hour or two.

Cal's Foot Jelly.—Put a couple of calf's feet in three quarts of water and let boil for five hours, or until about half wasted, keeping simmering during the time. Run the liquor through a hair sieve and let it stand until firm, remove the oil and fat from the surface. Take a teaspoonful of water, two wineglassfuls of sherry wine, the juice of half a dozen lemons and the rind of one, half a pound of white sugar, and mix the whole until the sugar melts, then add the jelly; place on the fire in a porcelain kettle, and keep stirring until it comes to the boiling point. Pass it twice through a jelly bag, and put in molds.

MANY USES OF BORAX.

Borax, or, to give it its chemical name, borate of soda, may be used in the household as a substitute for ordinary soda under nearly every condition in which the latter is required with considerable advantage. It is softer, sweeter, and cleaner. In cooking greenstuff, such as cabbage, if the cook uses, instead of the ordinary soda in the pot, half a teaspoonful of borax, the result will be as perfect, colored a vegetable as one can wish to bring to table. At

the same time, while bringing out the coloration borax in no way injures flavors, but rather increases them. It is the secret of the admirable green color and perfect flavor of peas as served up by French cooks. Apart from its uses in the kitchen, borax is an efficient, cheap, and easily obtainable antiseptic. In small and tasteless proportion it will keep milk and butter from turning sour and rancid. Mixed with sugar and rubbed into a ham when the latter is being cured it imparts a fine flavor and renders it safe against the ravages of the "bacon fly." Muslin calico and flimsy cotton goods dipped into a strong solution of borax become practically fireproof. Put into starch it prevents the iron from singeing and forms the "china" glaze so much sought after by laundresses. Ladies who value a fine complexion may be interested to hear that borax is as powerful a skin tonic as arsenic without the latter's poisonous qualities. A tablespoonful of ordinary powdered borax to a washing-basin full of water used every day will, in most cases, produce a clear and fine colored skin in the course of a few weeks. A much advertised skin tonic some week ago, which received many testimonials from persons in high places, was nothing but a medium solution of borax in distilled water with a little attar of rose glycerine, and rectified spirits of wine.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

It is said that if one-third of stewed vegetable be added to any canned sweet fruit, like raspberries, pears and huckleberries, the flavor will be much enhanced.

If pieplant is cut with a sharp knife there will be no "strings" on the pieces.

Toast buttered while very hot digests more slowly than that buttered while just warm enough to melt the butter, while that buttered and then set in the oven is very unhygienic. For sick people, toast should always be served dry, with butter on a separate plate.

It is asserted that the very painful burns caused by carbolic acid can be quickly relieved and blisters prevented by the prompt use of iodine.

If a stamp has lost its sticking qualities and there happens to be no mullage at hand, moisten the gummed edge of an envelope, rub the stamp over it and put it in place. It will take up enough of the gum to make it stay put.

If by mistake you get a soup too salt add a few slices of raw potato and cook a few minutes longer. The potatoes will take up the surplus salt.

Fruit Glace.—Put the fruit on hooks of fine wire, dip into sugar at the sixth degree, and hang where nothing will touch until dry.

A Pretty Dish.—Scoop out the pulp from some oranges, fill the hollowed skins with wine jelly. Fill whipped cream on top. The oranges may be used for cake, pudding, etc.

How to Whip Cream.—Too rich cream, which will hardly pour, will ice cold, and while whipping stand the bowl in a pan of ice water. Skim off the froth as it rises, and continue till all the cream is whipped.

To Blanch Almonds.—Shell the nut and pour boiling water over them. Let them stand a minute, then throw into cold water. Rub between the hands.

To Remove Jellies from Molds.—Have in a pan enough warm water to come to top of the mold, if a tin mold, set in this for about half a minute; if earthen, long enough for the heat to pass through. Wipe the mold, place over it the dish into which the jelly is to be turned, and turn both simultaneously. Remove the mold gently.

How to Boil Sugar.—Put one cup of sugar and half a cup of water on to boil. Do not stir after it boils. Boil fifteen minutes, dip the fingers into cold water, take up a little of the syrup between them; draw apart, and if a thread is formed the sugar is at the second degree, the best for sherbets, preserves, etc. A little later, if on taking a spoon and blow-

PAINFUL RHEUMATISM.

This Trouble is Caused by an Acid in the Blood, and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood. That is a medical truth every sufferer from this trouble should bear in mind. Liniments and outward applications cannot cure what is rooted in the blood—the disease must be cured through the blood. That is the reason rheumatism yields almost like magic to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This new blood conquers the painful poison, sweeps out the aching acid, soothes the nerves, loosens the muscles and banishes rheumatism. Mr. Robert Morrison, one of the best known and most esteemed residents of Guelph, Ont., gives striking testimony to the truth of the statements made above. He says:—"My trouble came gradually and was pronounced muscular rheumatism, and was located chiefly in my neck and shoulders. I can hardly tell you how much I suffered. I was confined to my bed for fifteen months. A great many friends came to see me during that time and I think I am safe in saying that most of them had very few hopes that I would get better. I tried a great many remedies without any lasting benefit. Then I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am thankful to say that through the use of these pills and the indefatigable nursing of my wife I am again on my feet. My neck is still somewhat stiff, but the pain is gone. I am now in my 79th year and I feel that I owe much to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills have cured thousands of the very worst cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and backaches, and they can do the same for you. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ing bubbles fly off, it is the fourth, which is best for creams, etc., and gives a rich flavor to preserves. If taken on a stick it is brittle, it is the sixth, suitable for fruit glaze.

ABOUT SALADS.

The food value of the more delicate raw vegetables as eaten in salad, aside from the oil with which they are dressed, is almost entirely in the contained salts and acids dissolved in their ninety to ninety-five per cent of water. Salads must be held to the pleasure-giving foods, the food accessories rather than true foods. It is well known how scurvy is induced on board ship by the absence of all kinds of fruits or vegetables. The mixing and the flavoring of the salad is a curious thing. The cooked mayonnaise is preferred by some; the more simple French dressing by others, and between are all shades of practice and theory as to the dressing of this succulent dish. Salt, pepper, and acid, and some form of oil, are all that are really essential; the rest, refined taste points towards simplicity.

Granted that one has green salad tender, crisp, well grown, the washing is an important part of the preparation. This should be done in several waters, the last to be ice cold if possible, then the leaves should be placed in a basket or towel and swung to ensure their being well drained, and if necessary each leaf wiped as wet leaves cannot be coated with oil.

The salad habit once established does much to promote good health and cut down the undue use of meat. The dish is capable of endless variation, with fruit and vegetable and a change in the dressing, and is one that may be served at any meal.

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. Box a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

SAVING HIS NEGATIVES.

The man who made a big hole in the barn door for the old cat to come through and a smaller hole for the kitten must have had a kinsman in the Englishman who went fishing with Capt. Andrew Haggard in the Lake St. John country, and whose adventure is related in "Sporting Yarns."

The two men, with Indian guides, were about to shoot a terrific rapids in two canoes. Captain Haggard, who could swim, had little fear. Chambers, his companion, who could not, expected certain death.

"What shall I do if we upset?" he called.

"Tie the camera under your chin," called back his companion. "It's hollow and will make a good life-preserver."

He was vastly amused to see Chambers adopt the suggestion, and hang the camera under his chin. A moment later, however, as they came into the most dangerous place, Chambers snatched it from his neck again, and placed it carefully right side up in the bottom of the canoe.

"What was the matter with the life-preserver?" asked Captain Haggard, when they had safely descended.

"Why, I just happened to think," said Chambers, in all innocence, "that if we upset I should get the pictures wet. So I put it back in the boat."

Strong drink keeps some men down and helps others to get ahead.

FARM-FIELD GARDEN

WHY MILK KEEPS OR SPOILS.

In an experiment on the relation of temperature to the keeping property of milk at the Connecticut Storrs Station, the bacteria in milk multiplied fivefold in twenty-four hours when the temperature was 50 degrees F., and 750 fold in the same time when the temperature was 70 degrees.

Milk kept at 95 curdled in eighteen hours, at 70 in forty-eight hours, and at 50 in 148 hours. So far as the keeping property of milk is concerned, low temperature is considered of more importance than cleanliness.

In milk kept at 95, the species developing most rapidly is the undesirable one known as *Bacillus lactis aerogenes*.

At a temperature of 70, this specie develops relatively less rapidly in the majority of cases than *Bacillus lactis acidii*, which latter is very desirable in both cream and cheese ripening.

The bacteria in milk kept at 50, increase slowly, and later consist of very few lactic organisms, but of miscellaneous types including many forms that render the milk unwholesome.

These bacteria continue to grow slowly day after day, but the milk keeps sweet because the lactic organisms do not develop abundantly.

Such milk in the course of time becomes far more unwholesome than sour milk, since it is filled with organisms that tend to produce putrefaction.

Although the temperature of 50 degrees is to be emphatically recommended to the dairyman for the purpose of keeping his milk sweet and in proper condition for market, he must especially guard against the feeling that milk which is several days old is proper for market, even though it is still sweet and has not curdled.

Quite the reverse is the case. Old milk is never wholesome, even though it has been kept at a temperature of 50 degrees and still remains sweet and uncurdled.

This very considerably modifies some of our previous ideas concerning milk, for it has been generally believed that, so long as the milk remains sweet, it is in good condition for use. Quite the contrary in this case, if it has been kept at a temperature of 50 degrees, or in this vicinity.

It is not unlikely that it is this fact that leads to some of the cases of ice cream poisoning so common in summer.

The cream is kept at a low temperature for several days, until a considerable quantity has accumulated or a demand has come for ice cream, and when made into ice cream, it is filled with bacteria in great numbers, and of a suspicious character.

PASTURE FOR SWINE.

I believe that greater returns for the amount invested can be obtained from grazing any other kind of live stock writes Mr. T. W. Jones. There must be sown the right kind of grasses to get the best results. First and foremost as a hog pasture is clover. I keep a plot coming on all of the time for the hogs. Do not wait until one set of clover has perished before sowing another. These fields need not be very large if they are judiciously managed. The hogs should have access only to a small part at a time.

Two years ago I purchased 80 hogs averaging about 90 pounds each, in the early spring. I gave them access to clover pasture with a slight mixture of other grasses. September 1 these hogs were weighed, before being put in the feed pen. They had gained about 75 pounds each on grass alone that summer. Stock hogs being worth 7 cents per pound that year, it will readily be seen that they made a gain of \$5.25 per head with no feed other than grass.

On the same farm and during the same period was grazed 20 head of short two-year-old cattle. They made a gain of 300 pounds per head that season, which sold at 4 cents per lb. or a gain of \$12 per head. One hog, costing about \$6, gained about one-half as much as a steer that cost \$28. In other words, one hog gained \$2 to where the steer gained \$1. Some may contend that these were exceptional values for stock hogs. It was also an exceptionally good year in the cattle trade. Count the gains made by the hogs even at 4 cents, and one will readily see that the balance is in favor of the hog. Taken one year with another, I believe that decidedly greater gains will be made by grazing hogs than other live stock. No doubt a little grain mixed with clover would give better results than those obtained from clover alone.

Cowpeas and soy beans are of great value for fattening hogs. These plants afford feed for swine when they need a change from clover. Alfalfa may be fed green or it may be cured and fed to them in the mid-winter. Rape also has many friends among swine raisers, who make great claims as to results obtained from feeding it. I do not think there is any crop that will excel rye for winter pasture. It should be sown early and given a good start before winter sets in. There are times when it is not the best policy to let swine have access to rye. An

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from any stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets. Don't be afraid of this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Give the Tablets to the sick child and watch the quick relief and rapid restoration to health and strength. Thousands of mothers are using this medicine for their little ones, and they all praise it. What stronger evidence can you want? Mrs. D. A. McAdair, Sandringham, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets certainly fill all the claim you make for them so far as my experience goes." Consider them a perfect medicine for children and always keep them in the house. You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or I you write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., they will send you a box by mail post paid for 21 cents.

occasional run on this forage, however, will bring good returns.

CULTURE OF THE MANGEL.

Of all the foot crops, the mangel-wurzel or stock beet is, perhaps, the most important, both as to feeding value and amount of yield per acre. Turnips make a valuable catch crop, but the mangel must be sown early in this season and cultivated to secure a satisfactory yield. The free ground from weed seeds, the least arduous will be the work of cultivation.

The soil should be well stirred, harrowed and leveled. If possible choose a well drained location and give a liberal application of well rotted manure. The seed may be put in with an ordinary garden seed drill gauged to sow rather thickly in the row to insure a good stand. I prefer to have the rows about 24 inches or 2 feet apart, as the top soon fall over and shade the ground between, discouraging weed growth. As soon as the young plants can be seen, go along the rows and pull out all the weeds, giving the young plants a chance to get a good start. In a week take the hoe and cultivate the ground between the rows, thinning out the plants as you go along. This may be done by taking the hoe and skimming off the unnecessary plants near the top of the ground, using care not to disturb those you wish to save. Six inches apart in the row is as close as they should stand, and if the soil is in good condition and rich, 8 to 10 inches is better.

Use shallow cultivation throughout the season, or until the plants spread out and cover the space between the rows, when they may be left to secure their growth. They should not be harvested until October or November, when they may be stored in hills like turnips and cabbage.

AN ILLUMINATING CRAB.

One of the marine curiosities fished some time ago from the bottom of the Indian Ocean was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity emitted by the common glow-worm. The crab was captured in the daytime and placed in a large tank containing specimens of fish, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab lit up the tank so that the other creatures in it could be plainly seen.

A woman's smile catches men as molasses catches flies.

BOTH JAWS SHOT AWAY.

Still a Successful Business Man.

A man who had both jaws shot away had trouble eating ordinary food but found a food-drink that supplies the nutriment needed. He says:

"I have been an invalid since the siege of Vicksburg, in 1866, where I was wounded by a Minie ball passing through my head and causing the entire loss of my jaws. I was a drummer boy and at the time was leading a skirmish line, carrying a gun. Since that time I have been awarded the medal of Honor from the Congress of the United States, for gallantry on the field."

"The consequences of my wound were dyspepsia in its most aggravated form and I finally proved ordinary food was very hard on my stomach so I tried Postum and got better. Then I tried common coffee again and got worse. I did this several times and finally as Postum helped me every time I continued to use it, and how often I think that if the Government had issued Postum to us in the Army how much better it would have been for the soldier boys than coffee."

"Coffee constipates me and Postum does not; coffee makes me spit up my food, Postum does not; coffee keeps me awake nights, Postum does not. There is no doubt coffee is too much of a stimulant for most people and is the cause of nearly all the constipation."

"This is my experience and you are at liberty to use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Baby Eczema and Skin Diseases

Which Torture Children are Soon Entirely Cured by the Use of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Especially during the teething period, children are subject to eczema, scald head and various forms of skin disease, which cause the keenest suffering to themselves, as well as anxiety to their parents.

There is no treatment so successful as Dr. Chase's Ointment, and as eczema always tends to become chronic and last for years, prompt cure is of the utmost importance.

Mr. C. Wiley, who is employed as cooper by the Kennedy & Davis Milling Company, Lindsay, Ont., states: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema on my little girl some few years ago, and soon brought about a thorough and permanent cure. She had suffered for considerable time, and though we tried a great many remedies, Dr. Chase's Ointment was the only preparation to prove effective. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment, as it certainly effected a prompt and permanent cure in this case."

Mr. Wm. Kirkness, farmer, Mr.

Forest, Ont., states:—"I find that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best thing I ever used for chafing, itching skin and burns and sores of all kinds. It heals them up very quickly, and I believe that there is no better ointment to be obtained than Dr. Chase's. We have found it invaluable and always keep it in the house."

Any mother who once becomes acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment would not think of being without it in the house. Where there is a baby or small children it is of daily value as a means of curing skin irritations and eruptions, chafing and all sorts of burns and sores.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

"Please don't hint at such a horrible possibility, Kate," said Mary fearfully.

"I shall turn up again, never fear. I'm not a bit afraid, and I won't be frightened. So there!" She said these words with such determination as to silence her companions, while her tightly-set lips and the resolute expression of her countenance betokened a firm resolution not easily shaken.

But now time was progressing, so they adjourned to the paddock, where King Olaf had just put in an appearance. Old Stirrup walked by the side of the horse, and led him proudly round, while ever and again his rugged face lit up a smile of triumph, when some such admiring remarks as, "He's a good 'un 'ee is," "There goes the winner," etcetera, fell upon his ear. And indeed King Olaf fully deserved the flattering encomiums heaped upon him by the public at large, for in the last three weeks Colonel Clinker had taken great pains with his conditioning, and short as the time had been, had effected a considerable improvement in his appearance. As King Olaf walked jauntily by, swinging his tail from side to side, moving with that light springy step peculiar to him, he looked a perfect beauty, and so sleek, gentle, and docile, few would have given him credit for possessing such high courage and daring. His mane had been carefully plaited that morning by Kate's own white and nimble little fingers, and his whole appearance was that of a racehorse. True he seemed a trifle lighter in the barrel than he had done a month ago, but then what flesh he now carried was hard and firm as a board, while the muscles on his strong arms and thighs could almost have been counted. Colonel Clinker had given him his last gallop, and knew the horse to be not only fit and well in himself, but also, in all probability (though still, of course, but imperfectly trained) in a far better state of condition than any adversary he would be called upon to meet. He entertained small fears of King Olaf, his chief anxiety being on Kate's account. He called up all sorts of imaginary dangers, and rendered himself quite miserable in their contemplation. She might fall, she might be cannoned against, she might be jumped upon, she might not be able to hold King Olaf, she might even be dragged and killed outright. There were no end to his anxieties, which grew in intensity as the hour drew nigh, until they became almost unbearable.

"Swear to take care of yourself," he whispered in Kate's ear as she disappeared into the dressing-room. The color had almost forsaken his cheeks and his voice trembled with emotion.

"Dear me, how timid we are to be sure!" she exclaimed flippantly, trying to resist the impression he produced, but the evident interest he took in her welfare touched her in spite of herself, and prompted her almost involuntarily to hold out her hand.

He grasped it warmly, and she added with a little reassuring nod—

"Au revoir, my revered pastor and master. Cast away all fear as unworthy both of us. I tell you everything will be right. Your pupil has not the smallest intention of disgracing herself or you."

And then she vanished behind the heavy folds of the red curtain concealing the doorway, and left him to think what an idiot he was, and yet how impossible it was to help being one where she was concerned.

"She's a veritable sorceress, a witch, an enchantress, and I am her slave!" reflected Jack Clinker, as he wound his way to the paddock in order to superintend the saddling of King Olaf. "I wish to God I were a rich man, I'd ask her to marry me to-morrow, not that I expect I should have the ghost of a chance. There are some women one feels sure of, but she is full of contradictions—charming one minute, cold the next, made up of variety: tantalizing, sarcastic, lovable, and delightful by turns, but not the sort of girl to let a fellow think she cares two straws about him, whether she does or not. Well, for my part I like such women. Easy conquests lack piquancy, and nothing good in this world is to be obtained without trouble, delay, and striving. All the same, I wish she were not so damnably rich. It makes a man look like a fortune-hunter, and no one gives him credit for disinterested affection. If I proposed to Miss Brewster, kind friends would say I cared only for her money. Helgh-ho! It's uncommon hard lines, in more ways than one, being a pauper, or next door to it. A chap's obliged to stick to his bachelor habits when all the income he possesses barely suffices to pay his cigar and flower bills, and yet, upon my soul, I'm getting awfully sick of single blessedness!"

While awaiting Kate's reappearance he purchased a card, and looking over it found there were but six horses colored, namely, Lady Anne Birkett's brown gelding, Hastings, aged, pedigree unknown; yellow and black stripes, yellow cap. Mrs. Forrester's Singing Bird, by Muscician out of Lighthouse, scarlet, scarlet-and-black cap. Mrs. Paget's grey gelding, Duncan Grey, aged, pedigree unknown; chocolate, pink sleeves and cap. Miss Brewster's chestnut gelding, King Olaf, by Norseman out of Ice Maiden, six years old; sky blue and gold. Mrs. Phipps' black horse, Black Anster, aged, by Historian, dam unknown, cherry, yellow band, and Miss Palliser's bay mare, Coquette, five years, by the Beau out of Scandal.

"Hi'm," said Colonel Clinker, when Kate re-entered the paddock in all the glories of her racing kit. "Out of that lot we may dismiss two—Hastings and Duncan Grey—straight away. Poor old Hastings is a long sight too far gone in the forelegs to take to steeplechasing as an amusement in his declining years. I should not be at all surprised if he did not even get round the course. As for Duncan Grey, he's a slow, lumbering brute, who can't gallop faster than you can kick a hat along. He's no more use than a headache, and though a fairly good fencer will not prove very formidable. Singing Bird is a well-bred animal, and the best of Mrs. Forrester's lot, but with that lady's mania for purchasing cheap coats and mixing them with all sorts of experimental articles of food, I very much doubt her ability to stay. Nevertheless, though not in the same street with King Olaf, it won't do to estimate Singing Bird's chance too lightly. To begin with, as a four-year-old, she takes the allowance, and, secondly, the services of so experienced a sportsman as Mrs. Forrester will add many pounds more in her favor, so that altogether we must regard the pair as decided adversaries. Mrs. Forrester will ride a waiting race throughout, in order that if the hare comes to grief, she, as the tortoise, may profit by the occurrence. She will take advantage of the smallest error any of you commit, and won't go over a yard of unnecessary ground. In fact, so highly do I estimate Mrs. Forrester's chance, that were there any betting on the transaction she should certainly carry all my place money. Having disposed of her, we next arrive at Black Anster. I know him well of old as a rare good hunter, but alas! possessed with that not infrequent infirmity—shortness of breath. At the first symptom of a tussle this little defect in his respiratory organs will interfere with his powers of winning, and in my opinion annihilate them altogether. And now we come to Miss Palliser's Coquette—a dark animal, of whom neither I nor anyone else know anything—purchased, I fancy, purposely for this occasion, and pretty sure to be dangerous; so much so, indeed, that I hear she has backed herself to win for fifty pounds. All I can say is, I devoutly hope she may lose. However, I advise you to keep a sharp look out on that objectionable female's movements, for she is capable of anything, and if I mistake not already owes you a grudge."

"Me?" exclaimed Kate, innocently. "What have I done to offend her, pray?"

"You may well ask that question. Nothing unless it be you have ridden a trifle too hard in the hurrying-field to please her majesty."

"Oh! she's that sort of woman, is she?"

"Very much that sort of woman. So be extremely careful how you give her a chance of cannoning or knocking you out of the course."

"Really! I always looked upon Miss Palliser as a very harmless personage."

"And thereby displayed your intense ignorance. She's anything but harmless. On the contrary, she's exceedingly mischievous and exceedingly jealous. However, forewarned is forearmed."

"If you inveigh in such strong terms against the lady, I shall begin to suspect that you are a disappointed swain," said Kate saucily.

"A disappointed swain, indeed!" echoed he, laughing heartily. "That is capital, but your surmises are by no means correct. For many as have been the passages of arms between myself and Miss Palliser, any interchanges of a tenderer nature have been left out in the cold altogether. It will have to be a very long bow, shot by her ancient hand, that succeeds in sending a dart into my heart. That," with an emphasis on the word, "has been reserved for someone else to do."

He sent a swift inquiring glance at Kate, and those clear eyes produced so much confusion that she turned her head aside, before, after a pause, answering coldly—

"You are enigmatical and metaphorical language is always difficult to understand. I object to Cupid's weapon, and also to Cupid himself, as a young gentleman of erratic and unsatisfactory manners. But here comes Mrs. Forrester; let us go and hear her ideas on things in general."

Decidedly Jack Clinker's tender insinuations were not amply received, and fell harmless to the ground, like a poor wounded, fluttering bird, who strives to take wing and soar on high, and yet who at each endeavor recognizes more and more its utter powerlessness. He was beginning to find it better to stick to generalities, and not to attempt a forward policy that was pretty sure to meet with rebuff. He gave no outward expression, however, to his feelings of discomfiture, but advanced to meet Mrs. Forrester with all good grace. Neither he nor Kate could refrain from a broad smile when they viewed the old lady, who arrayed in a rusty brown skirt, adorned with a huge leather patch at the knee, and a loose scarlet Garibaldi, indeed looked as if she despised all those effects produced by personal adornment. Her sharp eyes immediately detected an expression of amusement on her companions' faces.

"Ah! she said, 'you are laughing at my get-up. I can see. Never mind, I'm uncommonly proud of my racing colors. They cost me the large sum of three and threepence halfpenny, including the cricketer cap. I bought a remnant of red flannel at tenpence yard, and consider I did the thing very economically. Now if I tumble about in the dirt I shan't have any fine clothes to spoil like some of you smart young people,' with a good-humored glance at Kate. 'My garments will wash, which is more than can be said of yours.'"

"Ah, my dear lady, you resemble the inestimable Mrs. Gilpin, who, though on pleasure bent, possessed a frugal mind," said Colonel Clinker gallantly.

"It's a pity for some people they don't rejoice in a similar virtue," retorted Mrs. Forrester. "If you were to practise economy, Master Jack, for instance, there would be no great harm done."

"And perhaps no great good either. There must be some extravagant people in the world, if only for the sake of promoting trade. Are you going to win, Mrs. Forrester?"

"I wish I could answer that question. I mean to try."

"I was telling Miss Brewster that you and Miss Palliser were the only two competitors she need really fear."

"I don't count for much, I'm afraid, but I hear Miss Palliser has set her heart on winning, and scoured all over the country after a horse to her mind. That's Coquette going by now. Do you see the big mare, next to Miss Brewster's chestnut? Looks like speed."

But further conversation was cut short by the mounting of the equestriennes and the marshalling them forth in proper array. Time had long since been up, and people were getting a trifle impatient at the delay, though had they but realized the difficulties of starting six fair ladies, pulling up their girths, shortening their stirrups, adjusting their habits, and taking in their curb-chains, they might have displayed a greater leniency. However, at length all was ready for a start, and the half-dozen Amazons, round whom much interest was centered, emerged from the paddock in Indian file. King Olaf and Coquette certainly carried off the honors in point of looks. This latter proved a great big fine upstanding thoroughbred mare, showing a lot of quality, and as far as appearances went seemed likely to be the chestnut's most formidable opponent. Singing Bird came next in the public estimation, but she looked light and in poor condition. The competitors now went for their preliminary canter, which called forth many comments among the multitude, who freely criticised the ladies' seats and hands. Good-natured Lady Anne, on her dilapidated steed, beamed with fun and merriment, as if impelled to impart her own pleasure to those around. Mrs. Paget appeared decidedly nervous and ill at ease. Mrs. Phipps was exceedingly solemn and somewhat out of her element. Mrs. Forrester represented real business, while Miss Palliser looked grim yet excited, and Kate resolute.

CHAPTER XXI.

After a little more delay, during which last words of caution and advice were being whispered into fair ears, the six horses were got together pretty evenly, and the flag dropped to a really excellent start. In another minute the whole half-dozen came sweeping by the spectators at a very fair pace, all in a cluster, but they had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards or so before it was curious to watch how first one, then another, began to straggle, while the horses' tails bobbed up and down like those of ducks in a pond, as they labored uphill over the trying ridge-and-furrow. Poor Duncan Grey rolled about like a ship in a gale of wind, and lost ground at every stride, while the unfortunate Mrs. Paget, who was inclined to embonpoint, bumped painfully to and fro in the saddle. Old Hastings also plodded on with manifest exertion, and did not appear to go the pace. Meantime Kate, bearing in mind Colonel Clinker's last admonitions, pulled King Olaf to the rear, much against the gallant chestnut's will, for he was keen as mustard, and, thanks to his muscular and compact conformation, glided lightly on and off the top of each ridge with the activity of a young chamois clambering amidst its native rocks. Singing

Bird and Black Anster were both ahead, while Miss Palliser, untouched by any prudent considerations, and animated by the sole desire of distancing her opponents, was forcing the running, and already held a clear six lengths' lead. In this order they arrived at the first fence, over which they flew without any greater mishap than Hastings jumping short and bringing his hind legs down with a crash on the top of the binders, making a big clap by which Duncan Grey profited, as he swerved half way across the course towards it, and thereby so displaced poor Mrs. Paget's centre of gravity that she was within an ace of cutting a voluntary and was so long before she recovered her equilibrium as to occasion her partisans the greatest anxiety. They galloped on bravely enough, the ladies really acquitting themselves most creditably without any material change taking place in their respective positions until they came to the next obstacle, another flying fence, only with the ditch this time on the far side, and here Hastings, whose temper had probably been upset by the feel of the thorns at the last one, whipped round to the left, and, to the intense annoyance of their respective owners, induced Duncan Grey very nervously ridden by Mrs. Paget, to do the same. The other four horses got well over, and entered the plough with nearly a hundred yards' advance of the two miscreants. Coquette by this time had still further increased her lead, Singing Bird, Black Anster, and King Olaf, close together, being a good way behind, but when they got into the deep ground it became evident that Miss Palliser had been making too much use of the mare, for she gradually came back to her horses, and allowed the distance between them to diminish to such a considerable extent that when they reached the fences in and out of the road King Olaf was almost abreast, with the other two in immediate attendance. Miss Palliser, irritated at seeing the trio so near, instead of steering Coquette, as she ought to have done, raised her whip-hand and gave the mare a smart switch, in consequence of which she landed too far into the road, and blundered badly on jumping out, almost coming down on her knees, and throwing Miss Palliser well forward; while Kate, remembering what she had been told, kept King Olaf firmly in hand, and negotiated the double obstacle beautifully. This little episode left her the advantage, and enabled her not only to have first shy at the water, but also to choose the particular spot Colonel Clinker had advised. She gave King Olaf a little cheer of encouragement, which he knew well of old, a slight shake of the bridle, and then set the good horse resolutely at the brook, close to where the white flag stood on the right-hand side. But Miss Palliser's jealousy was now more than aroused, and indeed had rapidly become so overmastering as to dispel any last lingering remnants of prudence. She called upon poor Coquette, and at the very moment King Olaf took off came with a tremendous rush at the identical place selected by her rival. The consequence was a violent collision occurred in the air, which very nearly upset both horses, and knocked them all to pieces for the time being.

Old Stirrup, with that mysterious affinity which tells us intuitively where sympathy is to be found, had crept up to Colonel Clinker's side, and was watching the race with alternate feelings of pleasure, hope, anxiety, and pride. The latter sentiment was gaining a decided predominance when the event above alluded to took place.

"Dash my buttons! Did you see that?" he exclaimed, trembling with indignation and excitement. "She did it on purpose. I see her with my own eyes, and a more deliberate or disgraceful foul I never witnessed."

Colonel Clinker put down his glasses for one second, rubbed them hastily with the corner of his silk pocket-handkerchief, and muttered between his set teeth—

"Damn that beast of a woman! She's a bigger brute even than I thought."

Stirrup overheard the words and knew that one person at least shared his virtuous wrath. He had thought well of the Colonel from the first, but now he went up greatly in his estimation as an assured well-wisher of his beloved mistress, and one who would stick to her through thick and thin.

By what, however, appeared little short of a miracle, King Olaf and Coquette managed to regain their legs, after a scramble, without any worse catastrophe arising from the encounter than loss of position. Both Singing Bird and Black Anster passed them. Nevertheless, King Olaf decidedly escaped the best of the two, for thanks to having started first, he received the brunt of the shock on his hind quarters, while Coquette, whose impetus had been greater, tumbled right down on her head, and sprawled several yards before recovering herself.

Kate could not help feeling angry. Perhaps most people would have done so under the circumstances.

"What do you mean by riding like that?" she asked severely.

"Nothing. I shall ride as I choose," came the sullen rejoinder.

(To be continued.)

Only the weak have time to worry. Meditation is the mold of character.

STORY OF A LONDON BANK

ROMANTIC AND BRILLIANT CAREER OF COUTTS

Counts the Greatest People in All the Land Among Its Customers.

When James Coutts, far back in the eighteenth century, took the coach from Edinburgh to London and opened his modest establishment in the Strand, he probably never dreamt to what an important tree his little acorn would grow; for Coutts is not only one of the largest private banks in the world, but for many a generation it has counted Kings and Queens and the greatest people in all the land among its customers. But it was really to Thomas Coutts, who followed his brother to London and became his partner, that the bank owes its brilliant career.

Thomas brought all a Scot's grit and caution from the Northern capital, and to these he added a conspicuous honesty and a charm of manner which made clients of the best class flock to him. In illustration of his astuteness a tale is told of how, when he was entertaining some brother bankers at dinner, one of them mentioned casually that a certain great lord had applied to him for a loan of \$150,000, and as his security was not satisfactory the loan was refused. Thomas listened, and

SAYING NOT A WORD, but after his guests had departed he drove to his lordship's house, arranged an interview with him for the following morning, and handed over thirty £1,000 notes in exchange for his I O U. His confidence was not misplaced, for Lord—became his best client, and a few weeks later paid \$1,000,000 into the bank.

Thomas Coutts seems to have been born to romance, for when he wanted a wife he turned his back on all the splendid alliances he might have made and married his brother's maid of-all-work fresh from the soapuds. The three daughters of this odd union became respectively the Countess of Guilford, the Marchioness of Bute, and Lady Francis Burdett; and it is the daughter of this last marriage and the grand-daughter of the pretty buxom handmaiden who is to-day known the whole world over as the philanthropic Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Nothing pleased Thomas better than some out-of-the-way adventure; and he loved to court odd experiences by going about, millionaire though he was, in the shabbiest of clothes. One day—the story is well known—he was walking along the Strand with his hands behind his back, when a gentleman, struck by his forlorn, poverty-stricken appearance, quietly slipped a guinea into one of his upturned palms. Coutts thankfully pocketed the coin, and was able to show it the very same evening to his unknown benefactor, who had been invited to meet the

MILLIONAIRE AND BANKER, whom he did not know by sight, at dinner.

George II. took a great fancy to the eccentric and lovable man, and promptly made him his banker; and since that day most of the Royalties and principal peers have put their autographs on Coutts' cheques which bear the legend, "At the Three Crowns in the Strand, next door to the Globe Tavern, A.D. 1692." The great Duke of Wellington had his account at the bank, Nelson made it one of his last places of call before starting for Trafalgar, Pitt was a constant customer, and so were Lord Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, even the great Shah himself, and hundreds of others whose names figure largely in history. Thomas Coutts survived until 1822, and left his immense fortune to his widow, who was to die Duchess of St. Albans; and she in turn bequeathed it to her first husband's favorite grand-daughter, the Baroness of today.

For those in search of treasure there could be no more ideal hunting ground than the vast vaults which underlie Coutts' Bank, for they are packed, in some cases to the ceiling, with boxes and trunks full of all kinds of valuables. Many of the boxes have lain untouched for nearly two centuries, the owners of some are unknown, and it would be difficult to find anywhere more fascinating rooms to explore. Some day soon—the date is wisely kept secret—all these treasures and many more will be conveyed along the Strand in guarded pantechnicons to the bank's new and magnificent headquarters, where surely the shade of simple Thomas Coutts will scarcely feel at home.

DISPELLING THE ILLUSION.

The silvery moon looked down upon them as they stood upon the pier, ravenously devouring the love-light in each other's eyes.

As he gazed upon her ethereal form he wondered how such an angelic creature could survive in such a vulgar and unsympathetic world. She looked so bewitchingly fair that it seemed like desecration for him to touch her, and he longed to speak to her with a golden harp instead of the commonplace, every-day language. Surely such a sweet mouth was never intended to drink anything but the nectar of the gods? Her—

"Becca," said a little voice at her side, "ma wants to know if you want tripe or liver an' onions for supper?"

Then the young man's watch stopped, and a seagull fell into the water and was drowned.

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The Watchman AND OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

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J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE, QUEBEC

TO SAVE THE SCOTCH.

Sir Wilfred Laurier has felt it important that he should explain his reference to Lord Dundonald as a "foreigner" and a "stranger." He thinks it must be apparent to any man reading his speech that he did not design any offence. But perhaps as good a test as one needs to settle that point is the significant fact that the Toronto Globe wholly omitted to publish at the time, that portion of the speech. The most sensational features of Sir Wilfred's speech were the application of the term "foreigner" to Dundonald and his resentment of what he was pleased to call "dragooning." In the former instance the Premier was met instantly with a storm of "No, No." Why did the Globe fail to publish this scene? Its very silence was a confession that it feared the remark would be resented by its own readers. If the matter was as innocent as Sir Wilfred would now have the people believe the Globe did the First Minister a grievous hurt by implying that its publication would damage him with such a faithful class as the Globe subscribers. Now, however, that Scotchmen throughout Canada resent the insult to Lord Dundonald and a loss of votes impends, most strenuous efforts are being made to undo the damage, and a carefully prepared speech has been made, and will be widely distributed in Liberal constituencies, to save to the Government the support which now threatens to desert it on account of its treatment of a gallant officer and one who is held in the highest esteem by his King and country.

LATEST SENSATION

Next to the dismissal of Lord Dundonald, because he made the only protest that he believed would be effective against the prostituting of the militia to party ends by Hon. S. Fisher, and the general lack of sympathy of the present Government with the effort to place the force on an efficient footing, the sensation of the week is the possible retirement of Auditor-General McDougall, another Scotchman, from his post as "the watchdog of the Treasury." Last March he warned the Government that unless he was placed in a position to properly protect the national funds he would ask to be superannuated. Believing from the course of the Government in the recent debate on the Davis contract that there was no intention to grant his request, Mr. McDougall sent in his resignation asking that it be given effect on July 1st. It is a well-deserved tribute to the Auditor-General that the very thought of his retirement from the post, on the eve of the vast expenditures

about to be made in the construction of the new transcontinental railway, has filled the press of Canada with alarm and caused a universal appeal that he would withdraw his resignation and that the Government should render him the assistance necessary to enable him to properly supervise the various and increasing expenditures on public account. If it was the plan of the Government to force him out of his position and secure a more pliant officer in that post and so facilitate expenditures, it would appear that the popular demand was too strong for them to disregard, for the Finance Minister announced in the Commons on Monday that the resignation had not been accepted.

RACIAL APPEALS.

The Montreal Witness, one of the best Liberal organs in Canada, feels constrained to rebuke the Minister of Militia for his appeals to race prejudice, made in the course of his speech on the motion to censure Hon. Mr. Fisher for interfering with Lord Dundonald in organizing the 13th Scotch Light Horse. It says:

"Sir Frederick Borden has twice recently committed the same offence. On Monday last, in a widely published interview, he said: 'The fact that we added two officers, with the substantive rank of colonel, in no way affected their pay. Both officers had served in South Africa, and one of them, whose name the General struck off, was the only French-Canadian in the list.' Again, in the House of Commons, Sir Frederick Borden said in the course of his speech, 'he regretted that Lord Dundonald, in organizing the regiment, had ignored the name of the District Officer Commanding. Col. Roy was a French-Canadian. He did not know whether that had anything to do with Lord Dundonald's course.' These extremely mischievous appeals to race prejudice cast an unpleasant suggestion of weakness about Sir Frederick's position. They are calculated to make our militiamen take racial sides and to up ill-will between them. That Lord Dundonald had any such petty and foolish race antipathies we do not believe, but he does seem to have had a distaste for men, whatever their race, owing their positions to political rather than to military considerations."

A BRIGHT PROSPECT.

Crop reports from Manitoba and the North-west are of the brightest. The promise at the corresponding period in former years was never so cheering, and if conditions continue as favorable till the harvesting is safely accomplished the West will be the gainer by nearly another hundred million dollars. It is by such means that the prosperity of the Agricultural classes is secured. Covetous eyes will be cast by American manufacturers upon this avalanche of wealth placed by a kind Providence to the credit of Canadian farmers and they will spare no effort to draw off as much of it as possible. The true national policy is one that fosters the development within our own borders of those industries which are requisite and possible to supply the demands of the Canadian farmer. Why should the latter spend his money with the Americans who will buy nothing from him in return. Let him trade with the manufacturer in his own land who will buy from him the products which he has to sell. To this end he must cooperate in securing adequate protection for Canadian industries that the workmen may have the wherewithal to buy the supplies grown on Canadian soil.

Whatever have the good Scotchmen of Canada done to merit the insults that are being hurled at them by some of the Liberal party leaders.

Sir Wilfred Laurier calls them foreigners "and strangers" and the Province of Quebec calls its hands and cheeks, Here, Here...

This is not enough, the Montreal Herald, kept alive by his Government printing contracts, and controlled by Hon. Mr. Fisher, sneers at the Scotchmen and says they are in this country to make room in Old Scotland for Dundonald's estate.

We are not drawing upon our imagination. Such these insults have been heaped out to the Scotchmen the past week.

If Scotchmen allow these insults to pass unheeded and unrepented they will have their own share of the blame.

They will be heard from without doubt at the very earliest opportunity that offers.

—Yankee Hill Review.

PLUNGED 300 FEET.

SAD DEATH OF ALEXANDER PINKERTON, FORMERLY OF CHATEAU, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE CENTRE STAR MINE, ON JUNE 17th.

(The following is an extract from the Rossland news.)

The above sad news was reported to friends and relatives of one of our county boys, who left here but six years ago to make for himself a fortune and name in the Far West. That he succeeded in establishing a name that will live is evidenced by the letters received by his loved ones from those far distant who speak of him as an energetic, industrious, straightforward young man and one in whom implicit confidence was placed.

From reports it seems that the young man was cage tender in pursuance to his ordinary duties was loading the cages at the 500 foot level of the Centre Star shaft when he took his fatal plunge at 11.30. No one was at the station at the time and the cause of his fall can only be conjectured. It is supposed that in passing round the shaft to load the cage on the east side of the opening his foot slipped precipitating him to death, or that he tried to step across the shaft, to the east side and stepped short. Certain it was, that immediately after signalling the engineer to hoist the west cage Pinkerton made a move that led to his death. His remains were brought home on Thursday and the following day the funeral took place and was largely attended. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Brown of Grenville, and assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fraser of Cushing. Deceased, who was a member of the Oddfellows Lodge in Milan was attended by several of the brethren from Laurentian Lodge No. 14 I.O.O.F., Lachute, who took part in the burial service at St. Andrews and placed on the grave their simple tokens comprising the three links and an "in Memoriam" flag. Much sympathy is expressed to the sorrowing family in their sad bereavement.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Editor of the WATCHMAN.

Sir:—Indignant correspondent of Brownburg in criticising my letter which appeared in the Watchman of June 17th, expressed the opinion that I was misinformed with regard to the quarrel which took place on Saturday night June 11th. It is quite evident that the statements made in that letter were correct as not one of those engaged in that fight have attempted to deny one of the statements which that letter contained. Then he ventures to say that if I had been a business man no such letter would have been written. If my indignant friend had been better acquainted with my past career, he would not have ventured such a statement, as the writer of this article was seven years doing business with the public before selling out, but that business never caused me to remain silent on any such question.

No business man has any reason to regret the loss of custom who spend their earnings in the saloons and leave their honest debts unpaid. The question is asked, Are the residents of Brownburg to be held responsible for the reputation given them by the proprietor of that saloon? Certainly not, if his statements were false. But if true, Brownburg correspondent was uselessly throwing away his indignation when he wrote that letter. According to his own confession he would not have known anything about the reputation given the people of Brownburg Factory, if my letter had remained unpublished. Then, instead of indignation, I am entitled to the gratitude of those people for giving them an opportunity of repudiating the statements made by the saloon-keeper in question.

My indignant friend concludes by saying that he considers it unjust to be censured in such a manner. The letter in question contained only facts without censure or comment. Honest men have nothing to fear in the publication of facts. It is only those who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil, who resent having their actions exposed by the public press.

WALTER M. O'CAT.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

The great topic of the day is a union of the churches. The Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday Schools have decided to take the lead and have a grand union picnic on Tuesday, July 5th 1904, at St. Jerome. A special train will leave the G.N.E. Station, Lachute, at 10.30 a.m., returning leaves St. Jerome at 5 p.m. Come along and enjoy yourselves in the grove and seeing the sights. Railway fare 35cts. Children 30cts.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Annual District Convention of the Sunday School Union for the Province of Quebec, for Lachute District, comprising the Schools at Mt. Maple, Edina, Daleville, Louisa, Lakefield, Hill Head, Genoa, Thomas' Gore, Jerusalem, Upper Lachute, and the town of Lachute, will be held in the Methodist Church, Lachute, on Monday the 29th, of July, 1904.

There will be two sessions the first commencing at 2 p.m. and the other at 7.30 p.m. A good programme is being arranged, the details of which will be given next week if possible. The Rev. E. T. Capel, General Secretary will address both meetings. All Sunday School workers in these places are invited to bring with them as many friends as possible.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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

INFANTS CHILDREN

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

Recipe of Old Dr. SIMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Licorice -
Rhubarb Sals -
Ain Seed -
Peppermint -
Oil Carminative Sals -
Warm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Vinegar Flavour

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

Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Pitcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

CANADA.
Province of Quebec } No. 533
District of Terrebonne

Mrs. Mary Williams, of the city and district of Montreal, widow of the late Patrick McKeown, in his lifetime, farmer of the Parish of St. Columban in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff,
vs.
John Williams, son of James, heretofore farmer of the parish of St. Columban, said district, and now absent in the United States, in places unknown, Defendant.

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

Ste. Scholastique, May 20th, 1904.
GRIGNON & FORTIER, C.C.O.
J. A. C. ETHIER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Canada
Province of Quebec } 360
District of Terrebonne

Dame Marie Boursier dit Lavigne of the Parish St. Therese de Blainville, said district, wife of William Blouin, gentleman, and farmer of the same place duly authorized to ester en justice, Plaintiff,
vs.
The said William Blouin, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been entered in this case, the thirtieth day of April, instant, (1904).

F. K. MATHIEU
ATTORNEY FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

Corsets, Shirt Waists and White Underwear.



We have a full line of Crompton's Corsets, Short, Medium & Long, Straight and ordinary front, from 50c. up.

Our assortment of Ladies' Shirt Waists in Linen, White and Black Muslin, Corset Covers, and White Underwear, is very complete.



HUGH FRASER, Jr.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Men's Balbrigan Shirts and pants in all sizes
Boys " " " "
Ladies' Cotton Vests, with sleeves, short sleeves, straps, etc. in cream and white.
Children's and Misses' Cotton Vests.

Gem Jars in pints, quarts and half gallons.
Gem Jars, open mouth, " " "

Scythes, Snathes, Forks, Fork Handles and all Garden Tools.

H. J. Giles & Bro.

ST. ANDREWS.

We are glad to see that Miss E. L. Robertson is again convalescent.

Mr. C. W. Lamb left on Tuesday after spending a happy month's holidays at his home.

If you want to buy the best twine made buy the McCormick, you can get it at Lamb's.

Mr. Arthur McGregor accompanied by his brother Hubert are spending a few days with their parents at Ewinslane.

Mrs. Moses Simpson, much to the regret of her many friends, left on Tuesday morning to visit her daughter Mrs. Richard Douglas in Winnipeg.

R. W. Barclay together with Mr. F. Lyons of Thurso, made a record day in the selling of machines last Friday closing sales on six. Needless to say he sells the McCormick.

A very enjoyable picnic was held by our young people at Lake St John last Thursday. Notwithstanding the fact that one of the ladies of the party making a false step, fell a distance of some forty-five feet into the lake, fortunately sustaining no injury.

Arrivals in town this week are, Mrs. Black of Montreal, Mrs. Jeffries of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred McKay of Lachine, Mr. and Mrs. A. McKay of New York, Mr. Fred Lyons of Thurso, and Mr. Lawrence Morrow of Beauharnois.

TEMPERANCE IN ST. ANDREWS.

Thursday evening last was an important date in St. Andrew's, Que. It marked the formal opening of the new temperance hotel, and was made the occasion of a rally of those in sympathy with the cause. The liquor traffic has been fought for many years in this community, and many efforts were made by petition, disputation, and otherwise to have the drink curse removed, but without avail. The council always replied that the public hotel accommodation was necessary, and being only provided in connection with a liquor license, they always granted the same. It was in vain that the assurance was given that should the license be withheld accommodation would be forthcoming. The W. C. T. U. has always been in the forefront of this work, and last year a special effort was made, and a promise given by the Council that if accommodation could be provided within a very limited date their request would be granted. The time proved too short to complete arrangements. However, a society was stated having this as one of its special tasks—'The St. Andrews Temperance Society.' The project was not allowed to drop, so after a good deal of planning, correspondence, and a few delays, a suitable house was found, and a suitable man to take charge of the new venture. A liberal cash bonus was granted the proprietor and the goodwill of all the best elements of the district are with the undertaking.

The bonus is for three years, and is contributed by those who believe in the scheme, and who wish to see it well started. It was intended to have the house opened on the first of May this year, but various unexpected delays prevented the accomplishing of this purpose, and it was not until last week that a formal opening could be made. A social was provided by the ladies of the district, and refreshments served by the younger of their number to the assembled guests. Over two hundred were present, among whom may be mentioned Mayor Smith, Mr. Smith, Councillors McQuat and Jones, and all the clergymen of the district, Protestant and Roman Catholic. An informal programme was provided and music by Mr. Baker, of Montreal. Miss A. Dewar presided at the organ and one or two others took part. A most enjoyable evening was spent. The Temperance House occupies a conspicuous site on the west side of the North River, which it overlooks. It is in charge of Mr. Moore, who is proving a popular host and already a good many of the travelling public have found their way to the new hostelry, while summer hearers are finding it a most convenient and pleasant resting place.

GRENVILLE.

A DOUBLE DROWNING.

Grenville, Que., June 25.—A very sad drowning accident took place here in the canal yesterday afternoon, by which two little children, aged nine and seven years, lost their lives. They were the only children of Mr. Alfred Poulin, and the older of the two fell in while trying to take a drink. Her little brother, although but seven years of age, heroically set to work to save his sister, but fell in too. The little girl never sank, holding on to some branches, yet when she was brought to shore life was extinct. The boy's body was also recovered soon after.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

An Aggravating Cough Cured.

A customer of ours who had been suffering from a severe cough for six months, bought two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from us and was entirely cured by one and a half bottles of it. It gives perfect satisfaction with our trade. HAYNES-PARKER & Co., Lineville, Ala. For sale by T. Christie.

BUGGY HARNESS FOR SALE CHEAP.

The undersigned has fifteen sets of harness all hand made and of good quality that he will sell from \$12. to \$18. a set also collars, bridles, halters, pole straps, martingales and harness straps. Farmers I want all your repairing and I will do it cheaper and better than any saddler in town. Old stand opposite the Post Office.

Wm. CRESWELL, Clyde St.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Have you seen our pretty lines of Carpets? They are rich and of the prettiest designs, and afford you excellent opportunities of beautifying your homes at small cost. Don't fail to see them.

It is Bargain Day with us all the time and our customers are assured of the cheapest and best.

We have the finest assortments of Summer Dress Goods and our Stock comprises all that's new and up to date.

Lachute's Bargain Centre.



THE MCCORMICK THROUGH



THE MCCORMICK BINDER HAS TRIUMPHANTLY STOOD THE TEST OF TIME, AND TO-DAY REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST ATTAINMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HARVESTING MACHINES. FOR SEVENTY-THREE YEARS THE MCCORMICK HAS BEEN USED IN HARVESTING THE CROPS OF THE WORLD, AND ITS UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS IS UNASSAILABLE EVIDENCE OF ITS SUPERIORITY IN THE HARVEST FIELDS OF THE WORLD.

R. W. BARCLAY St. Andrews.

CLEARING SALE.

For One Month Only, of BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, MOCCASINS, GLOVES and HATS, to make room for my Spring Stock. Always on hand a supply of unequalled Home-made and factory harness. Everything in the above lines at lowest prices.

— Sole agent for the Slater Shoe. —

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

Your Wants Supplied.

Don't forget that we are always well stocked with a plentiful supply of choice groceries and that we keep the very best. Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, etc. may always be procured of us at right prices.

Don't forget that we take any produce in Exchange for goods. We want your trade.

V. & I. McFAUL, - BROWNSBURG.

H. A. BLAIR

Is still at the old stand on Main Street, Lachute, and prepared to give you special inducements on every line of goods he handles.

MCCORMICK MACHINERY is the best on the market and lightens the work of every up-to-date farmer. We can give you all repairs and supplies of oil, twine etc.

BUGGIES! That is a subject in which you should be specially interested. When taking a drive, you want comfort, don't you? Well then, secure one of our Alexandria's. They are the strongest, most durable, and very easy riding.

HARNESS. Don't you want a good harness? If so, I can give you something nice and nobby and they are made of the best goods. Call in and see them.

CREAM SEPARATORS.—For making your own butter in quick style, and much saving of both labor and money.

We guarantee you perfect satisfaction in every deal we make and give you easy terms. Don't buy elsewhere before seeing what we can do for you.

H. A. BLAIR,

THE OLD STAND, - MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

R. McARTHUR'S ADVT.

Having been appointed agent for the Lachute Waterworks Company, I have secured the services of a competent plumber and am now prepared to fill all orders. Any who are desirous of getting good, pure water, drop in to me and talk it over. The cost is trifling to the convenience it affords. We have all the requisites, such as Sinks, Bath tubs, Closets & Basins, Iron and lead pipes & fittings, rubber hose, etc.

Always on hand a full supply of tin, enamel & granite ware. . . Estimates given on application . .

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.

It's not all Gold

That Glitters, but, it is all tin, and the best of it that glitters in our department. we have everything you need in tinware, agateware, and enamelware, and we know our prices will please you.

If you are needing any repairs we claim competency to do them up in first class style.

W. S. McBRIDE,

MAIN STREET, - LACHUTE, P.Q.

Tom Stanton's Quest.

Was there anything he could raise money on till the promised charity came? It must be getting late. The doctor—the parish people might have forgotten. The child might—no, not die, he could not bear to think of that. He looked at the sleeping boy. What a poor, pinched little face it was!

He went nearer; he stared at him; was it fancy? Yes, yes, of course it was; this was not the awful pallor he had seen on the face of his consumptive wife just before she died. Fancy, that was all. How stupid of him; his eyes must be wrong. He was worn with watching, weak for want of food. The boy was right enough—been studying too hard at school, that was all. Why, a little extra nourishment and he'd be as strong as a young lion.

What was it the doctor said? Strong beef tea, chicken, a little good old port. Well, he'd buy them. What were parochial promises worth? The boy must have them, at once, because if anything happened—He looked round the garret; was there anything left he could pawn? No, not the vases; he didn't want to hand them over to "uncle."

Tom Stanton was an out-of-work. For twenty years he had been employed as a packer by a City firm; bad times came and one morning Tom was discharged—with a good character. Foreign competition had pulled down the proud old firm. He tried to get work; he'd be anything—porter, messenger, gardener, anything. Alas! there were so many like him.

He got an odd job now and then. He was luckier than some; one week he earned as much as eight shillings. He did his best for his stricken wife, often going hungry himself to buy her dainties. His savings were soon exhausted; then the home went bit by bit, and they moved into this garret. And here, six months ago, she died, with her last breath whispering him to hope, to be patient. God's ways were mysterious; in His own good time help would come.

Nothing else left; the vases must go for the child's sake. He had kept them because she prized them so; her old mistress had given them to her when she left to be married. He wrapped them lovingly in an apron she used to wear, and put them under his arm. Then, with a parting look at the child, he stole out, looking down at him; she would understand and would forgive.

"Make it all a crown," whined the old woman in the next box; "don't be 'ard on your poor old mother what's so fond of you, my dear. Come now, make it all a crown."

"Don't waste my time, Mrs. Briggs. Eighteenpence, I tell you."

"To think such a handsome young man can be so 'ard-hearted! Make it two bob then; come now, for a poor, lonely old soul as feels the cold. Such a beautiful quilt too; cost six-and-eleven, sale price, true as I'm standing, 'ere, and good as new."

"Eighteenpence, mother; understand? What ave you got now, Mr. Stanton?"

"Pair of valuable china vases," said Tom Stanton, nervously; "let me have five shillings."

"Pair of valuable china vases," repeated the pawnbroker's assistant; "pair of val—one's cracked; don't you wish you may get it?"

"Tisn't much of a crack," pleaded Tom. "Well, four shillings."

"No good; can't take 'em. Thanks all the same, Mr. Stanton."

"Don't say that, sir; I want the money bad; let me have something on them."

"Tell you they're no good; people won't buy damaged things. Take 'em away; I'm busy."

"Will you let me have a shilling or two on this coat I'm wearing? It isn't a bad one; it's warm. Do, for the love of Heaven; I've a sick child at home."

The coat's too old and the sick child tale's too old, Mr. Stanton. Good-night.

Tom Stanton looked at the vases, then, one after the other, he held them high in his hand and dashed them to the ground.

The assistant came hurrying up from the other end of the shop. "Fetch a policeman!" he yelled. "Get out of the shop, you blackguard, or I'll make it hot for you. D'you think it's a dust-bath for you to shoot your rubbishy crackery in?"

When Tom Stanton got into the street there burst from his lips a peal of dreadful laughter. Then he clattered his feet and shook it at the starry sky. "I've kept straight," he cried. "I've been tempted and I've kept straight. She's dead, but she's not die. I don't go home this night without something to give my child."

Mr. Samson Moggs was a carpenter by trade and a burglar by profession. He was ill in bed. His face was disfigured by three stripes of black sticking-plaster, and his noble head was developed in a white-mustache bag. Old in years, on the previous evening he had been with a

He groaned; the unsympathetic Mrs. Moggs bounced up from her chair and gave him a vicious punch, which caused him to groan still louder.

"Old yer tongue, Moggs," said the lady; "I ain't got no patience with yer. If yer'd been sober yer wouldn't 'ave tumbled horf the ladder."

"Tell yer I didn't tumble horf no ladder. An old female party at a battic winder, in a night-cap, chuck-ed a scuttle of coals on top o' my 'ead. Which I'd like to take 'er for a nice quiet walk, I would. 'And coals they was, too."

"Must 'ave been nuts," retorted his spouse, with a sarcastic snort. "If yer'd been sober yer could 'ave dodged 'em heavy. Yer losin' yer nerve, Moggs; yer'd better go back to the bench. My dear father was a horny-mint in the perfession for close on forty years and never 'ad a haccident like this 'ere."

"Boil yer father; I'm sick o' 'earin' 'bout 'im. Yer don't think I fell o' purpose, do yer? What's that?"

"Knock."

"Take care, Betsy; look out o' the winder; say I've gone out carol-sing-ing; p'raps it's the 'tices."

"T'ce be blowed, and carol-singing this time o' year! I never see such a man."

Mrs. Moggs opened the window softly and peered out. "It's only one man. Who are yer? Why, if it ain't that Tom Stanton."

"Ur!" grunted the invalid; "e's come to 'is senses at last, 'as 'er Bring 'im horf."

The good woman obeyed. Tom Stanton, haggard and wild-eyed, was ushered in.

"There 'e is, Mr. Stanton, sir, and a pretty figger 'e looks, don't 'e? And smells of imprecation 'nough to knock you down. Tumbled horf a ladder last night 'down at Chingford."

"Tell yer I didn't tumble horf no ladder, and it wasn't Chingford; it was Chigwell—see."

"Well, it's all the same; you've thrown yerself out o' work through not bein' sober. Now, my dear father—"

"Look 'ere Betsy, you speak o' that respectable old corpse agin and I'll git out o' bed and pitch inter yer. I ain't a-goin' to 'ave 'im shoved down my throat no more. Sit on the bed, Mr. Stanton, and let 'er 'ave the chair; you're lighter than 'er fer my feet."

"I shouldn't have come," said Tom with a desperate effort; "I couldn't bear it, but I want money. I'll work for it—work hard; can you give me something to do?"

Mr. Moggs grunted several times before he answered. "Well, you ain't been a long time makin' up yer mind, 'ave yer? And yer didn't call me no names when I horfered to make yer my pardner, did yer?"

"I'm willing now. My boy's ill, and I want to buy him things. Can you do anything for me?"

"You should 'ave come before; I'm on the sick-list, and you'll 'ave to wait."

"Wait! I've waited till I'm mad. I tell you he's ill; he's got to 'ave wine and things to make him strong agin; he must have them; he shall have them. Let me have some money and I'll do anything when you want me; I'll help you all I can; I'll do the same as you do. Let me have a shilling or two to-night."

"My 'usband's hout o' work, the same as you are," interposed Mrs. Moggs, loftily, "so we ain't got no money to lend nor no things to give away. When he's able to go on wiv 'is perfession, no doubt 'e'll take you out along wiv 'im, in spite o' what you said agin 'im and agin my dear father as is dead and gone."

"That's enough, Betsy; you dry up; I can do wivout you. Ham I to hunderstand, Mr. Stanton," asked the disabled burglar, patronizingly, "as 'ow you wish to henter the perfession? Very well, then; I shan't be the man to put hobsticks in your way. Mind, it's a risky and a so-a-w'n perfession, and a 'ard 'un. When you've got the swag there's the fence to git over."

"I can climb fences," said Tom.

Mr. and Mrs. Moggs burst out laughing.

"That's a good 'un; slap my back, Betsy, I'm chokin'! Oh, dear, what times we're 'avin'! Young man, a fence is a party as buys swag and don't pay a fair price."

"I can't wait," cried Tom, starting up; "I'll go to the doctor's; p'raps he'll be in; p'raps he'll give me something."

"I should go to 'im if I was you," snarled Mr. Moggs; "parish doctors is so wonderful kind and gen'us, I was a-goin' to make you a horfer. You want things for your kid?"

"Yes, port wine—chicken; he's weak and ill; let me have 'em, and I'll work the flesh off my bones for you."

"You needn't do that, if so be you use the perfessional tools proper as I'm a-goin' to lend yer. I'm hill, too; my huppette wants pamp'rin; I can do wiv a damn or two boysters or a lobster and a bottle o' rum for my supper, so can my old woman, Betsy, the board."

In front of the fireplace was a piece of ragged carpet. This Mrs. Moggs pulled aside, and, with the aid of a knife, lifted up a board beneath; in the snug retreat exposed to view lay the burglar's outfit. That gentleman set up in bed and pointed out the articles he wanted; then he addressed Tom. "I'm a-goin' to front yer as a

There's as pretty a little lot as henny young beginner could wish to work wiv; blow me if the sight on 'em don't make me itch to be out agin. Mind, I lend 'em to yer. A nice sack to put the stuff in ('e'll want two cloths). Betsy, to wrop the bottles hup, lantern, matches, socks to go hoyer yer boots, skellingtons, a scoop-er knife to work winder-catches wiv, and this 'ere beautifullest jemmy bever you see and takes in two-so; take it in yer 'and, Mr. Stanton, look at it, it'll do yer 'eart and eyes good. Puffick, ain't it? Why, Gentleman Gus's boys ain't got a better 'un. Now you take partic'lar care on it, it's been a good pal to me. Many a bright pund it's worked for me, and many more I 'ope. 'Ere's yer door; put it so—one-two—hopen; soft and heavy."

"I never 'eard such a man," said Mrs. Moggs, indignantly; "it'll be breakfast 'e'll bring not supper, if yer don't send 'im horf soon. Where's the crib 'e's got to crack?"

"Don't you hinterfer, Betsy; I can do wivout you. You're only a beginner, Mr. Stanton, and you won't 'ave me wiv you, so you've got to begin low down. You're goin' to be a afrey-sneak, as we calls it. There's big 'ouses close 'andy at the back 'ere, wiv kitchings down steps; servants is very careless; doors is lef' hopen, horfen unfastened, so's winder-ers; money's lef' lyin' about, and pervisions you can 'elp yerself to. As to 'electin' which 'ouse, you must use your own digestion."

Dazed and shuddering, Tom Stanton groped his way down the stairs and out into the night.

He was soon in the wealthy quarter of the town. Rain was falling heavily. He must make up his mind which house. Here was one—dark and silent it seemed. Yes, here. What was there to fear? He strained his eyes to the right—to the left; no one coming. His hand was on the gate. Who was that speaking to him? He grasped the railings or he would have fallen. His hair bristled, his limbs shook in a palsy of unearthly fear. No one near, yet he heard that voice whispering, still whispering lovingly, "God's ways are mysterious; in His own good time help will come."

He fell on his knees and buried his face in his hands. "Ellen, forgive me!" he sobbed. "I was going to sin to save our little one."

"You are in trouble," said a soft voice; "perhaps I can help you."

He looked up—awed—ashamed; a lady was bending over him, a grey-haired lady, her face beautiful with kindness. He tried to rise, but, weak and overwrought as he was, he sank down again on the wet pavement.

"You are ill," she said; "give me your hand; how cold you are! Come in and have some food and drink, they will revive you. This is my house."

He drew back horror-stricken. "Don't touch me," he cried hoarsely; "don't come near me; I'm not fit. I was going to break in here; I was going to rob you; I'm hard pressed. I used to be honest."

"Poor man! But you have been spared the sin. Come with me; come and tell me what you need."

She helped him to rise and led him into the house. Was he in a dream? Was this an angel sent to succor him? A house? This was not a house; these were not rooms; people could not live in these vast, glittering halls. A panorama of gold and silver and exquisite colors seemed to be unrolled before his eyes. But—he could not understand; poor people were here in this palace; he saw men like himself, warming their hands at great fires; women, in tattered garments, feasting at tables laden with rich foods and flowers and wonderful things; and, best of all, there were children, many, many children, playing with toys, laughing, running, shouting; they were not afraid of this great place! And, as she passed, along with him, the lady smiled on them all.

"They are my guests," she said; "mine—and his." She pointed to a picture in the room they had entered. "That is my little son—my only child. Twelve years ago to-night his earth-life closed. Look through the glass door here; that is his little room, just as he left it—his cot, his clothes, his playthings. Tell me your needs, my friend; in memory of him I will aid you."

"Oh, daddy, daddy, I've had such a wonderful—such a wonderful, wonderful dream! Oh, I never had a dream like it before. You were there and mother was there, and first it was dark and so nasty, but she led you away and it was all changed to a beautiful place, all light and large—oh, ever so large, larger than our school—but I—I'm tired now."

"Here's a lady come to see you, and she's brought you things to make you well; and here's another lady and a gentleman, and—and—you must get well now."

"Yes; but I want to go to sleep and dream it all over again."

The lady entered the garret, together with a doctor and a nurse. "This gentleman's come to see you," said Tom; "he's going to give you some nice medicine."

"Oh, daddy, medicine isn't nice—it's nasty stuff; but I'll take it if you want me to, and I'll try not to make an ugly face."

"That's a brave little man," said the doctor; "now let's have a look at you."

"Why, daddy, come, I want to whisper something. That's the lady I saw in the beautiful place. Oh, isn't it so wonderful?"

"What is it that is so wonderful, my child?" asked the lady.

"Why, ma'am, I saw you in a dream, and daddy and mother—but she's dead; and there was a little boy with her, but I wasn't a bit jealous, for he was such a dear little boy, and he loved you and watched all you did. And he took my hand and he said, 'Isn't it good to see these poor people happy?' for there were a lot of poor people there. And mother kissed me and she said, 'This will be your little friend, very, very soon.' I'll go to sleep now; if I dream any more I'll tell you when I wake up."

He fell asleep, and they stood round, silently watching. Suddenly he smiled and opened his eyes. "Daddy—whisper."

The doctor drew back; Tom knelt by the bed, putting his ear close to the little lips, and the child stroked his face. "Dear, dear daddy—mother's message—God's good-time—has—come!"—London Tit-Bits.

IS IT A FORM OF DISEASE?

LONDON ENQUIRES, "IS LOVE A DISEASE?"

Advocates of Theory Drag All the Authorities Into a Wordy Warfare.

"Is love a disease?"

The great Galen, one of the "fathers of medicine," boldly proclaimed it to be such over eighteen centuries ago, and modern London is inclined to take the same view of the matter. For modern London, owing to the fertile brain of an advertising agent for a halfpenny newspaper, is engaged in a heated discussion of the question. Letters from the scene of this wordy warfare state that all known authorities on the subject of the "divine passion" have been dragged into print.

According to one well known doctor, Galen, in his voluminous medical writings, cites the first case on record where love was treated by a physician as a recognized form of illness. This treatment was given by Galen himself in the second century to a haughty Roman lady, wife of the partisan Menippus. All the learned medical men of the then fashionable world failed to alleviate her ailment and gave up her case as incurable. Mine, Menippus then, as a last resort, summoned Galen, who had recently arrived with a glowing reputation from the schools of Asia Minor, and he promptly diagnosed the complaint as an attack of "love sickness." Pylades, a handsome young knight, whom the woman had seen once or twice, but did not know, was declared to be the cause of the disease. The beating of the patient's pulse is given by Galen as the only means he had of judging the nature of her affliction. He fails to state, however, what remedies he recommended other than to say that by his "professional discretion" he was able to restore her to a better state of mind. He follows this recital with a statement that Cleopatra had used one of his cosmetics and found it excellent; thus furnishing the first "voluntary patent medicine testimonial" known to history.

SANCTIONS THEORY.

"The theory that love is a disease has the sanction of venerable antiquity," says the grave London Lancet, which was finally drawn into the discussion. "Apart from the Greek and Roman classics, it is commonplace of the seventeenth century. The learned German Gregorius Horstius published a long thesis in favor of the contention in 1611, and 1614 Lamandus supported him in a neatly entitled Latin essay on 'The nature of love and the cures for love, madness.' Ten years later Ferrand in Paris printed a book on 'The Malady of Love, or, Erotic Melancholy.' The Dutch and Flemish painters of the last half of the same century found in 'love sickness' a favorite subject. Some of the paintings of women suffering from this disease are scientifically accurate portrayals of the anemic condition. Of course none of these writers and painters had as yet suspected that there is a bacillus of love, though Cupid's arrow, which is as old as mythology, is certainly antitype."

At Ghasen in Germany in the sixteenth century, as one English disputant pointed out, Horstius and the savants of Europe engaged in a long dispute upon the nature of love before a large audience of the nobility and gentry. Both sides to the discussion admitted that the affliction was certainly a disease, the only question at issue being the form it assumed. Horstius maintained that it was purely a mental disorder, while one of his opponents showed that magic was not yet a dead art by stoutly asserting that it was the result of "poisoning by love philtres and charms." Still another learned doctor was sure that love was an illness that greatly resembled indigestion and could be diagnosed by the irregular and heightened beat of the pulse.

HINDUS AGREE.

Before the Russian-Japanese war broke out to turn public attention to some other subject, a British officer in India added fresh fuel to the present discussion by writing home a list of symptoms of "love sickness."

agreed upon by the ancient Hindu writers. These signs were said to be: "A peculiar sidelong stare, a languid gait, difficult breathing, stoppages of the heart's action, withering of limbs, cold shivers up and down the back, fever, and swoons." All the Indian poets consider the appearance of drops of perspiration upon the cheeks and other parts of the body as one of the most dangerous indications of the presence of the malady.

"In one of the old dramas," writes the officer, "a royal lover is afraid to take a birch-bark message in his hand, lest the perspiration from his palms wash away the message there. All the cures tried by love sick patients proved ineffective. In the drama 'The Bhavabhuti,' the hero, Madhava, tries snow, moonlight, camphor, lotus roots, pearls and sandal oil as remedies, but without effect. The Hindus were so sure that love was a practically incurable sickness that they permitted a sufferer to do almost anything to prevent himself from dying of it."

ONE OF CIVILIZATION.

Few English physicians were found who believed that love was a sickness, although one Londoner said, "It is a disease it is as modern as appendicitis, in spite of what the ancients have to say upon the subject." In support of this claim he brings forward the customs of the less developed races of the world to prove that love in its higher sense is really unknown to them. He points out that among the savage tribes of Australia one girl is as good as another in the sight of a wooer, because they "all look alike" and have the same degree of intelligence. The Dyaks imprison their young girls for seven years in a cage, so that they may be bleached to a light yellow by the sun and come out with small feet and hands. The bushmen and their wretched women are so brutalized by the hardships of their life that both sexes come to resemble each other, and love for an individual is not known. "Therefore," concludes the writer, "if love is a sickness, it is a development of civilization, because, in spite of fairy stories to the contrary, the savages cannot and do not 'fall in love' as more refined peoples do. Love sickness is certainly a mental complaint in any event, and a low intelligence cannot suffer much from it."

AFRICAN BOUNDARIES.

They Are Being Changed by the Mixed Commission.

Every new edition of African maps shows shifting of the boundary lines between European possessions. Sometimes the boundary is shown on one side of a river or mountain range, and in the next edition on the other side. If the boundary is a parallel or a meridian it may be shown on the later map so far from its earlier position that the change is noticeable even on a map of small scale.

These changes do not mean that the boundaries, as described in treaties, have been altered, but merely that delimiting commissions in the course of more accurate surveys and explorations have discovered that our previous knowledge was so far erroneous that the stipulated boundaries could not accurately be laid on a map.

The report of the Mixed Commission on the Anglo-German boundary in East Africa is a case in point. In 1890 the Germans and British agreed that the boundary between their possessions should cross Victoria Nyanza in one degree south latitude and go on to the Congo State, except that when it reached Mount Mfumbiro, which Speke had placed one degree south of the Equator on his map, it should skirt the mountain so that it might wholly be included in the British domain.

The maps accordingly showed the mountain as a British summit till it was discovered that it really stands far to the west in the Congo State, and under existing treaties could not possibly belong to Great Britain. It was found later that Mfumbiro is about sixty miles south of the latitude Speke assigned to it, so that, even if his longitude had been correct, it would have been a German instead of a British mountain; and now come the latest results of the Mixed Commission, bringing both glad and sad news for Great Britain.

The Kagera River, the largest affluent of Victoria Nyanza and the ultimate source of its waters, has been assigned on all maps since the treaty of 1890 to German East Africa; but the Mixed Commission has decided that the lower fourth of this river, from the point where it turns sharply east to the lake, is north of the boundary line; so the only part of the river offering excellent facilities for navigation is now proved to belong to Great Britain.

"But what the British have gained in the south they have lost in the west, for the boundary surveyors have found that a long strip that the maps have included in Uganda is really in the Congo State. For years we have seen the eastern waters of Albert Edward Nyanza lapping alleged British territory, but now we are told that every drop in the lake belongs to the Congo domain; and we may expect further revelations of this sort until crude surveys are replaced by the scientific delimitation of all African boundaries."

A man is willing to be pushed to the front, but he doesn't want to be shoved.

NO OPERATIONS

NEEDED NOW.

GRAVEL AND BLADDER DISEASE CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Toronto Bricklayer Relieved of Those Terrible Troubles—Medical Science Makes Another Move Forward.

Toronto, Ont., June 6.—(Special).—Medical science has at length awakened to the fact that Gravel and other bladder troubles are caused by disordered kidneys and that the modern method of curing them is to cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. This does away with those terrible operations that in past years have been all too common.

The case of William Thomas, bricklayer, 158 Mill street, this city, is one of the recent proofs of the efficiency of the treatment. Mr. Thomas says:—

"I had been troubled with Gravel and Bladder Disease for seven years. I had to go to the hospital and have water taken from me. I tried medicines of different kinds, but they failed to remove the trouble."

"Hearing of cures by them prompted me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking them for a time I passed a stone the size of a large bean. Four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a complete cure in my case."

A MEAN MAN.

"That Charlie Pinchback is a mean man."

"What has he done?"
"You know he's engaged to Tilda Rickrack. Well, he found a ring somewhere at a bargain, and gave it to her. It was too small for her finger. What do you suppose he did?"

"What?"
"Advised her to diet until she could get it on."

THE FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR WORLD'S FAIR ST. LOUIS.

District Passenger Agent McDonald of the Grand Trunk Railway who recently returned from St. Louis, states that it is hard to find suitable language to describe the magnitude and beauty of the greatest Exposition ever held.

The site of 1240 acres being two miles long and one mile wide, is covered with beautiful buildings, broken with lagoons, canals, grand courts, monuments, statuary, parks, etc., all forming a picture that must be seen to be realized.

An Electrical railway, called the Intramural, makes it easy to get from one part of the grounds to another, and follow out the daily programme, enjoying an hour listening to "Souza's" or other famous bands, or taking in a lecture or address, or Art Gallery.

When you consider the immensity of the buildings, one alone having over 20 acres of floor space, and reflect that they are filled with the choicest of exhibits from all over the world, one exhibitor vying with another to obtain the coveted Gold Medal, it seems to suggest the thought of what a grand opportunity and an education it will be, to the young men and women of our land, to spend a week or two at St. Louis this year. Really no intelligent man, woman or child can afford to miss this great World's treat.

The beautiful Electric lighting of the Pan American Exposition, which few thought would ever be approached is entirely eclipsed by this Monster Fair.

One of the features of the fair, is the "Inside Inn," a hotel accommodating 6,000, splendidly run, and at reasonable rates.

The total expenses of a trip to St. Louis based on half railway rates, is within the reach of all and permits stop over at Chicago, and other points, and the trip is made quickly and comfortably.

It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to run through cars from Montreal and Toronto to St. Louis, commencing June 13th, and possibly before.

The Canadian Press Association were unanimous in their praise of the Grand Trunk and Illinois Central route, and with the Exposition.

OVER THE WABASH.

To the Great World's Fair St. Louis, Mo., everything is now wide open, round trip tickets on sale until December 1st, at lowest first-class one-way fare, good fifteen days, fare and a third good sixty days. Now is the time to see this, the greatest of all Expositions in the history of the world. The great Wabash is the Banner Line, the shortest and quickest route from Canada to St. Louis. The through trains on the Wabash are the admiration of all travelers going to St. Louis.

For time tables and descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

Flipp—I hear that they use all sorts of materials in the manufacture of illuminating gas now-a-days. Flopp—True. They even make light of the consumers' complaints.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

BEDROOM IN TREES.

A remarkable hotel is in California on the road between Santa Cruz and San Jose. California possesses the largest trees in the world, and a shrewd hotel-keeper has conceived the idea of utilizing as a wayside hostelry a group of these mammoths, thus saving himself the cost of building or rent. The hollow trunk of one tree, whose circumference is about 22 yds., is arranged as a reception-room, and the surrounding space, sheltered by a thick roof of spreading branches, serves as dining-room and smoking-room. A number of other smaller hollow trunks make comfortable bedrooms, furnished in the most approved style, and some trees at a little distance are occupied by the hotel staff.

Ethel—"What foolish things a young man will do when he is in love!" Edith—"Oh, Ethel! Has he proposed?"

ENGLAND'S PICTURESQUE RAILWAY.

The majority of Canadians who visit the Old Country make the great mistake of rushing straight through from Liverpool to London, instead of first visiting some of the historic spots on the way to the Metropolis, such as are to be found in the vicinity of Liverpool, Manchester and especially Derbyshire. The Midland Railway is by far the most picturesque route between Liverpool and London, giving the tourist in this run glimpses of the rural beauties of the Motherland which delight the eye and fill the heart with the most favorable impression; it also gives to the man of business an idea of England's great manufacturing abilities as the train passes through the principal cities and commercial centres. The luxurious carriages of the Midland Railway add greatly to the pleasure of the trip. It is largely through its accomplishments in this direction that the Midland Railway owes its present position as the pioneer line of England.

Tommy—"Ma, I wish you'd gimme some cake." Mother—"Tommy! Didn't I tell you not to ask for any cake?" Tommy—"I ain't askin'. I'm just wishin'."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Hibson—"Where did you get these cigars?" Garner—"At Robinson's, why?" Hibson—"I only wanted to know. Might get into the same shop by mistake."

For Over Sixty Years
MR. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes 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 and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 23-01

"Yes," said the friends of the family, "they were married in haste." "And repented at leisure, eh?" queried the other. "Oh, no," was the reply; "they repented in haste, also."

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale. All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.

Pleasant Bay, C. B.

The average man spends too much time making money and too little enjoying it.

BUSH AND LIMA BEANS.

Bush beans are harder than commonly supposed and may be sown earlier than corn and other tender vegetables. They will injure corn and prove fatal to squash vines. Sow and drill 3½ feet and cover about two inches deep. Plants of the bush variety should grow about six inches apart. The ground should be kept soft and yellow and free from weeds. If intended to cultivate with a wheel hoe the rows may be considerably nearer together. Snap beans will be ready for table use about two months from sowing. A quart of beans will sow one hundred feet of drill.

Lima beans are best planted in hills as poles are needed. It is important to plant the seed eye down else many of the seeds will fail to come up. The limas are more tender than the bush varieties and cannot be safely planted so early. The roundish variety, called potato lima, is earlier than the Deers and other flat kinds, and although not so fine in flavor, is better for planting.

SETTING THE EXAMPLE.

Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem. "Papa," he said.
"Well?"
"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—that's the golden rule, isn't it?"
"Yes, my son."
Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large cake. The latter he placed before his astonished sire, and said with great solemnity:
"Eat it, papa."

He—"Could you marry a man who was your inferior?" She—"I suppose I shall have to."



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

Stern Parent—"Your mother tells me you have been naughty again, and therefore I shall be obliged to punish you." Troublesome Son—"Wh-why can't ma punish me herself, dad? I don't see wh-why you should have to do all the odd jobs."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Inquiring Bore—"And do you come down the same way you go up, Mr. Sandbag?" Balloonist—"No, sir; I try to come down feet first."

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder), to wash woollens and flannels, you'll like it.

Mrs. Buggins—"Oh, I saw the dearest little hat to-day!" Mr. Buggins—"That's just like you; always looking for the dearest instead of the cheapest."

GRAND TRUNK AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Grand Trunk Railway Exhibit at the World's Fair is one of the handsomest pavilions on the grounds. It is of Doric and Corinthian architecture, with Deer and Moose heads as central pieces in the cornice. The interior is decorated with large photographic productions, well mounted fish, consisting of brook trout, landlocked salmon, ouananiche, wall-eyed pike, small mouth black bass and maskinonge. Two oil paintings, 9 x 13 feet, and titled, "The Royal Muskoka Hotel," and "Head of Lake Joseph," scenes in the Muskoka Lake district, handsomely framed, are on the inside front wall. One of the largest Moose heads in the world, is also on the wall.

The ceiling is divided in three panels, each panel having an art glass skylight of unique design, the whole being lighted with over one hundred ground glass incandescent bulbs. Two moving picture machines, showing scenes on the road from the St. Clair Tunnel to the Androscoggin River in Maine, are run continuously while the wonderful reflection picture "On Shadow River," continues to revolve every thirty seconds, and a puzzle to many is, which is the reflection?

Handsomely printed matter, descriptive of the different sections, is being distributed, and the representative in charge gladly furnishes information regarding same.

This notice is posted up in a Wayside station in Ireland:—"If the gentleman who left a baby in a third-class railway carriage on the 26th ult. does not claim the same within a fortnight it will be sold to defray expenses."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

MODELS OF SOBRIETY.

Throughout the townships of Mearley, Mitton, Henthorn, Coldcoates, Twiston and Worston, all in the vicinity of Clitheroe, England, not a single individual has been convicted of drunkenness for ten years.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone; when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."

When the little folks take colds and coughs, don't neglect them and let them strain the tender membranes of their lungs. Give them
Shiloh's Consumption Cure
The Lung Tonic
It will cure them quickly and strengthen their lungs. It is pleasant to take.
Prices, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. 305

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.



Libby's

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Libby's Natural Flavor Foods are U. S. Government inspected, perfectly packed canned foods, and are ready to serve at a moment's notice.

Veal Loaf, Vienna Sausage, Ham Loaf, Boneless Chicken, Ox Tongues, Are Among the Many Tempting Luncheon Meats. Ask Your Grocer For Them.

Send for our booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

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Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

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Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.
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BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

ONE LAMP GIVES LIGHT EQUAL TO FOUR ORDINARY GAS JETS.

Three Styles: Table, Pendant and Bracket. Illustrated Catalogue Furnished to Dealers on Application.
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An admirable Food of the

EPPS'S COCOA
Finest quality and flavour.
Nutritious and Economical.
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Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it
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The Winton Touring Car is appreciated by the best informed because built on correct mechanical principles, of highest grade materials. As a prospective automobile purchaser you dare not, in full justice to yourself, take chances on an inferior car. By presenting a car of such imperial merit as is the 1904 Winton, we become "automobile underwriters"—insuring you against risk or loss. Have you seen our new catalog?

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The hay crop is big, and this is the rig that you want. The best is none too good. We have them.

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Choice Confectionery

Can always be had if you go to the right place for it.

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where the largest assortment is found. They are always fresh.

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Always in season.

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I etc., Etc.

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Alexandria, Arnprior, Avonmore, Brace bridge, Carleton Place, Cobden, Hawkesbury, Keewatin, Kemptville, Lanark, 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.

MANITOBA.

Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Winnipeg, Emerson.

Geo. HAY, PRESIDENT, DAVID McCLAREN, VICE-PRESIDENT, HENRY N. BATE, JOHN B. FRASER, HON. GEO. BRYSON, JOHN MATHER, HENRY W. EGAN, DANIS 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



CAMBUS LANG.

Cambuslang, Imp. 3709. Vol. 25, S. is a light bay, sire, Hlawatha, 3430; Dam, Young Jean, 4139; Sire of Dam, Flashwood 2009; 2nd dam, Kate of Westburn, 4190; 3rd Dam, Jenny Lind, dam of Field Marshall, 3720.

He was imported from Westburn, Scotland, by George Stewart of Howick in 1902, purchased by Mr. W. J. Burke, who will be at the Argentuill Hotel on Friday and Saturday of each week, and balance of time at proprietor's stables.

W. J. BURKE, Brownsburg.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY

Klondike

AND

North West!
Farm Laborers
VICTORIA DAY

BEST ROUTE
TO THE
YUKON GOLD FIELDS
Klondike is in Canada. Out-
fit in Vancouver and save 30
per cent.

Vancouver - Victoria

FOR SALE.

The good and profitable property, of Mrs. L. Lavallee, at Pine Hill, containing a private residence, a general store, cheese-factory and all the necessary outbuildings. The Post-Office of Pine Hill is actually in the store. Cheese factory is situated on the Grenville Road.

For the conditions apply to

L. Lavallee, Pine Hill, or to

J. E. Valois, N.P., Lachute

1904. Spring and Summer Goods. 1904.

We now offer a carefully selected stock of all the necessary lines of goods to make a general stock most complete, comprising staple and fancy dry goods, Ladies Ready-to-Wear Skirts, Rain Coats, Men's, Youths and Boys Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Gents Furnishings, Felt and Straw Hats and Caps, Carpets, Wall Paper, Holland Window shades, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Crockery, Glassware, Hardware, Barb Wire, Glass, Sherwin Williams and Canada Paint Co's Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Coarse Salt, Flour, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Bran, Grue, Moullie,

All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods at highest market prices.

J. R. McOUAT, MAIN ST.
LACHUTE, P.Q.

Calumet's Cheapest Store.

We wish to remind our many customers and friends that our store is now well stocked with fresh groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, hardware, in fact everything you need. We are selling at low prices as we believe in small profits and quick returns.

Don't forget that we are giving liberal discounts and are willing to take all kinds of produce in exchange for goods.

W. J. STEELE.



CHIEF of ARGENTUILL.

Chief of Argentuill is a handsome French-Canadian Horse, bay color, white spot on left side, weighs 1300 lbs. and stands 15 hands 3 inches high. He is registered No 798 in the French Canadian Horse Stud Book. All parties wishing to breed off good stock will do well to secure the services of this horse.

H. MATTHEWS, Centreville.

LEUCIN No. 152.

Leucin is a pure bred French Canadian, all black, weighing 1300 lbs, and stands 15 1/2 hands high. He has full registration in the French Canadian Horse Stud Book, a copy of which may be seen in the Proprietors hands. This horse has good speed and splendid action and good disposition. He will stand for the season at the proprietor's stables, Lachute Mills.

J. D. Campbell,

SHIRE STALLION.

PROFESSOR II. 20817.

Fire Fiddler Hero 14857; Dam 28731 Goodby Princess by Sallibury 5324; Sallibury Hero 14857; by Chancellor 4959; by Premier 2546; by What's Wanted, 2332; dam, 5785; Sallibury Rose by Rat and Hero 1404.

28731 Goodby Princess by Sallibury. 5324 by Premier, 2546 by What's Wanted 2332; dam 1908; Goodby Henry by Harold 3703; by Lincolnshire Lad II. 1365.

Sallibury Hero won 1st prize Nottinghamshire, 3rd Derbyshire, 1st Melton Mowbray & 1st Chesterfield.

Chancellor won 1st and 2nd at Ashburne. What's Wanted won 1st Blackpool, 1st Lanes, 1st Hired, 1st Lanes.

Goodby Princess won 2nd prize Melton, Mowbray.

Sallibury won 1st prize Lincolnshire, and high y commented London Show.

Goodby is a very well bred prize at Grantham.

Harold won 1st Uttoxeter, 1st 8 affordshire, 1st Yorkshire, 1st Champion at the Royal at Newcastle, 1st and Champion Cup London Shows.

The above pedigree and particulars are taken from the Shire Horse Stud Book so you can depend on their accuracy.

JAMES WHINNERAH,

Watton Hall, Carnforth.

This horse was imported from England last November, and is one of the most promising young draught horses ever imported into this country. A beautiful bay color, rising 3 years old. He will be at the proprietor's stables, Lachute, for the present season.

JOHN HAY.

HACKNEY STALLION,

ARTIST No. 7686.

Foaled 1899. Color, Chestnut; white star on forehead. Breeder, Arthur Hall, East Farm, Langdon, Wilton, England. Sire, Langdon 678; Dam, Matchless of Londonbury 1510. Transfer from C. E. Galbreth, Terregles, Dumfries, to Jno. Hay, Lachute, Que.

This horse was imported from England last November, and is from one of the greatest Hackney prize-winning establishments in Great Britain, he is a great big stylish horse with grand action, rising five years old, weighing 1520 lbs. and will please any person that is a lover of a good horse. He will be at the proprietor's stables, Lachute, for the present season.

JOHN HAY.

RYEDALE REVIVAL,

FANCY HACKNEY STALLION.

Registered in England and Canada. Foaled 1900, is a bay with best of legs and feet and a fine all round mover. He is by the noted horse Revival 7234. Dam, Family Pride 2726, G. Sire Gamymede 2776, G. G. S. Danegelt. Dame of Ryedale Revival Ryedale Queen 1949, Sire Lord Downes 4367, He by Vigorous, G. dam Venus 7327, G. G. D. by 1500, by Trifling Fireway 219, G. G. G. D. by Charley Merrylegs, G. G. G. G. D. by King for Trumps.

Ryedale Revival is a bay, stands 15 hands 3 in. high, weighs about 1200 lbs. and is a fine all round mover. He was shown in England three times, taking first prize each time, was imported last July by Mr. Robt. Ness of Howick was shown in Sherbrooke where he took first prize and sw epstakes, beating Belle Boy who held the championship previous to his arrival also beating all the Argentuill hackneys in the Ottawa Spring Show, 1901.

He will stand for the season at the proprietor's stables.

Terms: \$8. for season with return privilege.

\$10. to insure, due March 1st, 1905.

Mares insured must be returned or charged with a price. All mares at owners risk.

Owners wishing to leave their mares can have pasture free.

J. E. ARNOLD.

ROSCOE.

Celebrated Norman French-Pereheron Stallion

Roscoe, Sire Brilliant 14729, (1897), he by Thomas (4750), he by Somerset (758); Dame, Agathe 9370 (1842), she by Dagobert 2431 (1811), she by Brilliant 750, (1871) she by Brilliant 750, she by Coco II. (714) she by Vieux Chastel registered in United States and Canada and will stand for the improvement of stock during the season of 1904 at the proprietor's stable.

DESCRIPTION: Roscoe No. 5 is a jet black white stripe on face, weighs over 1900 lbs, stands 16 1/2 hands high, fine knee and hock action and is a sure foal getter.

The Norman French Horse grows rapidly and takes flesh readily. They are large. The largest dealers in the United States say that the Norman horse has the best feet of any horse in America. They have a high cup foot and their feet stand the pavement better than any other breed. They are short coated and thick skinned and stand the hot weather well. They always give the best satisfaction to those who buy, and are best developed for their age, are fine looking, quick stepping horses and stand their work better and bring better prices than any other breed of draft horses. They have most endurance, are more easily broken and are never balky, as they are the best dispositioned horse we have. It is very rare to see a Norman horse with bad feet, never with ringbone or spavin, as they have been bred clean by the French Government for generations. Many horse breeders came from distant places, namely Cornwall, Buckingham, Papeauville, for the purpose of breeding to Roscoe last season. Those sired by him are strong and handsome. Roscoe is well broken to harness and easily managed.

Terms: For season \$8.00 with return privilege, payable end of the season, to ensure foal, \$10. payable March 1st, 1905. Mares insured and parted with before foaling time the original owner will be held responsible for season's price whether with foal or not. For mares once tried and not returned their owners will be held responsible for the season's price. All accidents and escapes at owners risk.

J. E. ARNOLD, Grenville, P.Q.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904.

NO. 23

Walsh's Best Flour

costs no more than the inferior flours now on the Lachute market. WALSH'S FLOUR makes a light, white, wholesome bread; and excellent pastry. Every sack the same. The best

McFaul's Flour Store, Lachute

Large stock of Lake of the Woods and Ogilvie Flours which I am selling at \$2.25 per bag. H. FILLION, Baker, Lachute.

Some very pretty all black muslins at 15, 25, and 45c. per yd.

G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Bring in your wool early. We pay 20c. in trade. W. BANFORD.

Nice fine butter in small tubs, 16c. a lb at G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Boys Suits, all kinds, largest stock between Montreal & Ottawa. W. BANFORD.

A few gallons of nice maple syrup in 1 gal. tins 75c. per gall., in 5 gal. tins 75c. per gall. No charge for tins, at G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Ladies' Skirts, Northways make. Best in Canada at W. BANFORD'S.

Do not forget to come and see my ladies Cravettes Coats, Mens Waterproof Coats, Ready Made Suitings, which will be sold cheaper than anywhere else. Everything up to-date, Best of material and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE.

SPECIAL.—Soft front shirts for boys, sizes 12 & 13. Something nice, also Boys Belts at 25c.

G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Men's Suits.—Our great variety is what counts for you. All prices. W. BANFORD.

WOOL WOOL.—Bring us your wool. We will give you 20c. per lb. in exchange for Tweeds, Flannels, Dress Goods, Boots and Shoes, Carpets etc.

G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Bring us your eggs. We can't get too many. We pay now 15c. doz. W. BANFORD.

The Japs are Advancing—and moving their forces to the front preparing for Port Arthur's fall. We are also on the advance these latter June days preparing for Haying by moving to the front our large and well selected stock of Haying Tools, such as scythes, snaths, stones, hay cut outfits, hay forks, hand rakes, manilla hay fork rope, etc. Save your money by calling at

T. McQUAT & SON.

SPECIAL.—Put on the counter some few pieces of Dress Goods—to clear out. You can have what you want at 20c. per yard. G. L. MEIKLE & Co.

Too Great is Risk.

In almost every neighborhood someone has died from an attack of cholera morbus, often before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. A reliable remedy for these diseases should be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has undoubtedly saved the lives of more people and relieved more pain and suffering than any other medicine in use. It can always be depended upon. For sale by T. Christie, Lachute.

FOR SALE

A corner lot with good buildings, situated in the West Ward, Lachute. Price \$1200.

A lot with buildings, situated on Foundry St., Centre Ward. Price \$400.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms. Apply to

JAS. W. RAITT.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. McCONNELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.

SURGEON-DENTIST.

Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. (Absent on Tuesday only.)

Dr. B. S. STACKHOUSE, S.N.

Dr. A. W. STACKHOUSE.

SURGEON DENTISTS

Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

N. FOREST,

NOTARY.

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE

P.Q.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Jno. Morell of Montreal spent the Dominion holidays in town.

Miss Ethyle Chapman spent this week with friends in Montreal.

Mr. Jno. Forbes spent the latter part of last week in Montreal.

Miss Bertha Morrison of Hawkesbury, is the guest of Mrs. J. Andrews.

Miss Maggie Walker is now on a visit to friends in Arundel and Cambria.

Mr. A. Scobbie of Hawkesbury, spent the early part of this week in town.

Mr. A. Stewart and son of Montreal were visiting friends in Lachute this week.

The Misses Goodfellow of Chateaugay were guests of Mrs. J. D. Boyce over Sunday.

Mr. W. J. Wade of Brownsburg, has sold out his business to Mr. A. McAllister.

Miss Piche of Shawinigan Falls, is the guest of her sister Mrs. T. Jousse for a few weeks.

Mr. Jas. W. Griffith returned on Saturday from a short visit with his parents in Toronto.

Mr. Roy Fraser of Ottawa is spending a couple of weeks vacation with his parents.

Mr. Jos. Taylor of Vankleek Hill returned on Monday from a pleasant visit with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Yule of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Marshall for the Dominion holidays.

Miss Florence McGillivray of Montreal, was the guest of her parents for a few days this week.

Mr. G. Staniforth accompanied by his bride, returned home from their wedding trip on Monday last.

Mr. H. J. Giles has removed his family to their cosy little camp at Lake Louise for the summer months.

Mrs. Evans and Miss Lottie Pollock of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Jno. McGillivray for Dominion Day.

Mr. John Tombs of the Corticelli Silk Co., spent Dominion day in Lachute, the guest of Mr. J. C. James.

A meeting of the Parish Council was held on Monday afternoon in the Court House at which the valuation roll was revised.

Miss McGregor of Ottawa and Mr. Lloyd McLaren of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Jas. McGibbon last week.

We understand that Mr. Bernique has sold out his hotel in the West End to Mr. Gullbault, formerly a baker in St. Philippe.

Mrs. Morris and family of New York arrived in town on Friday last for a few weeks visit to their many friends.

Mr. Anderson Nicoll returned to New York after spending an enjoyable month visiting his parents and friends in Lachute.

Mrs. B. McArthur and family left this morning to spend the summer months in their pretty little residence at Norway Bay.

Miss Aggie Graham of Cote du Midi was the guest of her sister Mrs. Chas. Calder, prior to her departure for a few months stay in Buckingham.

The Misses Elizabeth and Jean Smith left for New York on Friday, where they intend spending a month visiting their uncle Mr. A. Nicoll.

A football match was played by the young lads of Messrs. Hamelin & Ayers and the J. C. Wilson Co., which resulted in a win for the latter of 10-0.

Dr. Menzies who has been in attendance as medical officer to the 11th Batt. Argenteuil Rangers now in camp at Three Rivers, returned home on Monday last.

One of the most successful dances ever held in Lachute was that given by the Lachute Quadrille Club on Thursday last, when about 30 couples were present to enjoy the pleasures of the evening.

The Rev. Jas. M. McLaren, Hon. Captain and Chaplain of the 11th Batt. Argenteuil Rangers, took in the camp at Three Rivers this week. During his absence on Sunday the Rev. Mr. Gourley and Dr. Patterson took the services.

Mr. David Lanoue of Holyoke, Mass., accompanied by his wife, is here on a short visit to his sister Mrs. N. Boivin. This is their first visit in Canada, and they express themselves delighted with all they have seen in this country. Mr. Lanoue left on Tuesday in company with Mr. Boivin for a trip to Quebec and other points East.

Rev. Jonathan Bastow, M.A., after five and a half of most successful years of service, has resigned the pastorate of the Murray Street Church in Peterboro, Ont., and accepted the urgent call of the Church in Renfrew, Ont., where he will commence work on the first Lord's day in August.

The following appointments in connection with the 11th Regiment, Argenteuil Rangers, have been issued as follows:—To be provisional Lieutenant, Sergeant G. W. Walker to complete establishment. To be provisional Lieutenant Cobar-Sergeant D. V. McPaul Vice W. A. Brown appointed quarter-master.

The clerk of the weather has smiled upon the children this week for their picnics. It was a happy crowd that gathered at the union picnic of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches Sunday School, at the Great Northern Station on Tuesday, whence they were taken to the pretty little town of Ste. Jerome and enjoyed a happy day, returning home a little before six. On Wednesday the Baptist Church held their outing and some 8 teams carried the folk to the picturesque village of Carillon, where a pleasant trip across the Ottawa on the Sovereign was given all hands. Lovely weather prevailed on both days.

A special meeting of the Directors of the Agricultural Society was held in Rodrigue's Hotel on Wednesday, June 6th, at which the judges for the fall exhibition were appointed. The Secretary was pleased to inform the meeting that he had received the following liberal subscriptions to the Society: T. Christie M.P. \$30, Hon. W. A. Weir \$25, Hon. W. Owens \$10, G. H. Perley \$50, Garceau & Son \$10, Felix Hamelin \$10.

The judge on farms is now at work and his report will be published as soon as received. It was decided that a ploughing match would be held this year in the Parish of St. Andrews.

A committee was appointed to arrange special prize list, which when completed will be duly published.

The wrestling match held in the Victoria Hall last Friday evening, was poorly attended, although the exhibition given was fairly good. Young Shaw, who is an old Centreville boy, met F. Hooper of Toronto, as advertised and succeeded in downing his man (best two out of three falls) after much hard work. When asked by Shaw if any one would meet him, young Ernie Wilson replied by nimbly stepping on to the platform and in a few minutes re-appeared in 'dancing pumps and low neck dress' and proceeded to drop his opponent. For a considerable time, the husky young West Ender led his own, but the superior skill of Shaw gained the day, notwithstanding the fact that it took 6 minutes and 15 seconds to put Wilson down. An exhibition match was also given by M. S. Kirkby and J. O. McLean, both of Montreal, in which the latter won.

MARRIAGE AT DALESVILLE.

The home of Mr. A. Murdoch, Dalesville, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the 30th of June, when his daughter Mary Ann was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Russell Cregeen of Montreal. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Watson in a very impressive ceremony on the veranda of the residence in the presence of a large number of guests. After the wedding feast at which the usual toasts were given, the wedding party left for Lachute to take the train where, amidst a shower of rice and other cereals they started on the wedding journey. The occasion although a merry one, had its element of sadness owing to the fact that the result is the removal from the home, the Church and community, one whose usefulness will be much missed. For the last nine years Miss Murdoch acted as the mother of the family and, notwithstanding this, she found time to be present in the hour of need when trouble fell among the neighbors. The high appreciation in which she was held was manifested by the number, value and usefulness of the wedding gifts.

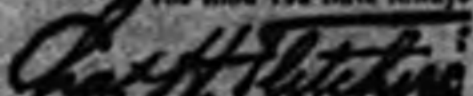
MARRIAGE.

CREGEEN-MURDOCH.—At the home of the bride's father, Thursday, June 30th, 1904, by Rev. T. Watson. Mr. Thomas R. Cregeen of Montreal, to Miss Mary Ann Murdoch, second daughter of Archibald Murdoch of Dalesville, Que.

DEATH.

ROBBINS.—At the residence of her daughter Mrs. J. W. Martin, 65 Centre St., Pawtucket, R.I. Isabella Armstrong, widow of Wm. Robbins aged 73.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of 

We have on hand
A Large and Well-assorted Stock of

WILLIAMS' PIANOS. EVANS BROS. PIANOS.
DOHERTY ORGANS, SHERLOCK WAINING ORGANS.

New Williams' Sewing Machines, Household Furniture of all description at prices defying all competition. Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere

Our Stock of **BOOTS & SHOES** is complete and selling at reduced prices.

J. A. BEDARD & SON,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

THE ELITE.

SUMMER BARGAINS

For Ladies in Whitewear, Skirts, Fancy Collars, Belts, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins

Manufacturers samples of white waists. The greatest variety and value ever offered in town. Be sure and see them before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH.

Eyes Examined Free



... BY THE MOST...

Up-TO-Date METHODS.

Spectacles prescribed only when necessary.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

Graduate of the Optical Institute of Canada,
LACHUTE.

KENNEDY

The
Gentlemen's Outfitter.

SUITINGS in all the nobby patterns of Canadian and Imported Goods.

HATS,—All the Latest and American Shapes and sizes.

Trunk's Shirts, Collars and Ties.

Campbell's Clothing, the highest grade clothing in Canada.

New Spring Gloves, Underwear, etc.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St. Lachute

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont.)

She saw then that there was no generosity, no friendly competition, to be expected in this quarter, and Colonel Clinker had been right when he warned her against Miss Palliser as against a dangerous enemy. If she could do her a bad turn and prevent her winning it was quite evident she would do so. Kate's courage, however, was of the kind which rises with an emergency, and which opposition only rouses into a doubly firm determination to succeed. She resolved to best Miss Palliser at any rate.

"Certainly," she replied, with chilling politeness; "that is what I imagine you have hitherto done. Take care, however, your mare does not turn the tables upon you before long."

There was no time for any further interchange of civilities between the ladies, for Singing Bird and Black Anster were still in advance.

Kate sat King Olaf going again as quickly as possible. She had ridden with great patience and judgment, and obeyed orders implicitly, but the moment had now arrived to ascertain of what mettle her horse was really made. If she allowed herself to get too far behind she might never regain the ground lost through that most provoking foul. Thank goodness, King Olaf felt strong as a lion under her, while Coquette, owing to the ruthless way in which her mistress had used, or rather misused her powers, not only lathered freely, but already began to hold out unmistakable signs of distress. Still a very few more strides were sufficient to show that either had the speed of Singing Bird and Black Anster, both of whom they passed with ease, and both of whom seemed pretty well cooked. Side by side the two leaders now galloped on, taking fence for fence, King Olaf always a little in advance, but with Coquette running gamely, and showing under different guidance what a real good mare she might have proved. Nevertheless, as they neared the last few fences, King Olaf's superior condition told more and more. The further they went, too, the greater became Kate's presence of mind. She had recovered from the first flurry of a natural excitement, and now brought all her judgment and intelligence to bear on the task in hand; while Miss Palliser, on the contrary, flushed and tremulous, seemed hardly to know what she was about. King Olaf had never extended himself even, and galloped gaily and freely. In this manner they reached the last fence of all, which the gallant chestnut flew with ridiculous ease, but just as he landed a shrill scream rent the air, and looking round in alarm Kate beheld Miss Palliser's form shoot from the saddle, apparently without any assignable reason, and come with a fierce bump to the ground, where it lay like a helpless bundle, prostrate on mother earth, leaving Coquette, who must have felt insulted by this apparent vagary on the part of her rider, to canter away with loosely flapping reins. Kate knew now that she had the race in hand, but Singing Bird and Black Anster were only a few lengths in the rear, so she wisely did not risk a finish, but came on at a good steady pace and won exactly as she pleased, while the public, whose sympathies, after the contempts at the water-jump, had been entirely on her side, applauded her to the echo. The victory appeared in fact, a most popular one, for, to tell truth, Miss Palliser's friends were few and far between.

It was a picture to see old Stirrup's face; indeed, the expression of it would have formed quite a physiological study when he saw King Olaf come cantering in. It literally rippled over with delight.

"I knowed 'e'd do it; I knowed 'e'd beat 'em all to bits," were the only words he could find at first to express the height of a joy so intoxicatingly overpowering.

Meanwhile poor Miss Palliser was lying on the flat of her back with her heels up in the air, vowing and declaring she was killed. A crowd quickly gathered round the unfortunate horsewoman, who before many minutes discovered this statement to be highly exaggerated, inasmuch as, with the exception of the wind having been knocked out of her body by the exceeding velocity of her downfall, she remained unharmed in aught except in spirit, which latter appeared terribly mortified.

"If it had not been for my stirrup-leather breaking just when it did," she explained to her auditors, "I must have won. Was there ever such luck in this world? Really it is too, too cruel."

"Was that why you tumbled off, Miss Palliser?" asked Captain Fuller in his cool sarcastic way.

"Ah, of course," retorted she in a state of high exasperation, "I know that's exactly what people will say. They will say I cut a voluntary—I who have never done such a thing in my life. I shall be greatly obliged to you, Captain

Fuller, if you will contradict the statement, and allow the public to know the true state of the case. The stirrup-leather alone was to blame."

"I'm glad to hear it," responded he with an impenetrable countenance. "That's satisfactory at any rate. One always likes to find some good excuse for these unfortunate little casualties."

As for Kate, the very first person she met when she rode back into the paddock was Colonel Clinker. He came towards her with a smile of pleasure and relief brightening all his face.

"Bravo! bravo!" he cried. "You rode awfully well. No one could have ridden better, not even a professional jockey. There was not a single thing I told you to do that you did not do, and that exactly right. I feel indeed proud of my pupil."

He took her hand in his and shook it warmly. A sudden impulse seized him.

"Oh, Kate!" he added in a softened voice, "you don't know how thankful I am to get you back again. My heart stood still with fright when I saw the collision at the brook, and thought you were in for a fall. I never felt so queer in my life."

The flush of victory glowed in her veins. She was too happy, too full of the pleasures of that proud moment to remark the use he made of her Christian name. It was not till afterwards, not till the warm blood had cooled and her mind resumed its normal condition, that she remembered how he had held her hand in his and called her Kate in tones that seemed as if they could only possess one meaning, one interpretation. At the time she merely realized the subtle joy of feeling here was a person who sympathized and rejoiced at her triumph as if it had been his very own, and whose evident interest was not alone flattering to her vanity, but acceptable to some warmer and deeper emotion that now and again began to stir the pulsations of her heart.

"Thanks for your congratulations," she said; "but don't praise me, for I did nothing but stick on. Praise King Olaf instead. My success is entirely owing to him and to you," beaming down on the open countenance so near her own.

"Without your help I should have been nowhere. You saw how Coquette stopped, purely through want of condition. Well, King Olaf's superiority was solely and entirely owing to your exceeding kindness."

Kate, assisted by her companions, now dismounted, whereupon King Olaf stretched out his forelegs and shook himself heartily, just like a dog when he emerges from the water, while she, regardless of all on-lookers, put her arms round his neck and rubbed her soft cheek against the beautiful animal's velvety nose.

"Ch, Stirrup!" she cried artlessly, "isn't he a darling? Didn't he behave beautifully? We must have his picture painted. I shall get an artist down from town to do him at once."

They were a pretty pair as they stood thus—the horse, with his mild blue eyes filled with an intelligence almost human, his swelling veins, his slender limbs, and tapering head; she with the rich color mantling in her cheeks, her slim figure set off to full advantage by her perfectly fitting colors, and a stray lock of hair just fluttering in the gentle breeze.

Colonel Clinker felt all at once as if he hated King Olaf. A fierce and sudden longing seized him to have those sweet lips pressed to his instead of to that light tan muzzle, to feel the coveted clasp of those encircling arms about his neck instead of seeing them placed so lovingly round King Olaf's. He wanted to take her to himself and speak to her of his love—his deep, overmastering passion. It cost him no small effort to preserve silence and turn away, but the time had not yet come, and he preferred suspense for a while longer to a cruel certainty that might rob him of all pleasure in life. Besides, what had he to offer her? He had no money, no profession, no particular brains, not even settled habits. He had been accustomed to a round or perpetual excitement, gambling, betting, racing, late hours. Even if she would take him, was he fit to be married? Might not his old bachelor habits cling to him still? Might not the same restless spirit break forth afresh? He was inclined to think not. He was inclined to think he could make any sacrifice for her sake, inclined to think that with her by his side fresh possibilities, higher aims, higher ambitions might open themselves out to him in the future, but as yet he was like a man who sees "through a glass darkly." He doubted his own powers of forbearance, of steadfastness, and perseverance, a glimmering light

had commenced to brighten the pathway of uncertainty, casting flickering rays of sunshine upon it, but they were not assured. The light might be put out altogether by too hasty, too rude a breath, and so long as he could still retain a certain amount of self-command he would run no risks. Therefore Jack Clinker, when he looked at Kate by King Olaf's side, turned suddenly away, so that she wondered where he had gone, and why he had forsaken her thus early instead of assisting her to drink the sweet, intoxicating cup of success to its very dregs. Others crowded round to offer their congratulations, but she felt hurt at his prompt defection, torturing herself with self-communings as to whether she could have said or done anything that might have offended him, so true is it that even in our most joyous moments some little tiny sting robs them of full fruition, rendering them satisfactory only in part.

In the meantime Miss Palliser had waddled into the paddock, her back well plastered with mud and her habit torn to shreds. She, too, watched Kate embracing King Olaf, but with very different sentiments.

She could not conceal her malice any longer; therefore, turning to Captain Fuller, who stood close by, she said spitefully—

"What dreadful bad form that girl is to be sure. Just look at her now. Why she makes as much fuss about winning a twopenny-halfpenny race as she could do if she had won the Derby. I call it positively sickening."

"Do you?" retorted he. "I imagine success always is sickening when viewed with the mortified eyes of defeat."

"Pooh! Nonsense! You need not think I care about being beaten. A miserable little course like this is no criterion whatever—mere child's play after the sort of fences we have been accustomed to. I daresay Miss Brewster imagines she has done something wonderful, but anybody who understands about racing—anybody, that is, except Colonel Clinker, whose little game we can all see through—would tell her differently. But there, she's so horribly conceited one might just as well talk to a peacock."

Miss Palliser had taken no pains to lower her voice, and Kate overheard every word of the above speech.

She got very red in the face, but said, eyeing her adversary steadily—

"Please do not talk quite so loud, Miss Palliser. Perhaps you were not aware when you made those flattering remarks that I was within earshot."

After some self-communion she had thought it better to announce the fact.

"I don't care whether you were or not," returned the other, carried away beyond all bounds of civility. "It's nothing to me."

Kate drew herself up to her full height.

"I will not condescend to argue with you," she said loftily, and then turned away, feeling deeply hurt by Miss Palliser's conduct. Before long she met Colonel Clinker once more.

"You were quite right," she said going up to him, "to warn me against that woman; I did not believe you at the time, but now I know you had wisdom on your side."

"What's she been doing? Anything more to annoy you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Yes, she has been excessively rude but I do not wish to repeat such low and vulgar sayings. Miss Palliser is simply—no lady."

"Oh! so you've begun to find that out, have you? Well, better late, perhaps, than never. It will be easier after this to keep out of her way."

"I shall certainly take care to do so in the future. I wonder," said poor Kate musingly, "why people say such nasty, horrid things? What's the good in this world of being so spiteful towards our fellow creatures?"

"Ah, what indeed! I'm sure I can't answer that question satisfactorily, and yet, wherever you go there is always a certain number of folks ready to put the worst construction on all your actions, and give you over beforehand to the archfiend. However, I will not have you vex yourself about Miss Palliser's rude speeches. She's not worth such a compliment. Here's the Earl coming to escort the heroines of the day to lunch. So cheer up."

As he spoke the old gentleman made his appearance, leaning on his gold-headed stick, and, after some slight delay the invited guests marched off to the Castle to eat and to drink. A merry meal followed, lasting over an hour, and at the end of it the Earl, who bore his own daughter's defeat most good-naturedly, got up and presented the cup to Kate with great ceremony, making a little speech to the effect "that he had much pleasure in bestowing it upon his dear young friend, on one whom he was sure all would admit had most gallantly earned the prize." In fact he grew so paternally affectionate that Kate hardly knew how to reply, and felt ready to sink into the earth when Mr. McGrath called loudly for her to return thanks.

"But I can't," she said in a hurried whisper. "I don't know how. I never made a speech in my life. I'd rather commit suicide."

"That does not matter in the least. You must. The Earl will be dreadfully offended if you don't. Besides, people make speeches every day whether they are proficient in the art or not, so fire away."

Thus entreated, Kate rose from her seat and said in a clear voice, though inwardly trembling with nervousness—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness. I don't really deserve it, or the praise our kind host has so freely bestowed upon me, and I feel certain any of my opponents would have won the race had they had the good fortune to possess so gallant a horse. All the credit of the performance is due to him, and to him alone."

Then she sat down again rather hurriedly, knowing that if she were to harangue the company for an hour she could not find any words which would express her opinion more completely.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the Earl and many of the gentlemen, who were taken by her pleasant appearance and modest manners. "Here's King Olaf's health. Three cheers for King Olaf!"

Everybody joined in the toast—everybody, that is to say, except Miss Palliser, who could not bring herself to participate in the general rejoicings.

"What humbug it all is to be sure," she observed under her breath to Captain Fuller, who for his sins was seated next to her. "Such a ridiculous fuss about nothing. Colonel Clinker is bad enough in all conscience, but I really wonder at the Earl, who ought to know better, being so silly as to encourage this Miss Brewster in her affectations. It's downright sinful."

"You don't seem to like Miss Brewster, eh?"

"No, I can't say that I do. Why should I?"

"Oh, for no particular reason, of course. But things have turned out just as I anticipated. It was simply impossible for six ladies to compete in a race, or anything else, without giving rise to all sorts of envy, hatred and uncharitableness. Miss Brewster is merely paying the usual penalty of success."

"Does not success invariably create detractors? Particularly feminine ones. No, no; depend upon it the jealousies of your sex beat those of ours all to bits."

"I don't agree with you in the least, Captain Fuller. That's just the sort of thing men delight in saying. They always try to make themselves out superior beings, and to impress that superiority on every occasion. Now, if this Miss Brewster were really a decent sort of girl I should be the very first to feel pleased at her having won, and congratulate her on her good fortune."

"Would you, Miss Palliser?"

"Yes; don't look at me in that sceptical sort of way, as if you did not believe what I was saying. I repeat, if Miss Brewster were nice I should feel pleased at her success; but as it is, I believe I am not alone in considering she took a very unfair advantage over the other competitors."

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Captain Fuller, opening his eyes. "An unfair advantage? What unfair advantage, pray?"

"Oh, it's not necessary to enter into particulars, especially as we are all of us of the same opinion."

"If you do not choose to divulge what that opinion is, of course I can do nothing but guess at it," said Captain Fuller with growing curiosity. "If I happen to hit the right nail on the head will you tell me if my surmises are correct? I fancy I have an inkling as to your meaning."

"Guess away as much as you please," said she loftily. "All I will say is, that if we had all been heiresses, and encouraged young men in the most shameless and improper manner, if we had shown an utter disregard for our good name, it is just possible that we, too, might have secured the services of a professional jockey. But, thank heaven, we possess some pride and some self-respect, which prevent our behaving like well, I will not say what," and Miss Palliser pursed up her lip with an expression of such extreme propriety and modesty that she might have been a girl in her teens instead of a world-hardened virgin the wrong side of forty, who, as a rule, displayed no hesitation in calling a spade a spade.

"Pshaw!" said Captain Fuller to himself, while a sardonic smile overspread his usually impassive features. "That's how the land lies! What extraordinary creatures these women are, to be sure. La Palliser is simply mad with jealousy. There's some fun to be got out of her. Let's have a try."

He put on his most sympathetic manner, and said inquiringly—

"I gather that you do not approve of Colonel Clinker's having rendered Miss Brewster so much assistance?"

But the lady was in no mood to be drawn.

(To be continued.)

THERE YOU ARE.

"Pa, what is institution?"

"Merely the feminine of suspicion, my son."

A poetic genius is one who is able to convert his stuff into real money.

A FEW HINTS FOR WIVES

HOW TO KEEP YOUR HUSBAND HEALTHY.

To a Great Extent the Wife Can Regulate His Physical Well-being.

Many matrons seem to be under the impression that ill-health is wholly a matter of chance, almost always unavoidable, and due to some superhuman, inevitable cause. They make no attempt to ward off impending ailments to which their husbands are liable, by prevention—the best of all cures.

Other wives there are who err in the opposite extreme, and invite physical and mental uneasiness for their lords and masters by their excessive fussiness and everlasting fidgets. But this kind, happily, is rare.

One of the chief aids to health is well known to be a properly balanced diet, suited to the requirements of the individual.

"One man's meat is another man's poison," and it should be one of the chief aims of a sensible wife to find out as quickly as possible after marriage what is "poison" for her spouse and what is "meat." Some wives never make this discovery at all, or only to a very limited extent. Others begin to get an inkling as to "what suits John" by about the time for the silver wedding celebration. It may be urged that this is mainly John's own fault, that he ought to know what suits him, and

INSIST UPON HAVING IT.

Of course, only a gay, inexperienced and untamed bachelor would argue in this way. He may be dismissed with the reflection that wives are not landladies, nor cooks angels.

In the first place, John probably has fifty things to think about beside and apart from the preparation of his food. Secondly, he will, as a rule, eat what there is to be had without comment rather than complain or make a fuss. Thirdly, he frequently does not know himself what food agrees with him and what does not. This it should be the wife's business to find out.

It is often said—and with truth—that indigestion is at the root of nine-tenths of the diseases which afflict humanity. A wife, therefore, who is thoroughly acquainted with her husband's digestive powers is able, by regulating his diet, to influence his general health to an enormous extent.

FAVORITE DAINTIES

which are known to disagree should find no place upon the table. The wife should be very autocratic in this respect, but, whilst declining to prepare dishes which are injurious to her lord's constitution, her ingenuity can be exercised in devising repasts of a harmless nature.

Just as a man's physical condition can be modified by the food with which his wife provides him, so can his mind be undeniably elevated or depressed by her influence. It is to be feared, however, that this influence is not always very unselfishly or very intelligently directed. For instance, many wives strive hard to keep their partners fast within doors during almost every minute which can be spared from business. This is often a mistaken policy. Many men of a domestic turn of mind ought to be encouraged to go out more, to spend more time in the society of other folks in their own station.

As a rule, the less a man mixes with his fellows the less he wants to. After a few years in the domestic cage he is liable to get into a very unhealthy state, and his mental outlook becomes that of

A HERMIT OR RECLUSE.

There is no need to go to the extreme in either direction, but the woman who induces her husband to spend an evening with his old bachelor friends occasionally will probably not be a loser by the concession. She will, most likely, find that his health and spirits will be all the brighter, and the evenings which are spent at home will be all the more enjoyable.

These evenings at home, too, she can do much to enliven. By taking an intelligent interest in topics which interest her better-half, either in business, politics, or social matters, and by ministering to his comfort and happiness in a score of different ways, the wife can enhance her husband's stock of animal spirits and increase her own happiness at the same time.

As moderation and judicious selection are the best rules for indulgence in the pleasures of the table, so is variation the proper key-note for the pleasure of the mind. No indoor hobby should be pursued after a suefit is experienced. The thoughtful wife can easily arrange for a change of pastime when the parlor game of the moment shows signs of getting stale.

One thing in especial the clever matron should try to save her spouse and that is worry. "It is worry that kills," and worry in the home should be avoided at all costs.

Headless people bear needless pain.

The labor of love leads to love's labor.

The glass looking are the only good looking.

The man who runs from work gets no rest.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

WOMAN IMPRISONED WITH DEATH ADDERS.

Hunting for Orchids in the Wild Hills of North Queensland.

On the bank of the Kirk River, in North Queensland, there is a wild picturesque range of rocky hills, whose tops are 300 feet high. They consist of immense boulders, tumbled together in the wildest confusion, with timber, vines, creepers and huge orchids and ferns growing in between.

I had visited this place three times for the purpose of gathering orchids for a person in Townsville who used to pay me five shillings each for them.

One day I set out for a spot where I was sure plenty of orchids would be found—a narrow, wild-looking, yedgo-shaped cleft or gorge in the mountains which was densely covered on each side with jungle. Huge grey boulders showed out here and there through the verdure, and orchids could be seen less than one hundred feet above me. Hobbling out my horse, and taking my water-bag, I started. It took me quite an hour to get to the top of the gully, for I had to clamber over boulders, push through vines and creepers and make many detours. However, when I reached there, I was well satisfied, for there were many orchids around me—some growing on trees and others in the clefts and crannies of the boulders. From the summit there was

A SPLENDID VIEW

of the surrounding country—the long meandering course of the Kirk River being especially noticeable, owing to both banks being heavily fringed with dark green she-oaks, which made a startling contrast to the monotony of the pale dull green of the forest of iron bark and gum trees. Almost directly beneath me, at the base of the hills, there was a flock of seven emus, who were feeding on a thick, fleshy kind of saline creeper, which grew amongst the loose stones. I could see them quite distinctly as they stalked to and fro. Little did I know as I watched them that these huge birds were to be the indirect means of my being rescued from a dreadful situation.

Leaving my water-bag under the shade of an overhanging boulder, I began to collect. I had been at work about half an hour when I caught sight of a beautiful orchid just coming into flower. It was growing in the cleft of a jagged boulder standing amidst a tangled network of tough, malodorous vine. I was so eager to get possession of it that, when I found there was a narrow cleft between the boulder and the vine, I did not hesitate to jump across—with a disastrous result, for when I landed on the other side my foot slipped on the rock and I fell sideways down into the cleft and dropped into a thick pile of debris of dead vines and leaves, which had fallen from the trees above.

Rising to my feet, I looked about me, and nearly cried with fright, for I saw that I was in a prison chamber! From where I had fallen to the bottom was about ten or twelve feet, although the floor of the place was three feet thick with powdery leaves, etc. But what terrified me was that the wall of solid rock was dome-shaped, and would be impossible for anyone to climb. The cleft at the top—through which I could see the blue sky above—was about three feet wide and about ten long; at one end of it the roots of a tree called the

"MORETON BAY FIG"

hung down over the edge. I sat down and looked all around my prison and saw that it was futile my attempting to escape unaided—I should have to wait until I was rescued. Then I began to feel a little more courageous. My mother, I knew, if I did not return by sunset, would be sure to send someone to look for me. That I should be found by night, or at least on the following morning, I was certain.

I stood up and scraped together a pile of leaves, making them into a sort of bank against the side of the cavern, so that I could either sit or lie down in some comfort.

Then I caught sight of something a few yards away on the other side of the cave that made my heart "come into my mouth"—a number of snakes lying together in a heap, and apparently asleep.

I kept perfectly still for a few moments, and watched them intently, wondering whether they were young, non-venomous "rock" carpet snakes (which were very plentiful all about the Kirk) or the deadly brown snake.

Very softly and quietly I went a little nearer, and looked more closely, and felt sick with fear when I saw that they were death adders—dark grey in color, and all, except one, appeared to be of the same size, about 18 inches long; evidently they were the one brood. Presently one of them moved, and then writhed itself clear from its horrid companions, and slowly crawled away to the foot of the wall, where it suddenly disappeared, and then I saw what had previously escaped my notice—that there were means of exit (for snakes at least)—narrow cracks and fissures in the rock, some of them as large as a man's hand. At that side—where the adders were lying—the floor of the pit was free from debris (being away from the opening above), and consisted of a dirty dark greyish sand; and a wild hope came to me that I might be able

to dig my way through under the wall.

Creeping over as quickly as possible and keeping a watchful eye on the hideous mass of slumbering reptiles, I began to dig with my hands at the base of the wall, and worked on for ten minutes or so, the perspiration streaming from every pore in my body, and then gave up when my nails struck against solid rock. Kneeling down

I PRAYED FOR COURAGE,

for the coming night, and then I "did a long weep." Turning over my seat of leaves, in the hope that I might find some large stones underneath which would enable me to kill any of the adders if one came over to my part of the cave I found some small pieces of granite. These I put in my handkerchief and tied them up tightly, making a weapon as good as a stone, and weighing about five pounds.

Then I suddenly remembered my box of matches, and I became almost hysterical with joy. I found a certain means of defence, and should not die a dreadful death from snake-bite in that awful place! After another "weep"—this time one of joy—and when my hands ceased to tremble with excitement, I began my preparations.

As long as daylight lasted I should, I knew, be comparatively safe from the adders, unless I disturbed them; but at night they would be all over the place seeking food, such as little grey rock lizards, many of which I saw creeping about the sides of the cavern in pursuit of flies, moths, etc. Very carefully I gathered up armfuls of leaves and dead vines, and pushed them inch by inch towards the sleeping adders, feeling more courageous every moment, when I saw that no notice was taken of my movements. In half an hour I had a thick semi-circular layer of leaves nearly two feet high between the snakes and me. Then I added more and more leaves, until I had formed a complete circle, with a clear space in the centre, into which I then carried all the leaves that were left and compressed them as much as possible by covering them with my shirt, which I took off. It was my intention to sit on this mound of leaves till darkness came on; then first set fire to the surrounding girdle of leaves and add to them from my heap, little by little,

AS THEY BURNED DOWN.

I was sure there were enough leaves to keep the fire bolt alive until daylight, but at the same time I was almost certain that help would come to me long before then.

Suddenly, I heard a sound which made my heart leap—a gun shot! Then another and another followed. I sprang to my feet, and in a few moments I had lit the circle of leaves in a dozen places, cooing loudly the while.

A dense volume of smoke arose round me, and poured up through the top of the cave. I was so surrounded by it that I was not only half-smothered, but nearly roasted as well, for the leaves of the Moreton Bay fig tree give out a great heat. In another quarter of an hour, when I was gasping for breath, and the flames and smoke had died away, I was able to see.

The adders had gone. I then made another pile of leaves directly under the opening above, lit it and watched the smoke ascending in a straight line to the sky, and every now and then cooed with all the strength of my lungs.

Hours and hours seemed to pass, though it was in reality less than half an hour after the first fire was lit that the smoke was noticed, and my cries heard by a man named Maurice Kerr and a black boy. The former was a stockman, and was riding across country to the Kirk River Township when he saw the flock of emus, and had shot three of them with his Winchester carbine, when the black boy first called his attention to my horse and then to the smoke. As they were pulling the big feathers out of one of the emus they heard my cooing.

It did not take them long to find me, and I was soon rescued by means of two bridles, which Kerr lashed together and lowered down to me, telling me how to tie one under my arms. Then they pulled me up. And then as I lay on the hot rocks I pointed to my water-bag.

O! that drink of water. It was heaven itself!

WHO SUPPORTED ATLAS?

Not long ago the genial superintendent of a public school was asked by one of his youthful friends to listen to the latter's rehearsal of a lesson in which there was a reference to Atlas.

"Do you know who Atlas was?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes, sir. He was a giant who supported the world."

"Ah! Supported the world, did he?" went on the superintendent. "Well, tell me who supported Atlas?"

The little fellow looked as though he had not given the subject any particular attention, but showed immediate willingness to think it over. The superintendent stood looking on trying hard to keep back a smile; but the youngster finally brightened up and answered—

"Well, I think he must have married a rich wife."

Most men must be punished for their sins while here on earth if it is true that every man gets the wife heaven intended for him.

FIGHT WITH POLAR BEARS

MANY DOWN FROM THE ARCTIC THIS YEAR.

Monsters That Struggle With Half a Dozen Sailors at a Time.

Owing to the exceptional rigors of the past winter along Baffinland and Labrador, the polar bears have had to wander off among the ice floes in greater numbers than usual in quest of the seals upon which they chiefly feed, and the crews of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, just back from their annual hunt, tell many stories of encounters with these monsters writes a St. John's, Newfoundland, correspondent.

When he is well fed the polar bear is easily worsted, but if hungry he fights with fury. Hence, encounters with bears are not sought, unless riflemen are included in the party; but sometimes there is no alternative. This season, on one occasion, seven men armed only with seal clubs had to fight an old male bear.

One man thought he saw a seal behind a hummock and started off after it, a second following him. Just as the first topped the hummock he raised his club and struck, when to his horror he found he had hit a polar bear over the snout. The bear turned on him with an angry growl and would have dismembered him with a single stroke, when the second man got in and hit him on the snout also. This blow half stunned him and he fell backward into a small hole of water.

Still, though dazed, he struggled to get out, and so there was nothing for it but to fight him, and this the men did successfully, the whole seven joining in the struggle. Yet he broke one man's ankle, lacerated another's thigh and splintered the arm of a third before he gave in. His skin and fat weighed 400 pounds and his carcass probably as much more, so that he was as

BULKY AS A SMALL HORSE.

On another occasion there was a fierce fight, within full view of a ship's crew, between a bear and six men. Bruin had been asleep for the night on a small pan of ice and was awakened in the early morning by the sound of the steamer's whistle, blown to call her crew to their day's toil. The bear, aroused from slumber, raised himself on his hind paws with a mighty growl, as if in challenge to the ship. His defiance was accepted in this sense by six young sealmen, who promptly made at him with only their clubs.

The bear was unable to leave the small pan he was on, owing to six enemies assailing him, and so had to fight it out there. He made a game defence, too, notwithstanding all attacks of his adversaries. One of these struck at him with a club, but he reared up, caught it in his mouth and jerked it from the owner's hands and, shaking it as a terrier would a rat, hurriedly banged at the owner with it and felled him senseless with a blow over the head. The other assailants he kept off also in the same way, and it was not till a man came from the ship with a rifle and put four bullets through him that he showed any weakening. At last he became dazed, and a well directed blow on the snout stunned him, while a shower more apparently killed him.

A rope was lashed round his body and he was swung up by the ship's winch to be got on board, but just as he came over the rail the rope broke and he disappeared from view in the water. The cold bath revived him, for in about five minutes he was seen to emerge in a blow hole in a floe, and climbed on to a high pan. Three men were at once despatched after him, and he was stunned, stabbed to the heart and then dragged to the ship to be skinned. He was nearly nine feet long and twelve feet in largest girth, and was altogether

A FORMIDABLE ADVERSARY.

Men who go to the seal fisheries for the sport or experience as passengers on the ships of the fleet, usually derive their keenest enjoyment from stalking the polar bears, as it is quite a novel form of big game hunting. The scene is the great floating ice field, and from hummock to hummock, and berg to berg, the hunter will dodge his prey, until a lucky shot will enable him to bring down the victim.

Sealing captains will never let their guests go off unattended on such a mission, but send a couple of expert riflemen with them, as at times Mr. and Mrs. Bear and their offspring may be at home on the floe, and they would be rather too formidable a combination for the inexperienced hunter.

The Esquimaux of Greenland and Baffin Land are notable bear hunters. The Esquimaux have trained their dogs to run the creatures down and torment them until they can come up themselves and give the quietus with lance or gun. The daring of the Esquimaux hunters is great, and they will attack the infuriated bear the moment they come within striking range.

In northern Labrador they are also to be got in goodly numbers. Last season a Newfoundland fishing skipper found two of them entangled in his nets in O'Brien harbor at the entrance to Ungava Bay, and was able to kill them with but little trouble. Another skipper sighted a third and sent two men in a boat after him, but their first shot only wounded the brute and he made back at them, upset and tore apart their boat, and badly gashed one of the men before the schooner ran down

and poured a whole battery of bullets into him.

The Hudson Bay Company's factors are always keen to secure skins of this white water bear. Last year one station secured fourteen of these skins, the largest of which measured thirteen feet and brought £15 at the company's annual auction in London. Another station, Nakvak, the most northern and therefore best situated for them, collects

ABOUT SIXTY A YEAR.

About 400 bears are killed along Labrador every twelvemonth.

These bears are extraordinarily cunning. They catch seals in exactly the same way as the Esquimaux, by waiting at a blowhole, having first built up a little wall around it. They show cleverness almost human in grasping a seal when it comes up to breathe, and transferring it to the ice.

If the bear is not hungry he will play with the seal just as a cat does with a mouse, patting it till it wriggles away, catching it again, tossing it into the air and torturing it in various ways, but always keeping between it and the blowhole, and eventually killing it by jumping on it with all four paws.

The bears also will wait, nose down, against the floe by which seals, narwhals and even white whales swim, and when one of these will rise to breathe, spring upon it like a cat on a sparrow, hugging and tearing it to death in the water, and eventually dragging it up on the ice, to be devoured at leisure. When no better food offers, they subsist on some of the innumerable diving birds that abound in northern seas. The bear will immerse himself in the water where the birds are swimming, and then, sinking beneath it, will leave only the black nose visible, up to which the unwitting bird swims, only to find itself a victim to his maw.

It is while abroad on the ice that the bears are carried off by adverse winds and swept south to perish of starvation. During last Christmas week the steamship Hanover, crossing the Grand Banks on the way to Baltimore, sighted an iceberg on which were moving objects first thought to be human beings, but subsequently seen to be six polar bears. They had been ferried hundreds of miles from their Arctic home and were doomed to perish by drowning or hunger. Similar scenes are often witnessed by the crews of vessels fishing on the Grand Banks.

Last July two castaway fishermen from one of the ships on the Banks pulled toward an iceberg to get some fragments to melt into drinking water, but found it tenanted by a starving polar bear, which plunged into the sea and made after them on catching sight of them. They had to row their best to escape, as these bears can swim as well as seals, and it was only when he saw he could not reach them that he returned to his lonely cry, bellowing forth hoarse growls of rage the while.

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

Attractions for Sportsmen on the Line of the Grand Trunk.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

X-RAYS AND THE VIOLIN.

It has been discovered that the ageing of a violin can be artificially secured by exposing the wood to X-rays. The beautiful tone which has heretofore resulted from a natural ageing of the wood for fifty or sixty years can thus be obtained in a single day. If this is true Stradivarius violins will be no longer at a premium, except in so far as perfection of manufacture is concerned.

EQUALLY UNCERTAIN.

Struck by a fancied resemblance, the young man looked at her a second time.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but your face is strikingly familiar. Weren't we engaged once?"

"I am not sure," she replied. "May I ask your name?"

"My name is Brown."

"That doesn't help any," she rejoined, with a little sigh. "There have been three Browns."

QUACKS OF OLDEN DAYS

HOW OUR FOREFATHERS WERE IMPOSED ON.

Queen Anne's Favorite Oculists Were an ex-Tailor and Cobbler Respectively.

That the days of quackery are by no means over was proved—if any proof were needed—by the amusing exposure of the German magnetopath in the Tiltet Court, of which we read in the papers a short time ago. But the magnetopath was a modest and respectable practitioner compared with hundreds of quacks who have imposed on our forefathers' credulity.

Even kings and queens were just as easily victimized as the most ignorant of their subjects. Queen Anne was especially gullible, and was always ready to fall down on her knees to any impostor who promised to cure her weak eyes. Her two favorite oculists were an ex-tailor and cobbler respectively, who knew at least as little about medicine as the man in the moon.

William Reade, the promoted tailor, she dubbed a knight, and he used to strut about with his gold-headed cane and lace ruffles, or drive in his gorgeous coach drawn by four horses to the wide-eyed wonder of the crowds who did not know what a humbug the man was. His vanity even led him to engage a poet to sing his praises in stately verse, although the hero of the hexameters had scarcely enough learning to read them.

Roger Grant, Anne's other favorite physician, had been a cobbler and Anabaptist, but his foolish head was so turned by Royal favor that he must needs have his face engraved on copper for condescending presentation to his friends.

DR. THOMAS SAFFOLD

was the king of quacks in Charles II.'s time, and, possibly on the strength of having been bred a weaver, he added the weaving of rhymes to his healing artifices, and won great fame and wealth from the union.

Saffold employed hundreds of men to distribute circulars and pamphlets describing his wonderful gifts, and his house was besieged daily by crowds clamoring for his attention, and willing, many of them, to pay the most extortionate fees.

A brace of impostors of the same period were Mr. and Mrs. Louthborough, who professed to cure any disease by a look or a touch. "Mr. de Louthborough," so one advertisement ran, "has received a most glorious power from Jehovah, viz. the gift of healing all manner of diseases incidental to the human body, such as blindness, deafness, lameness, cancers, loss of speech, palsies"; and some most remarkable cures were claimed by him, in one of which, at a word, a dislocated bone "flew into place again with a report as of a pistol."

Allhaud was another highly successful humbug, whose pills devastated Europe and made him a thirfold baron. "Napoleon," it was facetiously said after his death, "had killed his thousands, but Allhaud his tens of thousands." Dr. Katterfelto's was a name to conjure with in the latter years of the eighteenth century. He used to travel all over England in an enormous caravan, which he shared with a small army of black cats; and he was regarded everywhere as a wizard with superhuman powers, until the Mayor of Shrewsbury sent him to prison as

A ROGUE AND A VAGABOND.

Villars, another notorious quack of the eighteenth century, whenever a funeral passed him in the street would gaze sadly at it and exclaim in a loud voice: "Ah, if that unhappy creature had only taken my specific, he might now be carrying that coffin instead of being in it." His specific, the recipe for which he had inherited from an uncle who was prematurely cut off, by an accident, at the age of a hundred, was guaranteed to prolong life to a century and a half.

There was one quack of whom Steele tells us, who claimed that he could infallibly cure cataracts "because he had lost an eye in the Emperor's service," and as evidence of his powers he produced a muster-roll in which his name, or his alleged name, appeared. One man made a fortune, in the beginning of the last century, by preaching the virtues of rock-salt, and is said to have lost his life by practising them. A reverend City rector, Dr. John Hancock, did not scruple to add to his stipend by curing fevers by the simple expedient of administering "common water"; and Hubert Glass professed to cure persons who had been born stone-blind, and forged testimonials and signatures in proof of his claims in the most unblushing manner.

Clarence—"Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?" Algernon—"Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue."

"How can you scold all the time?" was asked of the woman with five step-children and an indolent husband. "I can't just explain it, but I know that I'm blessed with wonderful powers of endurance."

No man can break a girl's heart as easily as some other men can repair it.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, JULY, 8, 1904.

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

A FELLOW CITIZEN.

An animated debate arose in the House of Commons last week upon the motion by Mr. Haggart, censuring the Government, for withholding public documents to which Parliament was entitled for the proper consideration of matters to which they relate. Sir Wilfred had seized upon the occasion to seek to explain away the offensive reference to Lord Dundonald as a "foreigner," a "stranger." The leader of the opposition was in fine form and made a vigorous reply which will long be remembered in the home and country.

"My right hon. friend," said Mr. Borden, "must not forget that perhaps he is not always so ready to extend a courtesy of that kind to gentlemen on this side of the house. When I stood up in my place during this session and stated that a certain word reported by Hansard as having been used by me had not been used by me and gave my word to the house to that effect, did I find my right hon. friend accepting that statement? No, I did not. My right hon. friend spoke in a discourteous way, and I was compelled to get proof from the Hansard office in support of that word of mine which I thought he might have accepted. Let my right hon. friend be not too sensitive when he is criticized himself. He has told us he is not sensitive to criticism, but at the first breath of strong criticism he uses very strong and very militant language."

"He referred the other day to a great many illustrations of the words 'stranger' and 'foreigner.' I did not doubt my right hon. friend's assurance as to the sense in which he intended these words to be used, but let me quote for him from that well and fountain of pure and undefiled English a few words that may be of service to him in interpreting the ordinary sense in which those words are used:

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints."

"I do not know any better illustration of the use of the words 'stranger' and 'foreigner' and fellow citizen," and while I accept the right hon. gentleman's assurance, yet notwithstanding any assurance to the contrary from any quarter whatever, a man of the race and the birth of the Earl of Dundonald will always be regarded in Canada, not as a 'foreigner' or a 'stranger,' but as a fellow citizen."

WESTERN CROP OUTLOOK.

What others think of Canada should not be a matter of indifference. The New York Tribune, the most influential of the Republican journals of the United States, has been studying the crop reports of the Canadian Northwest and is convinced of the vast resources of Canada in this respect.

It foresees an ever increasing output of the crops and an inflow of vast wealth into this country in return. It informs its readers as follows:

"Canada's wheat crop this year promises to exceed that of 1903 by about 30,000,000 bushels. This is a big increase, and, with no abatement likely in succeeding years, it is easy to be seen what a formidable wheat-producing and exporting competitor the great Canadian northwest has become and is becoming. It could now, if need were, feed the mother country all by itself, leaving the United States out of the question, though it is not likely to be drawn on to that exclusive extent. But the territory stands for one of the greatest grain-producing regions in the whole story of the world, old or new, its edges hardly scratched yet, and it will have its share in determining the course of empire and development as the years and centuries go on, till its background of production is old as Egypt's and its horn of abundance filled and emptied with an equally continuing regularity."

A FLAG QUESTION.

John Armstrong, a Scotchman of Whitestone, of Queensborough, New York, raised a Union Jack over his home on the Fourth of July, as he had done for many years in Manhattan, but the flag was taken down by five soldiers from Fort Totten. The New York Tribune says:

"Mr. Butler saw the flag on his way to the village. There he heard talk which caused him to go to Mr. Armstrong as soon as possible and ask him to remove the flag, or else hang out an American flag above or alongside it. Mr. Armstrong had no American flag and declined Mr. Butler's offer to provide one. Mr. Armstrong is a native of Glasgow. He has lived in Whitestone for five weeks. The flag was a handsome one, measuring about six feet by four feet eight inches. Several movements to take down the flag were started, but nothing was accomplished until a party of artillerymen reached the station on their way to Manhattan for an outing. Those who had been itching to get the flag down and dared not attempt it themselves lost no time in urging the soldiers to do it."

The soldiers handed down the flag and took it to the rear of the house where Mr. Armstrong was and offered it to him. He refused to touch it on the ground that it had been defiled. It was placed on the ground and last night remained there.

With this contrast the statement that in Ottawa on Dominion Day on the Russell House there were 23 American flags and on the Windsor 26, in their schemes of decoration. A prominent merchant on Spark St. flung out the largest flag that floated that day, a Stars and Stripes, while the only flag unfurled in the military parade was that carried by an American company of the National Guard from Burlington, Vt. It is regrettable that such incidents as that at Whitestone should occur. They are not general. In fact, it is not uncommon to find in American cities the Stars and Stripes floating side by side. Such disturbances are the work of a few hot heads and must not be taken too seriously.

A LIBERAL PROTEST.

The Huntingdon Gleaner, a sturdy Liberal organ, published not far from Hon. Mr. Fisher's constituency, is disgusted with the Government's action in the Dundonald case. It says:

"After a heated and acrimonious debate, which occupied the better part of two days, the house of commons voted approval of the government's course in the Dundonald matter by 84 to 42. Above the yabbling about constitutionalism, insubordination, vindication of civil over military authority, rises the bare fact, that a man whose name will go down to the ages among England's heroes has been treated in such a manner that nine out of ten Canadians feel ashamed."

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CUSHING.

Mrs. E. Whelehan entertained a party of friends from Lachine from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. W. Y. King of Montreal, spent last week with her mother Mrs. J. B. Cushing.

Miss Lottie Campbell of Hawkesbury, was the guest of Miss Hattie O'Brien on Dominion Day.

Mr. and Mrs. James Watson are visiting their daughter Mrs. E. O. Keatley in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Trowers of Hawkesbury were visiting at the Manse on Monday.

Amongst those from here who attended the lawn social at Grenville on Friday evening we noticed our two local sports Messrs G. Valley and L. R. Cooke.

Mr. C. C. Cooke was absent for a few days last week in Perth, Ont., where he went to attend the marriage of his niece Miss F. Topping daughter of the Rev. E. Topping to Mr. Wm. Buchanan, which took place there on Wednesday, June 9th.

Mr. A. Derrick of Montreal, who came up from town Dominion Day to spend a few days at his home in Stonefield, was a welcome visitor with some of his Cushing friends on Sunday evening.

A large band of gypsies encamped near McCormick's station for a day and night this week and while here several important deals in horse-flesh took place between them and some of our local jockeys.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

DEATH OF MRS. BARR.

SHE WAS A FRIEND OF STUDENTS AND YOUNG BUSINESS MEN.

One of the best known and most highly respected ladies of Montreal, Mrs. C. Barr, widow of the late Dr. John Barr, of Belle Riviere, Que., died in the St. Margaret's Home, Sherbrooke street, on Saturday as the result of an accident which occurred about two weeks ago. While ascending a short flight of steps she fell and sustained a fracture of the back of the skull. She lingered in a semi-conscious condition until Saturday morning, when she passed away in spite of all that the best medical skill could do to save her life.

Mrs. Barr was a woman of a very noble character. For a number of years she carried on in an unostentatious manner a work which was of inestimable benefit to a very large number of young men. After her husband's death she came to this city and started a boarding house at 32 Burnside Place for young business men and McGill students. She kept the establishment running for over a quarter of a century, and during all those years about one hundred young men called at the house three times a day for their meals. Although she was not obliged to earn a living, having been left a sufficient income to provide for all her needs in a quiet way, she assumed this work as a labor of love, and was never so happy as when among 'her boys,' as she used to call them. There are to-day scattered all over the Dominion and the United States men who are prominent in the learned professions and in business life who were at one time counted among her boys, and who will remember with pleasure the home-like atmosphere of her boarding house and the splendid religious influence of Mrs. Barr herself which no doubt kept many of the young men in the straight path.

About seven years ago, owing to her advancing years and the consequent lessening of her skill in the management of her house she became involved in financial difficulties. She had been once the owner of No. 32 Burnside Place, but in the carrying on of her good work had impoverished herself placing mortgage after mortgage on her property, until she finally lost it. Her debts aggregated some \$3,000, while her total assets amounted to only about \$250.

The loss of her property had occurred without the knowledge of any of her boys, and it was only when she was forced to assign that they learned of her financial troubles. A small representative committee was organized in this city by her boys, and through them a fair settlement was obtained with her creditors, and funds were contributed by her former boarders for the purpose of payment. Contributions were received from as far away as the West Indies. By this means all her debts were paid and interference with her annual income prevented.

After living for about three years in Lachine, where her husband, the late Dr. Barr, was well known, she returned to Montreal and took up her residence in the St. Margaret's Home. There she was well cared for, and passed quiet happy days. Although she herself was a paying inmate, as soon as her health permitted, she began to minister to the wants of others, and was continually doing some little kindnesses to some of the less fortunate inmates. When the accident which resulted in her death occurred she was engaged in carrying a jug of water to a sick woman in the house.

Last evening at St. Margaret's Home a funeral service was held by the Rev. Colborne Blene, of Chalmers Church, and the Rev. F. M. Drwey, pastor of Stanley Street Presbyterian Church, of both of which congregations she had been a member. The remains were brought to Lachine on Monday for interment, where under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, another service was held on Monday.

LAKEFIELD.

The Methodist Church was the scene of a pretty and interesting event on Wednesday, June 22nd, at four o'clock, when the marriage took place of Miss Annie L. Armstrong, daughter of Mr. Jas. Armstrong, to Mr. Albert Sutton, both of Lakefield. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, roses and marguerites.

The bride who was given away by her father, wore a dress of white silk trimmed with embroidered chiffon and applique and carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern.

Miss Florence Armstrong acted as bridesmaid and wore a dress of cream crepe de chene, and little Mildred Armstrong as flower girl and wore white organdie with a wreath and basket of flowers. The groom was attended by his cousin Mr. A. Parker of Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. S. Schagel of Dorchester Street Church, Montreal, and afterwards a reception was held at the home of the brides parents, 125 guests being present, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and valuable presents.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Annual District Convention of the Sunday School Union for the Province of Quebec, for Lachine District, comprising the Schools at Mt. Maple, Edina, Dalesville, Louisa, Lakefield, Hill Head, Genoa, Thomas' Gore, Jerusalem, Upper Lachine, and the town of Lachine, will be held in the Methodist Church, Lachine, on Wednesday the 20th, of July, 1904.

There will be two sessions the first commencing at 2 p.m. and the other at 7.30 p.m. A good programme is being arranged, the details of which will be given next week if possible. The Rev. E. T. Capel, General Secretary will address both meetings. All Sunday School workers in these places are invited to bring with them as many friends as possible.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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

INFANTS - CHILDREN

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

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. FLETCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Licorice -
Rhubarb -
Sage -
Senna -
All Compound -
Worm Seed -
Castor Oil -
Mint -
Peppermint

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

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

CANADA.
Province of Quebec } No. 533
District of Terrebonne }

Mrs. Mary Williams, of the city and district of Montreal, widow of the late Patrick McKeown, in his lifetime, farmer of the Parish of St. Columban in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff,

vs.

John Williams, son of James, heretofore farmer of the parish of St. Columban, said district, and now absent in the United States, in places unknown, Defendant.

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

Ste. Echolastique, May 20th, 1904.

CRIGNON & FORTIER, C.C.C.

J. A. C. ETHIER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Canada
Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne }

JOSEPH BOISSEAU, Clerk of the Circuit Court, in and for the county of Terrebonne, residing in the town of St. Jerome, in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff,

vs.

George Williams of the U.S. of America et al Defendant.

Defendant George Williams is ordered to appear within a month.

Ste. Echolastique, July 5th, 1904.

CRIGNON & FORTIER, Prothonotary, S.C.

PREVOST & BENFRET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Corsets, Shirt Waists and White Underwear



We have a full line of Crompton's Corsets, Short, Medium & Long, Straight and ordinary front, from 50c. up.

Our assortment of Ladies' Shirt Waists in Linen, White and Black Muslin, Corset Covers, and White Underwear, is very complete.



HUGH FRASER, Jr.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Men's Balbrigan Shirts and pants in all sizes
Boys " " "
Ladies' Cotton Vests, with sleeves, short sleeves, straps, etc. in cream and white.
Children's and Misses' Cotton Vests.

Gem Jars in pints, quarts and half gallons.
Gem Jars, open mouth, " " "

Scythes, Snathes, Forks, Fork Handles and all Garden Tools.

H. J. Giles & Bro.

SCOTCH ROAD.

The crops are looking splendid and no doubt by next week haying will be in full swing.

The cool evenings are quite agreeable and no doubt the cheese makers will enjoy it immensely.

The Misses Edith and Emily Campbell are returning home this week to spend the holidays with their parents.

We are sorry to say that most of the young men are returning to Montana in the Fall.

Miss E. J. Campbell accompanied by her intended Mr. H. McCleave played a flying visit to her parents on Dominion Day.

We are pleased to hear that Miss McGillivray is to return home from Montreal this week and will remain with her parents for the summer.

We are sure Mrs. W. D. Gauley has the heartfelt sympathy of everyone in the district in the loss of her beloved husband. There is no doubt that he will be missed by the great number of friends he had.

The young people of the Scotch Road and Greenville held a picnic on the 30th of June last in McGillivray's Grove and was a great success considering the inclemency of the weather. Dancing was indulged in until things were up to fever point, when the rain cooled things off a bit.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

The uniform success of this remedy has made it the most popular preparation in use for bowel complaints. It is everywhere recognized as the one remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant to take. It is especially valuable for summer diarrhoea in children and is undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of a great many children each year. For sale by T. Christie.

MONALEA.

A few from this vicinity attended the 'Festival' in Greenville on July 1st.

Miss E. Thompson of Montreal, is visiting her mother Mrs. Ed. Barron.

Mr. J. McDonald, of Glen Norman, Ont. is here for a few days replacing Mr. McDougall who has gone home, to be united in matrimony to Miss M. E. Davidson on July 6th. We will be pleased to welcome them to our midst.

Messrs. W. Landon & W. Moran and Misses C. & B. Moran, Miss Monard spent Sunday with friends in St. Philippe and here.

Mr. E. Barley passed through here Sunday last.

Mr. P. McCoy, Insurance agent, paid a few friendly calls here recently.

No. 4 School here closed on the 28th inst. Rev. Father Montour presided. The songs and recitations by which the pupils entertained those present were much appreciated and the report speaks of a very satisfactory term.

SHREWSBURY.

The members of Derry Loyal Orange Lodge No. 716 will hold their annual celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, at their hall, Shrewsbury, on July 12th. The lodge will meet for business at 7 a.m. and dinner will be served from 11 a.m. until 1 p.m. in the hall, followed by a programme, consisting of five and drum, band music, speeches, and appropriate music. The members of the Lodge have gone to extremes to make this the best ever held in Shrewsbury.

Jerusalem School.

JUNE EXAMINATIONS.

Grade IV. Max. No. of marks 1500.
Ben Fraser 1179, John Stevenson 1151.
Grade III. Sr. Gilbert Todd absent.
Grade III. Jr. Max. No. of marks 1200.
Herbert Morrin 922, Alice Cleland and Ruby Todd equal 828, May Hume 724.
Grade II. Sr. Max. No. of marks 1000.
Emma Walker 642, Jessie Walker absent.
Grade II. Jr. Max. No. of marks 850.
Albert Cleland 743, George Morrin 724.
Grade I. Sr. Max. No. of marks 800.
James Cleland 651, Ethel Black 612, Fred Walker absent.
Grade I. Jr. Bessie Hume, Gilbert Cleland, Hilda Cleland, Muriel Gordon, Katie Walker.

HILL HEAD SCHOOL.

JUNE EXAMINATIONS.

Grade IV. Max. No. of marks 1400.
Howard G. Stalker 1296 prize, Theodore R. Hammond 1183 prize, Gertie Rodgers 1120, Russell Hume 824.
Grade III. Max. 1300.—Jessie Copeland 1229 prize, Nettie Kestyle 741.
Grade II. Sr. Max. 900.—Russell Rodgers 864 prize, Helena S. Morrin 754 prize.
Grade II. Jr. Max. 900.—Susan Copeland 675 prize, Willie Pollock 668 prize, Gilbert Bennett 536, Ernest Rodgers 497, Charlie Pollock, absent.
Primer II.—Willie Stevens, prize, Sterling Pollock, prize.
Primer I.—Ruth Rodgers, prize, Lily Rodgers prize, Laura Stevens, prize.

BUGGY HARNESS FOR SALE CHEAP.

The undersigned has fifteen sets of harness all hand made and of good quality that he will sell from \$12 to \$18, a set also collar, bridle, halters, pole straps, martingales and horn straps. Farmers I want all your repairing and I will do it cheaper and better than any addler in town. Old stand opposite the Post Office.

Wm. CRESWELL, Clyde St.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Have you seen our pretty lines of Carpets? They are rich and of the prettiest designs, and afford you excellent opportunities of beautifying your homes at small cost. Don't fail to see them.

It is Bargain Day with us all the time and our customers are assured of the cheapest and best.

We have the finest assortments of Summer Dress Goods and our Stock comprises all that's new and up to date.



Lachute's Bargain Centre.

THE McCORMICK THROUGH



THE McCORMICK BINDER HAS TRIUMPHANTLY STOOD THE TEST OF TIME, AND TO-DAY REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST ATTAINMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HARVESTING MACHINES. FOR SEVENTY-THREE YEARS THE McCORMICK HAS BEEN USED IN HARVESTING THE CROPS OF THE WORLD, AND ITS UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS IS UNASSAILABLE EVIDENCE OF ITS SUPERIORITY IN THE HARVEST FIELDS OF THE WORLD.

R. W. BARCLAY St. Andrews.

CLEARING SALE.

For One Month Only, of BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, MOCCASINS, GLOVES and HATS, to make room for my Spring Stock. Always on hand a supply of unequalled Home-made and factory harness. Everything in the above lines at lowest prices.

— Sole agent for the Slater Shoe. —

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

Your Wants Supplied.

Don't forget that we are always well stocked with a plentiful supply of choice groceries and that we keep the very best. Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, etc. may always be procured of us at right prices.

Don't forget that we take any produce in Exchange for goods. We want your trade.

V. & I. McFAUL, - - BROWNSBURG.

H. A. BLAIR

Is still at the old stand on Main Street, Lachute, and prepared to give you special inducements on every line of goods he handles.

McCORMICK MACHINERY is the best on the market and lightens the work of every up-to-date farmer. We can give you all repairs and supplies of oil, twine etc

BUGGIES! That is a subject in which you should be specially interested. When taking a drive, you want comfort, don't you? Well then, secure one of our Alexandria's. They are the strongest, most durable, and very easy riding.

HARNESS. Don't you want a good harness? If so, I can give you something nice and nobby and they are made of the best goods. Call in and see them.

CREAM SEPARATORS.—For making your own but in quick style, and much saving of both labor and money.

We guarantee you perfect satisfaction in every deal we make and give you easy terms. Don't buy elsewhere before seeing what we can do for you.

H. A. BLAIR,

THE OLD STAND, - - MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

R. McARTHUR'S ADVT.

Having been appointed agent for the Lachute Waterworks Company, I have secured the services of a competent plumber and am now prepared to fill all orders. Any who are desirous of getting good, pure water, drop in to me and talk it over. The cost is trifling to the convenience it affords. We have all the requisites, such as Sinks, Bath tubs, Closets & Basins, Iron and lead pipes & fittings, rubber hose, etc.

Always on hand a full supply of tin, enamel & granite ware. . . Estimates given on application . .

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.

It's not all Gold

That Glitters, but, it is all tin, and the best of it that glitters in our department. we have everything you need in tinware, agateware, and enamelware, and we know our prices will please you.

If you are needing any repairs we claim competency to do them up in first class style.

W. S. McBRIDE,

MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE, P.Q.

MOST REMARKABLE CASE

A MAN WHO SEES SOUNDS IN
VARIED COLORS.

Crossed Nerves in Brain Enable
Him to Interchange Three
Senses.

There is a young man of twenty-six at Zurich, Switzerland, with such a wonderful brain that the neurologists and psychologists of Paris are visiting Switzerland to see with their own eyes the marvelous performances related of him by the noted alienist, Dr. Alfred Ulrich, who discovered him three years ago and who has just published in a Paris specialists' journal a full account of the remarkable case.

The young man is a native Swiss of poor family, and that is how he fell under the observation of Dr. Ulrich, who is the head of the nervous hospital at Zurich. The patient came to the hospital for treatment of a slight spasmodic affection, but Dr. Ulrich soon discovered he had happened on one of the most curious and amazing cases in the annals of science. It is difficult to make out the causes of the strange things this young man can do, for an exactly similar case was never known, although the patient's brother, a younger man, presents many of the same phenomena.

MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY.

Until the boy was 13 years old it was believed he would make a second Newton or Gauss in mathematics. His ability to solve the most difficult problems in arithmetic was such as to amaze his teachers. At 5 years of age he could quickly perform the solution of the hardest kind of the simpler arithmetical problems; and later he developed still more wonderful facility as a mathematician. At 13, however, he fell ill with measles, and upon his recovery he lost his color, his general health, and his brilliancy of mind, but new powers came to him which were quite unobserved, at least in their scientific importance, until he fell under the eye of the Swiss alienist.

It was then learned that ever since his boyhood the young man could see color in the sound of the human voice. After his attack of the measles all kinds of sounds were translated into color after reaching his brain. He could hear no definite sound without at the same time sensing a definite color or combination of definite colors.

Dr. Ulrich discovered other strange things in the sensations of his patient, and for three years he has been making continuous tests and experiments, the results of which he has now given to the scientific world.

SOUND OF THE VOWELS.

The most intense colors the young man can see are produced before his eyes when he hears the sound of the vowels. When the letter "a" is sounded he perceives a brilliant green, but at the same time he has a sensation as of feeling something cold and smooth, such as glass. The sound of the letter "e" produces several varying colors before his eyes, but particularly yellow or shades of yellow. The letter "i" gives him a sensation of dark color, "o" is represented by a bright red, "u" is a dark green, and "y" is white.

When he looks at these letters in print he sees colors corresponding with those he sees when the letters are sounded, but much less vividly. These results were obtained by experiments chiefly made with the human voice.

But the young Swiss perceives different colors in the cries of different animals. The cry of a dog produces for him a sensation of yellow; when he hears the cry of a black-bird he perceives a red color; the raven's voice flashed a color of green before his eyes; the low of a cow is followed by the perception of indigo, while the bleat of a sheep gives him an impression of yellow.

HE'S ONLY ONE OUT OF SCORES

BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
MADE HIM A NEW MAN.

Richard Quirk, doctored for a dozen years and thought his case incurable—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld., June 13.—(Special).—Scores of people in this neighborhood are living proofs that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ailments from Backache to Bright's Disease. Among the most remarkable cures is that of Mr. Richard Quirk, and he gives the story of it to the public as follows:

"I suffered for over twenty years from Lumbago and Kidney Disease and at intervals was totally unable to work. After ten or twelve years of doctors' treatment, I had made up my mind that my complaint was incurable. Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills tempted me to try them. I did so with little faith, but to my great surprise I had not taken more than half a box before I felt relief and after the use of seven or eight boxes, I was fully cured and a new man."

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my Lumbago and Kidney Disease, and the best of it is I have stayed cured."

ferent colors in the cries of different animals. The cry of a dog produces for him a sensation of yellow; when he hears the cry of a black-bird he perceives a red color; the raven's voice flashed a color of green before his eyes; the low of a cow is followed by the perception of indigo, while the bleat of a sheep gives him an impression of yellow.

SENSES INTERCHANGEABLE.

Remarkable as all this may be, the young Swiss seems to have in his brain some strange faculty by which almost all the senses seem to be convertible one into another, and this faculty rendered the best and most conclusively positive results in the experiments, for it left him entirely in the hands of the experimenter.

In his brain the senses of form, color, and sound are interchangeable. In other words, he can feel the quality of roundness in a sound, of squareness or roundness in a color, of color in roundness or squareness. He not only sees a sound and hears a color, but he sees and hears the shape or form of things. For example, for him a circle produces a sensation of red, and when he smells iodine he can see a bright red color and perceive, at the same time, a sour or bitter sour taste. When he touches a cold object he can see a green color, and he sees a red color when he touches a hot object.

SENSES FORMS OF TOUCH.

Dr. Ulrich brings all these interesting facts forward as proof that all the five senses are really but different forms of one and the same sense—that is, touch. The entire business, it is claimed, is done in the brain where the different centres controlling the sensations act like a switchboard upon which no coordinated method is at work. So that the sense of roundness, when a round object is seen or felt, is carried to the brain and there, by misplaced switches of the gray matter, is converted into color, sound, or even smell and taste.

Dr. Ulrich calls attention to the surprising fact that one person in every ten has this remarkable faculty in a small degree, only the person having it is not aware he is exceptional. He says these persons are perfectly healthy in all respects, so far as their nerves or brain are concerned, but having been accustomed to these sensations from their childhood, think they are perfectly natural and hence not worthy of particular notice.

SHORT MUNICIPAL LOANS.

Towns Accept Sums to be Repaid
in Six Months.

The London Argus of a recent date, contains an interesting article on the difficulties now experienced by municipalities in raising money. It draws attention to the extraordinary measures that are being taken by over 30 of these bodies to procure loans in sums ranging from £50 to £1,000 from any who will lend. Some of the largest provincial cities are included in the list. The rates of interest are, in the majority of cases, between 3½ and 4 per cent. Various terms of payment are offered. The Argus says: "In most cases there is the condition of the loan being repayable at six months' notice. This is an alternative condition, and does not mean that a five or seven months' loan is repayable at six months' notice. If the municipality cannot get the money for a period of years, it will take the money for six months or longer. The rates of interest range from 2 up to 4 per cent. Glasgow offers 4 per cent, formerly 1½ per cent, over the deposit rate of the Scotch banks (now 2½ per cent) for loans for a month, whilst Bath, where 3 per cent redeemable stock stands at 5½, offers 4 per cent for money for five years. The list shows that the need for money is general."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.



Unless the soap you
use has this brand you
are not getting the best

Ask for the Octagon Box.

for the borrowers include Brighthouse, with a population of under 22,000, and Glasgow, with a population of over 760,000. If the falling off in public appeals for capital by the issue of stock had been accompanied by an improvement in the investment market, and by a rise in the value of gilt-edged stocks, there would be something to be said for the raising of more money for urgent public works of a municipal character, but that has not been the case. As a matter of fact the depression has become greater since the late Chancellor of the Exchequer thought it necessary to issue a warning early in December last.

Wife—"Do you recollect that once, when we had a tiff, I said you were just as mean as you could be?" Hubby—"Yes, darling." Wife—"Oh, James, how little did I know you then!"

Life is the fruit of the past and the seed of the future.

Beware of Ointments for Calarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"When I was a boy," said the gray-haired physician, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier, but my parents persuaded me to study medicine. 'Oh, well,' rejoined the sympathetic druggist, 'such is life. Many a man with wholesale aspirations has to content himself with a retail business.'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Doctor—Well, Mrs. Muggidge, how are you getting on? Taken the medicine? Mrs. M.—Yes, Doctor, I've taken all the tablets you sent, and now I want a new persecution.

OVER THE WABASH.

To the Great World's Fair St. Louis, Mo., everything is now wide open, round trip tickets on sale until December 1st, at lowest first-class one-way fare, good fifteen days, fare and a third good sixty days. Now is the time to see this, the greatest of all Expositions in the history of the world. The great Wabash is the Banner Line, the shortest and quickest route from Canada to St. Louis. The through trains on the Wabash are the admiration of all travelers going to St. Louis.

For time tables and descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

First Student—I get all my exercise running to chapel in the morning. Second Student—Ah, I see. A sort of religious exercise.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winton's Suffering from a severe case of rheumatism, which rendered her unable to move, and she was confined to her bed for several months. She was treated by various means, but without success. She then tried Minard's Liniment, and after using it for a few days she was able to get up and move about. She now feels perfectly well and is able to do all her usual work.

No man need hope to pass through the pearly gates on the strength of the epitaph on his tombstone.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

INCREASING POWER OF GUNS.

The destructive power of naval guns becomes every year more terrible. The latest type of gun introduced in the British navy is remarkable for its great length, over 37 feet, combined with its relatively small diameter, 36 inches at the breech and 18 inches at the muzzle, and its comparative lightness, 28 tons. Its bore is 9.2 inches, its projectile weighs 350 pounds, and at 3,000 yards this missile can be driven through 11 inches of Krupp steel. The barrel is made up of an inner tube, enclosed in a jacket of wound steel wire. This gun is reckoned equal to destructive power to the 18-inch guns that preceded it, which have more than double its weight. The muzzle velocity of the projectile is 2,900 feet per second.

Imitations at best are
imitations, substitutions never
satisfy - Insist on having
Blue Ribbon Tea.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples.

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

THE FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR WORLD'S FAIR ST. LOUIS.

District Passenger Agent McDonald of the Grand Trunk Railway who recently returned from St. Louis, states that it is hard to find suitable language to describe the magnitude and beauty of the greatest Exposition ever held.

The site of 1240 acres being two miles long and one mile wide, is covered with beautiful buildings, broken with lagoons, canals, grand courts, monuments, statuary, parks, etc., all forming a picture that must be seen to be realized.

An Electrical railway, called the Intramural, makes it easy to get from one part of the grounds to another, and follow out the daily programme, enjoying an hour listening to "Sousa's" or other famous bands, or taking in a lecture or address, or Art Gallery.

When you consider the immensity of the buildings, one alone having over 20 acres of floor space, and reflect that they are filled with the choicest of exhibits from all over the world, one exhibitor vying with another to obtain the coveted Gold Medal, it seems to suggest the thought of what a grand opportunity and an education it will be, to the young men and women of our land, to spend a week or two at St. Louis this year. Really no intelligent man, woman or child can afford to miss this great World's treat.

The beautiful Electric Lighting of the Pan American Exposition, which few thought would ever be approached is entirely eclipsed by this Monster Fair.

One of the features of the fair, is the "Inside Inn," a hotel accommodating 6,000, splendidly run, and at reasonable rates.

The total expenses of a trip to St. Louis based on half railway rates, is within the reach of all and permits stop over at Chicago, and other points, and the trip is made quickly and comfortably.

It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to run through cars from Montreal and Toronto to St. Louis, commencing June 13th, and possibly before.

The Canadian Press Association were unanimous in their praise of the Grand Trunk and Illinois Central route, and with the Exposition. 28-04.

A great risk of luck always begins for the man who doesn't get married.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Somehow a woman can tell when anybody is looking without doing it herself.

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woollens and flannels, you'll like it.

"He's a despicable hypocrite!" "So?" "Yes, sir. Why, I wouldn't pump the same air he breathes into my bicycle tyre!"

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diptheria. Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair. MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

Stanley, P.E.I. I Believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.

MATTHIAS FOLEY.

Oil City, Ont.

Mrs. Muggins—"My husband is a perfect crank." Mrs. Buggins—"All husbands are, my dear." Mrs. Muggins—"But fancy a man who complains that my mustard plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make!"

Coughing is an outward sign of inward disease. Cure the disease with

**Shiloh's
Consumption
Cure** The Lung Tonic

and the cough will stop. Try it to-night. If it doesn't benefit you, we'll give your money back.

Price: S. C. WELLS & Co., 307 No. 50 St. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

CLEANING LADIES'...

Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it. BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

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TABLE LAMP.

Nickel Plated Metal Lamp, Porcelain shade and Chimney Complete. 41 St. E. O. B. Toronto. If Your Dealer Does Not Keep Them, Send to Toronto for a Sample Lamp.

BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

ONE LAMP GIVES LIGHT EQUAL TO FOUR ORDINARY GAS LAMPS.

Three Styles: Table, Pendant and Bracket. Illustrated Catalogue. Furnish to Dealers on Application. See also our lines of Oil Stoves and Heaters, for Summer use.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

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AUTOMOBILE UNDERWRITERS

The Winton Touring Car is appreciated by the best informed because built on correct mechanical principles, of highest grade materials. As a prospective automobile purchaser you dare not, in full justice to yourself, take chances on an inferior car. By presenting a car of such imperial merit as is the 1904 Winton, we become "automobile underwriters"—insuring you against risk or loss. Have you seen our new catalog?

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About the ...House

CHOICE RECIPES.

Spanish Sandwiches—Thin slices of Graham bread, slightly buttered; spread with made mustard, then a layer of cottage cheese.

Salad—On page 154 of the Record Cook Book is a choice recipe, which bears a marvelous resemblance to deviled crab. Half the amount is enough for small family.

Orange Sauce—Beat the whites of three eggs till stiff and dry, add gradually one cup of powdered sugar and continue to beat, then add rind and juice of two oranges and rind of one lemon.

Maitre d'Hotel Butter—Cream one-half cup of butter, add one teaspoon of salt and a speck of pepper and one-half teaspoon of finely chopped parsley, then add one teaspoon of lemon juice drop by drop.

Sunshine Cake—Beat white of five eggs very firm. Thoroughly beat yolks with one cup sugar. Fold in carefully the beaten whites. Fold in two-thirds cup well sifted flour. Bake in loaf or patty pans. This is very nice. No baking powder used. Depends on the beating.

Snowballs—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, two rounding teaspoons of baking powder, whites of four eggs. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then milk. Add flour sifted with baking powder; lastly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and dry. Steam thirty-five minutes in buttered cups. Half this quantity will make five large snowballs and half the sauce recipe will do.

Cream Sponge Cake—Sift together a cup of sugar and a cup of flour, one rounding teaspoon of cream of tartar, half level teaspoon of soda and one-half saltspoon of salt. Break into a cup two eggs and beat till light, fill the cup with thick cream and add one teaspoon of orange extract. Turn into dry mixture and fold carefully and thoroughly together. Bake the same as sponge cake.

Maitre d'Hotel Potatoes—Wash, pare and shape potatoes into balls, using a French vegetable cutter, or shape in one-half inch curbs. There should be potatoes to make two cups full. Soak in cold water for fifteen minutes, then drain and boil in salted water till soft. Drain and add maitre d'hotel butter and mix well.

Dandelion Wine—Gather two quarts of blossoms, without stems, which will make the wine better. Pour one gallon of boiling water over blossoms, let stand in stone crock three days and nights (or granite kettle is better). Strain and add three pounds white sugar, two sliced lemons and two oranges. Boil about five minutes. When lukewarm add one tablespoonful good yeast. Pour into a jug to ferment, having the jug full, so it can run out as it ferments. Filling up the jug with the remainder (if any is left over, if not, use sugar and water, as the jug must be kept full during fermentation). In about six weeks pour it off and put it in air-tight bottles, with one or two raisins to each bottle. Lay the bottles on their sides in cool, dark place. Cork tightly.

Spring Soup—Stimmer a pint of sorrel, two heads of lettuce, a cup of small dandelion leaves in two ounces of butter for ten minutes, stirring constantly; then add three pints of well seasoned stock and boil gently one hour. Strain and serve.

Roast Birds—Pluck, singe, draw and wash the birds thoroughly. Dust each one with one-quarter teaspoon salt and rub the breast inside and out with a small raw onion. Place in the body of the bird a few uncooked cranberries or a slice of lemon. Place in roasting pan, cook in hot oven thirty minutes, basting

frequently with hot water and butter. Serve on hot platter garnished with fried bread crumbs.

SOME HELPFUL HINTS.

Removal of soot marks—When soot falls upon the carpet or rug, never attempt to sweep it up at once, for the result is sure to be a disfiguring mark. Cover it thickly with nicely dried salt, which will enable you to sweep it up cleanly, so that not the slightest stain or smear will be left. Carpets should be beaten on the wrong side first, and afterward more gently on the right. Never put down a carpet on a damp floor, for this—often the result of hurry and impatience on the part of weary house-cleaners—is a frequent cause of carpets becoming moth-eaten.

Windows in damp weather—When it is necessary to clean windows in damp weather, use a little methylated spirit, and you will polish the windows in half the time, as the spirit evaporates, and dries the superfluous moisture as it goes.

To clean enameled baths—Stains may be taken off an enameled bath if it is rubbed well with rough salt moistened with vinegar. This will also clean enameled pots and pans, no matter how burned or discolored they may be.

To preserve stair carpets put pads of old blankets on each step. If there is no store of ancient blanket to draw from, a substitute may be made of several thicknesses of brown paper.

When making a pudding don't forget to make a pleat in the cloth at the top of your basin, so as to allow the pudding room to swell.

To boil eggs for invalids, bring the water to the boil, then take the egg in it for five minutes. This will cook the egg perfectly without making the white hard and indigestible. It is also well to boil an egg intended for a young child in this manner.

To clean brass nothing is better than the old-fashioned plan of rubbing first with a paste made of powdered bathbrick and paraffine, and then with powdered bathbrick. A mixture of lemon juice and powdered chalk used in the same way is also excellent.

Never hang a mirror where the sun's rays will fall upon it. The sun acts upon the mercury and clouds the glass.

ON TOAST.

For an inexpensive "lusty" hot dish for tea there are more ways of using up the left-overs from dinner by serving them on toast, which, with a little care, may be made to look as tasteful to the eye as to the palate.

Trim the crust from neat slices of stale bread, and toast each side a delicate brown; butter while hot, and keep covered until the slices are softened. Then lay on each a portion of the preparation, leaving a tiny edge of the toast visible.

Fish—Separate the meat from the bones of any fish that may be left from dinner, and place on one side. Break into a bowl one or two eggs, according to the amount of fish, add salt, a bit of pepper, and one teaspoonful of plain flour; mix thoroughly. If you think there is not sufficient fish for your slices of toast, add one slice of fresh, white bread, minus crust, mix all well, and add the fish. Pour into a frying pan in which is a little hot butter or ham gravy, stir until very hot, spread on toast and serve. A few drops of lemon juice sprinkled on the mixture improves it for some tastes.

Chipped Beef—Put into a saucepan one gill of milk, and a teaspoonful of butter. When the butter melts add as much as desired of chipped beef shredded into tiny bits. Add to this one beaten egg, a sprinkling of black pepper. Stir with a fork about two minutes, spread on toast, and serve.

Tomato—To about a cupful of cold stewed tomato, add the same quantity of chopped ham, one beaten egg, and a little warm water or gravy.

Bring to a strong heat, and lay on toast. Serve very hot.

CUTS AND BRUISES.

Just as soon as the warm weather comes the children want to go barefooted and then begin trouble with sore toes and bruises. They get all kinds of wounds, but the most serious are those made by rusty iron, generally received by stepping on an old nail, the barbs of wire fences, etc. Such hurts often prove serious, resulting sometimes in lockjaw and that is a disease that the doctors do not seem able to handle successfully.

Children should be instructed not to think such hurts of no consequence. This is not "babbling" them, either, for they should be instructed why care is desirable. Teach them to come to you with every hurt in which the skin is broken, then see that the wound is properly cleansed and bound up with some healing liniment, so that no foreign matter either remains or can enter.

In the case of a wound from a rusty nail—the most dangerous of injuries is highly recommended. Peach leaves, pounded and applied to such a wound, are also favorably mentioned; good also in case of bee and wasp stings.

Bruises and bumps will not turn blue if butter or lard is immediately applied.

Bites from venomous snakes are generally counteracted by giving whiskey, on the homeopathic principle of similia similibus curantur, probably. If the remedy is not at hand, make a lye of wood ashes and immerse the bitten member. The lye should be hot as can be borne, and changed as it cools. Continued soaking is necessary. Several cases are on record where lives have been saved by this treatment.

HEALTH FOR GIRLS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Strong Healthy Rosy-Cheeked Lassies.

"I was attacked with appendicitis," says Miss Fabiola Grammont, daughter of Mr. Charles Grammont, a prosperous farmer of Champlain, Que., "and while the doctor who attended me cured me of this trouble, it left behind after effects from which it seemed almost impossible to recover. I grew weak and very pale; my appetite was poor; I suffered at times from severe headaches; and the least exertion left me completely worn out. I tried several remedies, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing worse. Any work about the house left me weak and dispirited, and I felt almost like giving up. At this time a friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, strongly urged me to give them a trial. I got a box, and as I did not feel any better when I had used them, I would have given them up but for the fact that my friend urged that one box was not a fair trial. I then decided to continue the use of the pills and by the time I had taken three boxes I found my condition was improving. I used eight boxes in all, and by the time I had taken them all my old time health had returned. My appetite had improved, I had gained in weight and the glow of health had returned to my face. I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and weak girls."

Good blood is an absolute necessity, and the only way to have a constant supply of rich, red health-giving blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and to drive from the system such troubles as anaemia, languidness, neuralgia, dyspepsia, rheumatism, etc. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PORT ARTHUR'S GUNS.

Germans Made Them for Chinese, and Were Never Paid.

A peculiar feature of the Russian defence of Port Arthur is the history attached to some of the heavy guns which are at present in the forts. These guns were sold originally to the Chinese authorities by a German firm, shortly before the Boxer trouble, when the Chinese were buying arms on every available occasion. They bought on the three-year system, paid so much down, and the balance divided between the second and third year. The firm had to pay the regular "cumshaw" to the lower officials out of the money they received the first year. The guns were delivered at once, and deposited in the Shiku Arsenal, where Admiral Sir Edward Seymour made his grand stand with his wounded, when returning from his futile endeavor to rescue the Peking Legations. Some of these guns were not even unpacked. Before the second and third instalments were paid, fighting began, and the guns were captured by the Allies, and handed over to the Russians for custody. The Russians always seem to have men to take charge of anything, and they took each great gun of these guns in the Shiku Arsenal that they were sent over to Port Arthur, so that although Germany has not received a penny for the honest work done in her country, she has unwittingly provided Russia with the means to defend Port Arthur.

PERSIAN PENITENTS ORGY

SUFFER TERRIBLE SELF-INFLICTED PUNISHMENTS.

Slash One Another's Heads and Shoulders With Swords.

The Mouharrem is the Persian season of mourning, when Persian Mohammedans mourn for the death of Ali and of his two sons, Hussein and Husein, whom they slew 1,320 years ago. Ali and his sons they believe to have been the true successors of the Prophet, and on the anniversary of their assassination, Persians voluntarily suffer terrible self-inflicted punishments.

A correspondent of the London Chronicle was privileged to see this rite and gives the following vivid description of it:—

It is five o'clock in the afternoon. All the previous day and night have been spent by the Persians in weeping and lamentation; all this morn-swords) and preparing other instruments for self-torture; walls and windows are draped in black; black-robed, pale, sad-visaged men move silently and slowly hither and thither, the hour for the annual expiation of the crime committed by their ancestors is at hand.

They are handsome men, these Persians, with delicate features and intellectual countenances, their grid is deep, sincere, and to be respected, however, mistaken its cause. But there are others present beside Persians; Turkish Mohammedans and long, white-bearded Imams, and a sprinkling of Europeans, including a few ladies. No Mohammedan women are present.

PENITENTS MARCH IN.

We are gravely conducted to an upper room of a house in the wall. The windows, iron-barred outside and descending to the floor, are open, and lying down we command a complete view of the whole of the proceedings.

Presently there is a slight stir. The Persian Ambassador has arrived, and with his suite is conducted to a kiosk at one side of the mosque. Then the square is cleared, the Imams collect on the steps of the mosque, and simultaneously the wall of funeral music reaches us. Purple banners, black banners, green banners, and one white, with inscriptions on them, all of silk, the summit of the staff of each surmounted by a silver hand, the fingers outstretched to heaven. Then comes the band, consisting of a few flageolets, drums and cymbals. The music, of six bars only, repeated again and again, affrights the ear with its dissonance, yet it conveys to the hearer a sense of unutterable sadness.

Behind the band comes some fifty men in double rank, but far apart, dressed in black, the left breast bare, and at the end of each bar of the music they strike the left breast with the right hand, keeping perfect time. "Hoo-san! Hoo-sein! Ah!" they wail. Following them, still a greater number of men in black, with bared shoulders, and armed with bunches of steel chains attached to short handles; and with the regular swing of a dumb-bell exercise they smite themselves over each shoulder alternately, keeping time with the music. "Hoo-san! Hoo-sein! A-H!" a blow for each name.

BLEEDING SHOULDERS.

Slowly, very slowly round the square they move, and even as they pass us the first time their shoulders are black and swollen. Another round or two, and down the backs of some the blood begins to flow. One quite a young fellow, of not more than seventeen, must be suffering terribly, but never once does he wince or diminish the force of his blows.

An hour of this torture, and then at sunset only a party of the elder men remain to weep and wail the while the square is being illuminated on all sides. Persians drink tea, not coffee, and during this interval our host supplies us with most delicious tea, served in little glass tumblers on glass saucers, each on a separate tray. Then the sound of music again, louder wailing than we have heard before, and every man is now dressed in white. Two most beautiful pure white horses follow the banners, each led by two men. On the shoulders of each horse are two swords upright, and behind the swords a pair of white doves; and the doves flap their wings as the horses move. Round shields are suspended to the sides of the horses, and their long white trappings are smeared with blood.

ROAD TO PARADISE.

Two hundred men follow, armed now with gleaming yataghans, which they wave as they wail, "Hoo-san! Hoo-sein! A-H!" Their frenzy increases, and an old priest, who is apparently leading, and encouraging them, gets his throat cut; but this is an accident, and he is attended to on the spot. Once around the square, headed by torch-bearers, carrying gigantic torches, flaming high aloft, this weird procession moves, and the square is now lined by Turkish troops with fixed bayonets. The bayonets are not fixed for ornament, but for the purpose of instantly transfixing any dervish who may run amok. "Hoo-san! Hoo-sein! A-H! Hoo-san! Hoo-sein! A-H!"

Again and again the weird, monotonous cry that will ring in one's ears for many a day to come; again the beautiful white horses and fluttering white doves are passing us,

the light of the waving flames of the torches shed upon them; again, 200 white-clad figures, their gleaming yataghans moving in rhythmic swing. "Hoo-san! Hoo-sein! A-H!" Suddenly the cries attain a wild fierceness, and then, before one can realize the fact, every man of the 200 is drenched with blood, their features indistinguishable. "Hoo-san! Hoo-sein! A-H!" and as they cry each name they slash their shaven crowns with swords that have been sharpened to the keenness of a razor. Those who die from wounds thus inflicted go straight to Paradise, and not a man finches.

BLOODY SPECTACLE.

They cut and cut again in time to their cries the whole way round the square; strong men among the spectators faint and are carried away. Smothered in blood, the waving yataghans streaming with it, nearly all the dervishes complete the circuit, but some few drop, and these, as a special honor, perhaps dying, are laid at the feet of the Ambassador before they are removed.

Still 600 more remain to perform the horrible rite in batches of 200 each; but we have seen enough of the ghastly spectacle, and as the second detachment is passing endeavor to make our way out of the square, the pure air now tainted with the sickening smell of blood. We become jammed in the crowd in the gateway, amid the streaming swords and streaming fanatics, and then have to thank the splendidly disciplined Turkish troops for their civility and prompt assistance. Still, in the narrow, dark, densely crowded thoroughfare, we are not free from the horror, and pass two red men frantically striking doors with their red, dripping swords.

THE ILLS OF CHILDHOOD.

Every child in the country needs, at some time or other, a medicine to correct the ills incident to childhood. If Baby's Own Tablets are kept in the house and occasionally given to the little ones they will prevent illness and make the little ones rugged, strong and cheerful. Mothers should insist on having this medicine because it contains no opiate or harmful drug, and children take the Tablets as readily as they take candy. If you have a neighbor who has used the Tablets ask her and she will tell you what splendid satisfaction they give. Here is what one mother, Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, Hebron, N. B., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with so much satisfaction that I do not feel safe when I have not got a box in the house. I am sure that other mothers will be quite as well pleased with them." You can get the Tablets through your druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MEN AS HOUSEKEEPERS.

Why They Would Be Out of Place in the Suggested Role.

A writer in an English review expresses the opinion that if, for a while, men could take over all house-keeping duties, keeping women entirely out of domestic management, the ensuing revolution would solve the servant problem. By planning everything on business lines about 50 per cent. of the present labor would be saved. It is asserted that all the labor-saving devices in use at present are the inventions of men, and that there are plenty more of these beneficent ideas on tap in the masculine brain only awaiting an opportunity for realization. Men do not have the same troubles with their employees that women do with their servants, says the writer, and it would not take the mighty masculine intellect very long to do away with the servant question entirely.

We are inclined to agree with the writer to this extent: that after a man had conducted the domestic affairs of a household for a few weeks there would be no servant question, and no servant either, writes Robert Webster Jones in the June Housekeeper. It would be a task of Herculean difficulty to persuade a servant to enter that house again. We can picture in our mind's eye the domestic chaos that would result, the astonishing innovations that would be introduced from cellar to garret. Fancy the average man attempting to discipline the cook by employing the same methods with which he is accustomed to coerce the office boy. Imagine this man debating the vital questions of "Thursday afternoons out" and "What shall we have for dinner?" with an indignant Abigail whose eloquence exceeds her logic!

As for us, we do not want a home run on "strictly business principles." There are plenty of them in the land, but they are called hotels. Here is a conundrum: When is a home not a home? When it has a man for housekeeper. Home is that realm where woman rules.

It is the truths we do and not the ones we endorse that save us.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE
Is sent direct to the afflicted by mail in the Improved Blower. It is the shortest, clearest, and most powerful remedy for the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Always free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

All Used Up By Headaches

Could Not Eat or Work—Powders and Quick Cures of no Avail—Lasting Cure Obtained From

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

This case of Mr. Barber, well illustrates the way in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures headaches.

He tried the so-called "quick cures" but, without obtaining benefit. It is a well known fact that such remedies when they do bring temporary relief do so with a tremendous waste of nerve force and consequent injury to the system.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures by enriching the blood, vitalizing the nerves and building up the system. Headache, as well as all other symptoms of an exhausted system, disappear before its influence. Its cures lasting because it removes the cause of trouble.

Mr. O. Barber, Simcoe, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a splendid medicine. I was troubled for a long time with headaches, which would come on about once a week with such violence that I could not get out or do my work. I tried headache powders and quick cures, which did no good.

six boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I have not been troubled with headache since. It made a thorough and lasting cure."

Mrs. James Clancy, 714 Water street, Peterboro, Ont., states:—"I have used four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found them an excellent medicine. I was troubled more or less for nineteen years with severe headaches, which made me useless as far as accomplishing my work was concerned.

"The Nerve Food seemed to build me up generally, and so made a thorough cure of my old trouble. I would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in the house, and would strongly recommend anyone suffering as I did to give it a trial. It succeeded in my case after a great many remedies had failed."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or H. H. Munson, Water & 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.

About eight months ago I had

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1904.

NO. 24

Walsh's Best Flour

If you require a bag of first-class family flour go to McFaul's Flour Store and ask for a bag of Walsh's Imperial Patent. There is money in every bag of Walsh's Flour. Give it a trial.

McFaul's Flour Store, Lachute.

Bring in your wool early. We pay 20c. in trade. W. BANFORD.

FOR SALE.—Two registered Holstein Bull Calves. Apply to JNO. CRUISE, Lachute Mills.

Boys Suits, all kinds, largest stock between Montreal & Ottawa. W. BANFORD.

Ladies' Skirts, Northways make. Best in Canada at W. BANFORD'S.

Do not forget to come and see my ladies Cravanne Coats, Mens Waterproof Coats, Ready Made Buildings, which will be sold cheaper than anywhere else. Everything up-to-date, Best of material and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE.

Men's Suits.—Our great variety is what counts for you. All prices. W. BANFORD.

Forward March—these words are familiar at this time coming back from camp. It is a bold command and one which can be put into daily practice when in need of anything in the **hay or harvest lines**. Listen to the command of your conscience's voice and **forward march to head-quarters** for all first class Hardware at

T. McQUAT & SON.

Bring us your eggs. We can't get too many. We pay now 15c. doz. W. BANFORD.

FOR SALE

A corner lot with good buildings, situated in the West Ward, Lachute. Price \$1200.

A lot with buildings, situated on Foundry St., Centre Ward. Price \$400.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms. Apply to Jas. W. RAITT, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. McCONNELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.

SURGEON-DENTIST.

Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. (Absent on Tuesday only.)

DR. B. S. STACKHOUSE, S.R.,

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE.

SURGEON DENTISTS

Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

N. FOREST,

NOTARY.

STE. SCHOLASTIQUE

P.Q.

TENDERS WANTED.

Tenders will be received up to Wednesday July 20th, 1904, for the repairing outside and inside of the Beech Ridge school, also painting inside and outside. Two separate tenders for repairing and painting received. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted, specifications can be seen at my office.

MALCOLM SMITH, Manager Beech Ridge School.

Beech Ridge, July 8th, 1904.

CENTREVILLE.

We are glad to be able to report that Mr. P. Farrell has fully recovered from his recent illness.

Miss Hilda Hooker of New York, is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Todd of Geneva, were the welcome guests of Mrs. P. Farrell on Thursday last.

Miss Emma Matthews of Montreal, is spending her holidays at her home at Riverside.

Miss Farrell who has been visiting friends in Falloufield, Ont., has returned home.

Mrs. Wilson of Montreal, is spending the summer months the guest of her mother Mrs. J. Shaw.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Bertha Morrison of Hawkesbury, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McAdam of Montreal, are spending the week in town.

The many friends of Mr. L. Joani-se are pleased to see him once more in Lachute.

Mr. D. M. Dewar and family have left for 16 Island Lake for the summer months.

Mr. Arthur Moles of Arnprior spent the early part of this week with friends in town.

Mrs. D. Lapointe left on Wednesday morning for a short stay with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. J. S. Giles and Master Robbie spent Monday and Tuesday with friends in Montreal.

Mr. N. T. Truell of Sherbrooke is on a short visit to his many friends in town this week.

Miss Edna McQuat entertained a number of friends to a pleasant drive on Monday evening.

Mr. Thos. McQuat is spending this week at his summer residence at Sixteen Island Lake.

Miss Boyd of Montreal, was the guest of the Misses Styan the early part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, and Miss McLeod of Three Rivers, and Miss Marion Ross of Ottawa, are guests of Mrs. Thos. Christie.

Mr. Church of Che'sea, the popular agent of the Canadian Life, was in town this week.

Mr. J. R. McQuat removed his family yesterday to his summer residence in Sixteen Island Lake.

Miss A. Walker of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. Hamilton of Beech Ridge for a couple of weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, together with Mrs. and Miss Ryckman, spent the early part of this week at Shawbridge.

Masters Eugene and Henri Decary of Dorval, with their pretty little Shetland pony, are visiting at Mr. J. B. Bonhomme's, Lachute Road.

Rev. Father Villeneuve, A.M.L. of Montreal, spent Thursday last the guest of his brother-in-law Dr. A. A. Gauthier.

Miss Myers who has been whiling away a few days with Miss Heavysege, returned home to Montreal on Monday evening, after a pleasant visit.

Miss Maude Mullan has returned to Hudson Heights, Que., after spending a few days with her cousins, the Misses Dewar.

Mrs. A. Beers and youngest daughter left Monday evening for a short visit to her sister Mrs. J. McDonald in Merriton, Ont.

Mr. Guilbault, formerly of St. Philippe, who has purchased the West End Hotel from Mr. Bernique, has removed to Lachute and is now in full charge.

The orangemen of the county had a gala day on Tuesday in their celebration of the Battle of the Boyne. Both Shrewsbury and Dalesville had a great turn out and in spite of the inclement weather the participants had a royal good time.

Mr. Jno. O. Noyes, of Cushing, agent for the Argenteuil Stock Food Co.'y. Limited, was in town on Monday last. The stock food which Mr. Noyes is putting on the market is considered one of the best preventatives and curatives for tuberculosis.

An explosion occurred at the Brownburg Cartridge Factory on Friday afternoon last whereby young Wm. McClusky and Mr. Jas. McDonald were slightly injured, their legs being struck with flying shells which they were removing from the dry-house. They were also slightly burnt with powder.

A distressing and painful accident occurred to Mrs. Henry McGree on Monday morning last. It appears that she was standing on an inclined board talking over the fence to a neighbor and on turning round she unfortunately slipped from the board (which was only some 15 inches from the ground) and dislocated her thigh.

Messrs. Thos. Black, Thos. Stevenson, William and Robert Cleland and Robert Morin have through their attorney G. E. Hampton, K.C., taken an action in the Superior Court to annul as illegal the proceedings governing the Summerby water course in the Parish of St. Andrews and St. Jerusalem recently homologated by the County Council; the suit being directed against the County corporation.

We understand that the Messrs. A. & W. McFaul Bros. of Brownsburg, are negotiating with Mr. Jno. Hay, for the purchase of a portion of his farm adjoining the West River, on which they propose erecting a large saw mill.

Just about midnight on Tuesday last a bold attempt was made to rob the St. Philippe Station. The explosion caused serious damage to the Station, but the burglars decamped with only 40cts. of booty. Detective Carpenter Jr. was here Thursday and has tracked the men to St. Hermas, where he hopes to effect their capture. They are believed to be two of the men engaged in the quarry at Brownsburg.

As we go to press we learn of the sudden death of Mr. Jas. McFaul, son of Mr. Thos. McFaul of Dalesville. The circumstances are specially sad, as about two weeks ago he received a sunstroke, from which other complications developed, and though the best of medical skill was secured, he died this morning. He leaves a loving wife and child to mourn his loss.

On Monday next, election will take place for two school commissioners to replace Messrs. T. Christie, M.P., and W. H. Garretsee, whose terms of office have expired. It will be remembered that Mr. Garretsee was elected by the Board to replace Mr. Jno. McRae who had resigned. As a rule very little interest is taken in these elections, although last year there was a feeling that the representation on the Board should not be confined solely to the Centre Ward.

At the election of School Commissioners for Chatham No. 2 on Monday last, both the retiring commissioners Mr. Alex. Calder and Mr. Archibald Murdoch were nominated for re-election, but on Mr. Murdoch declining the honor, Mr. William Murray was elected in his stead. Mr. Murdoch has retained his seat on the Board for over twenty years and was held in high esteem by his fellow commissioners who afterwards passed a resolution expressive of their regrets, and their best wishes for their ex chairman's happiness and prosperity.

A LOG JAM.

One of the biggest jams in the history of logging operations in Canada exists on the Rouge river at Calumet. There are, it is said, over a million logs in the jam, including about 700,000 pieces of pulp wood, belonging to the Riordan Paper Co., Hawkesbury. The jam, which is a mile and a half long, was responsible for the destruction of the regular traffic bridge, which was piled up against the railway structure. At present about seventy-five men are engaged liberating the logs in the jam, but as the work has to be done piecemeal, it will be several weeks before it is completed. The formation of this jam may lead to interesting legal developments. The Canadian Pacific Railway Co., has notified the municipal authorities that they will be held responsible for the damage to the railway bridge, caused by the displacement of the township structure. The council, in turn, has notified the lumber companies that owned the logs, that it will hold them responsible for the destruction of the municipal bridge and the damage it caused the railway structure.

LACHUTE ACADEMY.

Results of Examinations from Quebec.

Grade II.—Edwin Hampton, Lily Boyce, K. Campbell, Irene Caron, Ed. Christie, Eva Christie, Ivan Fraser, Edna Hammond, Amy Hyde, Alice Kennedy, E. Palliser, Minnie Smith.

Grade I.—Amy Copeland, Della Dewar, Norah Delsie, K. McGibbon, E. McIntyre, Katharine McPhee, Estie Murdoch, Pearl Pollock, Jessie Smith, Katie Stanforth, Ada Strong.

All the above are eligible to make application to the Central Board of Examiners for admission to the Normal School.

GRENVILLE.

A Sunday School Convention will be held in Grenville on the 19th inst., in the Methodist Church under the auspices of the Que. Sunday School Union. Rev. Mr. Capel, Secretary of the union, will be with us and Revs. Fowkes, Fitzgerald and Brown will also deliver addresses. Tea will be provided for visitors from a distance. There will be special music and all the meetings will be open to the public.

We have on hand A Large and Well-assorted Stock of

WILLIAMS' PIANOS, EVANS BROS. PIANOS.
DOHERTY ORGANS, SHERLOCK WAINING ORGANS.

New Williams' Sewing Machines, Household Furniture of all description at prices defying all competition. Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Our Stock of BOOTS & SHOES is complete and selling at reduced prices.

J. A. BEDARD & SON,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

THE ELITE.

SUMMER BARGAINS

For Ladies in White wear, Skirts, Fancy Collars, Belts, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins.

Manufacturers samples of white waists. The greatest variety and value ever offered in town. Be sure and see them before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH.

Eyes Examined Free



... BY THE MOST ...

Up-to-Date METHODS.

Spectacles prescribed only when necessary.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

Graduate of the Optical Institute of Canada,
LACHUTE.

KENNEDY The Gentlemen's Outfitter.

SUITINGS in all the nobby patterns of Canadian and Imported Goods.

HATS.—All the Latest and American Shapes and sizes.

Trunks, Shirts, Collars and Ties.

Campbell's Clothing, the highest grade clothing in Canada.

New Spring Gloves, Underwear, etc.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St. Lachute

About the ...House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

For sweetbread croquettes, cook, cool and mince a sweetbread. Add enough chopped chicken to make a full pint. Melt one-quarter cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of flour and cook until frothy. Add gradually, stirring all the time, one cupful of rich, well-seasoned chicken stock and one-third cupful of cream. Season with pepper, add a beaten egg and the minced sweetbreads. When cool, shape, roll in fine bread or cracker crumbs, then in beaten eggs and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat, drain, and serve with mushroom sauce.

Banana Shortcake.—Make a rich lea-biscuit crust, bake in jelly-cake tins in not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized thoroughly ripe bananas and shred finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread fruit very thickly well mixed with sugar, so as to form sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Egg Croquettes.—Four hardboiled eggs, three tablespoonsful of cream, butter the size of a large nutmeg, a heaping tablespoonful of salt, a dash of pepper. When the eggs are very hard and perfectly cold rub through a fine wire sieve, add the cream, salt and pepper, beating in gradually. Melt the butter and stir in. As eggs sometimes vary in size, a little thickening may be needed to give the right consistency. Use the finest cracker dust, adding a little at a time until the mixture can be moulded into very soft balls. Roll in cracker dust and drop into a deep kettle of hot fat to fry. When they are brown, drain on a wire sieve, and serve with lettuce salad. For this purpose the croquettes should be cold. When hot, serve with crisp bacon.

Lemon Snaps.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one desert spoonful of allspice, two of ground ginger, the grated peel of half and the juice of a large lemon. Mix all well together, add a cup of molasses, beat it well, pour it on buttered sheet tins and spread it thinly over them. Bake in a rather slow oven, and roll each square around the finger as it is raised from the tin. These are quite as delicious as the best brandy snaps sold by confectioners.

Beef Roast.—Two pounds round steak, chopped fine, two well-beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful rolled crackers, one-half cup warm butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one small onion and a little sage; season with salt and pepper, mix all together with a stiff spoon. Put in a deep, square bread tin and bake one hour in a hot oven. Baste quite often after it begins to brown. The onion or any kind of other flavoring for meats added. This is very nice hot for dinner or sliced cold for lunch.

Almond custard.—One pint of milk, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth pound of almonds, blanched and pounded fine, two eggs and two teaspoonfuls of rose-water. Stir over the fire till thick as cream, then set in oven till firm. Just before serving cover with whipped cream, tinted delicately with strawberry syrup or red currant jelly.

Virginia Corn Muffins.—Three eggs, well beaten; two heaping cups Indian cornmeal and one of flour; sift into the flour two teaspoonfuls baking powder; add one tablespoonful melted lard, three cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt; beat well; bake quickly in rings or small patty pans; serve hot.

USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent articles of silverware from tarnishing warm them when cleaned and paint them over with a thin solution of colloidion in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose. Articles so treated must be wiped only with dry cloths.

Every housewife in whose homes lamps are used realizes the annoyance that comes of less brilliant light than is given by the new burner. What is not generally understood is that the difficulty arises from dust which settles in the tiny apertures and prevents the free passage of air. If the burners are unscrewed from the lamps occasionally, freed of their wicks and boiled in a solution of washing soda and water, they will come forth brilliantly clean and the light will be once more all that can be desired. Wicks, too, should be more often renewed than is commonly the case, as they are apt to absorb the oil less readily after prolonged usage. Often the simple plan for boiling the burner and fitting it with new wicks will mean all the difference between the discomfort of the dim, uncertain light and the gratification that comes of a clean and bright one.

A domestic magazine advises that the baking of a cake should be divided into four equal parts. This necessitates looking at the cake only four times. At the end of the first quarter the cake should be somewhat risen, with bubbles on the top. The second quarter finds it well ris-

en and beginning to brown. At the end of the third it is "set," and evenly, but lightly browned. At the last look the cake should be ready to take out.

In making lemonade, increased richness and flavor can be obtained by stirring granulated sugar into the lemon juice until a thick syrup is formed about two hours in advance of one's need. This should be placed in a refrigerator until wanted, when shaved ice is to be added and the stirring resumed. Just before serving pour in water, still stirring while letting the water drip in slowly from a funnel.

It may shock tidy housekeepers to hear it, but the poor coffee one gets in the average household is due largely to the washing of the pot. It is plunged in with other pots in all but exceptional cases, and washed with the common dish cloth. "A coffee pot," says a cook where coffee is famous, "should never be washed. It should be filled with cold water and left to stand for a few moments after using. Then it should be brushed out carefully with a long-handled brush, scalded with hot water and left to dry with the lip open till it is to be used again. Coffee made carefully in a pot so treated becomes a neater fit for the gods."

Dollies and small center pieces, especially with quantities of open work, can be laundered with very little trouble at home. Castile or any white soap is the best cleansing medium. After washing and rinsing in slightly blueed water, stretch them upon a window, taking care that every scall and petal is well smoothed and let them dry. They will require no ironing and look like new.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER HATS.

Lovely summer hats can sometimes be evolved from old ones with very little trouble or expense. Children never object to wearing old hats made over if they are pretty and becoming, and while their every-day hats should be plain they need not be ugly. Pretty and serviceable hats may be made of soft, odd crowns of linen or silkolene sewed into brims from old hats; and a narrow quilling of the same material on the edge of the brim will be all the trimming needed for the hat.

An old leghorn hat was transformed into a lovely summer hat by making a new crush crown of green and white chip and net weave and adding a two-inch chip straw braid to the brim. These braids come in every grade and color, and help out wonderfully in transforming old hats. There is no limit to the possibilities of an old leghorn hat, as it can be cleaned for a few times with a paste made of lemon juice and flowers of sulphur. When they cannot be cleaned any longer in this way they can be colored black or any of the bright colors.

It is easy to lower a high crown by removing several rows of braid, or to give height to a low one by adding several rows and the brims can be made any desired width by adding rows of fancy braids.

Black or tan straw hats can be freshened by brushing them over once or twice with liquid shoe polish of the desired color. A white straw hat that is only slightly soiled may be cleaned with corn meal moistened with warm water.

You can color a white hat any shade you would like by dissolving some diamond dye for wool of the color wanted in a little alcohol and applying to the hat with a soft brush. Colored hats that have faded can be freshened by using dye of the same color, then the hat must be given a coat of thin varnish. Many of the pretty summer hats begin to fade and show signs of wear long before the summer is over, and sometimes a very small outlay of money and a little trouble will make them prettier than when new.

MAKING SURE.

An old farmer, writing recently to a railway company's head office, asked for rates, distances, time, and so forth for many important kinds of freight over the principal lines. The letter probed deep into traffic business; it was indicative of a keen mind; plainly its writer, provided he got fair treatment, would become a valuable patron of the line.

So the railway company sent, post haste, one of their brightest young traffic agents to see him. The agent got off at his station and had to walk five miles to reach his house. Arriving, with some disappointment, at a small farm, the agent took from his pocket the long list of rates that three clerks had spent half the night in compiling, and he said to the old man:—

"I have come, sir, to answer your recent letter in person. Here, on these papers, you will find each of your questions treated in detail. May we hope to do some business with you?"

The farmer looked over the list of answers with a grunt of satisfaction.

"You're from the railway company, eh?" he said. "Well, you can't hope for business from me, but I'm obliged to you just the same for all this information. It's for my son. You see, he's got to take an examination next month, and a lot of it will be about railways, so I thought I'd get him some facts first hand."

Johnny: "Maw's always talkin' about a hygienic diet. What is a hygienic diet?" Tommy: "It's any kind of diet you don't like!"

SEAL POACHERS IN RUSSIAN WATERS

The War Gleaner and Other Raiders Chase to Dismantle the Rookeries in the Okhotsk Sea.

There are somewhere in the Okhotsk Sea a score or more schooners of less than a hundred tons register whose crews are joyful, writes a correspondent of the London Post. Since the Russian fleets are held fast at Port Arthur and Vladivostok the schooner crews are free to raid certain rookeries where many of the sealers have more than once encountered the rifle fire of the guards when in close proximity to the islands. Hidden in the ever-present mists that fill the northern seas lies Robben Island, where the bark of the seal herd that haul on the smooth beaches and where the noises of the fights between the whiskered "matkas" can be heard long before the island is seen. It is not far from the coast of Sakhalin. On any of the few clear days the black-green volcanic shore-line of Cape Patience can be plainly seen. Until the wig-wag of a Russian signalman on Cape Patience told of Admiral Togo's descent on the Port Artur fleet there was a Russian guard on Robben Island which patrolled the beaches and watched through the mist-curtain for the boats of the poachers. More than once the rocks have echoed with the crack of the guards' rifles. I have seen a "shot-riddled boat which bore witness to this, and I have spoken to a man who struck his knees while he was rowing desperately through the surf to escape the fire of the guards. But that was in peace time. Now the Kotik lies at Sasebo, a prize of war, and the Aleut and Zabiaka, which also guarded the northern sea against the seal poachers, have scurried off to shelter, and the guards have gone from both Robben and Commanderofski Islands. So, the raiders may raid unhindered. Perhaps they have already done so. Who knows?

VALUABLE PELTS.

It is at Hakodate that the sealing fleets, which will doubtless use the advantage given them by the war to raid the Russian rookeries, make their headquarters. They all fly the Japanese flag, but if enquiry was made into the ownership, it would be found that many of the shares, and in some cases, the whole schooner, was the property of citizens of the United States, who by reason of the fact that their government has prohibited pelagic sealing in order to protect a monopoly that leases the rookeries of Behring Sea, are unable to hunt seals in vessels flying their country's flag. There are many other nations represented in the mixed throng made up by these sealers of Hakodate. For example, as Kipling has put it:

"English they be and Japanese that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst God wot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank!"

Now that the brown bear has to guard his throat his flank is unprotected, and there will probably be such raids as have not occurred for many years. For, of late years, the guards have been plentiful; the cruisers have maintained close patrol; and the sealers have kept without the prescribed limits. But now—

"Away by the lands of the Japanese Where the paper lanterns glow,
And the crews of all the shipping drink

In the house of Blood Street Joe," you can hear the talk of the raids that may be. Already the schooners may have anchored off the beaches, where thousands of seals crowd each other and fight for the better hauling grounds, and, with their clubs swinging, blood-stained, in the thronged rookeries, the raiders may be leaving many carcasses on the beaches after tearing away the valuable pelts. At least this is the opinion of some men with whom I have spoken—men who have hunted the seal herds in that vicinity. For the war has given the sealers a chance such as they have never seen.

LIKE A FOUR-INCH GUN.

It is years since the schooners have made dashes on the seal islands such as the dash of which Kipling sang in his "Rhyme of the Three Sealers." The men who made that memorable raid are scattered. Many have gone where there is no raiding and no seals. Captain Snow is living a retired life in Yokohama and will talk little of the incident. Captain Payne is also in Yokohama, but he says he has blotted the matter from his memory. Captain Kearney is in Manila. All are scattered, and the fleet which has recently sailed from Hakodate numbers few of the adventurous spirits of whose deeds Kipling's verses tell. As the men who know will testify the poet used his license to put in some tragedy. There was no killing. As the story was told to me Snow had gone to the rookery at Robben Island—it was there and not at St. Paul that the affair took place—and Payne followed. On the Arctic—Kipling has called her the Baltic—Snow and his fellow-raiders had looked back into the mist when the mud-hook clanked down off the rookery, and they thought the schooner which they saw observed in the fog behind them was a Russian cruiser. Payne had run out a stovepipe, and, as the poet says, "—a stovepipe seen through

the closing mist, it shows like a four-inch gun." And there was what seemed to be a Russian flag, in reality a white sheet with a pair of blue overalls spread to make the St. Andrew's cross at the masthead. So the raiders fled, leaving the pelts for the men of the Silver Fleece—which the poet has called the Northern Light. As he tells:

"When the Northern Light drove in to the light and the sea must drove with her,

The Baltic called her men and weighed—she could not choose but run.

For a stovepipe seen through the closing mist, it shows like a four-inch gun."

The Arctic ran. And there the incident, for there was no second "faked" gunboat and following tragedy. The Silver Fleece took the skins the Arctic had gone to take and fled, and the Arctic returned to Hakodate with an empty hold.

THE WHIZZING BULLETS.

Many another tale is told of the daring raids of these adventurous men. Sitting beneath the glowing paper lanterns on the clean matting, with the tinkling samisens and the chant of the geisha sounding from behind the thin rice-paper partitions, the sealers often tell—as the kimono-clad maidens pour the saki—how they rowed with muffled oars into the covers, staggered over the rocks and wriggled among the seal herds; tell of the landings in the mist, the hurried clubbing of seals and the rush to the half-filled boats as the guards clattered over the rocks, firing as they came; of the boats that danced in the surf, almost swamping bers; and the sharp cry of pain and the inert body that rolled down between the thwarts on the still warm skies. And they tell of the scurrying of little 60-ton schooners, wily every inch of canvas, set, into the fog-banks which Providence had sent when a cruiser steamer, with flame shooting from her stack, all too close behind; of how their vessel lay with bare poles in the trough of the sea, and they watched the stem of a far-away steamer rising and falling in the swell, fearing all the while that her lookout would make out the shining masts, and, on overhauling the schooner, find a hold well filled with stolen skins—which meant black bread and scanty fare in a cell of Petropaulofski's prison and the schooner left to rot on the beach. I tell these things—but the tales they tell are nearly all of bygone years. The last few years have been comparatively free from adventure, years of storm and poor catches on the face of the waters. But now the opportunity has come, and the sealers will doubtless take advantage of it. But whether they have done so or not none can say, for the rookeries of Russia are afar and the sealers not return to the lanterned streets of Hakodate for some months to come.

IN THE KAISER'S ARMY

"FIRST CLASS MEN" CREATE A SENSATION.

New Military Novel That Aims at Reform of German Officers' Corps.

The officers of the German army are writing under another lash of scorn. Freiherr von Schlicht, a retired officer and a scion of a noble family clique, has written a book called "First Class Men," and in its 350 pages he has dealt exclusively with the shortcomings of the officers in a typical crack regiment in the Kaiser's army.

The book is similar to the famous "Life in a Small Garrison Town," written by Lieut. Bilse, the young officer who was imprisoned and dismissed from the German army for revealing the scandals of army life. Capt. Freiherr von Schlicht was careful not to publish his book until he had retired and was beyond the reach of the Kaiser's wrath.

The government forbade the publication of Von Schlicht's book in Germany, but it was brought out in Vienna where it is being printed in enormous editions and sold all over the world, except openly in German bookstalls.

COMMONER BECOMES OFFICER.

The story, in outline, is this: On a festive occasion, when the noble officers of this regiment entertain a number of equally aristocratic friends, the representative of the sovereign announces that his majesty has added a new and promising officer to the corps. On hearing the name of the newcomer, which is that of a commoner, the officers without exception behave as if some dire misfortune had befallen them, and the feast ends in a gloom that could not be deeper had the honor of the regiment been touched. Just before the calamity is announced the conversation of two members of the party has enlightened the reader as to the code of ethics obtaining among these gentlemen.

"Do you know," says one noble officer to another. "I have lately thought a good deal about the pride of nobility and the spirit of caste. When we regiments of the Guards at a fraternal meal drink to the spirit of the officers' corps and express the hope that it may remain always the same, this, in my opinion, does not only mean that we are to preserve our loyalty and affection to our sovereign, but also that we are to remain the first class men which we are, the bearers of old

noble names who, as members of the most aristocratic regiments, are always to maintain the dividing line which separates us from commoners."

TROUSERS BUTTONS.

Later on, when the great calamity of the admission of a commoner has been declared, the talk turns naturally to Winkler, the innocent cause of all this pother. The representative of his majesty are bombarded with questions, once champagne has loosened the tongues. "But, count, for heaven's sake tell us. You must know something about him. Who is this Winkler?" "Gentlemen," the adjutant said at last, "all the colonel and I know is what his majesty has just told us. Old Winkler is a factory owner."

They all felt as if a load had been lifted. Factory owner! This was not much, and of course could not be compared with the social position of a noble squire or a court official, but, after all, Krupp himself had been an fond only a factory owner, and the German emperor had called him friend before all the world. Yes, they felt relieved until they saw that the count was holding something back, something relating to the factory owner. "What does the man manufacture? Guns or engines?" "Neither of them. Trouser buttons."

If a flash of lightning had struck them they could not have recoiled more suddenly, more horror-struck. "Good God!" they said.

Presently the new man is introduced. The noble officers have been bidden to meet their new comrade in the barrack yard. "Gentlemen," the colonel says, "I have asked you to meet me in order that I may introduce our new comrade, Lieut. Winkler. If you please, lieutenant."

LOOK FOR RICH GIRLS.

The contrast between the young commoner, with his innate tact and modesty, his sensible outlook, his keen sense of honor and dignity, and his aristocratic comrades with their boundless conceit, their cynicism concerning women and money matters, their gluttony and drunkenness, is striking. Perhaps it is even a little overdone, and might be still more convincing if painted in less startling colors. After the absolute worthlessness of the aristocratic officers has been revealed in the course of some chapters shown in various ways, the author devotes some time to an explanation of the usual means adopted to escape from the degrading impudic position into which the large majority of officers of his class find themselves. The one remedy towards which they all look, and which they discuss with a callousness which shows the depths to which they have sunk, is marriage with a rich girl. Here their pride of birth leaves them entirely in the lurch. All they require is a father-in-law who is able and willing to pay their own—and probably their relations'—debts, and a trouser button manufacturer's pretty daughter does as well as a dame of the bluest blood in the country.

DOESN'T WANT TO BE SOLD.

As soon as it becomes known that Winkler is a man of great wealth, a retired officer of an old noble family, steeped in debt, is ready to sell his only daughter—who, by the way, is the only creditable representative of the crowd of "first class" people in the book. This is the advice of the father to the poor girl:

"Never mind your pride of birth till you have a husband. There are plenty of commoners ready to exchange their miserable gold for a beautiful aristocratic wife who can introduce them into good society and preside at their table. When you have got a husband you can be aristocratic again; that will impress him, and the more you show him what sacrifice it has cost you to become his wife the more he will love and honor you."

The girl, in the present case, resents proudly and fiercely her father's and brother's baseness, and by her reticence and honorable pride attracts Winkler, and ends by becoming his wife. The absolute truth with which the author exposes these disgraceful doings will be patent to all who know anything of the life led by the average German officer.

Poor Winkler shows a fortitude under his trials which is truly heroic. He bears, unnumbered humiliations, and gains some sort of position among his noble comrades by sheer force of character. But he ends as the hero of Lieut. Bilse's book ended—disheartened and disappointed—he leaves the regiment to engage in business life.

Meeks—"The man who tries to change a woman's views is a fool." Weeks—"How do you know?" Meeks—"My wife told me so."

Little Willie—"Papa, do they have doctors to treat pigs?" His Papa—"Yes, my son; only they are called veterinary surgeons. Why do you ask?" Little Willie—"I was just wondering who cured bacon!"

JUST ONE MORE REMARKABLE CASE

DIABETES IS AGAIN VAN-
QUISHED BY DODD'S
KIDNEY PILLS.

Donat Lafamme, of St. Marguerite, Que., the man Cured—Further Proof of the far Reaching Power of the Great Kidney Remedy.

St. Marguerite, Dorchester Co., Que., July 11.—(Special).—That all varieties and stages of Kidney Disease yield readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills has been proved almost daily for years, but when another victory over the deadly Diabetes is scored it is always worthy of mention. Such a case happened here.

Donat Lafamme is the man cured, and the cure was quick as well as complete. Speaking of his cure Dr. Lafamme says:

"For two years I suffered from Diabetes. I was attended by the doctor, but all his remedies did me no good. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and two boxes cured me completely."

What will cure Diabetes will cure any Kidney disease is an old saying. And no doubt remains that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes.

HUNTING THE HARTBEEST

SPORT ON THE VELDT OF
SOUTH AFRICA.

Pursuing Fleet Footed Game and
Picking Off Antelopes With
a Rifle.

The mornings are cold in South Africa—cold with the chill of iced champagne. One wakes with the impression of a summons. One is glad to be awake. The world is full of beautiful day dawns. I have seen the sun rise north and south of the equator, in the eastern and in the western hemisphere. Nowhere have I known, says Douglas Story in the Shanghai Times, so inviting a day-break as upon the veldt. It calls one to action with the smile of an assured obedience.

One wakes with one's feet to the smouldering embers. The blankets no longer tempt to sleep. They have grown strangely inadequate. The sky in the east is green with the green of the jade stone. Through it the morning star has burned a tiny glow point. Elsewhere is dense blackness. The stillness is tangible. The sounds of the night have died. The sounds of the day are not born. The green above the skyline lightens to the green of old bronze. A Kafir drags a brand from the heap of ashes. He quickens it into life. He sets about his cooking. The wait-a-bit thorns rattle their dry bones. The world stirs to its waking. The green of the horizon lightens to yellow. It warms to orange. It blazes into crimson. Out of the heart of the furnace emerges the sun, red, gleaming, new-minted. From the look pot comes the fragrance of coffee. It is 4 o'clock of a South African morning.

A SOUSE IN THE BUCKET.

A tightening of belts, the swallowing of a pannikin of coffee, the munching of a Boer meal cookie, the on-sad-dling of a Basuto pony need but a sparse ten minutes when the veldt pheasants are calling from the grass. The sun clears itself of the horizon. We ride away from the wagon. The white tilt gleams monstrously huge in the dawn light. We knot our handkerchiefs about our throats, I and Chris Villiers, for the air cuts keen as a razor.

Chris is Boer-born and veldt-bred; long, lanky, loose-jointed, with far-sighted blue eyes set deep beneath shaggy eyebrows the color of the sun-dried grass bushing his haunches. He sits his horse straight-limbed, with the balance of a skater. His clothes are coarse and chase-stained, his beard long and untrimmed, his veldt-boots hacked from the hide of the water buck with his own hand. His stirrups are mud-caked and rusty. His rifle is clean and burnished. It is his fetish and his friend. His name is carved with infinite care upon the stock. His waist is girt with a self-fashioned bandolier glistening with cartridges. His eyes and his rifle tell the tale the Englishmen learned at Colenso and at Modder River. From his youth up Chris has been taught to shoot to kill. He has learned the value of cartridges. He rides with his rifle butt resting upon his thigh.

Beyond, in the yellow veldt, is a troop of hartbeest. They are grouped about a salt pan. Their triangular shadows show black upon the sand. Through the glass their long black faces, upstanding withers, drooping quarters, garbled horns, seem the rudely modelled creations of a savage. Their russet coats glow against the cold white of the pan. The cows are licking the salt edge of the brack, swaying their tails. Two bulls on their knees are belaboring each other goodnaturedly with their awkward, ineffectual horns. The clatter of their swashbuckling comes with the memory of a medieval tournament. I would fain stay and watch. Chris needs meat. His rifle goes up at the leftmost bull. I aim at the other.

THE REPORTS ARE AS ONE.

There is a sudden peace between the duellists. The Boer's bull falls forward upon his opponent. The other struggles to his feet. Their horns are interlocked. Before the wounded antelope can rid himself of the encumbrance of the head, our rifles ring out a second time. Two hartbeest lie stretched upon the pan. The herd is off up the wind. The white blaze upon their rumps bobs ludicrously.

No horse can outrun the hartbeest, but we can afford to give them chase. Away out over the veldt they stretch. Their clean-cut limbs move rhythmically. They race as though drilled by a sergeant instructor. It is glorious out here in the young morning. The cool air is invigorating as a shower bath. The horses enjoy the sport. Chris points with his rifle to the front of the antelope. His keen eye has detected the break of a donga. He digs his rusty spur into his pony. The horses gallop mightily. The antelope are swallowed up in the dip of the valley. The horses are pulled up on the very brink of the donga. Together we are gazing into the hollow. There, to the right, is the bevy of red coats. They are 300 yards distant. Chris wastes no time. He sights at a lumbering cow. The rifle cracks. The hartbeest swerves as though stung by an insect. The thud of the bullet comes heavily back to us. The antelope keeps on.

We spring to our ponies. We ride rapidly along the verge of the valley. The hartbeest is distanced by her comrades. She tosses her head impatiently. Chris waves his rifle in triumph. Without a shudder of warning she pitches forward upon her long black nose, lies still, her red body strangely out of tone with the pale yellow of the landscape. Her herd comrades are but a spatter of dots sprinkled across the open veldt. Chris has no time for sentiment. He springs from his horse, clambers down to the carcass. With the dexterity of long experience he skins it. We need no bultong and the heads of the bull hartbeest at the brack pan are better worth keeping than this staring one of the cow.

So he toils up the bank with the reeking hide to his pony, fastens it behind his saddle, and mounts for the homeward journey. Beneath, in the donga, we leave the corpse of the hartbeest, pathetic in its nakedness. In the blue vault above an aasvogel is poised, watching the carrion. From the rocks a jackal creeps hungrily forward. There is no beast of the desert, so poor that the veldt scavengers will not.

WAKE HIM AT HIS DYING.

Easily we trippe on the back trail, Chris singing the volkslied. There is an ominous gathering of vultures above the brack pan. Chris quickens his pony, ceases his carol. "Pas op, Mijneheer!" he yells across to me. "The aasvogels are tearing the skins."

We canter to the edge of the pan. Nothing has been disturbed. The vultures have time at their disposal. They are still circling above the dead hartbeest, content to wait the approach of the jackals. We hobble our horses, and set to the labor of skinning. They look strangely unnatural, the two antelope, with their

WRONG TRACK.

Had to Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over.

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot-biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order, and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about, because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago, and never since then have I had any but perfect health for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucer will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"True food that carries one along and 'there's a reason.' Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things. Get the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in each package.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woollens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES
EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

eyes set high up in the forehead, with their corrugated horns jutting upward and outward, then sharply bent back over the neck, with the absurd tufts of hair crowning their chevron bones. Yet do they afford royal sport, and our bag is usually heavy. We have fresh meat enough to delight the Kafirs, to yield a meal for our own table. So we ride away from the brack pan. We found it pure and unsullied, dimpled with the dainty footprints of antelope. We leave it blood-stained and trampled upon, polluted with the presence of beasts of carrion.

It is hot now and airless. The veldt palpitated like a living thing. Outlines are blurred. Foul flies cling to the skins at our saddles. Locusts spring out from underneath our horses' hoofs. We plug steadily campward. We stumble upon it almost before we had recognized the surroundings. We kick up a slumbering Kafir. We call for water. We demand breakfast. There is an air of sudden resolution throughout the camp. The veldt-looper gathers sticks for the fire. The cook boy lovingly handles the fresh meat. His assistants bake cookies and cut up vegetables. The driver departs for the strayed oxen. In the shade, under the wagon, we lie, waiting tiffin. We are weary—hungry. Our pipes afford some little alleviation. We think of the joys of the morning, of the satisfaction of the kill, of men in pink hunting red hartbeest, of pheasants as vultures tearing carrion, of—"Skoff, baas!"

The grinning coov boy has made ready our steaks of antelope. We rub our eyes, and fall to as only the men of the veldt can fall to after a morning's riding. Hartbeest is not so palatable as springbok or koodoo, but this is no day of fine distinctions. We eat. We smoke. We fall asleep in the shade of the wagon. We shall not inspan till 4 o'clock. Elsewhere the world is silent. Even the locusts are at rest. The hot peace of the veldt has settled upon us.

First Merchant—"Byers, you always have such a pretty typist. Do you select her for her beauty?" Second Merchant—"Yes, indeed; it pays. You see, before I got on to the scheme my three clerks would stay away on the least provocation. Now, they have fallen dead in love with her, and not one of them stays away if he can possibly help it, for fear the others will get ahead of him.

A—"Is it true that your cashier has eloped with your daughter and a large sum of money?" B—"It is quite true; but he is an honest fellow, and means to repay me. He has already returned me my daughter."

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hewitt—I'm always happy when I'm smoking a good cigar. Jewitt—You expect your friends to contribute too much to your happiness.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists and General Stores.

Sippins—Don't you think that old Mrs. Snobby has an uneven disposition? Pippins—Quite the reverse. She is always the same—disagreeable.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

It sometimes happens that a handsome woman hasn't brains enough to be pretty.

Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers made.

There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

Rather than perjure themselves some men refuse to swear off drinking.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

\$13,750 has just been paid for a single playing-card, a nine of diamonds. Upon the back of it Holbein had painted an exquisite miniature of Frances Howard, Duchess of Norfolk.

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

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Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c
Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.
INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

Attractions for Sportsmen on the
Line of the Grand Trunk.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

Pigeons hovering about the London streets are everybody's prey, having no owners, the police say that they cannot and will not take action against any person killing the birds.

Wilson's Fly Pads: the original and only genuine. Avoid cheap imitations.

In volume of commerce the great ports stand in this order: London, New York, Antwerp, Hamburg, Hong Kong, Liverpool, Cardiff, Rotterdam, Singapore, Marseilles, Tyne ports, and Gibraltar.

Wilson's Fly Pads, One ten cent packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.

Society people are very fortunate in being able to talk without putting themselves to the trouble of thinking.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

The British Museum is a love-letter to an Egyptian princess, 3,500 years old, and inscribed on a brick. What must the court have looked like during a breach of promise case in those days?

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. WISELOW'S SOOTHING STRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays 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 and ask for "Mrs. WISELOW'S SOOTHING STRUP." 22-24

CANCER AND BEER.

An inquiry by Dr. Alfred Wolff into the mysterious cause of cancer has yielded an unexpected conclusion which promises temperance advocates a new and powerful argument. Dr. Wolff discovers that all the districts of high cancer mortality are those in which beer or cider is largely drunk. Bavaria, for instance, heads the list in Germany and Salzburg in Austria—both great beer-drinking provinces. In France the statistics are still more striking. There is the most marked contrast between the high cancer mortality in beer-drinking departments and the low death-rate from cancer elsewhere.

Wife—Did you notice how full of his subject our pastor was this morning? Husband—Yes; and I also noticed how slow he was in emptying himself of it.



BUCHANAN'S
UNLOADING OUTFIT

Works well both on stacks and in barns, unloads all kinds of hay and grain either loose or in sheaves. Send for catalogue to
M. T. BUCHANAN & CO., Ingersoll, Ont.
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CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy.
Address Box 122, Montreal.

Many a man who imagines he could run the earth can't even manage a small garden successfully.

Wilson's Fly Pads will clear your house of flies.

One cook often spoils the broth as completely as too many.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A girl doesn't necessarily object to a young man's moustache because she sets her face against it.

Wilson's Fly Pads, Three hundred times cheaper than sticky paper.

Austria evidently wants an entente cordiale. The Vienna City Council has voted \$200 to an Austrian travelling information bureau in London, established to promote intercourse between Austria and England.

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

"Do you think Miss Richly cares anything for you?" "Well, I think she's beginning to care a little." "What makes you think that?" "Why, the last time I called she only yawned twice, and two weeks ago I counted five yawns in one evening."

St. Martin, Que., May 16, 1895.
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER.

A woman's voice isn't necessarily heavenly because it sounds unearthly.

Benefactor—"How is your husband now, my dear woman?" Poor Woman—"I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room." Benefactor—"Could I see him?" Poor Woman—"Possibly, sir, if you applied at the county prison."

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention.
Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic
when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. 311

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ISSUE NO. 28-04.

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The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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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.

A FALL ELECTION.

The addresses delivered at the Liberal banquet in Toronto on Monday evening by the Ministers of Finance and Customs and the Postmaster General and the attention devoted by Hon. Mr. Fielding to the tariff question, had we not his Delphic remark respecting an election "this year not next," serve to confirm the impression that an election this fall is now the Government programme. It has been definitely stated in the Conservative press and not denied by the Liberal papers that orders have been sent out to the organizers of the Liberal party in both Ontario and Quebec to prepare for an election to be held probably, in November. A reason assigned for the Government's decision to bring on an early election is another hitch in the negotiations with the Grand Trunk Pacific and Sir Wilfred is anxious to get through with the elections before reopening that question with Messrs. Hays and Cox. It may be confidently accepted as Sir Wilfred's present plan to get through with the general elections before the snow flies. Of course the man who has so frequently changed his plan, and his policy for that matter, may see another reason to reverse his present attitude and further delay the day of doom.

The appeals of the Maritime Provinces to the Privy Council on the question of their representation in the Commons have to be heard shortly and there is contingency that the appeal may go in their favor, particularly in the case of Prince Edward Island. Should such be the case it would be impossible, illegal, to have the elections under the present redistribution bill and Parliament would have to meet again and remedy the legislation so affected. This is a factor which may cause a modification of the government's plan for a November election.

A NOTABLE SPEECH.

Lord Dundonald has been dismissed by the Laurier government because he dared to appeal to the people of this country, whose servant he was, against the vicious "politicalizing" of the militia of Canada. All manner of sin will be forgiven unto Liberals who will degrade the institutions of their country to perpetuate their rule of the present government but there is no forgiveness to any man, be he even the brave and capable soldier who led the relieving force into Ladysmith, who would save the militia force from the invasion of politicians of Sydney Fisher's stamp. It is, however, quite apparent that the country is not in sympathy with the policy of the government in this instance. This evening the General is to be the guest of honor at a banquet in To-

ronto, given by the citizens irrespective of party. Montreal is shortly to entertain his Lordship. One of the most largely attended banquets given by members of the Rideau Club, Ottawa, was that at which the former G.O.C. was the guest of honor. The public have not been advised of what he said at that banquet; but a few nights previous he was entertained by the Sons of Scotland, Renfrew, and the report of his speech on that occasion will be found in another column. It is a notable speech and deserving the serious consideration of every Canadian. In view of the trend of recent events in Parliament how opposite his warning:

"Unless the British Empire is supported by the loyalty of all her children, ungrudgingly given and without reservation, the Empire must pass away and with it will also pass away those liberties which, possibly, you may little consider; but which once lost you may never regain. Beware, gentlemen, I repeat, beware, of that silent yet insidious weakening of the tie, which is more dangerous than an open and declared hostility. To what could the General have referred?"

ANOTHER CASE.

Another instance of political interference with appointments in the Canadian Militia is revealed in the following letter, written by Col. Gregory resigning his command while in camp, and laid on the table of the Commons on Tuesday last:

"Camp Niagara, June 15th, 1904. From the O. C. Second Dragoons to the D. O. C. M.D., No. 2, Sir.—As a protest against the system of political intrigue that compels my superior officers to interfere with the efficiency and discipline of the regiment under my command, by promoting without my approval an inefficient officer in my regiment while knowing and acknowledging such inefficiency, and at the same time being aware of the fact that I was trying to compel the officer referred to (Major S. H. Glasgow) to improve his qualification before I recommended him for promotion to the position of second in command. I hereby tender my resignation as commanding officer of Second Dragoons, relieved of the command at once. I have just seen the official announcement of promotions above referred to in the recent issue of the Canadian Gazette. I have, etc. (signed) Roland W. Gregory."

Isn't it about time for a change? Such instances of the surrender of the militia department to the base element in politics can have but one effect, and that a most deplorable one, upon the entire militia force.

ST. ANDREWS.

Dr. R. Simpson spent Sunday with his family at Riverview house.

Miss Smallman leaves for home on Wednesday after spending a very pleasant month in town.

The steamer Ida no longer comes to St. Andrews village, but stops at Mr. Vivaldi's wharf.

Mr. C. T. Wales left with his horse and buggy on Tuesday morning for a trip to Beauharnois and other intermediate points.

Mr. Jno. Lavigne's oldest son aged 20, was accidentally drowned at Niagara Falls. The remains will be brought here for interment, if found.

Amongst the latest arrivals at the Riverview House are: Mrs. Styles, Miss McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Miss Richardson, and Miss Warroll.

Mrs. Reeves spent Sunday with her mother Mrs. McNaughton, having arrived from Ottawa Saturday evening and returned Monday morning with friends on board a steam yacht.

Dr. McKay of Grenville, was in town this week securing permission of Mr. Robt. Jones to camp on his picturesque island, which is already tenanted by a number of campers among whom are Dr. Elliott and Dr. Boob of Montreal.

The Church-wardens of the Episcopal Church have given Rev. Mr. Mouna a month's vacation, so he and his family leave on Thursday for the lakes in the back of the County. The Rev. Mr. Miller of Lakefield will occupy the pulpit for next Sunday.

At the election of school commissioners held on Monday, Messrs. J. W. Webster and Charles Hunter were re-elected, there being very little interest taken. It was even found necessary to go around the village to get parties to attend to form a quorum. We are informed that some ratepayers intend paying their taxes into the R. C. School.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chat. H. Fletcher*

JULY.

All lovers of beauty may drink
From streams of abundant supply;
For fairer than fancy can think
Are beauties that bloom in July.
The school and the college are closed;
For studies are tedious and dry;
And freedom must reign unopposed
Through all the grand weeks of July.
The fields and the forests of green
Reflect the sweet smiles of the sky,
And gladness from fountains serene
Flows forth in the month of July.
On pinions majestic and strong
Away to the mountains we fly;
For life is a rapturous song
Through all the bright days of July.
Such visions of goodness divine
Appeal to the soul through the eye:
There is no sadness a sign
To darken the face of July.
And if through that goodness we see
The glory which never shall die,
To us all the future shall be
More bright than the days of July.

T. WATSON.

Dalesville, Que., July 1904.

PINE HILL.

Miss L. Wiggins is the guest of Mrs. Joseph Tomalty at present.

Mr. W. McDonald of Glen Norman, was the guest of Mr. J. McLeod last week.

Messrs. H. Blair and E. Simpson of Lachute, were guests at Cloverdale last week.

Mr. Jack O'Brien of Brownsburg, visited friends here recently.

Mrs. P. McGibbon is spending some time with her daughter Mrs. George Kennedy.

Mr. Ward McAllister of Brownsburg, is spending his holidays the guest of his cousin Nelson Kennedy.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Watson of Dalesville, were guests of Mr. L. Kennedy last Friday.

Mr. Arthur Boyer of Rigand College is spending some holidays with his friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bigelow and family of Michigan, are making a prolonged visit with his mother and son Mr. W. Bigelow.

Mrs. James Tomalty and family of Montreal, are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. L. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Porteous of Montreal, have returned home after spending a week the guests of Mrs. G. Kennedy.

The Misses Fraser, Elliott and Garvice, and Messrs. Charters, Wilson and Elliott from Lachute, took an outing to Rue Hill last week.

CALUMET.

Mr. Wm Roberts of Montreal, is in town visiting friends.

Miss Fannie Bernstein of Montreal, is visiting at her uncle's Mr. Louis Bernstein.

Mr. Peter Moore has returned home after spending three months at Lake Minerve on a sporting tour.

Quite a number of the farmers in this vicinity have commenced haying operations which are being greatly retarded by the wet weather.

Mr. Theodore Owens the point man of the Calumet Lacrosse team, has severed his connections with this team and has joined the Hawkesbury Club.

Mr. Lemuel Whinfield, the poultry fancier of this place, met with a great misfortune the other night. A herd of skunks passed through his henry dealing death and destruction in their path. Among the slain was a flock of "Pet Games" which he was training for Mr. Jno. Milway Jr. who regrets his loss very much. The question now arises as to whether Mr. Whinfield can be held responsible for the accident.

Chatboro School No. 7.

JUNE EXAMINATION.

Grade I. Model. Alice Warwick absent.

Grade III. Elem. Beatrice Donaldson 1364, James Donaldson, Norman Forrester, Donald Forrester, Felix Blais absent.

Grade II. Sr. Elem. Lillie O'Brien, 1089, Ruby Donaldson 978, Archie Forrester, 791, Willie Warwick (five subjects) 430.

Grade II. Jr. Elem. Katie Warwick 878.

Grade I. Sr. Elem. Maggie Warwick 654, Thomas Burns absent.

Grade I. Jr. Elem. Edith Donaldson 505.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Annual District Convention of the Sunday School Union for the Province of Quebec, for Lachute District, comprising the Schools at Mt. Maple, Edina, Dalesville, Louisa, Lakefield, Hill Head, Genoa, Thomas' Gore, Jerusalem, Upper Lachute, and the town of Lachute, will be held in the Methodist Church, Lachute, on Wednesday the 20th, of July, 1904.

There will be two sessions the first commencing at 2 p. m. and the other at 7.30 p. m. A good programme is being arranged, the details of which will be given next week if possible. The Rev. E. T. Capel, General Secretary will address both meetings. All Sunday School workers in these places are invited to bring with them as many friends as possible.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Facsimile Signature of
Chat. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chat. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
CANADA.
Province of Quebec } No. 533
District of Terrebonne }
Mrs. Mary Williams, of the city and district of Montreal, widow of the late Patrick McKeown, in his lifetime, farmer of the Parish of St. Columban in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff, vs.
John Williams, son of James, heretofore farmer of the parish of St. Columban, said district, and now absent in the United States, in places unknown, Defendant.
It is ordered to the defendant to appear within a month.
Ste. Scholastique, May 20th, 1904.
GRIGNON & FORTIER, C.C.C.
J. A. C. ETHIER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Canada
Province of Quebec }
District of Terrebonne }
JOSEPH BOISSEAU, Clerk of the Circuit Court, in and for the county of Terrebonne, residing in the town of St. Jerome, in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff, vs.
George Williams of the U.S. of America et al Defendant.
Defendant George Williams is ordered to appear within a month.
Ste. Scholastique, July 5th, 1904.
GRIGNON & FORTIER, Prothonotary, S.C.
PREVOST & RENFRET,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Corsets, Shirt Waists and White Underwear

We have a full line of
Crompton's Corsets,
Short, Medium & Long,
Straight and ordinary
front, from 50c. up.

Our assortment of Ladies' Shirt Waists in Linen, White and Black Muslin, Corset Covers, and White Underwear, is very complete.

HUGH FRASER, Jr.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.
Men's Balbrigan Shirts and pants in all sizes
Boys " " "
Ladies' Cotton Vests, with sleeves, short sleeves, straps, etc. in cream and white.
Children's and Misses' Cotton Vests.
Gem Jars in pints, quarts and half gallons.
Cem Jars, open mouth, " " "
Scythes, Snathes, Forks, Fork Handles and all Garden Tools.
H. J. Giles & Bro.

LORD DUNDONALD.

(REPLY OF GALLANT SCOTTISH SOLDIER TO THE RENFREW SCOTCHMEN).

On Dominion Day the Sons of Scotland in Renfrew welcomed Lord Dundonald as their guest and right royally they did the honors. Notwithstanding the rain an immense gathering of the sons of Auld Scotia, headed by the band of the Forty eighth Highlanders, Toronto, brought down for the occasion, received the General at the depot upon arrival of the Toronto train and escorted him to the exhibition ground where athletic sports were held. In the evening a Scotch concert was given and the feature of that occasion was the presentation of an address to the Hero of Lady-smith, in which reference was made to his noble Scotch ancestry, his services for the Empire in the Soudan and South Africa and his work for the Canadian militia.

In replying, Lord Dundonald said:

"I have come here to-day in response to your kind invitation to visit this prosperous section of Canada and to enjoy your Scottish hospitality. The name of your county of Renfrew is familiar to me, and as dear as it is familiar—Renfrew is the county with which, for hundreds of years, my family has been identified in that old land of Scotland whence your fathers came. The kind welcome which you have given me here to-day I have experienced Scotchmen in many other parts of Canada, and in many quarters of the globe. Fellow-countrymen, time is able to do much, but one thing it has never been able to accomplish, and that is to obliterate or even diminish the brotherly feeling that Scotchmen have for Scotchmen, no matter where their temporary abode may be.

"This feeling is indeed some thing, for it is that which it is in the power of no man to give—it is that which it is in the power of no man to take away. It is something indeed to be thankful for that, in these days, such a sentiment as this can live—these modern days which produce so largely that ignoble breed of men who regard every rightful impulse of the human heart not from the higher point of view of sentiment and natural inclination, but from that low and sordid standpoint of how it will affect themselves in the material and fleeting advantage of worldly gain.

"Nothing has impressed me more during my stay in Canada than the extraordinary way in which succeeding generations of Scotchmen have made their mark upon the life and history of this country. With Scotchmen we must remember one remarkable fact, that, no matter what their political or religious creed may be they are to a man loyal, not only to the country of their adoption but to the motherland from which they came.

"Gentlemen, by whose valor was it, largely, that the colonies of Britain were extended until now they encircle the globe? What we all owe to those splendid Scottish regiments, which, when disbanded, so largely helped to people Canada, was expressed one hundred and twenty-five years ago by the famous Earl of Chatham. 'I sought for merit whatever it could be found,' said this illustrious statesman; 'it is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the north; I called it forth and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men; these men in the last war were brought to combat on your side they served with fidelity as they fought with valor and conquered for you in every quarter of the world.'

"Gentlemen, impress upon your children the great traditional spirit of Scottish loyalty—loyalty to their king and to the empire as well as loyalty to the country in which they live. Unless the British Empire is supported by the loyalty of all her children, ungrudgingly given and without reservation, that empire must pass away and with it will also pass away those liberties which, possessing, you may little consider; but which once lost you may never regain. Beware, gentlemen, I repeat, beware of that silent yet insidious weakening of the ties which is more dangerous than an open and declared hostility. In strengthening the links which bind our great empire together you are in reality also permanently consolidating this magnificent domain, with its vastness upon the shores of the Pacific, its expanse upon the Atlantic, with interests perhaps more or less divergent, yet welded and bound together by a common loyalty and which in its entirety should be the heritage of your children and your children's children for generations untold.

"I shall ever esteem your kind expressions of regard for me and shall derive no small consolation when I take my departure from this beautiful country of Canada from the recollection of the kindly thoughts you entertain and the kindly faces which surround me here today."

COPIED FROM THE RICHMOND NEWS.

The closing exercises of Janeville School, Richmond, this year, was one of the most successful entertainments ever given in the history of the institution. The programme consisted of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., and was very ably rendered by the children and thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience composed of parents and friends. The high grade of work by the pupils submitted for their examination and the excellent progress made by the scholars in all branches during the past year are eloquent tributes to Miss Stalker of Lachute, who has been a successful teacher. Residents of Janeville district are anxious to have her re-engaged for the ensuing year. Miss Stalker was presented with a handsome album as a token of the regard in which she is deservedly held.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Have you seen our pretty lines of Carpets? They are rich and of the prettiest designs, and afford you excellent opportunities of beautifying your homes at small cost. Don't fail to see them.

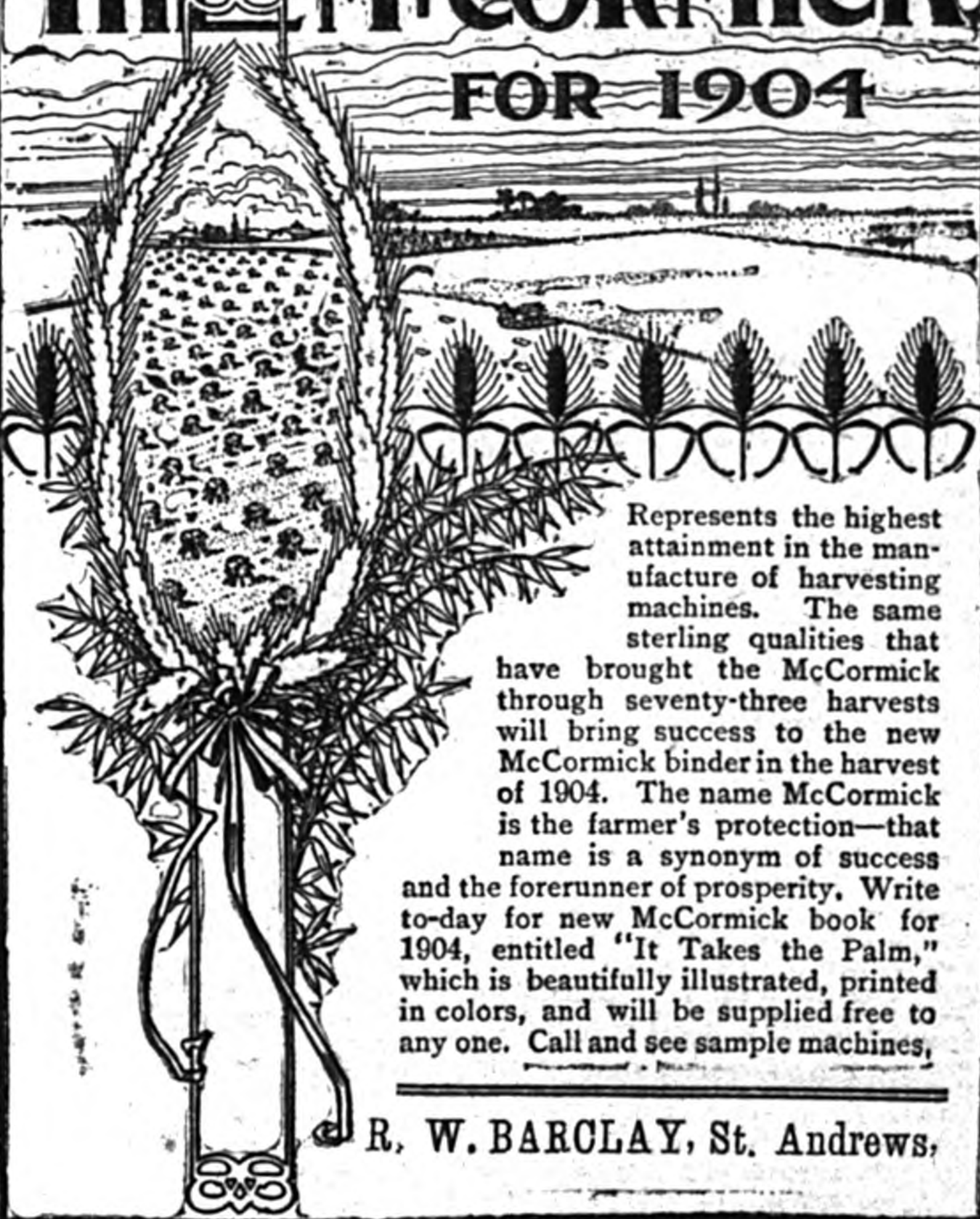
It is Bargain Day with us all the time and our customers are assured of the cheapest and best.

We have the finest assortments of Summer Dress Goods and our Stock comprises all that's new and up to date.

Lachute's Bargain Centre.



THE McCORMICK FOR 1904



Represents the highest attainment in the manufacture of harvesting machines. The same sterling qualities that have brought the McCormick through seventy-three harvests will bring success to the new McCormick binder in the harvest of 1904. The name McCormick is the farmer's protection—that name is a synonym of success and the forerunner of prosperity. Write to-day for new McCormick book for 1904, entitled "It Takes the Palm," which is beautifully illustrated, printed in colors, and will be supplied free to any one. Call and see sample machines.

R. W. BARCLAY, St. Andrews.

CLEARING SALE.

For One Month Only, of BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, MOCCASINS, GLOVES and MITTS, to make room for my Spring Stock. Always on hand a supply of unequalled Home-made and factory harness. Everything in the above lines at lowest prices. — Sole agent for the Slater Shoe. —

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute

Your Wants Supplied.

Don't forget that we are always well stocked with a plentiful supply of choice groceries and that we keep the very best. Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, etc. may always be procured of us at right prices.

Don't forget that we take any produce in Exchange for goods. We want your trade.

V. & I. McFAUL, BROWNSBURG.

H. A. BLAIR

Is still at the old stand on Main Street, Lachute, and prepared to give you special inducements on every line of goods he handles.

McCORMICK MACHINERY is the best on the market and lightens the work of every up-to-date farmer. We can give you all repairs and supplies of oil, twine etc.

BUGGIES! That is a subject in which you should be specially interested. When taking a drive, you want comfort, don't you? Well then, secure one of our Alexandria's. They are the strongest, most durable, and very easy riding.

HARNESS. Don't you want a good harness? If so, I can give you something nice and nobby and they are made of the best goods. Call in and see them.

CREAM SEPARATORS.—For making your own butter in quick style, and much saving of both labor and money.

We guarantee you perfect satisfaction in every deal we make and give you easy terms. Don't buy elsewhere before seeing what we can do for you.

H. A. BLAIR,

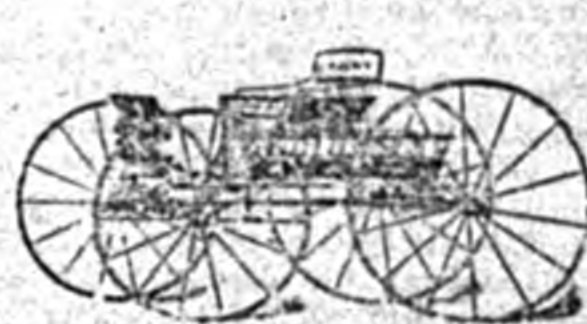
THE OLD STAND, MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

R. McARTHUR'S ADVT.

Having been appointed agent for the Lachute Waterworks Company, I have secured the services of a competent plumber and am now prepared to fill all orders. Any who are desirous of getting good, pure water, drop in to me and talk it over. The cost is trifling to the convenience it affords. We have all the requisites, such as Sinks, Bath tubs, Closets & Basins, Iron and lead pipes & fittings, rubber hose, etc.

Always on hand a full supply of tin, enamel & granite ware. . . Estimates given on application . .

The Best is the Cheapest.



That is an undisputed fact and that is what we aim to do when we sell our rigs, to give the best of material, combined with good workmanship, so that our customers may have the best for the least money.

If you are needing any repairs for your rigs bring along to me and get them fixed by competent men.

ALFRED MORIN, CARRIAGE BUILDER, Successor to T. LAFRAMBOISE, St. Philippe West

It's not all Gold

That Glitters, but it is all tin, and the best of it that glitters in our department. We have everything you need in tinware, agateware, and enamelware, and we know our prices will please you.

If you are needing any repairs we claim competency to do them up in first class style.

W. S. McBRIDE, MAIN STREET, LACHUTE, P.Q.

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

WATER SUPPLY OF THE FARM.

The water supply of the farm is obtained usually from wells. In many cases the source of supply is from shallow wells, and with these there comes the danger of pollution. When the farmer first builds his home the water supply from the shallow well is pure. As the soil near the well becomes covered with litter and slops and other refuse are thrown out near the house, the water supply is subjected to contamination more and more as each succeeding year adds to the material absorbed by the soil, writes Prof. J. B. Weom.

Ultimately the soil is saturated and the rain as it falls to the surface of the ground seeks the water level and carries with it decayed vegetable and animal matter which may be present in the soil through which the water passes. In many instances the well which furnishes the water supply of the family and is used to wash the milk utensils is situated near the barnyard. Under certain conditions the well may have been placed so that the drainage of the barnyard runs directly into the well. It can easily be seen that the water containing these impurities may be unhealthy for two reasons: It may serve as a carrier of the germ of diseases which may be present in the decayed matter in the soil; the water containing the products of decomposition and putrefaction cannot but have an unwholesome effect upon the person using it.

Material which in its pure condition can be used for food undergoes chemical changes when exposed to the action of certain bacteria and poisons may be produced.

AN EXAMPLE.

of this change which is capable of taking place in vegetable and animal matter and producing poisons, is shown in pressed beef, which when exposed to the action of certain bacteria produces a poison. Cheese which is made under certain conditions, where certain kinds of bacteria can grow in it, produces a poison also. These unwholesome results are produced when these peculiar bacteria come in contact with food material, and it is necessary in order that good health result, to prevent the introduction of both the bacteria which are capable of producing poisonous products and the poisons themselves, into the body.

The germs of many diseases are widely distributed by means of water and milk supply. It has been known that the epidemic of typhoid fever has resulted from a contaminated water supply being used for washing the milk cans, without boiling.

The open well has also been known to become contaminated from the germs brought in the mud adhering to the boots of the persons who used the well water. These germs would be deposited on the platform and be washed down by the rain into the well. Sickness which results from the introduction of germs into the body, such as typhoid, is a very costly experience to the community. A few years ago the city of Plymouth, Pa., had an epidemic. The population of the city was 8000. There were over 1000 cases and 100 deaths from it.

The cost to the community was estimated as follows: Loss of wages of those who recovered, \$30,020; care of sick, \$67,800; yearly earnings of those who died, \$18,499; giving total cost of \$115,619.

SHEEP IN ORCHARDS.

As a general rule, when we see orchards that have been set from 30 to 50 years, and all beyond that time, says Dr. Galen Wilson, we see many dead limbs and branches upon the trees and decay stamped upon

them in every feature. Ask the owner of them what that means and the invariable answer will be that it is old age, when the true answer would be starvation and neglect.

The land has been cropped and the crops removed from the orchards to such an extent that the soil has become impoverished and pruning has been neglected until the limbs and branches have so outgrown the roots of the trees that the latter cannot convey nutriment enough to the former to keep them in fair growing condition even if there were now in the starved soil enough of it to make an adequate top growth. A healthy, prosperous life of an orchard is not limited to fifty or a hundred years or more by any means.

What is the cheapest and best method of keeping the soil of an orchard in a good state of fertility? I claim there is no better or cheaper method than by "sheeping" it; that is, by pasturing sheep upon the land. If one has more sheep than the area of the orchard will maintain, have a pasture adjoining it, being sure to enclose the sheep in the orchard nights so that the most of their droppings will be left there to fertilize the soil. The leaves of the trees will assume greener color, will remain on the trees much later and the fruit will be larger, will color better and every feature of the orchard will evince greater thrift. Warm, sunny days in summer the sheep will rest in the shade of the apple trees, and of course, will leave much of their droppings exactly where they will do the most good. Sheep will consume the immature and "windfall" apples with all their content of larvae of predatory insects, and will keep the base of the

STEMS OF THE TREES

entirely free from the unsightly provided only that the old growth of sprouts there be cleared away when the sheep are first turned in. Sheep and prune the orchard and have healthy and fruitful trees so long as you and your blood relatives of any not too remote kinship shall live to enjoy the fruits of your orchard and your wise attention to it in season.

Being a "dyed-in-the-wool" admirer of sheep, I have witnessed much of their being kept in orchards. Years ago, when I was studying up on the subject of growing hot-house lambs, I drove about six miles to see an expert at the business and his flock. I found them in his orchard. A few weeks previously he had plowed it and sown it in Canada peas and oats, and at this time his sheep were feeding upon them. He used hurdles, and fed off in patches, as it were. The next fall, in November, I called again to observe his method of wintering his sheep. That season there was very little fruit in all this section, owing to a late frost the previous spring. He invited me into his capacious fruit cellar and pointed out 600 bushels of great red winter apples which he was holding for a better market, and said: "I believe here are more apples than any half dozen farms in this township could show this season, and sheep were the cause of it." The incipient fruit at the time of the frost seemed to have the vigor and strength to resist the frost. This man kept 100 ewes to grow hot-house lambs, and from them that year he sold 107 lambs at 8 to 10 weeks of age at \$6 to \$11 each. And he is still at the business.

POTATO SPRAYING.

The spores of potato blight are carried through the air, and fall on the leaves during the last of July to August 1 for the late blight. They soon germinate and enter the tissues of the plant. After the leaves commence to blight, nothing can cure them, but a person will be able to prevent the disease from going down into his tubers by either pulling or mowing the vines. This, of course, checks the growth of the potato, but it is better to have small and sound potatoes than larger ones that are decayed. It is still better to

properly prevent the blight of the leaf, and, consequently, the rot of the tuber, by spraying with bordeaux.

The first spray should be made the latter part of June, and from that time until the vines commence to show that they are becoming ripe, the bordeaux should be kept constantly upon the leaves and vines. If it does not rain to wash it away, it will be sufficient to spray once every two weeks, but an extra application should be made after a hard, dashing rain. This application will not kill the potato beetle or other chewing insects, but if any such pests be present, add about a third of a pound of paris green to each barrel of the bordeaux. This then becomes both a fungicide and an insecticide.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

You cannot watch your little ones too carefully during the hot weather. At this time sickness comes swiftly and the sands of the little life are apt to glide away almost before you know it. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather. At the first sign of any of these troubles Baby's Own Tablets should be given—better still an occasional dose will prevent these troubles coming, and the Tablets should therefore be kept in every home. Promptness may save your child's life. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N.W.T., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction." This is the experience of all mothers who have used the Tablets. If you do not find the Tablets at your druggists send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

BRITONS ARE BADLY FED

EXPERT SAYS GREAT HARM IS DONE BY WRONG DIET.

Condemns the Food Given to Schoolboys, Soldiers and Sailors.

Is the British nation growing too fast? That is a question which is being seriously discussed just now in view of the statement by a prominent medical man at Edinburgh that the youth of the country are being fed at school upon a diet which encourages the formation of flesh rather than intellect.

Dr. Yorke-Davies, of London, the well-known dietetic expert, is of the opinion, and in the course of an interesting interview, gave the following expression of his views:

MORE ANIMAL FOOD.

"I am quite in agreement with the opinion expressed by Dr. Leslie Mackenzie at the meeting of the Parents' National Education Union at Edinburgh, that the average schoolboy is very improperly fed, and a very great deal of harm is done to the youth of this country by wrong diet. He has too much farinaceous food and not enough animal food. The practice of giving boys beer is a thoroughly bad one, as at their age they are much better without alcoholic stimulants of any kind.

"The usual school meals are made up far too largely of bread, puddings, and jam, which are not the foods of energy. One boy, who was recently brought to me for over-fatness, I ordered to be removed from his school at once, so very harmful was the diet proving. Every schoolboy, says Dr. Clement Dukes, a great authority, should have a pound of meat a day, and it should be well cooked. With this I agree.

"It is not, however, in schools alone that feeding is based on entirely wrong principles. The same is the case in the army, the navy and nearly all great public institutions. Take work-houses, for instance. Not long ago it was stated that the inmates of a certain workhouse had grown so fat that the chairs were not sufficiently large for them.

SAILOR BADLY FED.

"The food of the sailor, according to the latest 'improved' ration, is absolutely too ridiculous for words, because it contains over three times as much farinaceous matter as he should be allowed. The result of the diet cannot but affect his efficiency in war time, rendering him far less active than he ought to be. In a few years, in fact, it is calculated, as I have pointed out in an article in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' to make him fat, lazy and gouty, and he will scarcely be able to waddle about the deck.

"The convicts at Dartmoor also have more than double the amount of food—that is to say, farinaceous foods—that they should have, with the result that they become very obese. When I went over the prison recently I found that most of them were too fat even to walk properly, and obviously not so capable of doing the convict's ordinary hard work as they should be.

FATNESS COMMON.

"I have noticed that among the upper classes in this country over-fatness is becoming more and more common. This is in some measure due to the fact that the luxurious eat a great deal more than they

ought to, some even double and treble what they need. It is also due in part to the abominable dishes which pass as French cookery in this country.

"So difficult, in fact, is it to get French cookery properly done that it ought, as a general rule, to be rigorously eschewed. I am not referring, of course, to great hotels like Claridge's or the Savoy, where the very best chefs procurable are employed, nor to some of the dinners prepared at the homes of the wealthiest upper classes, but if you go to the middle-class homes, where attempts are made by third-rate English cooks to reproduce delicate French sauces and garnishings, the result is most ludicrous.

"Our reputation as a meat-eating nation accounts no doubt for the moderate average of girth of the British nation, in comparison with the middle class in Continental countries, such as Italy, France, Holland and Belgium, where a large proportion of the diet is farinaceous, and the tendency is for the people to become very obese. The Germans are also, as a race, very stout, and this seems to be in a great measure due to their drinking such large quantities of thin beer, which is very fattening.

DULLS THE INTELLECT.

"Over-fatness undoubtedly tends to dull the intellect and decrease energy. It will be found by studying history that very few really great and successful soldiers or thinkers have been fat. I think there is some truth in the assertion of a military friend of mine that if Napoleon had been thirty-five instead of forty-six and not so fat when he fought Waterloo, the result of the battle might have been different. As it was, over-fatness had sapped his energy and crippled the ease of his movements. Wellington, on the other hand, had the advantage of being a comparatively thin man.

"If we take the leading statesmen of to-day, Mr. Chamberlain has decidedly a slim figure, and Mr. Balfour also errs on the right side. Among the Liberals, Mr. Morley, perhaps the most thoughtful of his party, has no superfluous flesh to encumber him. Of course, there are

"You will very seldom find a discontented man over-fat, because so much of his time is devoted to worrying over his grievances, whether real or imaginary. That is what I meant when I said in the Gentleman's Magazine that I should like to see a twenty-stone Anarchist. Idiots, on the other hand, who are lacking in intellect, are usually obese and flabby.

FAT EASILY REMOVED.

"Those who have the misfortune to be over-fat have at least the consolation that it is a disease easily cured by proper diet and exercise. As it is caused almost invariably by improper food, it can only be dealt with by the patient with proper food. Medicines are useless, and should never be taken for that purpose. The quack medicines which you see advertised so freely, and such drugs as acetic acid, thyroid tablets, and purgatives of various kinds, if they bring about reduction of weight at all, do so at the expense of health.

"Of course, it is impossible to lay down a particular diet suitable for all cases of over-fatness. The proper food for one individual is not the proper food for another; in fact, in this case nothing could be more true than the old adage that, 'What is one man's food is another man's poison.'

STRATEGY OF THE CUCKOO.

The Indian fruit-cuckoo, which, like all members of the cuckoo family, lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, and thus avoids the trouble of hatching them, is said to exhibit most interesting strategy in dealing with crows, which are its enemies. Whereas the hen, an inconspicuous speckled gray bird, conceals herself in the foliage, the cock, remarkable for his brilliant black plumage and crimson eyes, places himself on a perch near a crow's nest, and makes a great noise. The crows immediately rush out to attack him, and he takes to flight with them in pursuit. The hen meanwhile slips into the nest and deposits an egg. Sometimes the crows get back before the egg is laid and then the intruding hen cuckoo gets a trouncing.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST STATION.

The only railway station in England that can boast of being really old is that at Bourne, Lincolnshire, which is an ancient Elizabethan mansion, formerly in the possession of the Digby family, some members of which were implicated in the Gunpowder Plot. When the Great Northern and Midland Railways came through this district a memorial was sent from the inhabitants of Bourne asking that, instead of pulling the old landmark down, it might be converted into a railway station, for which purpose it answers admirably now. Part of the house is used as a residence by the station-master.

"Has your father a bad cold?" "No, indeed. He is merely reading the Russian-Japanese War news aloud."

Some women are busy little bodies and some others are little busy-

DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI

PHYSICIAN TO THE POPE
PRAISES DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

In Four Cases of Anaemia Their Effects Were so Satisfactory that He Will Go on Using Them.

Dr. Laponi, whose skill preserved the life of the late Pope Leo XIII. to the great age of 92, and to whose care the health of the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X., is confided, has written the remarkable letter of which the following is a translation:—

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple Anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of Anaemia or Chlorosis, but also in cases of Neurasthenia and the like."

DR. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.



Dr. Giuseppe Laponi, Physician to the Pope, who has written a letter in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this opinion. Dr. Laponi's high official position places his professional competence above question, and it is certain that he did not write as above without weighing his words, or without a full sense of the effect his opinion would have.

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Laponi is of course that tired, languid condition of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is so often imperilled. A girl, bright and merry enough in childhood, will in her teens grow by degrees pale and languid. Frequent headaches, and a sense of uneasiness which she cannot understand, makes her miserable. Just when it is time for her to leave off being a girl and become a woman—a change which comes to different individuals at different ages—her development lingers—why? Because she has too little blood. That is what Dr. Laponi means when he speaks, in the scientific language natural to him, of "the anaemia of development." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have the power of making new blood. They cure anaemia just as food cures hunger. That is how they help growing girls, who, for want of this new blood, often drift into chronic ill-health, or "go into a decline"—which means consumption—and die. Dr. Williams' Pills could save them.

The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a nerve tonic, referred to by Dr. Laponi, makes them valuable to men as well as women. They act on the nerves through the blood and thus cure diseases like St. Vitus dance, neuralgia, paralysis and locomotor ataxia. When buying these pills it is important to see that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around each box. Never take a substitute, as it is worse than a waste of money—it is a menace to health. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your dealer write the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent you post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

JAPANESE GODS.

It is said that there are no fewer than eight millions of gods worshipped by the Japanese. Praying is made very easy. In the streets are tall posts with prayers printed on them and with a small wheel attached. Anyone passing by can give the wheel a turn, and that counts as a prayer. The people in the second largest of the 3,850 islands of which the Empire is composed worship the bear and reverence the sun, moon, fire, wind, and water.

Money occasionally makes a fool of a man by helping him to break into society.

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

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Trouble With The Kidneys

Ailments of the Most Painful Nature Result—Prompt Cure Comes With the Use of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

From every part of this broad land come letters of recommendation for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They seem to be well suited to the needs of many people, who obtain no benefit from ordinary kidney medicines.

When you wait to think of the hosts of cures they are making it is no wonder they have such an enormous sale.

Mrs. Casswell Reid, Orrville, Muskegon, Ont., writes: "For nearly twenty years I was troubled with kidney disease and have recently been completely cured by using three boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have tried a great many remedies, but never seemed to get anything to do me much good until I used these pills."

Mr. John Gearin, an old resident of Thorold, Ont., states: "For twenty years I was badly afflicted with kidney troubles, indigestion and bladder derangements. During that

time I was a great sufferer and had to get up six to twelve times nightly to pass water. I tried different doctors and used all sorts of medicines to no avail.

"Finally, I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and soon found relief. Thus encouraged I continued to use these pills and after having taken twelve boxes was again in perfect health and vigor. I can sleep undisturbed, the pains in the kidneys and back are gone, and I am feeling well and strong. I consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great boon to suffering humanity and had I known about them when I was a young man could have escaped suffering all the best years of my life."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

"Oh! feminine jealousy and spite. The Palliser is naturally a vindictive man of mind, and one who would never forgive another woman for leaving her. There is a want of generosity about Miss Palliser's character."

"Yes, there's no denying her to be a dangerous woman. I knew she was what the French call a mauvaise langue, but I had no idea she could write. She would make her fortune as a critic—one of your cut-me-down pull-them-all-to-pieces sort of people."

"She'd fill that role beautifully. Still she would have to moderate the vigor of her style if she wished to keep clear of shoals. But now tell me what you mean to do? Are you still bent on revenge?"

"Most decidedly. I shall inform all my friends and acquaintances of Miss Palliser's conduct and beg them to show her the cold shoulder. Between us all I fancy we can make things a trifle too hot to be altogether pleasant."

She was as good as her word, and in ten minutes' time every soul out hunting that day, either on horseback or on wheels, had learnt who was the authoress of the offending article that had appeared in the County Sporting Chronicle. They one and all agreed to cut Miss Palliser dead.

By-and-by the lady appeared, quite unsuspecting, from the inner recesses of the wood, where she had been ploughing up and down through a sea of mud, and perceiving Colonel Clinker, Mrs. Forrester, Mr. McGrath, and Kate standing talking together close to the gate by which she gained egress, said with impudent assurance:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Forrester; good-morning, Miss Brewster, morning, Colonel Clinker."

The two ladies returned her greeting with a frigid stare and never moved a muscle by way of recognition, but Jack Clinker made his horse pace one step in advance, and sternly fastening his grey-blue eyes on Miss Palliser's small twinkling ones, said, with a cutting dignity of manner—

"Madam, we, the members of Sir Beauchamp Lenard's hounds, beg to offer our congratulations on your literary talents, but at the same time we decline the honor of your further acquaintance."

The cat evidently was out of the bag, and Miss Palliser knew the game to be at an end. She turned ghastly pale and her thin lips quivered with the mortification and regret attendant upon unwelcome discovery.

She never said a single word in reply, but she turned her good hunter sharply away with a quick jerk of her powerful wrist and set his head straight for home, although at that very moment the hounds were giving tongue in covert, and a fox had just been viewed away over the nearest field. Her revenge had been of brief duration, and now exposure had overtaken and disgraced her.

As she moved through the crowd not a soul gave a nod of recognition. Even Mrs. Paget pretended not to see her as she passed, and if ever a woman were punished Miss Palliser was at that moment. Bitterly indeed did she regret the angry folly, amounting to madness, which had caused her to copy out many of those rounded periods from certain old society papers she happened to have by her, and which had led her into so terrible a quandary.

CHAPTER XXIV

If pleasant moments pass away on this earth all too quickly, there remains at least a counterbalancing advantage in the steady passage of unpleasant ones. Oft-abused time possesses the virtue of strict impartiality. His inexorable hand moves on, alike indifferent to pleasure and to pain, equalizing all in turn as it sweeps over them. Were it not so, the human mind must give way under the strain far oftener than it does, for if our sufferings always retained their acuteness, if with the lapse of days and months and years their fresh edge did not gradually become blunted, then life indeed would be unendurable. But a merciful Providence has ordained otherwise, in the majority of cases, and time soothes our wounds as he dulls our joys. So by degrees the incidents recorded in the last chapter faded gently from men's minds, until at length they ceased to occupy any prominent position therein, and harmony was once more restored. New topics of conversation arose to banish the old, for oftentimes the more eagerly a subject is discussed, the more liable is it to become exhausted.

The month of December was ushered in with cold, white sea-fogs, which wreathed all the country in sullen mists, moistening the naked branches of the stripped trees, and the pointed spikes of the blackthorn

in the hedgerows. Rain also descended in torrents, and once or twice the hounds had to be taken home in the middle of the day, owing to the impossibility of following them through the heavy fog. The sodden leaves lay in heaps upon the saturated ground, while ditches began to open out and to reveal hitherto unseen though not altogether unsuspected depths. The roads were ankle-deep in rich brown mud, and the brooks and rivers in the neighborhood came swirling down charged with all sorts of refuse in such rapid torrents that in many cases they broke through their banks and flooded all the meadows and low-lying ground, so that acres upon acres of water met the eye in every direction. Hunting people grumbled, left all considerations of personal appearance at home, arrayed themselves in covert-coats, comforters, pot hats, and nondescript waterproof garments of every shape and size, prior to splashing through the treacherous moisture and resisting a further downfall; while many of the less enthusiastic, or more luxurious, either hurried up to the Metropolis under pretence of witnessing the last new piece at the Gaiety, or stayed at home reading French novels of a spicy nature and smoking long cherry-wood pipes, declaring hunting under such circumstances was not "good enough," and reiterating with more force than originality the well-known saying about the folly of making "a foil of your pleasures." Farmers shook their heads dolefully—all outdoor labor having come to a standstill—talked in a dismally prophetic strain of the weather and their future prospects, declaring, with customary and annual forebodings, "times were shocking bad, and the country was going fast to the dogs"—though with all due respect to these worthy agricultural authorities, it certainly looked more like being given over to the fishes than to any dry-footed animal.

The declining days of the old year were speeding away in damp and in misery. It seemed as if the sky wept out of sympathy for the loss of an ancient friend, and the sun hid his bright face among the lowering clouds, refusing to give forth a single ray of sunshine by way of comfort. Nothing more dreary could possibly have been imagined. Yet through it all hunting struggled on, and horses also, while the wet state of the ground apparently gave rise to a marvellous scent, and such runs were recorded as but very few at the whole large field ever managed to see the end of, for the steeds sobbed and labored through the deluged pastures, sending the water squelching up each time it rose above their fetlock-joints, and none but the stoutest, strongest animals, a stone or two beyond their rider's weight, could hope to live through many hours of such work. Some broke down hopelessly, some banded their joints and hit their legs, whilst others again lost flesh, refused to eat, and looked like living scarecrows. To those who owned cattle not quite up to the mark, it was doubly provoking to witness from a distance, becoming with each mile more and more enforced, many a truly first-class run. The wise sportsman was he who dissembled and shielded the failing powers of his horse from universal discovery. An excuse was easily found—a lost shoe, a train to catch, or telegram to send off, were sufficient to cover a timely retreat. But this wet weather, greatly as it was disliked by the majority, suited the Duckling exactly. Hounds were unable to travel quite so fast as on the top of the ground, and he could stay all day. He literally revelled in dirt, and galloped through it like a steam-engine. After an unusually fine run, in which he had covered himself with glory, Kate Brewster, wet to the skin, but greatly elated in spirit, found herself riding in the direction of Foxington, with Colonel Clinker as her companion.

They now usually rode home together, and it had become quite a recognized thing that they should do so, while during the many miles they had covered side by side they had attained a very confidential and intimate footing. These two young people suited each other, and found in many respects their tastes, ideas, and inclinations were very similar. Kate was fond of her theories, and had all a girl's enthusiasm for high and noble aims in life; and although he invariably laughed at her remarks at the time, vowing they were too highly pitched, he often ultimately adopted her views; whilst she learnt daily to recognize more and more the inherent goodness and kindness of his disposition, and to look to it with a perfect trust, which far greater talents might possibly have failed to inspire.

"I'm always asking favors of you, Miss Brewster," said Colonel Clinker, as they subsided into a walk, after a long, steady jog, during which nei-

ther of them had uttered more than an occasional fragmentary exclamation; "I want you to do me one now."

"I should say it was the other way about," returned Kate, ducking her head so as to allow a small stream of water to escape from the brim of her pot hat. "What is it? Nothing very terrible I hope?"

"Oh no, not at all. But I want you to come to Sandown next week. The races are on Thursday and Friday. You told me once 'that one good turn deserves another.' Well, I helped you through your steeplechase in a sort of way—at least, you were kind enough to say so—and now I want you to help me through mine."

"How do you mean through yours? You never mentioned it before?"

"No, because I feel ashamed of bothering you with all my little private affairs. Good-natured as you are in listening to them, I can't believe they possess any special interest," looking at her curiously.

"Are you going to ride?" she asked, a deeper flush mounting to her fresh, damp cheeks, than even their long trot could have accounted for.

"Yes."

"And you want me to come and look on?" She put the question in a subdued voice, for her heart was beating fast at the very thought.

"Would you think it very conceited if I said that I did?"

She turned her head away without answering.

"Will you come?" he said persuasively, not realizing that anything in her power to grant she would concede to him, for true love renders people curiously modest and distrustful of their own power to please.

"Yes, if I can." She spoke very softly, but something in the manner of uttering the words seemed to please him, for his face brightened instantaneously.

"That's all right," he said heartily. "So now I'll tell you all about it. You must know I expect to have a pretty busy time at Sandown, for I have promised to ride horses belonging to at least half-a-dozen different fellows, besides which I intend running dear old Snowflake in the United Hunters' Steeplechase. The entries this year are decidedly poor, but the race itself is worth close upon five hundred, so that I have pretty well made up my mind to have a shy at it. Snowflake, too, was never better in his life, and the heavy going is all in his favor. It suits him. He and the Duckling are just a pair in that respect. Snowflake is an awfully sound-minded horse, exactly the sort to make light of a hill to finish against, and I can't help thinking he possesses an uncommonly fair chance of winning. You won't grudge giving up a couple of days' hunting for once in a way, in order to see Snowflake distinguish himself, will you?"

"Yes, I shall, tremendously," she said with a smile which effectually succeeded in contradicting the assertion. "If I hear when I come back that they have had a good run I shall be as savage as a bear."

"Well, so shall I for the matter of that, though it's always one's luck. However," speaking in tones of confident cheeriness, "we will have an awfully jolly time of it. We will all run up to town together on Wednesday evening after hunting!"

"Who's all?" interrupted she mischievously.

"Oh! you and I—and Miss Whitbread, I suppose, Mr. Grahame, and Terry. By-the-by, has it ever struck you that those two young people rather fancy each other?"

"Which two young people?" feigning complete ignorance.

"Why, Miss Whitbread and the Chirper, of course."

"Dear me! Fancy your having only just found that out! Men are dull."

"Then you admit to having noticed a flirtation in that direction?"

"I don't know. Mary never flirts in the true acceptance of the term; she is romantic, and fancies herself in love instead."

"And you—what do you do? Is your nature a similar one?"

"Don't be so silly," giving the Duckling's rotund sides a little impatient kick with the heel. "How else are we to amuse ourselves when we are up to town?"

"Why, we'll go to a theatre together on the first night, races again the following day, and catch the eight o'clock special back, which will land us safe and sound at Foxington somewhere about ten thirty p.m. What do you say to the programme? Does it please your majesty?"

"Very much indeed, if only it can be carried out."

"Why do you say 'if'? There are no insuperable difficulties to be overcome?"

"Insuperable, no—difficulties, yes. To begin with, nice things never do come off according to our anticipations; and secondly, I doubt very much if Mary, who is so strong on the proprieties, will consider you and Mr. McGrath, sufficient chaperones for two young ladies at a public theatre."

"Oh, bother the chaperone! Can't you raise a placid old woman somewhere?"

"What a disreputable way of talking!" exclaimed Kate with a laugh.

"Do you mean to say the whole thing is to be knocked on the head for such nonsense?"

"I didn't say that; anyhow, I promise to talk the matter over with Mary when I get home, and see

how best the outing can be managed. You know," playfully, "I don't dare do anything without consulting Mary Whitbread. She prevents my tumbling into no end of scrapes."

"Tell Miss Whitbread from me that Mr. Grahame says he will go if she does."

"Now that's nasty of you, trying to gain a mean advantage, and I shan't tell her any such thing."

"Pon my soul, I believe the Chirper's most awfully spooney. I do indeed, Miss Brewster, and it would be only charitable to give the young people a chance. The Chirper is not half a bad fellow."

"Since when, may I ask, have you developed these match-making propensities?"

"Oh, I don't know; not very long. This winter I think."

"Then if the habit be so recently acquired as all that, you will not probably find much difficulty in discontinuing it," said Kate, with a mischievous spirit upon her. "I hate match-making. No good ever comes of it." She was thinking of that melancholy attempt at match-making of her Uncle Campbell's. Presently she added after a slight pause, "If Mr. Grahame really cares for Mary, as you say, he is free to speak to her of his own accord, and interference from a third party is as unnecessary as it is judicious."

Now when a man makes a suggestion, even in fun, and finds that suggestion accepted with serious disfavor, he is apt to draw in his horns like a sensitive snail, and feel rather small. Colonel Clinker cleared his throat once or twice, and said testily—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brewster. I'm sorry I spoke. I presume you will give up all idea of going to Sandown, then?"

He sat quite straight up in the saddle, and looked steadily out before him at the driving rain. It was clear to his mind, she had no wish to go, and therefore she should not see that he cared one way or the other. It had been a silly fancy on his part, not wholly free from vanity, desiring she should witness Snowflake's success. His victory was a matter of indifference to Miss Brewster. After all it was but natural, and least said soonest mended. So Jack Clinker argued to himself in his quickly aroused pride. But Kate, half guessing what caused his annoyance, said airily—

"You are very ready in your surmises, Colonel Clinker, in fact, almost amusingly so, but for once they are not distinguished by their usual accuracy. I have not given up the idea of going to Sandown at all; on the contrary, directly I get home I mean to ask Mary to write to an aunt of hers living in town, a Mrs. Tryon, and beg her to put us up for a couple of nights, so there!"

She uttered the last words in a little mocking tone, which nevertheless restored him to complete good humor. He could not feel angry with her for long, though she had a malicious way of taking up his speeches, and turning and twisting them, which was decidedly irritating at times, especially to a man grown over sensitive from a love he had not yet dared to avow. But now all was right again between them.

(To be continued.)

EMBRYO ADMIRALS.

How Lord Charles Beresford Trains His Officers.

Lord Charles Beresford has introduced into the training of the Channel squadron new methods especially adapted for modern war.

When at sea, every morning from 7.30 to 8, evolutions of the squadron are conducted, not by the captains of the respective ships, but by the officer of the watch. This teaches them to handle ships and to learn to read the signals without resorting to the signal book.

A few years ago it was rare for any officer or yeoman of signals to be able to read a hoist of flags without recourse to the signal dictionary. It is due to the persistence of Lord Charles Beresford that the knowledge of signals has extended throughout the fleet to such an extent that no less than a minute to a minute and a half is saved in the execution of some evolutions. The value of this saving of time may mean the difference between winning and losing a battle.

In the Channel squadron each captain in turn takes charge of squadrons, thus learning to handle a fleet. Hitherto no captain has begun to learn the A B C of an admiral's duties until he hoists his own flag.

Under the Beresford system of training each captain in the Channel squadron becomes a trained admiral, and when the time comes to hoist his own flag he will be efficient for the performance of his duties instead of having to learn them.

Much practice in evolution and turning movements is carried on at night with and without lights.

As regards the men, the Channel fleet is virtually a training squadron, as the lower deck hands are changed every six months. From this cause the drills are necessarily constant and severe, but the material turned out is of the best. The squadron was never in a higher state of efficiency than is the case to-day.

Many a man turns up his toes while waiting for his fortune to turn up. Don't envy the rich; they have corns on their feet the same as you have.

SUPPLY OF ARMY HORSES.

A Knowledge of the "Horse Population" is Necessary.

One of the great problems of an army organization is that of supplying the cavalry with new horses to take the places of those grown old or disabled in service. The problem, is better solved in Germany than in any other country.

Russia, the only nation which has more horses than America, counts about twenty-five million in Europe and Asia. The Russian government buys very young horses and trains them hard, with the exception of those for Cossack regiments. The Cossacks are master trainers, and educate their own horses. Great Britain and France each have three million horses. France, with an annual "remount" in time of peace of fifteen thousand horses, had to buy in America in the war of 1871. Great Britain uses only about two thousand remounts a year, and does not supply every cavalryman with a horse. Indeed, for twenty-four thousand cavalrymen in the British army there are but sixteen thousand horses. This proportion is maintained on the theory that a certain percentage of the men are always sick or otherwise unfit for duty, and do not need the mounts.

Austria has a horse population of nearly four million, but the government maintains its own breeding farms for cavalry horses.

In Germany the matter of obtaining remounts has been reduced to an almost perfect system under government paternalism. The government provides fine-bred stallions and convenient posts throughout the country, and in return for this service every horse-owner is required to bring his animals to the local "horse muster" once in ten years. From the muster are exempt stallions, horses under four years old, or those which are blind in both eyes, mares with foal, and horses working in mines. The muster serves to show exactly the available "horse strength" of the nation.

Horses are bought every summer by commissions of veterinary surgeons and army officers. They pay about one hundred and eighty dollars each for horses between three and four years of age, and send them on trial to four depots, where they are kept one year under scientific training to develop the characteristics necessary in cavalry horses. Nine thousand are needed each year, but five per cent. more are bought.

They run free in paddocks and sheds on the depot farms, are groomed ten minutes a day, and fed the regular ration of twelve pounds of hay, seven and a half of oats, and fifteen of straw each day, with green food part of the year. Each regiment has a certain number of horses condemned each year, and sends a squad to the depot for an equal number of new horses. There is always a reserve of several thousand in the government depots, and in an emergency a considerable reserve force can be mounted without delay and without the uncertainty due to buying on contract.

TURTLE BACK RIDING.

De Rougemont Will Undertake to Prove His Veracity.

M. Louis de Rougemont, whose marvellous adventures, as narrated by himself, startled the world a few years ago, says the London Express, is about to appear once more in public to prove to the world that he has been sadly maligned by those who cast aspersions on the veracity of his writings.

Many of his adventures in unknown regions of Australia were received by unkind scientists with scepticism, but his masterly control over the turtles on whose backs he escaped from savages provoked discussion in both hemispheres, and started the burning question, "Can a turtle be ridden?"

M. de Rougemont means to answer this question in a very practical way. To this end Mr. H. E. Moss, of the Hippodrome, has been approached, with the result that very shortly the ex-Australian traveller will appear at that place of entertainment on the back of a fiery untamed turtle.

"I make no restrictions whatsoever," said Mr. Moss to an Express representative. "The Hippodrome and its eight feet of water are at M. de Rougemont's disposal. He can bring his own turtle, his own saddle, use a snaffle or a curb, have a bearing or check rein, safety stirrups, and spurs if he likes. He can even bring blinkers and a nosebag."

In fact, Mr. Moss is only too happy to oblige the explorer in his endeavors to prove to the world that the turtle is good, not only for aldermanic soup, but for equestrian purposes.

Mr. Moss' courtesy has filled the chagrined heart of M. de Rougemont with joy, for now he feels that he can vindicate himself and give the lie direct to his many slanderers.

Two large turtles are now arranged for, and M. de Rougemont will shortly give his exhibition, if all goes well.

NOT REGULAR EXPRESSION.

Photographer—"I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression."

Mrs. Vick-Senn—"I suppose I can do it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me."

1904.

OUR STOCK is now most complete in all Summer Lines of Goods which we handle. Every department is is full, and as we want a lot of Wool this Season we will take good clean dry wool in exchange for Goods (only) at 20c

G. L. MEIKLE & CO.

The "WHITE FRONT"

It's a Fact!

That you can save money by dealing with us. We have a larger stock of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Wall Papers, Groceries, Hardware, and in fact everything requisite. To deal with us means that you get the best for the least money. If you are doing any painting use the Sherwin-Williams Paints.



FAMILIARITY oftentimes breeds contempt, but not for THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO'S PAINTERS' COLORED PAINT.

Painters swear by it because it goes farther and is cheaper than any other Paste Paint in the market. Fine line of tints that are sure to please. SOLD BY

J. N. A. Carriere, St. Philippe

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.

Our Store is the Headquarters



For Stoves

We carry the best makes of Stoves and ranges that can be purchased and at reasonable prices too.

T. McQuat & Son.,
Lachute, P.O.

Choice Confectionery

Can always be had if you go to the right place for it.

—The right place is at—

Jno. Hope's

Main St., Lachute.

where the largest assortment is found. They are always fresh.

Fruits and Nuts
Always in season.
Bread, Buns, Scones,
Etc., Etc.

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, Vankeek 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 B. FRASER, HON. GEO. BRYSON, JOHN MATHER, HENRY W. EGAN, DENNIS 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

1904. Spring and Summer Goods. 1904.

We now offer a carefully selected stock of all the necessary lines of goods to make a general stock most complete, comprising staple and fancy dry goods, Ladies Ready-to-Wear Skirts, Rain Coats, Men's, Youths and Boys Ready-made Clothing, Tweeds, Gents Furnishings, Felt and Straw Hats and Caps, Carpets, Wall Paper, Holland Window shades, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Crockery, Glassware, Hardware, Barb Wire, Glass, Sherwin Williams and Canada Paint Co's Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Coarse Salt, Flour, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Bran, Grue, Moullie,

All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods at highest market prices.

J. R. McQUAT, MAIN ST.,
LACHUTE, P.Q.

THE SIGN OF THE DEER

— LEADS TO —

The East and West End Meat Market.

We keep always on hand a large stock of all kinds of meat, such as Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb, Mutton, Ham, Bacon, Bologna and Sausage, Lard, etc. Also a full supply of fresh vegetables and canned goods.

We buy for Cash and sell cheap for Cash, so we solicit a share of your trade, and will treat you well.

Adolphe Raymond, - - Butcher.

Ottawa's Greatest Exhibition.

Will surpass all previous Exhibitions. ENLARGED GROUNDS. NEW BUILDINGS.

INCREASED PRIZE LIST.

Thirty-five beautiful gold medals offered as special prizes

For farmer and Breeder.

Dog show as usual to be held, for which new accommodation has been provided.

Grand Stage Specialties,

the best that can be secured in America.

Trotting, Facing and Running Races to be held every day.

BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Pyro-Military Drama to be realistically portrayed at night.

Magnificent Fireworks.

A most beautiful display every night! Special rates on all railways and steamboats for both exhibitors and visitors.

For prize lists, entry forms and all information, write the secretary.

E. McMAHON,

26 Sparks St., Ottawa.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
Klondike

AND

North West!

Farm Laborers

VICTORIA DAY

BEST ROUTE

TO THE

YUKON GOLD FIELDS

Klondike is in Canada. Outfit in Vancouver and save 30 per cent.

Vancouver - Victoria

Brownsburg School.
JUNE EXAMINATIONS.

I. Primer Class Jr., Iva Flood prize for Progress, Alla Benette, Arthur McAllister.

I. Primer Class Sr., John Martin prize for General Proficiency, Melville McAllister prize for General Proficiency and prize for Regular Attendance, Herald Cameron, Eva Gallery, Hugh Morrison, Norman Fisher, Mary Martin, Robert McLeod, Howard McManus, Mamie McArthur, Absent Ella Wade, Gertie Bills and Bertha Carpenter.

II. Primer Class Max. No. of marks 500.

Douglas McQuat 709, Prize for General Proficiency and prize for Arithmetic, Russel Benette 688, prize for General Proficiency, Miriam Burk 653, Reggie Matthews and Gordon McAllister equal 570, Stuart McGibbon 438.

Grade II. Elem. Max. No. of marks 900.

Emma Stewart 792 prize for General Proficiency. Absent Eureka Wade, Ray Carpenter, Lizzie Gallery, Ruby McPhail, Arthur Benette, Katie McLeod and Jessie Green.

Grade III. Elem. Max. No. of marks 1300.

Lulu Burke 940 prize for General Proficiency, Gregor McQuat 729 prize for General Proficiency, Glen Hamilton 615. Absent Clive Hardie, Eva Tourney, Mabel and Amy Wade.

Grade IV. Jr. Max. No. of marks 1300.

Willie McGibbon 839 prize for General Proficiency, Ward McAllister 769 prize for General Proficiency, Annie Carpenter 729, Violet Kennedy 745, Lela McQuat 738.

Grade IV. Sr. Max. No. of marks 1300.

Willie Cameron 1233 prize for General Proficiency, Jessie McCluskey 1036 prize for General Proficiency, Maude McQuat 1035. Edith McQuat absent.

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

CENTRAL CANADA FAIR.

Many Changes and Innovations to Make it Excel All Past Shows—A Few of the Special Attractions That Will be Put On.

Advance is the motto of Ottawa, and it is also that of the Directors of the Central Canada Fair, held at Ottawa. These exhibition experts realize that new and interesting features have yearly to be arranged for their show, and from the end of the Fair till the next they have their thinking caps on.

Since last year the grounds have been enlarged. Now they are sixty acres in extent. New buildings have been added, including one for the fat stock show in winter, but which, during fair time, can be used for Entertainment purposes in wet weather. The upper story will be the home of the poultry exhibits. Improvements have also been made to all the other buildings and a new judging ring constructed. Moreover, a new main Entrance is being arranged and there are new accommodations for the dog show. These changes are to please the exhibitor and visitor. Other moves to satisfy patrons are increases in the premiums in several of the departments and the arranging of a special programme of special attractions. Altogether there is no doubt that the Central Canada Exhibition of 1904 will excel in every respect the best show yet given in Canada.

The premiums this year include many special prizes, and there have been new classes added in nearly every department. Of the special prizes, thirty-five are the beautiful gold medals, for which the Central Canada Fair is noted.

With the new accommodation, the dog show will be the best ever held in Ottawa, and as usual all the leading artists will contribute to the art display. The programme of sports includes the best trotting and running races ever announced from the Capital.

The special attractions will be the best that money can secure in Canada. Already several of the leading troupes have been booked. The renowned Kitamura Imperial Japanese troupe of balancers, spinners, contortionists and jugglers, comprising ten people and said to be the greatest specialists in this line in America, have been engaged. The five "Peerless Potters," world-renowned aerial bar performers, and whose casting acts are simply marvellous, is another attraction that will appear at the fair. Johnson, Davenport and Lorelli, knock-about acrobats, who have entertained thousands in the best vaudeville houses in the United States and Canada, and Martin and Crouch, grotesque acrobats, will also be there. The five flying Banvards in trapeze work will be seen. A number of other troupes are being communicated with, as the Directors are trying to make the programme a most pleasing one.

The night spectacular, a feature of the Central Canada Fair, will be the "BATTLE OF INKERMANN," in which French and English allies defeated the Russians. Several hundred soldiers will assist in its presentation and participate in the march past the grand stand at the close of the piece. The T. W. Hand Co., which has made such a great success of all such spectacles, is the company that will present the spectacular.

The greatest programme of fireworks yet arranged, comprising fifty-six numbers, will be given nightly at the close of the military drama.

The dates of the fair are September 16th to 24th. If you have not yet seen Ottawa's great Exhibition, make the trip this year. Thousands upon thousands would not miss it for a good deal.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1924.

NO. 25

Walsh's Best Flour

If you require a bag of first-class family flour go to McFaul's Flour Store and ask for a bag of Walsh's Imperial Patent. There is money in every bag of Walsh's Flour. Give it a trial.

McFaul's Flour Store, Lachute

Bring in your wool early. We pay 20c. in trade. W. BANFORD.

FOR SALE.—Two registered Holstein Bull Calves. Apply to JNO. CRUISE, Lachute Mills.

Boys Suits, all kinds, largest stock between Montreal & Ottawa. W. BANFORD.

Ladies' Skirts, Northways make. Best in Canada at W. BANFORD'S.

Do not forget to come and see my ladies Cravette Coats, Mens Waterproof Coats, Ready Made Suitings, which will be sold cheaper than anywhere else. Everything up-to-date, Best of material and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE.

Men's Suits.—Our great variety is what counts for you. All prices. W. BANFORD.

Forward March—these words are familiar at this time coming back from camp. It is a bold command and one which can be put into daily practice when in need of anything in the **hay or harvest lines**. Listen to the command of your conscience's voice and **forward march to headquarters** for all first class Hardware at

T. McOUAT & SON.

Bring us your eggs. We can't get too many. We pay now 15c. doz. W. BANFORD.

Lee Quong has come to Lachute and entered partnership with Lee Pang and as our laundry is in good working order we will be glad for you to bring us your work. Our place is one door west of Wm. Berry's, Main St. We make good work and give you satisfaction.

FOR SALE

A corner lot with good buildings, situated in the West Ward, Lachute. Price \$1200.

A lot with buildings, situated on Foundry St., Centre Ward. Price \$400.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms. Apply to

Jas. W. RAITT.
REAL ESTATE AGENT.

DENTISTRY.

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

Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
(Absent on Tuesday only.)

DR. B. S. STACKHOUSE, S.A.,
DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE.

SURGEON DENTIST

Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

WANTED

Two girls to wait on table and do chamber work etc. in a private boarding house. Good wages and steady employment to good girls. Apply to

WATCHMAN OFFICE.

TENDERS WANTED.

Tenders will be received up to Wednesday July 24th, 1924, for the repairing outside and inside of the Beach Ridge school, also painting inside and outside. Two separate tenders for repairing and painting received. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted, specifications can be seen at my office.

MALCOLM SMITH, Manager Beach Ridge School.

Beach Ridge, July 22nd, 1924.

BUGGY HARNESS FOR SALE CHEAP

The undersigned has fifteen sets of harness all hand made and of good quality that he will sell from \$15. to \$25. a set also collars, bolsters, harness, pole straps, martingales and bow straps. Farmers I want all your repairing and I will do it cheaper and faster than any tinker in town. Old stand opposite the Post Office.

Wm. CRISWELL, Oshkosh St.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Robt. Barron of Montreal spent Sunday in Lachute.

Mrs. D. McAdam is visiting friends in Montreal for a few days.

Mrs. J. A. McGibbon is spending a short visit with friends in Montreal.

Miss Patterson of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. J. D. Campbell for a few days.

Miss Blake of Montreal is spending a short holiday in town the guest of Mrs. Massiah.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hills are spending a short visit in town with their many friends.

Miss Carr and Miss Paton are spending a couple of weeks at Mr. Hope's beautiful summer residence at Lake Louise.

Mrs. Morrow and daughter of Montreal were guests of Mrs. Robt. Creswell last week.

Mrs. Robertson of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. J. S. Giles for a few days.

The Rev. H. Charters returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit with friends in the city.

Quite a number took in the excursion to Shawinigan Falls on the G.N.R. on Sunday last.

Mrs. G. Hambleton and children, of New Hampshire, are spending a short visit with friends in town.

Mrs. Fessenden and daughter of Montreal are guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Arthur Stackhouse for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill and son of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Jas. McFaul the early part of this week.

Mr. W. Edwards and children of Montreal, are spending a few weeks in town guests of their grandfather Mr. Henderson.

Mr. Roy Fraser who has been on a visit to his parents for the past two weeks, returned to Ottawa on Saturday.

Mr. Carl Fraser, accompanied by his sister Miss Eva, left on Monday for a couple of months sojourn at Calgary and High River.

Mrs. J. A. Middleton and child accompanied by her sister Miss Riddell left Tuesday morning for a six weeks visit to Bangor, Michigan.

Mr. Thos. Wilson of Montreal spent Sunday last here with his wife and family, who are the guests of her mother Mrs. Thos. Wilson.

Among others who left on the C.P.R. excursion to the West on Monday last, were Mrs. Shepherd and Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Rodrigue.

Owing to the excessive heat on Monday, which reached 92 in the shade, the masons on the new wing at the J. C. Wilson Mills had to drop work for the afternoon.

Miss L. Paterson left on Monday for a trip to Brandon and intends taking in the teacher's Convention at Winnipeg and also the Exhibition.

Mr. Jas. W. Raitt has gone off for a three weeks trip to McGregor, Man., to visit his son Clarence and other relatives and friends who are residents nearby.

The election of School Commissioners took place on Monday last, when Mr. Ed. Wilson in place of Mr. Thos. Christie, M.P. and Mr. W. H. Garretsee was re-elected.

Miss Mohr of Arnprior who has been visiting in town the past few weeks, returned to Arnprior on Wednesday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Harlow Giles and two children.

The residents of Lachute, will be pleased to learn that Mr. Robt. McArthur has had the telephone put into his premises. If you are wanting anything in the tinmith or plumbing line just ring up No. 26.

Mr. Fraser McOuat of the Ottawa Bank, Granby, spent last Saturday in town leaving in the evening accompanied by his mother and brother Yr. A. A. McOuat, for Sixteen Island Lake.

The Tug-of-War is now fully under way, with Mr. Telesphor Ranger of Greece's Point, as captain. A practice was held on Wednesday last and another is booked for Lachute on Saturday evening, between six and seven when all the team are expected to be present.

A very quiet wedding took place recently in Toronto, when Mr. Norman C. E. Holland, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., was married to Miss Emma Carpenter, of Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Holland have gone for a visit to the coast, and on their return will make their home in Niagara Falls, N.Y. Mr. Holland is a former resident of Montreal.—See.

The Sunday School Convention was held in the Methodist Church on Wednesday and was fairly well attended. The Rev. Mr. Capel, Secretary of the S. S. Union was present and delivered addresses which were much appreciated.

In our issue of last week we reported that Messrs. T. Black, T. Stephenson, William and Robert Cleland, and Robt. Morin sought to annul as illegal the process-verbal governing the Summerby water course in the Parish of St. Andrews and St. Jerusalem. We now understand that Mr. Morin has nothing to do with the suit.

A painful accident happened to little Ivan Carpenter on Tuesday afternoon. The C.P.R. cars were doing some shunting on the Wilson siding, and the little fellow who is only between two and three years old, had crawled on the fence to watch the cars pass and overbalanced himself. When picked up, it was feared the cars had run over him, but examination showed that the child must have been struck by an object protruding from the train, as apart from slight damage to the leg, the arm was broken and the right hand bruised and torn. A consultation was held by Drs. Menzies, Christie & Alexander, who thought it advisable to have the little fellow removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital, as it is possible the hand may have to be amputated. Much sympathy is expressed for the little fellow whose troubles in life have begun so early. This should prove a warning to keep away from the trains. The little child who was injured was too young to realize the danger, but he had probably seen those who are older and know better, doing the same thing. It is a wonder there are not more accidents happening, as the station is daily crowded with children who are fascinated by seeing bigger boys jumping on and off the train when they are pulling out of the station. Now is the time to remedy the evil, not wait till someone is killed.

We are pleased to say that a telephone message from the hospital states that the hand will be saved and that the child is doing well.

CROP REPORT.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF THE COUNTY OF ARGENTUILL.

GENTLEMEN:—Having received notice from your Secretary of my appointment as judge on farms to be exhibited in the County of Argentuill, I beg leave to report that I commenced the work on Monday, 4th of July and finished on the 8th of July. I examined ten farms, five on the Parish of St. Jerusalem, three in the Township of Chatham, and two in the Parish of St. Andrews. I found the farms well laid out, the rotation of crops good, built up as a rule good, well arranged and watered. The fencing and drainage in general was very good, and manure well taken care of, pastures in good state and stock especially horn cattle excellent. With the exception of an orchard on Mr. Malcolm Smith's farm, not much in the fruit line was shown me. I found the grain on the whole poor, and the hay generally good. In the head crops I found many misses in the potatoes, Indian corn and Western corn not much planted and very late. Weeds are increasing especially the daisy. I would recommend more head crops.

The following are the premiums I have awarded after careful consideration:—In the Parish of St. Jerusalem, 1st Andrew Bos, 2nd Charles Rodger, 3rd Walter Smith. In the Parish of St. Andrews, 1st W. J. Rodgers, 2nd Malcolm Smith. In the Township of Chatham, 1st William Nichols, 2nd T. Owens & Son, 3rd William Hay.

Yours Respectfully
GEO. A. BARCLAY.

Point Fortune.

BIRTHS.

GRIFFITH.—At Genos, Que., on July 3, 1924, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Griffith.

MORROW.—At Dalesville, on Thursday, July 14th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Morrow.

CLEARY.—At Louise, on July 15th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cleary.

DEATH.

GRIFFITH.—At Genos, Que., on July 19th, 1924, John Griffith, aged 55 years, 2 months, and 4 days.

WALKER.—At Genos, on June 20th, 1924, Catherine Gordon, widow of the late Robert Walker, in the 73rd year of her age.

We have on hand
A Large and Well-assorted Stock of

WILLIAMS' PIANOS. EVANS BROS. PIANOS.
DOHERTY ORGANS, SHERLOCK WAINING ORGANS.

New Williams' Sewing Machines, Household Furniture of all description at prices defying all competition. Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere

Our Stock of **BOOTS & SHOES** is complete and selling at reduced prices.

J. A. BEDARD & SON,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

THE ELITE.

SUMMER BARGAINS

For Ladies in Whitecar, Skirts, Fancy Collars, Belts, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins

Manufacturers samples of white waists. The greatest variety and value ever offered in town. Be sure and see them before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH.

Eyes Examined Free



BY THE MOST

Up-TO-Date METHODS.

Spectacles prescribed only when necessary.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

Graduate of the Optical Institute of Canada,
LACHUTE.

KENNEDY

The
Gentlemen's Outfitter.

SUITINGS in all the nobby patterns of Canadian and Imported Goods.

HATS.—All the Latest and American Shapes and sizes.

Took's Shirts, Collars and Ties.

Campbell's Clothing, the highest grade clothing in Canada.

New Spring Gloves, Underwear, etc.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St. Lachute

About theHouse

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Brown Bread—When the sponge is ready for white bread, take 1 qt. out and add to it 1 cup molasses. Have two dozen blanched almonds and 4 dozen boiled chestnuts pounded to a mortar; stir into the above mixture, add 1 tablespoon softened butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in a little cold water. Mix all well together, add enough whole wheat flour to make the dough quite stiff and finish the same as white bread.

Something Good—Pick over 2 qts. strawberries, squeeze them through a colander, and add two teaspoons white sugar. When the sugar is all dissolved, add 3 tablespoons gelatine that has been soaking an hour in 1/2 a cup tepid water. Place it on ice, stir smooth, and when it begins to set, stir in one pint whipped cream. Put into molds and serve with whole strawberries around it.

Colcanon—Boil separately potatoes and cabbage. Mash the former and squeeze the latter dry in a clean cloth, then chop fine; mix thoroughly and to 1 qt. of the mixture add 1 1/2 teaspoons salt. 1 saltspoon white pepper, and dot with 1 tablespoon of butter after turning into a buttered mold. Brown in a hot oven.

Carrot Pudding—Mash or squeeze 1 lb. boiled carrots, add 1 lb. flour, 1/2 lb. each of raisins and currants, 1 oz. sliced citron, butter size of egg, 1 teaspoon each of salt, cinnamon and ginger and 1 lb. sugar. Mix together, putting 2 teaspoons baking powder in flour. Steam two hours, and serve hot with hard sauce.

Rhubarb Custard Pie—Stew rhubarb slowly until tender, then put through a flour sieve or beat with a spoon until smooth and fine. To 1 cup of this allow 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 2 eggs and a piece of butter. Bake with an under crust. Sift sugar on top when placing in the oven. We think it is fine.

Steak Stewed with Walnuts—Place 1 lb. steak in a stewpan with 1 pt. water, 1 onion and a pinch of red pepper; let stew for one hour. Pound smooth 2 pickled walnuts and stir into liquor. Add salt to taste. Place on a hot platter, garnish with potato balls.

A Delicious Salad Course—Take a new cream cheese, and with a pair of butter sticks, which must be very wet, roll it into little balls or pats in the same way butter is molded to serve individually. A cup of milk must be close at hand into which the sticks should be dipped each time a fresh piece of cheese is to be molded. If the cheese is rather dry, enough milk should be added to it to make it soft and pliable. Carefully wash, dry and pull apart a head of crisp bleached lettuce. Twist each leaf into a shallow cup, place one or two of the little cheeses in it, and moisten with French dressing. Serve very cold with dainty sandwiches made by putting together a slice each of brown and white bread, which have been spread with soft butter, and finely chopped English walnuts.

For the French dressing, take 1 saltspoon salt, 1 saltspoon pepper, 3 tablespoons salad oil (melted butter may be used if the oil is not liked), 1 tablespoon vinegar and a dash of cayenne pepper. Mix oil and vinegar very slowly, stirring carefully all the time.

HINTS FOR THE LAUNDRY.

Sometimes a lawn, muslin or organdie gown or waist has faded so that it is no longer pretty, though too good to discard. Try bleaching it white. Boil in a good pearline suds and hang in the hot sun to dry. A little chlorine water will operate to the same purpose. Or cream of tartar in the water in which the

boiling is done will also bleach it. Percale waists, aprons, etc., may be made white in the same way. Rinse thoroughly.

Rub grass stains with molasses, and they will wash out with no further trouble. Or pour alcohol through them.

Oxalic—common sour or sheep sorrel—will remove iron rust if a lemon or oxalic acid is not to be had. Rub the spots with the leaves. This takes out the rust. Then take out the green stains by washing in alcohol, and finally wash in soap suds.

Blood stains on silk can be removed by soaking in a fairly strong solution of borax.

Soaking in sweet milk (and patience) will take out the stains of coffee, tea and cocoa in table linen. Rub, soak and squeeze till the stain disappears.

Fruit stains may be taken out by pouring boiling water through them, or by dipping in boiling milk. If water is used, it must be actually boiling; if not quite at the boiling point it sets the stain.

Mildew can be removed from white linen and cotton with a weak solution of chloride of lime. The fabric must be well rinsed to remove the lime or it will rot it.

Diluted ammonia will remove mildew from woolen goods.

To renew silk, pour a pint of boiling water on a tablespoonful of alcohol and let it stand till just warm then sponge the silk with it.

SANITARY CELLARS.

Too much cannot be said on the necessity of keeping the cellar perfectly dry and in a wholesome condition. It is more important to have the cellar, kitchen and other rooms of utilitarian value, perfect in cleanliness and sanitation, than to have the parlors attractive and pretty. In most cellars there is more or less dampness, and it is unwise to clean the woodwork with water as it will become mouldy before it dries. The cellar walls after they are brushed down should be whitewashed, and all the woodwork rubbed with a dry cloth dipped in kerosene. Obsolete spots can be scoured until removed. The cellar windows should be wiped off first with a cloth and rubbed thoroughly with alcohol and a chamomile skin. It is entirely unnecessary to use any water. The alcohol alone cleans and polishes the glass beautifully. Only a little is needed at a time—just enough to wet a small corner of the chamomile skin. Windows in other parts of the house may also be cleaned in this way. Alcohol is better than ammonia, because ammonia makes the glass cloudy, and harder to polish. A gill and a half of alcohol will be enough for a small houseful of windows.

All portable pieces of woodwork in a musty cellar should be taken up about once a year and placed near the kitchen stove to dry out. Where there is danger of mould unslaked lime should be used freely. Place it in small boxes in out-of-the-way corners. Equal parts of powdered glass and cement (thoroughly mixed together) will permanently stop up all rat holes. All fruit stored in the cellar for any length of time should be carefully wiped off before it is eaten. As has often been stated, the almost invisible mould clinging to it can be a cause of diphtheria.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever try canning pie plant with cold water? If not, you'll find it worth your while. Just wash and peel the stalks, then cut into inch pieces and fill your cans with the fruit. Cover with cold water and make each can airtight. When you wish to use it next winter or spring, you have only to pour off the water and sweeten to taste.

Did you ever put horse-radish through the meat chopper, instead of grating it? It's fully as good and twice as easy. Cover with vinegar, and if you sprinkle a bit of sugar over it, when you take it upon your plate, you will find it much more palatable.

Those who are fond of caraway

seed in cookies will find them equally good in gingerbread. Did you ever try it?

Did you ever cover pineapple with cold water, when preparing it for the table? It keeps it very tender. Pare the fruit, and cut it up in small pieces and place in the fruit dish, with water to cover it. When ready to serve, add the sugar. If you add the sugar at first it extracts the juice, but hardens the fruit.

THE HOME BANK.

The home with a steady income should have a family bank. From this all living expenses should be paid. Each member of the family should have his or her own pocket-book. The profits above living should be equally divided between man and wife, after each child has been given an allowance. Money borrowed from one another should be paid back with interest, as at bank.

NERVOUS TROUBLES.

Promptly and Permanently Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is no torture more acute and intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky, depressed, and, although in a constantly exhausted state, is unable to sit or lie still. If you are nervous or worried or suffer from a combination of languor and irritation you need a nerve tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best thing in the world for you. You can only get rid of nervousness through feeding your nerves with rich, red blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. There is no doubt about this—thousands can testify to the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these pills. St. Vitus dance is one of the most severe forms of nervousness, and Mrs. H. Hevenor, of Gravenhurst, Ont., tells how these pills cured her little boy. She says: "At the age of eight my little boy was attacked with St. Vitus dance, from which he suffered in a severe form. His nerves twitched to such an extent that he was almost helpless and had to be constantly watched. He was under several doctors at different times, but they did not help him, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these have completely cured him, and now not a sign of the trouble remains."

When you buy these pills always look at the box and see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is printed on the wrapper, and refuse to take anything else. You can get these pills from all medicine dealers or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW LANDSEER WORKED.

An Incident in the Life of the Great Painter.

The man who can accomplish work at a dash is probably the one who has spent patient years in preparation for it. An enthusiastic English sportsman, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, Peshurst, had engaged Landseer to paint the portrait of his favorite dog. But the artist was one of those who put off their duties as long as possible, and one day Wells, who had been growing more and more impatient, showed his feeling by some sharp expression.

"I know I have behaved shamefully," said Landseer, "but I will come down next Thursday and stay till Monday, and the picture shall be done before I leave."

On Thursday he arrived, just in time to dress for dinner, and his first remark was, "Oh, your man tells me you are going to drag the great pond to-morrow! Hurrah! I am just in time. That is a subject I have often meant to paint, and I shall get any number of sketches done."

This was an unpleasant announcement; but the host bore it. Landseer did a capital day's work for himself, and the next morning, when he came down to breakfast, he said: "Mr. Wells, I hear you are going to shoot to-day. I've been looking forward to that for a year or two." So it went on until Sunday morning and then Wells, who was very particular about seeing his guests at the early service, said to Landseer: "I suppose you are going to church?"

"I don't feel like going," said Landseer. "I think you must excuse me."

"Oh," said Wells, in a blaze, "do just as you think best! You know well enough that this is liberty hall—for you, at all events."

"Thank you," said Landseer. "And I am going to ask you to let me keep Charles Mathews with me, to amuse me."

Wells vouchsafed no answer, and away the people went, leaving these two to their own devices. The minute the house was clear they hurried to another room, which Landseer had specially arranged for the purpose. The head gamekeeper was there, holding the dog, and Mathews assisted when there was need, at the same time amusing Landseer. When the party returned from church the picture was painted, finished, and framed on the wall. Written on the trunk of a tree in the background were the words:

"Painted at Redleaf in two hours and a half."

ALLIGATORS IN HARNESS

CURIOUS USES FOR ROOSTERS, BEARS AND MONKEYS.

In Peru Monkeys Gather Nuts—Dogs Draw Carriages in Belgium.

Mr. Lee, who lives near the St. John River, Florida, has to go six miles down the river to post a letter and perform other necessary errands, and the journey impressed him with two facts—namely, that it was hard work to pull a boat against stream, and that the river teemed with alligators that had nothing to do. After a little further observation, he learnt that these alligators swim well and easily against the tide. Then he remembered that somebody of his acquaintance once had a tame alligator.

He got two baby alligators and kept them in a good-sized pond, teaching them to swim with a piece of timber attached by a line fastened round the shoulders. As they grew, he made the floating burden heavier, and finally fixed reins to their teeth and taught them to answer the pull. His neighbors laughed, but he persisted and at length tried them in the river with his heavy boat behind them.

There is more intelligence in the alligator than in some horses, and these amphibians did the journey of six miles and back in good style. They were kept hungry and fed with a good meal as soon as they returned from a trip, so that they quickly learnt to go to their destination and back, without stopping on the way to have larks with the other members of their species who have not enjoyed the benefits of civilization. Mr. Lee is delighted with the success of his experiment, and now has

SIX ALLIGATORS IN USE.

Draught animals and beasts of burden are almost exclusively confined to those which tread the earth, but the above-mentioned is one exception, and a native of Thuringia furnishes another. In the latter case a gull, the descendant of a bird from the coast, has been trained to fly steadily along with a collar and a trace, or line, by which holds a cord attached to the collar round the neck, and uses this primitive guide-rope in order to keep the bird under control.

Dogs or goats drawing baby carriages are among the ordinary sights of great cities, but a Cochon China fowl doing duty in like capacity also comes within the scope of novelty. Mr. Plomesen, of the State of Iowa, has a lot of splendid Cochon roosters and one of them is a giant of its kind, and the majestic manner in which it strutted about induced its owner to try an experiment.

He made a light harness, consisting of a collar to go round the breast—or the lower part of the neck, whichever we may please to call it—from which run the traces, and another smaller collar that goes round the bird's nose, with reins attached. The rooster was then yoked to a baby cart, and rapidly learnt to draw it steadily and obey the pull on the reins. Two of the owner's children usually ride in the vehicle—a baby and an elder girl who drives.

ONE OF THE OLDEST TEAMS

ever seen was that which recently met the eyes of Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, at a State meeting; this was composed of a pair of rhinoceroses, with gay harness and ridden by postillions, drawing a gorgeous conveyance in which an Indian nabob was comfortably seated. The brutes were as docile as elephants.

An Austrian farmer, not far from Vienna, has an elephant to drag his plough. He bought the animal from a bankrupt showman, and he declares that he finds it better than a horse; it does more work in a given time with the plough, and has been trained to pick up and carry faggots and pile them in a cart, which it afterwards pulls, between the shafts, to the shed in the farmyard, and then unloads the faggots, where they are ready for use as fuel.

Travellers in Belgium will not fail to notice the milk and fruit carts, with dogs yoked to them, which, indeed, form one of the characteristic features of the country. In the old coaching days it was uncommon for some eccentric individual to turn out with a light trap and four or six dogs harnessed thereto, and race the coach along the Great North Road for miles.

There was one man known as "Old Lal," who took a delight in this sport about a century ago, while a certain Dunsdell, more recently, did a similar thing with a four-in-hand of greyhounds. On one occasion, as it is recorded, this team did the journey to Brighton and back in a little more than twenty-four hours, including stoppages for refreshment and rest.

Probably the quaintest turn-out of that kind was the experiment of a man named Doller, of Vienna, who astonished and terrified the inhabitants of the Austrian capital by driving out in a carriage drawn by

A COUPLE OF BEARS.

and with another member of the Bruin family sitting on the box by his side.

Doller retired for a while from the public gaze at the request of the public, but he was not idle, and soon reappeared with a couple of wolves attached to his carriage. Once again vehicular and pedestrian traffic in the streets of Vienna was dislocated and

the police had to step in; after this rebuff Doller retired for good.

In England, the only instance of a curious team is that of the Rothschild zebras, which Mr. Walter Rothschild has tamed and drives about his country seat. There are four of them. He is not the first to tame zebras or to employ them in the place of horses in England, for a pair of zebras were to be seen in the London streets more than fifty years ago.

A pair of quaggas, a similar animal, formed the sensation of the day in the vicinity of Hyde Park at a still earlier date, and were much admired as they drew an elegantly appointed carriage. The ostrich as a saddle horse may be seen in South Africa.

A gentleman once did the journey from Lismore to Fermoy in an oyster tub set on wheels and dragged by a pig, a hedgehog, two cats, and a badger.

A planter in Peru has about one hundred and fifty acres of nut trees, and when the time comes for plucking the nuts, the work is done entirely by apes, which he keeps.

The apes are separated into groups of four, and each quartette ascends a tree, after depositing a basket at the foot to drop the nuts into. Two or three foremen walk about the groves, playing lively tunes on some musical instrument, to encourage the workers, who are

VERY PARTIAL TO MUSIC.

They work for several hours at a stretch, then they have a rest, with food and more music.

A monkey as a look-out man on shipboard is a curious instance of the strange uses to which animals may be put. This occurred on a derelict vessel some months ago, when the Dutch ship, Geertruida Gerarda, was sighted about six hundred miles from Fremantle, West Australia.

The crew of the rescuing vessel saw a monkey up the yards on approaching the derelict, and their surprise may be imagined when they observed the intelligent creature waving his hairy arm to attract attention, and learnt that it was the monkey's cries that had reached them.

The three men left on the vessel—because they thought it safer than following the rest of the crew into the boats—told the rescuers that the action of the monkey was voluntary; it had seen one of the men go up and try to signal a passing ship, and had taken that duty upon itself during the remainder of the luckless voyage.—Pearson's Weekly.

FRETTING CHILDREN.

When a child frets and cries almost continuously the root of the trouble in nine cases out of ten lies with the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food means colic, bloating and diarrhoea—the latter is especially dangerous and often fatal during the hot weather months. Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs to keep her little ones healthy. These Tablets gently regulate the bowels, cure constipation, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse and cool the stomach, and promote sound, natural sleep. The Tablets can be given with safety to a new born babe. Mrs. J. Mick, Echo Bay, Ont., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for the ailments of little ones. No mother should be without them." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COST OF A BICYCLE.

He was deep in a mathematical problem. "No," he said at last, "it isn't settled yet."

"What isn't settled?" they asked. "Whether it costs more to buy a bicycle one piece at a time or all together. You see, I bought my boy a bicycle, paying cash for the whole machine. Then he broke the pedals and I got some new ones. After that he punctured a tyre and a bought a new tyre. A bad fall twisted the handlebars and called for a further investment. And so it has gone on for a month or more, but I haven't had time to replace the frame or the hind wheel yet, and I don't know what they would cost, so I'm not quite sure which way a bicycle is the more expensive."

WORLD'S BIGGEST PORTS.

Antwerp, according to an official return recently published by the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, stands third on the list of the world's ports, with a total tonnage of 16,721,011 tons, entered and cleared. London is first, with a total tonnage of 17,564,108 tons, and New York the second port in the world, with a total tonnage of 17,398,058 tons. These figures refer to ocean-going traffic only.

Daisy—"Where my brother goes he's usually asked to call again." Dolly—"He must be very popular." Daisy—"No. He's a bill collector."

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 yourself, "What if they think so?" You can use it and get your money back if not cured. For a box, at 10 dealers or EDMANSON, BARNES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Required Help to Move in Bed

Was a Great Sufferer and Almost in Despair—New Hope and Strength Came With the Use of

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

This great food cure is doing wonders for weak, worn-out and discouraged women.

Many medicines which are prescribed in such cases are merely stimulants which give temporary relief and arouse false hope.

Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food actually forms new, rich blood and increases the vitality of the body, its benefits are thorough and lasting and its cures permanent.

Mrs. M. A. Clock, Meaford, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I became very much run down in health and suffered from weak, tired feelings, indigestion and rheumatism. At times I was so badly used up that I required help to move in bed. While sick and downhearted I received Dr.

Chase's Almanac and sent for some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"Under this treatment I soon began to improve, and by the time I had used eleven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was happy to find myself strong and well again. I often think of what a lot of money I spent for medicines which did me no good, and believe I owe my life to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I hope women who suffer as I did will benefit by my experience and use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

THE POSTMASTER GROWS EMPHATIC

BELIEVES DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS THE RIGHT MEDICINE FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE.

T. H. Belyea, Postmaster of Lower Windsor, N. B., Endorses an Opinion Popular in all Parts of Canada.

Lower Windsor, Carlton Co., N. B., July 4.—(Special).—T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, has come out with an emphatic statement that is heartily endorsed by the great majority of people of this district.

"I believe," says the postmaster, "that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble and will do all that is claimed for them."

"I had been bothered with Kidney Trouble for years and tried several kinds of plasters and other medicines but did not get much lasting benefit. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and would say they seem to have made a complete cure as I feel as well as ever I did."

There are numerous people prepared to make statements like that of Postmaster Belyea, but the case of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be reported.

PHONOGRAPHIC ROMANCES

BRIDES WON THROUGH "TALKING MACHINES."

Interesting and Romantic Results of Singing Into a Phonograph.

Mr. Edison, the wizard of modern magic, would probably be very much astonished if he were told that his invention of the phonograph has lately led to more than one wedding, yet the fact cannot be denied.

At a recent bachelor dinner given by Mr. James Delaney, of 367 Manhattan Avenue, Jersey City, prior to his taking on the joys and sorrows of a wedded life, he informed his guests that his approaching marriage was due to his having fallen in love with his fiancée's voice as it came through a phonograph, many months before he ever saw her. The young lady who possesses so seductive a voice, and whose professional name is Miss Emma Laurens, was a music teacher, and in order to increase her income she accepted an engagement to sing into the machines of the Edison Phonograph Company. Into one she sang a pretty little ballad entitled "When I Think of You," and the record became a very popular one.

Mr. Delaney, who, by good fortune, is a lover of the phonograph, purchased some fresh records about a year ago, and among them was "When I Think of You." As he listened to the sentimental song as interpreted by Miss Laurens's mobile and sympathetic voice, the freedom of a bachelor's life seemed to lose some of its glamor. He began to think about the singer, whether she was young and pretty and unmarried, until at last he made up his mind to find her, and, if everything turned out well,

TO MAKE HER HIS WIFE.

He knew his enthraller's name, for it was engraved on the record, and so without delay he called on the Edison Company and asked for the lady's address. This, of course, was refused, but he obtained a promise to the effect that if he liked to write a letter and address it care of the company it should be forwarded to the proper quarter.

This he did, and a few days later was astonished to receive a reply from Long Island City, where he had many friends. He had written a diplomatic letter asking Miss Laurens if she were open to an engagement (a musical one, of course), as he was getting up a baseball concert and would be glad if she would consent to appear on the programme. As the terms were satisfactory she agreed, and a fortnight later sang (by request) "When I Think of You" at Mr. Delaney's highly successful concert. It did not take the promoter of the musical entertainment long to discover that besides possessing a remarkably sweet voice Miss Laurens was also beautiful, amiable, and free.

In less than a month the acquaintance so curiously begun had ripened into friendship, and from thence by easy stages it passed into mutual admiration, affection, and love. Mr. Delaney, who is a member of the New Jersey Poverty Club (an institution which donates to each member getting married a gift of \$50 as a kind of consolation prize), says he is seriously thinking of turning this phonographic romance into a short play, as he has little doubt that it would meet with

CONSIDERABLE SUCCESS.

This interesting and romantic result of singing into a phonograph has created some stirring correspondence in the press, and more than one writer has written claiming to have won her husband through singing into one of these modern "talking machines." One young lady, Miss Della Robbins, of Astor Park, N. Y., who is the possessor of a pure contralto voice, and

thereby makes a good income by singing into phonographs, declares that she is constantly receiving letters from all sorts and conditions of men who declare that they have fallen in love with her voice and would like to have an interview.

Miss Robbins (who in private is Mrs. Charles Hill), in a letter to a New York paper, declares that possibly the young men might be surprised, and even shocked, to discover that she is short, stout, and the mother of two fine boys. It is true that Mr. Hill, who is in the musical business, knew Miss Robbins's voice long before he became acquainted with the fair owner, though he declares the sound of it created in him no sentimental feelings or any particular desire to become more closely acquainted with the singer.

He met Miss Robbins, however, at the house of a mutual friend, and it was not until some weeks after the introduction that Mr. Hill connected the voice in the phonograph with the lady to whom he had been introduced. The marriage has been a very happy one, and Mr. Hill states that if it was brought about in any way by the phonograph then the instrument should

RECEIVE A TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. George Daly, a traveller in phonographs, tells rather a curious story in connection with these machines. It appears that last year a phonograph belonging to a customer being out of repair, Mr. Daly called to put matters right. With him he took several records and after he had put everything in order he inserted a cylinder and started the machine. The song, a beautiful ballad entitled "Why are Roses Sweet?" by C. R. Hawley, was sung by a Miss Georgie Starr.

While the music was in progress a lady entered the room and sat down to listen, with a rather amused expression on her face. At the conclusion Mr. Daly politely inquired if she had enjoyed the song, to which the young lady replied that she had, though it was a somewhat curious coincidence that she should be listening to her own voice.

Mr. Daly was considerably astonished, and perhaps his expression of countenance suggested some slight incredulity, for the lady quietly picked out the very song from music lying on the piano and bearing her own professional name of Georgie Starr. If he had not already been married, a man of fifty, and the father of a large family, Mr. Daly afterwards declared he might have added to the number of phonographic romances by marrying the fair songstress; but, under the circumstances, the story can now only take its place among curious coincidences.

WAS IT POSSIBLE?

"How dusty those chairs are, Nora," said the mistress. Nora looked disturbed for a moment, but quickly recovered. She ran her finger along the seat of one of the chairs, and then regarded it closely.

"Now who'd ever think it wud make all that difference to have nobody sit in 'em just the way day, mum?" said Nora in amazement. "If 'twasn't for visitors O'd have to be at 'em wid a cloth all the toime."

TWO STEPS.

The Last One Helps the First.

A sick coffee drinker must take two steps to be rid of his troubles and get strong and well again. The first is to cut off coffee absolutely.

That removes the destroying element. The next step is to take liquid food (and that is Postum Food Coffee) that has in it the elements nature requires to change the blood corpuscles from pale pink or white to rich, red, and good red blood builds good strong and healthy cells in place of the broken down cells destroyed by coffee. With well boiled Postum Food Coffee to shift to, both these steps are easy and pleasant. The experience of a Georgian proves how important both are.

"From 1872 to the year 1900 my wife and I had been afflicted with sick or nervous headache and at times we suffered untold agony. We were coffee drinkers and did not know how to get away from it for the habit is hard to quit."

"But in 1900 I read of a case similar to ours where Postum Coffee was used in place of the old coffee and a complete cure resulted, so I concluded to get some and try it."

"The result was, after three days' use of Postum in place of the coffee I never had a symptom of the old trouble and in five months I had gained from 145 pounds to 163 pounds."

"My friends asked me almost daily what wrought the change. My answer always is, leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place."

"We have many friends who have been benefited by Postum."

"As to whether or not I have stated the facts truthfully I refer to the Bank of Carleton or any business firm in that city where I have lived for many years and am well known." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Well-being."



A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes.

CORNS AND TEETH.

How Old Wolf Carried on His Business.

It gives one rather an ache in the mouth to reflect that a gentleman who died recently in London has left an estate of nearly £170,000 all from making artificial teeth says the St. James's Gazette.

Better that way than the fashion in which his prototypes raised their wealth. Before the artificial tooth was created deficiencies had to be made good by the real article, so body snatchers ravaged the cemeteries at night, breaking up the jaws of the dead to extract teeth to sell to dentists for insertion in live men's mouths. An army of these ghouls followed Wellington. They were licensed as sutlers, but, once night fell out came their pliers and out came the teeth of those dead and dying on the battlefields. It is a horrible idea, but we are not so much more refined to-day. Only eighteen months ago somebody was exploiting the bones of our soldiers who had fought and died under Lord Wolseley in the Ashanti war. The poor relics were shipped to London, taken to an auction room to be sold as "curios," and only at the last moment was public opinion too strong to permit the wicked transaction to be carried through.

Not so far from where the prosperous tooth factor has just died there used to live old Wolff. He did not aspire to the title of chiropodist—simply a cutter of corns. More than a thousand clients paid him their 3 guineas a year. One of them was an Arch-bishop, who, while he submitted a painful corn to the razor, plied his persuasive tongue upon the cutter. Here was a Jew to be converted. "Sir, if you will go on talking, I shall cut you," was the only response of Shylock. "If I make you bleed you'll die," was another grim way he had of silencing clients. In his dingy old room, patronized by all the lions of the Stock Exchange and everybody who was anybody with a corn, he piled up a fortune of over six figures, and was still coining money up to the date of his death at the age of 84.

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ALWAYS KEPT HIS WORD.

"Now, look here, Thompson," remarked young Brown, "it is six weeks since you borrowed that fifty cents from me."

"Seven," corrected Thompson, gravely.

"Well, then, seven weeks," snorted Brown, "and you promised to give it back to me in a week. Promised faithfully, you did, to return me it in seven days, instead of weeks."

"I know it," answered Thompson, sadly, drawing a memorandum-book from his pocket. "The date of that fifty cent piece was 1886. I made the note, and then I spent the money. Since then I've been trying to recover it."

"But," howled Brown, "any other would do as well."

"No," responded Thompson, shaking his head; "I always keep to my word. When you gave me the money I said, 'I will return this to you,' and I meant it. Brown, old chap, just as soon as I come across that 1886 piece I'll see that you get it, for I am not the one to go back on my promise."

DANISH HOLIDAY CUSTOM.

A custom prevails among parents in Denmark of exchanging their children during the summer holidays. The little ones from the villages go to town, and are all the better and brighter for their knowledge of city life and what the world is doing. The little city folks are sent to be refreshed by the country air, and come back with rosy cheeks and robust constitutions.

CHILDREN'S CHATTER.

Tom (our doctor's son)—I wouldn't have anything to do with Capt. Smiler if I were you, Ella.

Miss Ella—Tom! what on earth do you mean?

Tom—Well, he's not safe. I heard dad say his very laugh was infectious!

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Some people want a change, but once drink Blue Ribbon Tea and you will always have that lingering longing created by its delicious flavor.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

LOWER PRICES **USE** **BETTER QUALITY**

EDDY

FIBRE WARE

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

Attractions for Sportsmen on the Line of the Grand Trunk.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

"Did he fall in love at first sight?" "Yes. First sight of her bank account."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

"Does God send the summer, John?" "Yes, miss." "Well, I do wish he'd send it in the winter, when we need it."

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winklow'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, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It cures croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of childhood. It is sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup." 21-01

Mr. Newlyblest—"Indeed, sir, a home without a baby is a home without a soul. It is an absolute family need." Singleton—"Yes; a crying need, I fancy."

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and tooth-ache.

ALFRED STOKES,
General Secretary.

ONE ON DR. WEIR MITCHELL.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent nerve specialist of Philadelphia, tells of an incident of his early career which taught him a lesson he has always remembered. Ever since then there has been one question which he never asks his patients. An elderly man was ushered into the doctor's office one afternoon. After telling him to be seated, the doctor asked in his mildest manner:

"Well, sir, what is the matter with you?"

The patient quickly replied: "If I knew, doctor, I would not come here to find out."

INVESTMENTS

FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS
that are safe and earn good rates of interest. We offer good securities that are paying 3 to 4 per cent. half yearly, or better than 5 and 6 per cent. per annum. For full particulars address "Executor," No. 11 Queen St. East, Toronto.

BUCHANAN'S
UNLOADING OUTFIT

Works well both on
stacks and in barns,
unloads all kinds of
hay and grain either
loose or in sheaves.
Send for catalogue to
M. T. BUCHANAN & CO., Ingersoll, Ont.
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CHENILLE CURTAINS

and all kinds of house hangings, also
LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED
LIKE NEW.
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BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Box 165, Montreal

Over the Wabash

DIRECT TO
World's Fair Gates,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Come with us and see this, the greatest Exposition in the history of the world. New and elegant palace sleepers, built especially for this traffic, are now running daily between Montreal, Toronto and St. Louis, over the Canadian-Pacific-Wabash short line. This is by all odds the shortest, best, quickest and only true route from Canada to St. Louis. Tickets are good either via short line or via Chicago, with stop-over at Detroit and Chicago without extra charge. All principal Wabash trains arrive and depart from World's Fair Station. For rates, time tables and descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agt., northeast corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

IN THESE LATTER DAYS.

Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The fellow who plays the bass-drum is not the only one who beats his way through life.

Lever's V-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

Of course things are going wrong when they don't go your way.

Keep Minard's Liniment In the House.

A GIFT NOT ON EXHIBITION.

Perkins—You don't speak to Simpson? Hopkins—No; when I sent him our wedding announcement he wrote that he forgave me that \$10 I owed him. A woman's favorite writer is a husband who is capable of writing checks.

A man may be as honest as the day is long and still have a bad record at night.

The thousands of people who
write to me, saying that

Shiloh's
Consumption
Cure

The Lung
Tonic

cured them of chronic coughs,
cannot all be mistaken. There
must be some truth in it.
Try a bottle for that cough of yours.

Prepared by
S. C. WELLS & Co., 210
E. 5th St., L. A. 27, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1904.

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.

CARTRIDGE FACTORY.

It is announced that Sir Frederick Borden is negotiating with the Armstrong firm in England to erect in Ottawa an ammunition factory which will be capable of turning out ten million cartridges per year, with double that capacity work night and day. It is understood that the company also agrees to erect factories of small capacity in Manitoba and British Columbia, whenever required to do so by the Canadian authorities.

The Minister of Militia has also arranged that the factory shall manufacture its own supply of cordite. At present all the cordite used in Canada is brought from England. It trouble arose it might be difficult to get a supply from the Motherland and therefore the precaution to provide it here is a wise one.

The output in Quebec working night and day is twenty-four million, which, added to the output which is to be made in Ottawa will make 44,000 rounds per year. In 1896 the output was 1,200,000.

This is along the line of Lord Dundonald's recommendation in regard to providing other stores of ammunition than kept at Quebec and which is liable to be cut off by an invading force. In other respects the supporters of the Government are now clamoring that they have been adopting the Ex G.O.C.'s recommendations.

THE RACE CRY.

Lord Dundonald's speech in Toronto last Friday night successfully laid the appeals to race prejudice raised against that gallant officer by no less a person than Sir Frederick Borden, minister of militia, speaking from his place in the House of Commons. The Montreal Witness is again constrained to rebuke Sir Frederick for his base tactics in falsely accusing the noble Earl. It says:

"Lord Dundonald has not said too much. One thing we are glad he did not forget to say, and that is in repudiation of the strongest terms the very unbecoming insinuations of the minister, twice repeated, that he had in his administration been prejudiced against the French race. It is very hard to answer such a charge, which, however, unfounded, is not well calculated to suggest its own confirmation at a thousand points, but he left little to say: 'The French-Canadian militia know full well that I have always had their interests at heart, and have been criticized by the unscrupulous friends of the French race.' It is natural that one who has appealed, as Lord Dundonald has, to public opinion should accept with all heartiness the homage of popular friendship which his utterance has evoked. He has declared himself a friend of Canada and a voter, and to this we welcome him very cordially."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

DUNDONALD'S DISCIPLINE.

It is admitted by the most vindictive of Lord Dundonald's adversaries that he is a great soldier, writes the Mail and Empire. His high military reputation, they agree, rests securely on meritorious service. The sole cause of offence they find in him is that, publicly, and while still in command, he protested against the interference of politicians with the officering of regiments. That, they say, is a grave breach of discipline. His duty, they insist, was to submit without murmur to whatever the Minister of Militia or Acting Minister of Militia saw fit to do in the affairs of the force under him. He should at least, according to the fault-finders, have contained his feelings until he resigned, or until, by his official expression of them, he had provoked the Government to dismiss him. A soldier such as his harsh critics concede Lord Dundonald to be is not likely to have slack ideas of discipline. The late General officer commanding has been too long engaged both in exercising, and in conforming to, military authority to need instruction from anybody as to the evil of unruliness. Neither under command nor in command has he ever been accused of forgetting the requirements of discipline. There are circumstances, however, in which even the best officer cannot do his duty and at the same time have strict regard for the letter of discipline. When an order is manifestly a blunder that would bring disaster to his own army, he is not expected to carry it out. If his superior is in sympathy with the enemy, as were some of William the Third's commanders, the faithful officer will not be so much the slave of discipline as to co-operate in giving the enemy an advantage. There are cases therefore in which a transgression of discipline is not, indeed, the lesser of two evils, but the only good. If Lord Dundonald's protest was really a breach of discipline, the thing provoking so loyal and exemplary a soldier to it must have been regarded by him as intolerably bad. And, for that matter, what could be worse than the honeycombing of the militia with the pernicious spoils system?

CUSHING.

Mr. U. C. Cooke was in Lachute on Monday.

Miss Maggie Marshall of Montreal, is the guest of her cousin Mrs. Geo. Nicholas at "Highland Home."

Mrs. John O. Noyes and her little daughter Edna are visiting friends in Ottawa.

Messrs. R. Bryerton and F. Williams of Watertown, N.Y., who were visiting the former's parents in Carleton last week, were guests of Mr. E. Whelan on Friday.

Mr. D. Lindley our athletic fellow-townsmen, took a trip to Pine Hill on Sunday and returned highly enthusiastic in his praise of the place and more particularly the people.

Miss Grace Fraser and Mrs. Keane are away on a two weeks visit with friends at Ottawa and L'Orignal.

Mr. C. F. Kains spent a couple of days this week with friends "down the river."

Miss S. Williamson of Grenville and her niece Miss Hazel Williamson of Montreal, were guests at St. Mungo's House on Saturday and Sunday.

Greece's Point was "en fete" on Tuesday over the wedding of Miss's daughter of Mr. Ferdinand Hanger, to Mr. Joseph Leblanc of Chateaufort. The ceremony took place in the morning at the St. Philippe Church, and in the evening a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father at Greece's Point, which was attended by all elite of Greece's Point and St. Onofre.

Some rather peculiar tracks were observed on the front road in the vicinity of the stone school house one day last week and speculation was rife for a time as to what kind of an animal had left them some being of opinion that the fabled Wendigo of Indian lore had returned to his ancient haunts. At last however it was learned that two of our "enterprising citizens" had been making another exchange this time the trade was a watch for a pair of boots and socks and the tracks had been left by the individual who had parted with the wearing of his lower extremities as he made his way home without them.

Too Great a Risk.

In almost every neighborhood someone has died from an attack of cholera or cholera morbus, often before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. A reliable remedy for these diseases should be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has undoubtedly saved the lives of more people and relieved more pain and suffering than any other medicine in use. It can always be depended upon. For sale by T. Christie, Lachute.

THE RIVER IN JULY.

Slow runs the river, now almost dry, Low, low, the water, where once so high, Bare, bare the rocks, the sand-bars and shoals Plain to be seen all the pit-falls and holes.

Calm, calm the evening this warm July day, Over the labor in mills o'er the way, Now sports along by the slow winding stream Liver, so youthful with maid of sixteen.

Oh see the beauty spots along river bank, Trees green and bushy with flowers grow.

White, white the lilies mid-st saucers of (ing rank.

Sweet, sweet the blue flags around the (green, (bend seen.

Sing, sing the rapids a soft lullaby To the birds sitting cooing in trees near by Oh how much, very much, like life is this (stream,

With its rapids and bends, its rocks and its (green.

For life has its places where loud rapids roar The rapids of troubles and pit-falls by the (score

But sometimes just around a sharp bend in (life's stream,

There opens before us some beautiful scene. With bright flowers of pleasure and sure (lilies of hope

Growing near to the stream where in dark- (ness we grope,

And then peering around some curve in its (wind,

We meet with these helps and fresh cour- (age we find.

Once more hope grows green where life's (stream was most dry,

And into swift waters of life's pleasure we (hie,

Till we come to go slower on down in life's (calm

Away near the end of life's stream comes a (qualm.

Just a slight little fear that life's stream is (near end

And Eternity's ocean is just round the (bend.

O Brother! O Sister! no fear for thee now, If Christ has been sailing within the boat's (bow.

The boat's bow is thine heart that led out in (life's stream,

Then Eternity's ocean to thee will but seem A welcome, a rest, so peaceful so sweet, For this is now Heaven your safe in its (streets.

D. H. H.

Lachute, Que.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

T. Christie will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.



James E. Nicholson.

Almost Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP, AND IS CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

spread to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three weeks my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

CANADA. Province of Quebec } No. 533 District of Terrebonne

Mrs. Mary Williams, of the city and district of Montreal, widow of the late Patrick McKeown, in his lifetime, farmer of the Parish of St. Columban in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff, vs. John Williams, son of James, heretofore farmer of the parish of St. Columban, said district, and now absent in the United States, in places unknown, Defendant.

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

St. Scholastique, May 20th, 1904.

GRIGNON & FORTIER, C.C.C. J. A. C. ETHIER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Canada Province of Quebec } District of Terrebonne

JOSEPH BOISSEAU, Clerk of the Circuit Court, in and for the county of Terrebonne, residing in the town of St. Jerome, in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff,

vs. George Williams of the U.S. of America et al

Defendant. George Williams is ordered to appear within a month.

St. Scholastique, July 5th, 1904.

CRIGNON & FORTIER, Prothonotary, S.O. PREVOST & RENFRET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Corsets, Shirt Waists and White Underwear



We have a full line of Crompton's Corsets, Short, Medium & Long, Straight and ordinary front, from 50c. up.

Our assortment of Ladies' Shirt Waists in Linen, White and Black Muslin, Corset Covers, and White Underwear, is very complete.



HUGH FRASER, Jr.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Men's Balbrigan Shirts and pants in all sizes Boys " " " Ladies' Cotton Vests, with sleeves, short sleeves, straps, etc. in cream and white. Children's and Misses' Cotton Vests.

Gem Jars in pints, quarts and half gallons. Cem Jars, open mouth, " " "

Seythes, Snathes, Forks, Fork Handles and all Garden Tools.

H. J. Giles & Bro.

MONALEA.

Master Thor, Whyte of Montreal, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. J. Fitzgerald.

Miss Cecilia Gray has returned from Montreal, to spend the summer with her mother.

Miss Lizzie Fitzgerald spent last week visiting friends in Montreal.

Messrs. Frank Keyes, J. Colford and J. Mooney of St. Columban, paid a few friendly calls here on Sunday.

Mrs. Ward of Montreal, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Ed. Fitzgerald, while her daughter Ruby intends spending a few weeks with her friend Miss M. Fitzgerald.

His Last Hope Realized.

(From the Sentinel, Gebo, Mnto.)

In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his travelling about and afterwards his camping upon his claim, he encountered much bad weather, which, together with the severe heat, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die. One day one of his neighbors brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A big dose was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first sound sleep for a fortnight. That one little bottle worked a complete cure and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorders being at hand suggests this item. For sale by T. Christie.

LOUISA.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Abbott of Montreal are spending the summer holidays at Maple Grove Cottage.

Misses A. and M. Watchorn of Montreal are home on a visit.

Mr. Fred McCoy of the C.P.R. Montreal is spending a few days the guest of Mr. Russell J. J. Seale.

Mr. Wm. H. Abbott of the Canadian General Electric Co., Peterboro, who is staying at Maple Grove Cottage, spent Sunday the guest of Mr. Wm. Banford at his summer cottage Lake Louisa.

The bride and groom Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson accompanied by Mr. D. and Miss M. Rowe spent Thursday evening the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Seale.

Misses Agnes and Annie Morrow and G. Evans called on Miss Maudie E. M. Seale on Tuesday evening en-route to the L. O. L. No. 717 Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and family have removed to Lake Louisa for the summer where they have a farm rented.

Mr. Wm. Banford spent Sunday at Louisa.

The Orangemen spent a glorious 12th, at Vary's Grave with the exception of a few who were lucky enough to have top buggies others got severely wet.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. James McFaul, Dalesville in her sad bereavement.

Miss Amy Scholesfield who spent the past week the guest of Miss Clara Banford returned home on Monday.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.



Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.
Fall Session opens Sept. 7, 1905.

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.

A. W. YOUNG,

Principal.

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

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Have you seen our pretty lines of Carpets? They are rich and of the prettiest designs, and afford you excellent opportunities of beautifying your homes at small cost. Don't fail to see them.

It is Bargain Day with us all the time and our customers are assured of the cheapest and best.

We have the finest assortments of Summer Dress Goods and our Stock comprises all that's new and up to date.

Lachute's Bargain Centre.



A WAVE OF

SWEEPS OVER THE FARM WHEREVER THE McCORMICK MACHINES ARE USED.

THE McCORMICK

IS THE MACHINE THAT HAS TRIUMPHANTLY STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AND TO-DAY REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST ATTAINMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HARVESTING MACHINES. THE NEW McCORMICK BOOK FOR 1904, ENTITLED "IT TAKES THE PALM," IS BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED, PRINTED IN COLORS, AND WILL BE SUPPLIED FREE UPON REQUEST. WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO HAVE YOU CALL AND EXAMINE THE MACHINES.

R. W. BARCLAY, St. Andrews.

CLEARING SALE.

For One Month Only, of BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, MOCCASINS, GLOVES and MITTS, to make room for my Spring Stock.

Always on hand a supply of unequalled Home-made and factory harness. Everything in the above lines at lowest prices.

— Sole agent for the Slater Shoe. —

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

Your Wants Supplied.

Don't forget that we are always well stocked with a plentiful supply of choice groceries and that we keep the very best. Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, etc. may always be procured of us at right prices.

Don't forget that we take any produce in Exchange for goods. We want your trade.

V. & I. McFAUL, - - BROWNSBURG.

H. A. BLAIR

Is still at the old stand on Main Street, Lachute, and prepared to give you special inducements on every line of goods he handles.

McCORMICK MACHINERY is the best on the market and lightens the work of every up-to-date farmer. We can give you all repairs and supplies of oil, twine etc.

BUGGIES! That is a subject in which you should be specially interested. When taking a drive, you want comfort, don't you? Well then, secure one of our Alexandria's. They are the strongest, most durable, and very easy riding.

HARNESS. Don't you want a good harness? If so, I can give you something nice and nobby and they are made of the best goods. Call in and see them.

CREAM SEPARATORS.—For making your own butter in quick style, and much saving of both labor and money.

We guarantee you perfect satisfaction in every deal we make and give you easy terms. Don't buy elsewhere before seeing what we can do for you.

H. A. BLAIR,

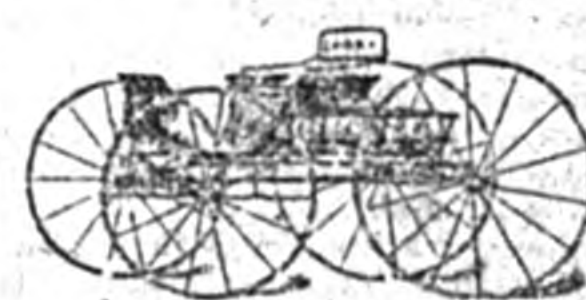
THE OLD STAND, - MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

R. McARTHUR'S ADVT.

Having been appointed agent for the Lachute Waterworks Company, I have secured the services of a competent plumber and am now prepared to fill all orders. Any who are desirous of getting good, pure water, drop in to me and talk it over. The cost is trifling to the convenience it affords. We have all the requisites, such as Sinks, Bath tubs, Closets & Basins, Iron and lead pipes & fittings, rubber hose, etc.

Always on hand a full supply of tin, enamel & granite ware.
.. Estimates given on application ..

The Best is the Cheapest.



That is an undisputed fact and that is what we aim to do when we sell our rigs, to give the best of material, combined with good workmanship, so

that our customers may have the best for the least money.

If you are needing any repairs for your rigs bring along to me and get them fixed by competent men.

ALFRED MORIN, CARRIAGE BUILDER,
Successor to
T. LAFRAMBOISE, St. Philippe West

It's not all Gold

That Glitters, but, it is all tin, and the best of it that glitters in our department. We have everything you need in tinware, agateware, and enamelware, and we know our prices will please you.

If you are needing any repairs we claim competency to do them up in first class style.

W. S. McBRIDE,

MAIN STREET, - - - LACHUTE, P.Q.

A Girl's Wit

Introduction by Robert Anderson, Telegraph Inspector to the Rio Manerio District.

To render perfectly clear that which shall follow I must state that Rio Manerio is situated some five thousand feet above the sea-level on the coast side of Brazil, and that it is built on a tributary of the Rio Negro. Its chief industry is mining.

Eight years ago indications pointed to the fact that the richest ore lay under the bed of the river, and that, could the water be diverted, Rio Manerio would rapidly develop into a prosperous town. An extremely clever engineer of the name of John Hyde was engaged from England, and he reported favorably upon the idea.

Mr. Hyde's scheme was to throw a dam across the river some four miles above the town and so divert its course into another rocky valley. Prospecting proved that rich ore extended to within a mile of the proposed dam, which was to be built between the sides of a narrow valley about eight hundred feet above the beginning of the rapids under which the ore lay. Mr. Hyde also proposed the erection of electrical plant about half-way down this precipitous gorge, which, driven by the water required for irrigation, would supply the mines with power.

Money was raised, and Mr. Hyde was instructed to proceed with the dam, which he carried out in a masterly manner.

The ore beneath the old torrent-bed proved far richer than was anticipated, and a new town rapidly grew up in the gully beneath the dam. The electric station was next put in hand. The only site available was a projecting ledge, some three or four hundred feet wide, half-way up the rocky gorge. This position, although only half a mile from the nearest mine, was only accessible from over the top by means of a rough and dangerous path, the journey about two hours.

The erection of the electric machinery and turbines proved another masterpiece of engineering, for it was all carried up suspended below grooved wheels on two ropes, which Hyde stretched from above his ledge across the gorge into the gully below. The two cables eventually carried the current to the mines, and although steel is not such a good conductor as copper, they were able to withstand the strain unsupported, and the additional loss was nothing where current cost so little.

After seven years, during which the town had increased twenty-fold, friction arose between the mines and Mr. Hyde's increasing insobriety. He was dismissed and was succeeded by Mr. Mark Hanbury, who carried out further improvements by giving electric light to the town. The last I heard of Mr. Hyde was that he was gambling and drinking heavily in Rio de Janeiro.

Statement by Mark Hanbury: My first acquaintance with Rio Manerio and the works was in January of last year. The engineering work had been conceived and carried out by a master mind. The current was continuous, of 500 volts pressure, and was used for driving motors and lighting arc lamps in series. I advised the purchase of a "balancer," and carried a third or middle wire into the town, thereby halving the pressure and enabling ordinary incandescent lamps to be used in the hotel and private houses.

In accordance with modern practice I "earthed" this middle wire at the supply station, and had an "earth ammeter" which would show me immediately if any current leaked to the ground from either of the two other wires. Houses were connected between one of these "outer" wires and the middle wire, but in the case of large installations such as the hotel and the post-office half the lamps would be on one side and half on the other.

In addition to carrying out this work I fell in love and wooed, but had not yet won, the love of Grace Anderson, the daughter of the superintendent of telegraphs. Grace held the position of postmistress to Rio Manerio, and it was said received on an average fifty proposals of marriage a week. I can believe this, as in addition to being one of the prettiest girls I have ever met she had a disposition as sweet as she was beautiful.

To while away my time at the works I had constructed two telephones, and, pointing out my isolated position, obtained sanction to run a small wire into the town, and in case an urgent telegram might arrive for me—I have not a relation or friend in the world—I could think of no better place to terminate this line than the post-office.

Knowing very little of telephones I placed the battery in the main circuit. This I learned afterwards was incorrect, but to it I eventually owed my life.

On October 13th Grace and her father paid me a visit at the Electricity Works, and I proudly showed them my extensions. Mr. Anderson doubted the advisability (as a telegraph expert) of "earthing" my middle wire, but I fully explained how it reduced the possible shock to careless consumers, and the warning it

would give me of any leakage. To illustrate this I passed a current through some lamps to earth and pointed out how the needle of the ammeter deflected quite proportional to the number of lamps in circuit. Grace took the keenest interest in these explanations.

In the afternoon Grace and I climbed the hill to the reservoir, where I had a small boat. Here, on this long, narrow lake, between rough, towering mountain sides, I told Grace of my love, but she was in a teasing mood and begged me to propose by letter; "It helps the local postages," she added. But at last, relenting a little, she said she would send her answer some day by telephone.

"You will telephone to-night," I asked, "if only to say you have arrived safely?"

"I will get father to tell you of our safe arrival," she replied, with merry laugh.

After Grace and her father left I felt very lonely, and could only think of her pretty face and a whispered promise that she would send "just one word" herself when they arrived back.

Impatient of the two hours' delay which the journey took, I wandered round and chatted with my driver—the only man I had on shift with me—who was a half Portuguese, and had once been an engineer on an ocean tramp.

"Do you know where Master Hyde is now?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, in Rio," I said.

"Then he is dead," said Antonio, solemnly crossing himself. "For this afternoon I saw his ghost standing at his favorite point on the dam-path, and when I approached he vanished away. May the saints keep us from harm."

"You were dreaming, man," I answered. "Hyde is doubtless alive—although possibly drunk—thousands of miles from here."

Antonio, however, crossed himself again and muttered an Ave or two, and then, one of the turbines beginning to race, he supplemented it with a hearty display of Portuguese expletives.

I hurried to the switchboard, but found all in order, and I remained there idly reading, as the time was nearing when I expected Grace to ring up.

I had been there some time when, suddenly and without warning, a looped rope was passed over my head and tightened from behind, lashing my arms to my side. Before I recovered from my surprise I was thrown forward and my legs were tied and my arms pinioned. I called loudly for Antonio.

"It is no use calling Antonio; he is dead," said a hoarse voice.

Strong arms then picked me up and sat me in a chair, bound and helpless.

Then for the first time I saw my assailant, and from a photo, I had seen I had no doubt it was Hyde, although drink and fast living had already marred his once handsome face.

He stood watching me for some minutes, and in his eyes I saw the wild gleam which betokened either madness or delirium.

"And so you're the wonderful Hanbury, eh?" he said, "who so admirably succeeded the drunken sot Hyde. Succeeded after Hyde had done all the thinking and hard work. Why—I've got more brains in my little finger than you'll have if you live a hundred years. But the fools up here thought because I drank I was forgetting what I knew. They couldn't understand that a clever man thinks best when he's drunk, eh?"

I thought it best to humor him. "Your work should have proved the fact to them," I said, as calmly as I could.

I knew I was in a tight corner and that by some means Antonio had been got out of the way. But a way of escape had already suggested itself. If I could only get him away on some errand for a few minutes I could press the button on my telephone with my forehead, and, having given the call, could lift the receiver off with my teeth and send a message for help.

"You don't drink, Hanbury, do you?" he said. "But I'm not a bad chap; I've brought some spirits with me, and you shall learn to drink to-night. It won't take me five minutes to fetch them. I left them by the path side."

This was the very thing I wanted, and I eagerly—perhaps too eagerly—suggested he should fetch the spirits down.

"I will," he said, with a horrible smile, "but before I go I will lash you to the railings in case you jerk the lights and let them know I am here, for I have arranged for you to be my messenger presently; and now you are safely tied that you cannot reach the switchboard, I will just cut off the telephone in case you call for help." Then taking a pair of pliers he cut the bare wire which came to my telephone, and this wire went with a coiling spring and tangled itself in the ornamental metal-work over the switchboard, and with it went my only hope of outside assistance.

He was gone about ten minutes, during which time I racked my brain to devise some means of escape, but I seemed utterly helpless unless I could win his confidence enough to release me and then persuade him to drink sufficiently that I might overpower him. Presently he returned with two bottles under his arm and a flask.

"No, my boy, it's not all whisky," he said. "The two bottles are benzoline, and are part of the programme. But first we'll drink each other's health and suc-

cess, and then I'll tell you my plans. He forced some spirit to my lips, and then, drinking from the flask, cried, in a mocking voice:—

"Here's your health and success, Mark Hanbury. With my help you'll get on, my boy. I'm going to make you a shining light in the world—a star in your profession even better than a shooting star, and there'll be a big report at the end."

Then his mood suddenly changed, and coming close to my side he shouted:—

"I've come all the way from Rio to kill you, Mark Hanbury, and to have my revenge. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to pour this benzoline over you, and then tie you by your feet to one of the old pulley-wheels, and after setting you on fire I'm going to launch you down the cable to be a light in the world, to be my shooting star, and at the end by the mine I hung a charge of dynamite, and you will strike that and cause the report I spoke of. The townspeople will come running up the gorge to see what's up, and then I shall fire a mine I have laid against the dam doors, and then watch the water burst out and go tearing down to sweep New Rio Manerio, which I—I, John Hyde—made, back to the old town of twenty or thirty houses. Do you like my plan, Mark Hanbury?"

My blood seemed to freeze as I listened to his awful plan, for its terrible completeness showed me that it was no wild conception of a moment, and I knew from the past that he had made up his mind to carry an object through he allowed nothing to balk him.

With fiendish delight he gloated over every detail of his plan, and even as I listened like an animal fascinated by a serpent I noticed that my ammeter showed an earth. Between his ghastly descriptions of my end I noted almost mechanically. Ten amperes to earth. Five amperes to earth. Ten—five—ten—five—ten—five. I could not help wondering what was causing such an even constant variation. It was a thing I should have deemed impossible. Then it altered in order, although the amounts remained the same constant figure:—

Five, ten, ten—five, ten—ten—ten, five, ten, five—five, five, five—

Was I going mad or had some evil spirit entered the instrument on the switchboard? It was coming again: Short, long, long—short, long—long—long—short, long, short—short, short, short, short.

I almost laughed, for, by some occult means, my "earth" was spelling out in Morse code the word "Watch." Then the signals changed and the message read: "Call 'yes' if you understand."

It was uncanny—more uncanny than Hyde's horrible details of my end. No one could know the danger I was in. My telephone was cut and yet this ammeter was giving intelligent signals.

"Yes, I understand," I shouted.

"Understand what?" snapped Hyde.

"How you will enjoy your revenge," I said, for my next fear was that Hyde would detect the signals.

Instantly they changed, and the message that followed told me that by some means someone had learned my danger. Perhaps Antonio had escaped.

"Humor Hyde and delay as long as possible. Help is coming."

"I'm glad you like my revenge," cried Hyde; "and now I think we'd better begin."

It would take two hours for help to reach me!

"But, hang it all, Hyde," I said, "if I've got to be a shooting star let's wait till it's dark. Don't spoil the effect."

"Well, you've got a nerve," said Hyde, with some admiration; "and as I believe they grant the last wish of a man before they hang him you shall have yours. I'll wait an hour and a half, although by so doing I shan't see the water so well."

"No," I said; "but you'll see my 'bang' at the bottom better."

Punctual to the time we started up the path to where the cables were fastened into the cliff. Purposely I stumbled and pretended to hurt my foot. Quite tenderly he helped me up the path, and the increasing darkness helped me to delay.

"I should like to see your mine at the dam," I said, as we reached the top.

"Well, it won't take long," he said.

But for me it was all too short, and we were back at the cables and Hyde was saturating me with benzoline. Also he carefully tied my feet to the old pulley-wheel and got out his matches. Then quite suddenly four men sprang over the rocks. Hyde started back, but made a desperate attempt to strike a match. With levelled pistols they drove him from me, and then, seeing himself cornered, he yelled:—

"John Hyde's not done yet! I'll have some revenge."

Before they could divine his idea he slung the other pulley on the wire and, grasping the bottom, flung himself off the ledge on a wild ride down the wire to fire the charge of dynamite at the bottom.

That wild madman's cry was the last I heard; but, luckily, he fouled my telephone wire, and losing his hold fell a shapeless mass into the gorge below.

When I regained consciousness, two days after, Grace—my Grace—my preserver, was by my bedside, and she did not use the telephone to tell me she loved me.

Memo, by Professor Adam:—I have read the above narrative and my explanation is simple. Miss

Grace Anderson went to use the telephone after it was cut. No reply to her ring was given, so she listened. As the battery was in the main circuit it allowed a current to pass to the iron frame of the switchboard, amongst which the bare wire was tangled. This made a variable contact similar to a microphone transmitter and so could transmit speech.

Miss Anderson heard the terrible intentions of Hyde, and with wonderful promptness disconnected the middle wires at the post-office and with them made "earth"; first with one side where she had all lamps on giving ten amperes, then with the other with half the lamps on giving five amperes.

Her training as a telegraphist enabled her to save her lover's life.—London Tit-Bits.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Tit-Bits of Knowledge Which You Should Know.

Great Britain controls twenty-one out of every hundred square miles of the earth's surface.

Tibet is larger than France, Germany, and Spain combined, but has only a population of 6,000,000.

In all our wars we have won the splendid average of 82 per cent. of the battles. This is the world's record.

German horse-butchers are about to open a restaurant in Berlin to educate the upper class in the use of horseshoes.

The largest order of merit in the world is the French Legion of Honor which has a trifle over half a million members.

The wool on the back of a sheep is the shepherd's barometer. The curlier the wool the finer will be the weather.

Women serve as medical officers in the Russian army. In no other country is such employment given to the sex.

The biggest edible oysters in the world are found in Australia. They measure sometimes more than a foot across the shell.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery of Ilaine, in Tibet, which is situated about 17,000 feet above sea-level.

Scotland's smallest school is at Cannich, Inverness-shire, where a certificated teacher is in charge of four pupils, the children of a ploughman.

Austria-Hungary has the longest frontier of any European country. Its frontier line is 2,996 miles long. Great Britain has 2,757 miles of coast line.

Among the 60,000 conscripts called up this year in Belgium no fewer than 6,000 among the moneyed class have paid a substitute to perform their obligatory service.

A small farmer in Dijon, France, often clears as much as \$1500 per annum from the sale of snails, which he keeps in dry collars or in trenches under coverings of earth.

Divers in the British Navy, before being passed as proficient in their craft, have to be able to work in twelve fathoms of water for an hour and in twenty fathoms for a quarter of an hour.

It is a mistake to suppose that night air in towns is unhealthy. In most cases it is purer between ten at night and six in the morning than 28,000,000 tons, against an average four hours.

The coal mines of France, located in the northern part of that country, do not supply the needs of the French people, who have to import 28,000,00 tons, against an average of 21,000,000 raised at home.

Several steel freight waggons, 39 ft. by 8 ft., which the Leeds (England) Forge Company are supplying for Central South African railways, have each been successfully submitted to the extraordinary test of holding 107½ tons of pig-iron.

At the famous Russian fair at Nijni Novgorod a curious method of selling turquoise gems is sometimes practised. On payment of a fixed sum a person is allowed to plunge his hand into a bag filled with the stones and becomes the possessor of as many as he can clutch.

The French village of Aumore ranks as the healthiest spot in the world. It contains only forty people, twenty-eight of whom are over eighty years of age, and three have passed a century. There are no graves in the place, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember seeing a funeral.

SHOOTING WITH SHIMOSE.

Since the war between Russia and Japan began, a good deal has been heard of the Shimose powder, which, in the opinion of military experts, gives Japan a great advantage both on sea and land. The compound, which was invented by Professor Shimose, is of much greater explosive force than gun-cotton or dynamite. Whereas a shell with a bursting charge of the compounds ordinarily used in Europe is broken into a comparatively small number of fragments the majority of which are scattered through a very limited arc, the Shimose explosive shatters the projectile into from 2,000 to 3,000 pieces, which are driven in every direction with equal force, so that nothing can live in the vicinity. It is claimed that, in spite of its tremendous power, the powder can be handled with perfect safety. It also has the advantage of cheapness, its cost being about half that of gun-cotton. Altogether, it seems that Japan's artillery is far more effective than Russia's.

ON THE EVE OF CHANGES

EDUCATION FOR THE MASSES OF RUSSIA.

The States-General, an Ancient Institution, May Be Revived.

Russia, many close observers believe, is on the eve of great changes, although some of those who are really familiar with the country say those changes will come so slowly as to make their promoters fear they may never come at all. The first sign is a movement in high quarters and voiced by the Nopce Vremya, for better education of the masses. It is seen that the Japanese soldiers are educated while the Russians in the ranks are for the most part illiterate. But education is a slow business, and Parliamentary institutions cannot well be expected until some progress has been made in it.

Then when political reforms come they are not likely to be on Western lines, but a revival of ancient Russian institutions. One of these is the States-General. This was an assembly of nobles, ecclesiastics and the richer Moscow merchants. Its last act of power was in 1730, when it called the Empress Anne to the throne. Later Anne "suspended" it and it has remained SUSPENDED TO THIS DAY.

Possibly Nicholas will regard the present national emergency great enough to warrant calling it together again.

If a new States-General should resume affairs where the last left off it might revive the following proposal for a Constitution which was submitted to the Empress Anne:—"First, The Emperor shall only govern according to the pleasure of the Supreme Council. Second, Neither war shall be declared nor peace concluded without the advice and approbation of the Senate. Third, No taxes to be imposed or important offices conferred without the authority of the Senate. Fourth, Provision for fair trial of noblemen. Fifth, Abolition of confiscation of property lands not to be alienated or sold, except by the advice of the Senate. Seventh, The Sovereign shall neither marry nor appoint a successor without the consent of the States-General."

A Constitution on this line would put power in the hands of the upper classes and chiefly in the Cabinet or Supreme Council of Ministers and in the Senate, which at present still exists, but merely as an honorary body to which superannuated statesmen may gracefully retire. There is no word of universal suffrage or anything of that kind.

IGNORANCE IN RUSSIA.

Need of education in Russia is illustrated by frequent stories of the grossest superstition among the peasants. The latest is a device to secure justice by placing the culprit on a red-hot stove, and is authentic. At a village near Odessa an old man named Peter Dutscho was suspected of having stolen a purse containing eight roubles. He denied his guilt, and his accusers were unable to prove that he had committed the theft. In these circumstances one of the peasants named Martischenko suggested that Dutscho should be tried by ordeal.

The proposal was accepted and the peasants placed Dutscho on the top of a red-hot stove, saying that if he were innocent God would protect him from all injury. Dutscho himself offered no resistance to this method of trial by ordeal, believing that the fire would do him no harm, as he knew himself to be innocent. Dutscho sustained fearful injuries, and on the same day it was discovered that the theft had been committed by another man.

The story of the trial by ordeal reached the ears of the authorities, who arrested Martischenko and his comrades. Martischenko was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment. In court he stated that an evil spirit must have possessed him when he suggested the ordeal of fire for an innocent man. He went to prison, glad in the hope that the evil spirit would be exercised there.

REMOVING TEMPTATION.

A well-known philanthropist and temperance advocate was once travelling in the South of Ireland, and as, at one of the stations, he stepped into a vacant railway carriage he caught sight of a bottle full of whisky lying on the seat. He at once summoned a porter.

"See," he said, "here's a bottle of whiskey; I don't know whose it is. It's not mine; I'm a teetotaler, as you may see at once from this blue ribbon."

"Arrah, yer riverance," the porter exclaimed, "somebody's left it; and, sure now, he'll pretty quick be coming for it."

Presently the train began to move off, when the porter, who meanwhile had been keeping a watchful eye, appeared at the door again.

"Have they been for that whiskey, yer riverance?" he asked, solicitously.

"Oh, no; it's here yet," was the reply.

"Well, would you mind giving it to me, sorr?" the porter continued. "You see, you're a teetotaler, yer riverance, and if you took the whiskey with you, you might break out by the way. I'll relieve yer riverance, if you'll let me."

When a bachelor gets tired of leading a single life he should marry and be led.

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mrs. Forrester's energies, however, were very equal to the occasion, and next morning by ten o'clock she arrived at the unfortunate editor's office, where she found poor Mr. Quil-dry looking more careworn and sallow even than usual, and up to his eyes in business. Now everybody in Foxington knew Mrs. Forrester in a greater or less degree, and she, in return, knew everybody, and was acquainted with the townspeople's most private concerns. Therefore, when she made her appearance, Mr. Quil-dry raised his weary eyes from the pile of loose sheets they were engaged in deciphering, and wished the lady good-morning with unwonted animation.

"Good-morning, Mr. Quil-dry," said she, acknowledging the salutation in her customary offhand manner. "Busy, as usual, I perceive?"

"Yes, madam, very," he replied, with a sigh of dejection.

Mr. Quil-dry suffered a torpid digestion, and there were times when the ills of life appeared unendurable to the harassed, bad-constituted, and overworked man—times when he was wont to stroll out of a summer evening after the day's toil was over and gaze at the little peaceful green churchyard, a mile or so on the main high-road, with an aching longing for rest and a weary distaste of life crowding up in his tired brain; but now he gave a smile, pitiful from its transparency and evident effort, and prepared himself to inquire into Mrs. Forrester's wishes. She, however, anticipated his civility by going straight to the point without any preliminaries calculated to soften the severity of the lecture she intended to administer.

"I will not keep you long, Mr. Quil-dry," she said, "but I have come to say a little word about that article on the ladies' steeplechase which appeared in your paper a few days ago."

Mr. Quil-dry changed color, and the smile vanished as quickly as it had been conjured up.

"Indeed, madam!" he said in a quavering voice, strongly suggestive of inward perturbation. "I hope no offence was given?"

"Now, Mr. Quil-dry, what a thing for you to suppose—you who have had so much experience. Why, of course offence was given. How could it possibly have been otherwise, considering the nature of the publication?"

She spoke with a fierce asperity which startled Mr. Quil-dry most alarmingly.

"I'm extremely sorry, madam," he murmured uncomfortably, fidgeting on his hard, shiny stool, "extremely sorry."

"Sorry! And well you may be. It will be a good day for you, Mr. Quil-dry, when you succeed in clearing yourself of any responsibility in this matter. That article ought never to have been allowed to appear in a respectable paper like yours. It was a gross piece of impertinence, and I can tell you, has given the greatest offence in very high quarters. Yes—as the guilty Quil-dry writhed beneath the indignant expression of her keen eyes—"you have put your foot into it nicely. Your wits must have been wool-gathering when you committed so heinous an act of folly, and unluckily for you the Earl of Huntingshire, who generally takes but little notice of such things, is simply furious at the allusions made. In fact Lady Anne Birkett was only saying yesterday she never remembered seeing her father so upset. A pretty position for you to have placed yourself in, Mr. Quil-dry, and what will come of it all heaven only knows! The town of Foxington is in a perfect uproar—Colonel Clinker, Mr. McGrath, Mr. Graham, Captain Fuller, Miss Brewster, all them wild with anger. There was a meeting at my house yesterday and the long and the short of the whole thing is, I am deputed to call upon you and demand an explanation or an apology. Tell me who wrote that article?"

Mr. Quil-dry found it impossible to evade the stern severity of this last demand. His house and premises were let to him on a yearly lease by the Earl of Huntingshire, in whose power it lay to turn him out. Therefore, when the wretched man heard how he had incurred his landlord's displeasure, he quaked in his thick, ill-made boots.

With a tremendous effort at self-control he mustered up sufficient courage to reply.

"I really can't say, madam, who the party was. It's quite against our regulations and rules of business ever to give information as to our correspondents."

"You'll have to waive those rules and regulations, then, for once," said Mrs. Forrester curtly.

"It would never answer," protested Mr. Quil-dry. "We should get into a perfect sea of trouble, and be tossed about on contrary waves."

He was rather given to interspers-

ing his conversation with flowery metaphor, but such elegances of speech were completely wasted upon Mrs. Forrester.

"Never mind about the contrary waves," she said impatiently, "and as for the sea of trouble, it strikes me you are pretty well immersed in that as it is."

"You see, madam," said Mr. Quil-dry with explanatory brevity, "people very often send money to pay for the insertion of paragraphs just as they would do for an advertisement, and then we are more or less bound to let them appear."

"In other words, Mr. Quil-dry, you make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness."

"That's an ugly name for it, madam," said he, feeling there was a Scriptural flavor about the allusion distressing in the extreme to so good a churchgoer as himself.

Then, goaded into sudden exasperation, he added—

"We poor devils of printers are literally beset with difficulties quite beyond the public comprehension. We are the scapegoats on whose backs blows are showered by the score and who receive no sympathy whatever."

"Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Quil-dry," said Mrs. Forrester, once more transfixing the unhappy editor with a scrutinizing stony gaze. "By your own confession you take money to publish objectionable matter—not a particularly cleanly proceeding; but surely it is your duty to exercise some discretion as to what does and what does not appear in the columns of your newspaper. You are the person to be held responsible, as the Earl of Huntingshire justly observed, and the shortest way for you to get out of the mess is to tell me the author's name without further delay. It is just possible by so doing that I may be able to conciliate the Earl in time."

"But, madam, really I cannot. It would go against my conscience."

"Now, Mr. Quil-dry, don't be a fool," interrupted the lady. "You have got a very comfortable berth of it here, and until this unfortunate episode occurred have managed to give general satisfaction. Why should you allow one false step like the present to do away with the labor of years? Everybody makes mistakes now and again, but there is nothing like rectifying them in time, and before the mischief goes too far."

"I'm sure, madam, I am willing to do everything in my power," said Mr. Quil-dry, feeling resistance to be vain as opposed to such cruel, hard, practical common sense. "I've no wish to sacrifice my prospects, poor as they are."

"That's right," said she more amiably. "You are a really superior man, Mr. Quil-dry, whose intelligence is deserving of better things than a county office, and I should like to tell you a little story. There was once a poor weakly gosling hatched by the side of a broad stream, whose current rolled with great rapidity over the rocky boulders and smooth, rounded stones. The gosling was young, ignorant, enterprising, and ambitious. He believed implicitly in himself, and therefore, in spite of the mother goose's repeated warnings, he needs must venture into the troubled waters, full of self-confidence and self-conceit. He fancied he could swim like the sturdy old swan who sat pluming his feathers all day long in the sunlight; but alas! the foolish gosling choked, and gasped, and gurgled, until at last he got engulfed in a whirlpool, and would have sunk had not the mother goose rushed to his assistance and seized him in her strong, yellow beak."

"There, you simpleton," she said, giving him a push in the direction of dry land. "Don't you understand that you are too weak to oppose so strong a torrent? Nothing is to be gained by such an act of folly. The waters flow on just the same and you are lost, whereas if you would only exercise a little sense, and float with the stream instead of against it, you would soon learn how capably you can swim. I am your mother. Take my advice, and never do such a stupid thing again."

"Now, Mr. Quil-dry, try and put yourself in the place of the gosling, and imagine me to be the mother goose. Can you derive no instruction from the tale?"

"A very pretty story indeed, madam," said he uneasily; "quite poetical."

"Don't bother your head about the poetry, man. Stick to the prose, and try and glide into smooth water once more if you can; and whatever you do, don't attempt to set your self up in opposition to the Earl. Now I'll tell you what I'll promise. If you will be sensible, and give up the name of the person who has brought about all this mischief, I will undertake no blame shall attach to you, and that the thing shall blow over without further trouble. There, that's fair enough, surely."

"And what if I declare I don't know it?" said Mr. Quil-dry, com-

pletely overcome by Mrs. Forrester's forcible rhetoric, and taking up a final standing-place on the crumbling hillock of equivocation.

"I should not believe you. If you don't know it you ought to know it, and, moreover, can easily ascertain; so no more idle subterfuges. You call yourself an editor, indeed," turning down the corners of her mouth contemptuously. "A pretty editor, when you do not even know what goes on between your own four walls. Why, one might just as well be a dummy at once! However, it's no use talking. There's the article written in black and white, and here are we, the ladies and gentlemen of Huntingshire, all feeling equally insulted, and if you either can't or won't reveal the author's name, why the Earl will probably proceed to stronger measures, and take such steps as may force you to do so in the end."

Once again at this terrible mention of the magnate's name poor Mr. Quil-dry displayed the most profound consternation. Self-interest was dragging him one way, some few remaining scruples of honor the other, and between the two never was man more hopelessly distracted or thoroughly wretched. As a last resource the unhappy editor took refuge in pitiful entreaty.

"Please, Mrs. Forrester," he cried, with a whining and semi-incoherent voice, "be merciful. You place me in a truly terrible position, for on the one hand I run the risk of mortally offending the Earl of Huntingshire, on the other of casting a stigma upon my professional character from which it may never recover in the future."

"You should have thought of all that before allowing such an article to appear in your newspaper," retorted she, perfectly unmoved by the appeal. "It's not a bit of use crying over spilt milk; the wisest thing is to dry it up immediately, so as to do away with the stain as quickly as possible. If people will walk through a muddy lane instead of sticking to a nice clean pathway, they must not be surprised to find they dirty their shoeleather, and that some of the mud remains. You are only reaping the consequences of your acts, Mr. Quil-dry, and it is nobody's fault but your own if you find them somewhat unpleasant."

"Ah, madam!" said he, still vainly endeavoring to elicit some small token of sympathy, "the world is a hard place for a poor struggling man like myself. There is not much charity to be found in it. You do not know what a life mine is; nothing but perpetual worry and perpetual toil from the time I raise my head from the pillow until I lay it down again at night. We have eight small children to provide for, and there's my wife expecting her confinement at Christmas, and a delicate woman into the bargain."

"More shame to you then, Mr. Quil-dry," said Mrs. Forrester with a severity not wholly genuine, for beneath all her eccentricities of manner beat a warm and kindly heart. "Your quiver was already full enough."

"That may be, madam," came the solemn reply, "but children are the gift of the Lord." A little of them goes a long way, I should imagine. However, we are wandering from the subject in hand, and since you said you were busy it is a pity to waste valuable moments unnecessarily. For the last time, Mr. Quil-dry, will you or won't you give me the information I desire?"

She leant her two elbows on the table and looked him straight in the face with her piercing eyes. He changed color under their sharp gaze, and shifted uneasily in his seat with a weak gesture of despair.

"Don't be so hard upon me," he sighed.

"I don't wish to be hard upon you, Mr. Quil-dry," she answered, but you will have to do this thing sooner or later, and therefore no good can be gained by procrastinating."

He had fought better than she expected, but the battle was now won. "You will think it strange, madam," he said, "that I really do not know who wrote the article in question. I was so busy myself writing the leading articles on our agricultural show and other county matters that really for once I was forced to leave the compilation of all minor paragraphs to my head clerk, and I assure you I was as much astonished as anybody when I saw the criticism of the ladies' steeplechase among the columns of my own paper."

"That I can easily believe," said Mrs. Forrester grimly.

She had played her fish with great dexterity and address, but his dying struggles were beginning to grow monotonous and ~~were~~ impatience in the angler's bosom.

"Go at once and see your head clerk," she added imperiously, "for I must be getting on, or I shall lose my day's hunting. I am late as it is," drawing out a huge old-fashioned watch from the recess in which it found an habitual dwelling-place.

And Mr. Quil-dry did her bidding without further parley, although knowing perfectly well that he had lied when he declared that he was ignorant of the author's name, yet having lied, determined to stick to the untruth through thick and thin.

Presently he returned, with such a subdued and woe-begone expression

as surely would have struck most ordinary women with compassion. "Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrester eagerly as he reappeared.

"The article in question was handed in at our office on Thursday evening by a groom, who had orders to pay for its immediate insertion."

The words seemed literally dragged from Mr. Quil-dry's pale lips, but Mrs. Forrester's basilisk eyes were fixed upon him, searching him through and through, and exercising the same weird fascination that a poisonous reptile does on a defenceless singing-bird. She was completely master of the situation, and the strong will subjugated the weaker.

"Who did the groom belong to?" she asked impatiently.

Even then Mr. Quil-dry trembled to utter the words aloud. He leant forward and whispered one single name in Mrs. Forrester's ear.

The change that forthwith took place in that lady's face was most remarkable. The mouth opened, the eyes enlarged, the eyebrows arched themselves with surprise and indignation.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Are you positive of this?"

"Quite positive," came the melancholy rejoinder.

"Impossible! There must be some mistake!"

"No, madam, there is no mistake. It is exactly as I tell you."

"Well I never. You have astonished me!"

"And you will remember your promise, Mrs. Forrester? You will do your best to shield me from the Earl's anger?"

"Mr. Quil-dry, when I make a promise I always endeavor to keep it. Rest assured that I shall use all my influence on your behalf."

"Thank you, madam, you are very kind," said he, considerably comforted by the turn things were taking.

"No, Mr. Quil-dry, I am not kind, only just and—smiling graciously at him—"I am glad to see that you are a gosling so amenable to reason, and have so quickly perceived the policy of not opposing a roaring torrent. And now I must really be going, or my poor horse will die of catarrh. Good-bye, Mr. Quil-dry. I take my leave with a very high opinion of your intelligence, and a hope that Mrs. Quil-dry may spend a happy New Year with number nine."

So saying Mrs. Forrester departed, leaving Mr. Quil-dry to digest her farewell speeches as best he might. For a long time he remained standing mutely gazing after the receding vehicle. Then a glimmering light of shrewd reason lit up his dull eyes as he shook his head dubiously and muttered—

"A very remarkable woman that, an exceedingly remarkable woman, in fact; but all the same I'm glad she's not Mrs. Quil-dry, for she would worm every secret out of me just like a maggot worms its way into a ripe nut, and leave me no peace till nothing but empty shell remained. These clever women are not pleasant to live with; they will have their own way, and don't understand the art of knocking under."

With which ruminations Mr. Quil-dry returned to his stool and tried to seek oblivion in hard work, but he was far too much worried and distressed to gain the consolation he desired, and the sound of the storm he had been instrumental in raising still seemed to whistle round his ears with an ugly persistency not calculated to enhance the merit of any literary compositions he was engaged upon.

A sombre smile overspread Mrs. Forrester's countenance directly she found herself clear of the town.

"Hum!" she said half aloud, as if speaking the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind. "It does not do to under-rate one's neighbors altogether. Tit for tat. That woman has bided her time. Nevertheless she has contrived to pay me out for the horse I sold her nearly three years ago, which happened, unfortunately, to turn unsound very shortly afterwards. Well, we are quits at any rate. She has wiped that score from my conscience, and if she wishes for war henceforth, war to the knife let it be."

It was long since old Resurrection had felt the whip so smartly applied to his lean sides, or since he had been called upon to get over the ground at such a slashing trot, but Mrs. Forrester was not only in a hurry, but also burning with impatience to impart the remarkable news she had succeeded in eliciting from Mr. Quil-dry. She anticipated a triumph dear to her soul. To her great delight she found the hounds still engaged in drawing a large wood close to the meet, and people were standing about in clusters of twos and threes coffee-housing. She lost no time in mounting and accosting Captain Fuller.

"Yes, like thunder and lightning," "Well," said she, with an unmistakable air of victory, "I have found out all about it, as I vowed I should do before long."

"All about what?" he asked, for a moment forgetting their argument. "Why, about Miss Palliser, of course. You knew from the first, only you would not tell, and gave me all this trouble for nothing."

"Not for nothing, Mrs. Forrester. Had I mentioned Miss Palliser's name in the first instance, the probabilities are you would have laughed my suspicions to scorn."

"Well, I

mitted frankly. "I was a terrible old fool, but somehow or other, in spite of all the hints you threw out she never once entered my head. I wonder still what her little game was."

(To be continued.)

THE SUBMARINE MINE.

How It is Constructed and What Causes the Explosion.

I accomplish. That's all. I am the farthest removed from chivalry and the closest approach to humanly constructed, dehumanized force.

I do not tower in defiant state like the battleship. I do not flaunt myself skimming the range of the enemy's gun like the cruiser. I do not even slip squat along the water line like the torpedo boat. My place is in concealment twelve feet down.

True, I have comrades below the surface in the stillness. The submarine boat and the torpedo lurk unseen with me. But the submarine boat has flesh and blood inhabitants. It breathes. It has wives and children. And the torpedo boat moves. Its air chambers press upon its screws. Its screws palpitate with joy. It hurls itself mad against the enemy. It retains a vestige and a semblance of humanity.

I lie dark, still, creviceless. I am released from human guidance. I scorn the sentiment of motion. No stir of action, no frenzy of courage enhalos me with the warmth of human triumph or despair.

At my head is a little metal tube containing sugar and chlorate of potash. O, sugar and chlorate of potash, what is human courage after all but chemical change transmuted cunningly through nerve tissue? I scorn the scorn which is heaped upon my chemical courage by the sentimentalists who prate about fair and open fields of combat. But that metal tube with the sugar and chlorate of potash inside it, let me expound its beauties to you further.

It conceals another tube, a glass tube, filled with sulphuric acid. An ignoble liquid? Not to be compared with the warm blood spilt on the rampart? This kind of sentiment almost gives me an emotion in return.

Almost. Not quite. With my metal and glass tubes, with my sugar and chlorate of potash and sulphuric acid I await, devoid of action or of feeling, the hull that ventures to cross me.

I am struck. My metal tube is bent. My glass tube is broken. Their contents swirl around the wires of my battery. An electric current courses through me. It finds a piece of platinum. The platinum answers at white heat and passes the signal to the fulminate of mercury by which it is inclosed.

Then comes the event. The fulminate of mercury expands. The men who built me said that it would expand to 25,000 times its volume. And it does in an instant. The mass of gun cotton surrounding it recoils before the blow, and, while recoiling, ignites, spreads, shoots upward, and when it sinks brings a battleship with it.

Did that ship belong to the men who dropped me here or to the men who searched for me with nets? I do not know. I do not care. I am iron, chlorate of potash, glass, platinum, steel, sugar, gun cotton, sulphuric acid, and fulminate of mercury. No flame leaps up on the altar of patriotism at my discharge. No sacrifice, no glory, no reputation springs from my accomplishments. I am success without victory. I am humanly constructed, dehumanized force.

GUESS AGAIN.

An old lawyer tells this story of one of his experiences, years ago in cross-examination. The witness seemed to be disposed to dodge his questions.

"Sir," said the lawyer, sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want the facts. We are competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir, answer me categorically."

From that time on he could get little more than "yes" and "no" out of the witness. Presently the lawyer said:

"You say you live next door to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"To the north of him?"

"No."

"To the south?"

"No."

"Well, to the west, then?"

"No."

"Ah," said the lawyer, sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the east of him, do you?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished attorney asked. "You say you live next door to him. Yet he lives neither to the north, south, east nor west of you. What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness, calmly; "but I see I must inform you that he lives next door above me."

"You look so troubled, my dear. What is the matter?" "I don't tell you; my physician says I'm not to."

1904.

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SUPERIOR LINE For Stoves



We carry the best makes of Stoves and ranges that can be purchased and at reasonable prices too.

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Lachute, P.O.

Choice Confectionery

Can always be had if you go to the right place for it.

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where the largest assortment is found. They are always fresh.

Fruits and Nuts
Always in season.
Bread, Buns, Scones,
Etc., Etc.

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Capital, [Fully paid up] - \$2,000,000
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All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods at highest market prices.

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We buy for Cash and sell cheap for Cash, so we solicit a share of your trade, and will treat you well.

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For prize lists, entry forms and all information, write the secretary.

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

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N. FOREST,

NOTARY.

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World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo.,

April 30, to Dec. 1, 1904.

Playthings of late Queen Victoria, when a child, shown in British Building.

REDUCED FARES,

Until April 30th, 1904.

Colonist Fares from Montreal to

Victoria, Vancouver,	\$48 90
Seattle, Portland,	
Spokane, Roseland,	\$46 40
Nelson, Trail, Robson,	
Anacosta, Butte,	\$45 90
Helena, Salt Lake,	
Colorado Springs,	\$45 50
Denver, Pueblo,	
San Francisco,	\$49 00
Los Angeles,	

For particulars, apply to J. M. Dorion or W. H. Garretsee, Lachute.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

The uniform success of this remedy has made it the most popular preparation in use for bowel complaints. It is everywhere recognized as the one remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant to take. It is especially valuable for summer diarrhoea in children and is undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of a great many children each year. For sale by T. Christie.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1914.

NO. 26

Walsh's Best Flour

If you require a bag of first-class family flour go to McPaul's Flour Store and ask for a bag of Walsh's Imperial Patent. There is money in every bag of Walsh's Flour. Give it a trial.

McPaul's Flour Store, Lachute

Bring in your wool early. We pay 20c. in trade. W. BANFORD.

Boys Suits, all kinds, largest stock between Montreal & Ottawa. W. BANFORD.

Ladies' Skirts, Northways make. Best in Canada at W. BANFORD'S.

Do not forget to come and see my ladies Cravette Coats, Mens Waterproof Coats, Ready Made Suits, which will be sold cheaper than anywhere else. Everything up-to-date, Best of material and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE.

Men's Suits.—Our great variety is what counts for you. All prices. W. BANFORD.

Bring us your eggs. We can't get too many. We pay now 15c. doz. W. BANFORD.

FOR SALE.—Two registered Holstein Bull Calves. Apply to JNO. CRUISE, Lachute Mills.

DON'T YOU WANT—

To have your house look as tasty as possible? If so, then why not get a nice picture. We have a splendid lot of new mouldings of all kinds, and also the pictures which you may select. Call and see me at my residence on Foundry St.

HENRI LAFLEUR.

Lee Quong has come to Lachute and entered partnership with Lee Pang and as our laundry is in good working order we will be glad for you to bring us your work. Our place is one door west of Wm. Berry's, Main St. We make good work and give you satisfaction.

Creating a Stir.—this is what England and America have been doing this week. We have also, and are still creating a stir in all hardware lines, especially in the builders and paint lines. Never in our history have we done such a business. You ask why?—Well we carry only the purest and best at prices which please. Just a word to those of our about-to-be customers and old friends. The markets are showing an advance. Our advice is call in early.

T. McQUAT & SON.

FOR SALE

A corner lot with good buildings, situated in the West Ward, Lachute. Price \$1200.

A lot with buildings, situated on Foundry St., Centre Ward. Price \$400.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms. Apply to

Jas. W. RAITT.
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H. C. McCONNELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.

SURGEON-DENTIST.

Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
NEW (Absent on Tuesday only).

Dr. E. S. STACKHOUSE, Sr.,
Dr. A. W. STACKHOUSE.

SURGEON DENTIST

Office over A. Chénard's store opposite Post Office.

WANTED

Two girls to wait on table and do chamber work etc. in a private boarding house. Good wages and steady employment to good girls. Apply to

WATKINSON COTTAGE.

TENDERS WANTED.

Tenders will be received up to Wednesday July 29th, 1914, for the repairing outside and inside of the Beach Ridge school, also painting inside and outside. Two separate tenders for repairing and painting required. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted, specifications can be seen at my office.

WATKINSON COTTAGE, Manager Beach Ridge School.
Beach Ridge, July 28th, 1914.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. G. H. Perley was in town on Tuesday last.

Miss Nettie Giles is spending a few days at Lake Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McIntyre spent Tuesday last in Calumet.

Mr. Thos. Fessenden of Montreal, spent Sunday in Lachute.

Mrs. Ryckman and son of Toronto, are guests of Mrs. Dr. Alexander.

Hon. W. A. Weir, M.P., will be in town on Saturday next, 30th inst.

Mr. Newton and son of North Nation Mills, spent Thursday in town.

Miss Ida Geegan of Montreal, is home on a short visit to her parents.

Mr. Wm. Edwards of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. Henderson on Sunday last.

Mrs. Ward of New York is home on a short visit to her mother Mrs. Jho. Morell.

Mrs. Paul Jousse and daughter of Vankleek Hill, are guests of Mrs. T. Jousse.

Mrs. P. Harkness of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. Hugh Fraser Sr., for a few days.

Miss Eleanor McNaughton spent a few days this week with friends in Grenville.

Mr. Slogie of Montreal, is spending the week in town visiting his numerous friends.

Miss Hildreth of Montreal is the guest of Miss Maud Raitt for a few days.

Mr. Geo. Hay shipped a car load of very fine horses to the West on Wednesday.

Miss Jean McConnell left on Monday for a short stay with friends in Hamilton.

Mrs. P. R. McGibbon and family left on Thursday for a month's stay at Lake Louisa.

Mr. O. Woods of Vankleek Hill was the guest of Mr. J. McGillivray on Tuesday last.

The Misses Dury and Miss McIver of Montreal were guests of Mrs. J. W. Cottingham this week.

Miss Sarah McGibbon who has been spending several weeks in Vankleek Hill returned home on Friday last.

Mrs. Bordman and family of Vankleek Hill, are in town on a short visit, the guests of Mrs. Jas. McGibbon.

Mrs. Jno. Cooke and daughter of Beech Ridge left on Wednesday to spend a few days with friends in Kenfrew.

The Rev. Ernest and Mrs. Thomas have announced that they will be at home on the 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month.

Mr. J. L. Pablow of Brockville is spending a few days in town in the interests of the McCormick Harvesting Machinery Co.

Mr. Jas. Fish Philipson of New Jersey, paid a visit to his old home in Lachute this week, after an absence of over 15 years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stewart and family of Butte, Montana, arrived in town on Wednesday, and will spend the summer in Brownburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hay left yesterday for a trip out West, going by way of Duluth. They intend taking in the fair at Winnipeg.

Mr. Jno. Hope who is a life member of the Caledonian Society, is in Montreal attending the reception given by the Society to Lord Dunsand.

Mr. Fred and Miss Elliott of Montreal, who have been visiting friends in Lachute and vicinity, returned home on Tuesday after a pleasant visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Dorion of St. Scholastique and Messrs. Lapointe and St. Amelin of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. D. Lapointe the early part of this week.

Mr. E. McDonald, formerly on the Maple Grove farm at Vide Sac, has owing to the illness of his wife returned to this county and taken up the Wm. Shepherd farm at Jerusalem, which he has leased for three years.

We notice in the Supplementary Estimates handed down that the sum of \$1,000 has been voted to a Public Building in Lachute. Speculation is rife as to what form the building will take, Post Office or Town Hall?

Much admiration was expressed by all who had the pleasure of looking upon the Queen's Carriage on night blooming cereus, which only blooms one night in each year and was on view at Mrs. J. Buchanan's home on Wednesday.

The Rev. W. Henderson, pastor of the Valleyfield Methodist Church, was in town on Tuesday last. The Rev. gentleman was a former resident of this county being born in Lakefield and has for the past two weeks been renewing old acquaintances.

The Ottawa Evening Journal says, "A good many people from time to time are seeking the quiet refreshment that Norway Beach Park affords. Among those at the Bay are Mrs. R. McArthur and family of Lachute who are in their own cottage, which is considered one of the prettiest little cottages on the Beach."

The many friends of Mr. R. A. McDonald, of the Castle Brand Tea Co. will be pleased to hear of his return to Lachute, where he expects to remain for some time. When severing his connection with the above company, Mr. McDonald was the recipient of a handsome gold watch from the firm for faithful and attentive service while in their employ.

The tug-of-war team met on Saturday and put in a good practice. There was considerable comment previous to the pull, as to superior men being brought forward, but the pull clearly demonstrated the fact, that the present team were all right, and all they needed was the training, and then we have no fear but what the team will land the cup in Argenteuil on the 13th of August. Lists are circulated and we trust the citizens will liberally respond in creating a fund to remunerate the men who are thus using their energies and losing their valuable time at this season for to maintain the honor of the county.

OBITUARY.

On the 10th inst., at Genoa, there passed quietly away at the ripe age of 80 years, another old landmark of this county in the person of Mr. Jno. Griffith. He had been a resident in Genoa for upwards of 60 years, and during that time had endeared himself to the people by whom he was much respected. The funeral was held on the 12th inst. and was largely attended the service being conducted by the Rev. E. Thomas, pastor of the Methodist Church, Lachute, of which deceased was an esteemed member.

LACHUTE ACADEMY.

JUNE EXAMINATIONS, 1904

Grade III. Model, Miles Walker 93, Amy Hammond 92, Jennie Arthur 91, Katy McGibbon 89, Gordon Drennan 88, Minnie Doig 82, Christina Drennan 76, Edna Marshall 69, Katie Boa 64, Maude Black 63, John McGibbon 62, Florence Gauvey 59, Leila Stewart 58, Annie McArthur 56, Rupert Bradford 50.

Grade II. Model, Mildred Thompson 81, Isabelle Raitt 76, Hugh Kearns 73, Eugénie Jousse 72, Melvin MacGregor 70, Dora Watt 70, May McGibbon 68, Howard Joss 63, Mossman Gall 62, Gordon Marshall 60, Austin Riddell 64, Maggie Scobbie 62, Annie Millar 60, Violet Joss 60, Leith Joss 58, Stanley Raitt 58, Mary Palliser 57, David Boyce 56, Norman Boers 57, Alice Morell 48, Stewart Dewar 47, Linda Graham 46.

Grade I. Academy, Katherine McPhee 93, Katie Stanforth 92, Pearl Pollock 92, Ettie Murdock 91, De la Dewar 91, Nora Delisle 88, Katie McGibbon 78, Jessie Smith 73, Ada Strong 70, Amy Copeland 69, Elsie McIntyre 64, Ruby Fuccheon 67, Clara Banford 65.

Grade II. Academy, Katy Campbell 81, Eva Christie 79, Amy Hyde 77, Elmer Palliser 74, Edna Hammond 64, Irene Caron 63, Edwin Hampton 63, Ivan Fraser 61, Minnie Smith 58, Lillian Boyce 57, Edward Christie 48, Annie Stalker 39, Alice Kennedy 37, Horace Strong absent.

WEDDING BELLS

The marriage of Miss Mary A. Bearton, daughter of Mr. Peter Bearton, of St. Philippe, to Mr. John McMahon, son of the late Daniel McMahon of St. Malachy, took place at St. Philippe Church on Tuesday the 19th inst. The ceremony being performed by the Rev. Father Murphy of Carillon assisted by the Rev. Mr. Montour. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore white silk with veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid, Miss B. Robert, cousin of the bride wore white organdy. Mr. James McMahon, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. McMahon, accompanied by a number of friends, left on the evening train for their future home in St. Malachy where a reception was held. The bride's going away costume was of dark colored cloth with pale blue silk waist and hat to match. The presents were numerous and handsome.

We have on hand — A Large and Well-assorted Stock of

WILLIAMS' PIANOS. EVANS BROS. PIANOS.
DOHERTY ORGANS, SHERLOCK WAINING ORGANS.

New Williams' Sewing Machines, Household Furniture of all description at prices defying all competition. Call and see our . . . stock before purchasing elsewhere . . .

Our Stock of BOOTS & SHOES is complete and selling at reduced prices.

J. A. BEDARD & SON,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

THE ELITE.

The most complete assortment of silk
Waists ever shown by us, Black, White
Red, Blue, Green and Pink, in sizes
from 32 to 42.

New dress skirts of extra value for Ladies' and Misses. Summer waists and
Whitewear at reduced prices.

H. E. BURWASH.

Eyes Examined Free



BY THE MOST...
Up-TO-Date METHODS.

Spectacles prescribed
only when necessary.

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Graduate of the Optical Institute of Canada,
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The
Gentlemen's Outfitter.

SUITINGS in all the nobby patterns of
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HATS.—All the Latest and American
Shapes and sizes.

Took's Shirts, Collars and Ties.

Campbell's Clothing, the highest grade
clothing in Canada.

New Spring Gloves, Underwear, etc.

A. D. KENNEDY, Main St. Lachute

A Novel Experiment

"I don't know what he will say," said Nellie Arkwright, as she looked into her lover's face. "Sometimes I think he will be nice, at others, I fear he will be cross. But he's a dear old dad, and loves me very dearly—so he can't be cross long, can he?"

"Well, darling, I must take my chance of a forcible ejection!" replied Ronald, with a smile. "How many steps are there to your front door?"

Nellie laughed. "You silly boy!" she said merrily. "I can't see my father doing that. He's much too cool. I don't think he could be downright angry if he tried. But he could be terribly stern."

For a moment there was silence. And then Ronald asked abruptly: "What is your father, Nellie? You have never told me his profession."

Nellie Arkwright hesitated. "Dear Ronald," she said at last, "I know you will think it strange, but dad has forbidden me to mention the nature of his profession to anyone. It is an honest one—that I may at least tell you—but there are reasons why he should, as far as possible, hide his identity with the profession he has chosen. When you call to ask him for me, dear, I expect he will tell you all about it himself. But I—I mustn't, until he bids me, even to you!"

She looked intently into Ronald's handsome face. It seemed a strange thing to have to say to one who should have had her every thought. But he understood and reassured her in an instant.

"You don't mind, do you?" she said.

"Not a bit."

He pressed her little ungloved hand with tender warmth. The publicity of a park seat admitted of no better demonstration of his feelings. Presently they rose and moved slowly out of the park and in the direction of Nellie's home. Nearing it, Ronald's face became imbued with a sudden resolve.

"Nellie," he said, "I shall have to speak to your father ere long. Why not to-night?"

Nellie started and flushed as she heard the words.

"Just as you will, dear," she murmured. "Dad's sure to be in."

Turning into a quiet side-street, Nellie led him to the door of her father's house, and, in a few moments later, they were standing in a small, prettily-furnished room where Mr. Arkwright sat.

"Daddy," said Nellie shyly, "this is Mr. Ronald Haldane, and he has come to ask you a question. And—if you say 'Yes' to him, dear father, it—it will make me very happy."

She moved towards the door, but her father stopped her. There was a curious look on his face as he eyed the young man before him with a quick, comprehensive glance. Upon Ronald's face, too, there was an expression of puzzled bewilderment that was slowly resolving itself into one of apprehension. But ere he could voice his request Mr. Richard Arkwright turned to his daughter, and asked coldly:

"Am I to understand that this man has come to me, with your sanction, to ask to give you the dearest treasure I have on earth—to him?"

A strange, frightened look came into Nellie's eyes as she heard her father's words. Something she knew not what—seemed suddenly to threaten her, and she glanced from one to the other in blank amazement. But Ronald, who had by this time partially recovered himself, spared her the trouble of a reply.

"Mr. Arkwright," he said resolutely, though his face was strangely white, "permit me, in your daughter's stead, to answer your question in the affirmative. I came here to ask you frankly for your daughter's hand. My position is adequate to maintain a wife in comfort. It is not quite so high as to afford her the luxuries of a lady. And I think I may be so bold as to affirm that your acceptance of me as a son-in-law will materially add to her own personal happiness."

For a moment Richard Arkwright made no reply. He stood there silently, his hands behind his back, as the man who asked him to deliver his daughter's life and happiness into his hands.

"Do you know who and what I am?" he asked.

Ronald Haldane hesitated.

"I am not sure," he said, a flush rising to his handsome face.

"Then I will tell you," came the quick response. "I am Detective Arkwright of New Scotland Yard. Now, be good, enough to distinctly introduce yourself to me, and to my daughter, and to your new character."

There was a dead silence in the little room. Richard Arkwright's face grew even whiter as he heard the name of the man who stood before him. He knew him well. He knew him as a man who had been arrested seven years ago.

"But—but you were innocent?" murmured the girl brokenly.

"As yourself," was the reply. "But the plea of innocence, in the face of conviction, is one that has no weight with the hard official mind of a detective. Such men are rich in brains, but poor enough in heart."

He spoke bitterly, and Nellie put her small white hand over her mouth.

"Hush!" she whispered. "You misjudge him. I believe you dear Ronald, and when my father knows you better, he will do the same."

forger and sentenced to two years' penal servitude. Does that content you, Mr. Arkwright?"

But the detective's eyes were on his daughter. She stood as if transfixed, gazing into the face of the man she loved. Then, with a quick movement, she went towards him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Ronald," she said shakily, "tell me it's not true—tell me it's not true!"

Ronald never stirred. "I cannot," he said huskily. "It is true. Your father was the man who arrested me seven years ago."

"But—but you were innocent?" murmured the girl brokenly.

"As yourself," was the reply. "But the plea of innocence, in the face of conviction, is one that has no weight with the hard official mind of a detective. Such men are rich in brains, but poor enough in heart."

He spoke bitterly, and Nellie put her small white hand over her mouth.

"Hush!" she whispered. "You misjudge him. I believe you dear Ronald, and when my father knows you better, he will do the same."

She would have said more, but her father interrupted her.

"Nellie," he said peremptorily, "go to your room! I will deal with this gentleman!"

There was mocking taunt in the last word that escaped neither Ronald nor his daughter. For a moment Nellie stood still. Then she lifted her skirt with one white hand, and, with head erect and blazing eyes, turned to go. Ronald sprang to open the door, and she greeted him with a radiant smile.

"Always, always!" she whispered, and swept out of the room.

Ronald closed the door after her, and walked back to the centre of the room.

"Now, then," said Richard Arkwright bluntly, "let us make an end of this business. You have asked me for my daughter. I would rather see her dead than as the wife of a convicted felon. Do you understand me?"

Ronald bowed. The hot blood was surging to his temples, but he kept himself under control.

"Quit!" he said coolly. "But I shall not relinquish my pursuit of this object, Mr. Arkwright. Your daughter is of age and can act for herself, and, if she stands by you for a while, I can wait. And I will wait—five, ten, fifteen, twenty years, if necessary—but I shall not abandon the hope of my life!"

There was a bright light in his dark eyes as they looked fearlessly into the face of the detective. For a moment the latter regarded him in amazement.

"By Heaven," he said at length, "you have your share of effrontery, my man! But you'll grow tired sooner than you anticipate; while, as for my daughter, she has been too well schooled in obedience to act contrary to my commands."

Ronald smiled.

"You may have never heard of the power of love," he said coolly. "Obedience is not one of the first forces in life. Some day you may realize this. And, in the meantime, permit me to wish you good evening."

He bowed stiffly, and going to the door, let himself out. When he was gone, Richard Arkwright sat down again in the chair from which he had risen.

"I could almost have believed him, too!" he said to himself. "The fellow's eyes were as clear and steady as my own. And when he dared me, he seemed a bigger man than I. By Jove! I almost admired him for what I termed his effrontery! I wonder—but that's absurd! A British lady is not a pack of idiots, and the evidence was incontestable. The man's guilty, right enough, and Nellie must forget him as soon as she can."

So he dismissed the subject from his mind. But, though the days sped into weeks, and the weeks into months, Nellie did not forget the man to whom she had given all the wealth of love in her heart.

Her face grew paler, her eyes brighter, and she lost all her former interest in life. The songs that had once been constantly on her red lips were never heard now.

She had received but one letter from Ronald since his interview with her father. In it he told her that he was very busy with his work, to which he was devoting himself with renewed energy. He was an author, writing always under a nom de plume, and his literary genius was rapidly bringing him to the front.

He told her, further, that the dark secret attending his early life had become so insupportable because of the barrier it created between them, that he had resolved to clear up the mystery by hook or by crook.

To this end he was devoting both time and money to the discovery of the real perpetrator of the crime of which he had been accused and for which he had unjustly suffered. By this means only, he said, could he reasonably hope to establish his innocence.

Finally, he would not write again, for his father had forbidden it, and for the present, at least, he would not touch a line of the communications she must receive. But he was, she knew, not the same as ever.

Day after day Nellie Arkwright waited for the letter that would come from her lover. In the place she occupied in the household, she was a being apart. Her father and mother were too busy to notice her, and she was too busy to notice them.

One day, when she was sitting alone, a letter came. It was from Ronald. It was a long letter, and it was full of love. It was the first letter he had written to her since the day he had been arrested.

He told her that he was still in prison, but that he was well. He told her that he was still working on his book, and that he was still waiting for the day when he could clear up the mystery of his life.

all his efforts seemed wholly futile. He was slowly but steadily mounting the golden ladder of Fame, and with his increasing popularity came an increasing danger of his identity being discovered with that other Ronald Haldane who stood, a convicted felon, in the dock of a great court and heard the dread sentence of two years' penal servitude passed upon him.

He had begun life in a large commercial house as a junior clerk. His progress had been rapid, and he had been promoted above the heads of several of his seniors.

Such promotion too gives rise to the bitterest envy, and young Haldane found his own case no exception to the rule. He was shunned and ostracised by his fellow clerks, studiously left out of their conversations and discussions, and made to feel that he was not one of them.

But he paid no heed to the matter, though he felt the slight keenly, deeming it best to live it down with the quiet demeanour of self-respecting manhood.

All too late he learnt to what depths the human heart will sink to grasp the empty bubble we call revenge.

It was Ronald's duty to keep the cheque-book of the firm under lock and key. One day—a day he would never forget—he was summoned into the private office of his employers to find them closeted with a man he did not then know, but whom he knew now as Detective Arkwright.

To his utter amazement, a cheque was held before his eyes and he was asked if he could account for it. It was filled in in his own handwriting, the signature was a forgery, and the cheque had been torn from the book in his charge.

His own handwriting! Yes, it was his, and yet not his, for he had filled in no such cheque.

He could only look from one to the other in helpless amazement. The power of speech seemed momentarily to have forsaken him. And then his books were placed before him, and, to his astonishment, he found falsifications of which he had been wholly unconscious the day before.

He had left the office earlier than some of the rest the previous evening, but this thought never even occurred to him. He was too bewildered to think, and marched like a man in a dream to the district police station, where he was formally charged. And then had come his first hearing, his remand and lastly his trial.

Even he, innocent though he knew himself to be, was staggered by the mass of evidence brought against him, and the sentence had struck him like a blow, to send him reeling down the steps that led from the dock to the vault below.

How he had lived through those two years he did not know. When he once more returned to the great world outside he found his commercial career closed to him for ever.

Then he had sat down one day to write a story, based on his own experiences, and the editor to whom he submitted it wrote to him for more. That was how it had begun.

Genius, dormant so long, was asserting itself now, and Ronald Haldane was a rising man in his profession. But that heavy, dark cloud still hung over his head, and he longed to sweep it away for ever. So he waited, and hoped, and worked to bring it about. But he never did.

Fate, or perchance a higher power than Fate, had destined that this task should fall into the hands of another, and that other the man he least expected.

Richard Arkwright sat at his little study table and glanced for the twentieth time at a long blue foolscap sheet that lay thereon. Presently he went to the door and called his daughter. When she entered the room, he was again in his seat by the table. He looked up as she came in and smiled.

"Nellie," he said, "come and kiss your old father, dear."

She went quickly over to him, and, putting her arms about his neck, kissed him tenderly.

"That's right," he said huskily. "Now, I'm going to ask you a question. Do you know where Ronald Haldane is?"

The girl started, flushed painfully, and stood erect.

"No," she said, with just the least suspicion of hesitancy.

The detective regarded her keenly. "But you could find him—eh?" he asked with a twinkle.

Nellie's color had left her now and she was very white.

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "Why, father?"

"Because I want him."

"You want him?" She gasped rather than spoke the words.

"Yes, I want him. I'd rather you went than I. Take a hansom at the corner and see if you can find him, and if so, bring him back with you—that is," he added smiling. "If he wants to come, of course."

"Oh, daddy!" But her father motioned her away, and she sped upstairs like a bird suddenly freed from long imprisonment.

Richard Arkwright got up from his chair and began rapidly pacing the floor of the room. In less than an hour he heard the stopping of a hansom outside, and a moment later his daughter Nellie and Ronald Haldane were in the room. Richard Arkwright held out his hand. Ronald accepted.

"Do you still regard it as the hand of a criminal?" he asked.

stood silent for some time. Then Ronald, who had been closely studying the face of the old detective, asked suddenly:

"Mr. Arkwright, surely you have not discovered anything bearing on my case?"

"Did you know anyone by the name of George Thorold?" he asked. Ronald started.

"Yes," he said eagerly. "He was a fellow clerk of mine. He never liked me, and, truth to tell, I returned the compliment."

"Just so," said the detective. "Well, for the past three weeks I have been hunting down a man who has committed some of the most clever and daring forgeries of the century. Two days ago I captured him, and his name is George Thorold."

He paused and looked kindly at the young man before him.

"Yesterday," he went on, "the magistrates granted a remand, and he was conveyed to prison. In the afternoon he asked to be permitted to write a statement, and pen, ink, and paper were accordingly taken to his cell. He was all right when the warders looked in last night, but this morning he was found in a dying condition, owing to a dose of poison which, in spite of the vigilance of the prison authorities, he had contrived to retain on his person."

"The sheet of paper was covered with writing, and the confession it contains not only bears upon the present case, but also completely clears you, Ronald Haldane, of the dishonor and shame which have been yours for eight long years. The man was not dead, and the statement was read over to him in the presence of witnesses, who afterwards affixed their signatures to the document. You can read it for yourself."

He held the paper out to Ronald, who took it dazedly and read it through.

"Thank God it has come at last!" he exclaimed fervently.

"And now," said the detective, "I have to ask your pardon for my treatment of you a year ago. An old man like I am should have learnt enough of this world's doings to know that even the smartest of men cannot judge by appearances. I have done you a wrong, and it is now my duty to make atonement for that wrong. I trust you will be amply satisfied with that atonement."

Without another word he left the room, closing the door softly behind him. For a moment Ronald and Nellie stood facing each other. Then Nellie dropped her eyes demurely.

"I suppose, I am the atonement," she said.

And Ronald supposed so, too. Or at least, he acted as though he did. —Pearson's Weekly.

HOW WE HEAR.

Some Curious Facts About Waves of Sound.

Have you noticed how the sound of a bell suddenly changes as a cyclist swiftly passes? There is a sudden drop in the pitch of the sound immediately the machine has gone by. A bell, when sounding, causes the formation of pulses, or waves, in the air, which, though invisible to the eye, have yet been photographed. These waves are not at all small, those produced by a shrill bell being about a foot in length.

They are quite easy to measure, and a very great deal is known about them. Those who have noticed the drop in pitch of a locomotive whistle when an express train flies through a station will have a clear idea as to the actual change in the note.

Waves produced by whistles or bells, or any musical instrument, rush through the air at a rate of about 700 miles per hour, and, in spite of this great speed, fall gently on the ear. The pitch of the note heard is described by the number of waves which reach the ear per second.

Some curious results might arise from this kind of phenomenon. Suppose a band to be playing and a person hastening away from it at the rate of 700 miles per hour, then with the note he hears as he starts ringing in his ears, he flies on, and hears no more so long as he keeps up his pace. Should he move towards the band at this rate, every note immediately rises one octave; while, if his rate becomes 1,500 miles per hour, he overtakes the waves, the band has already sent in the opposite direction, and then hears the tune backwards.

A DIFFERENT PROPOSITION.

"Mother (noticing cut on young Tom's face)—"Tommy, didn't I tell you not to fight any more?"

Tommy—"I haven't been fighting, ma."

Mother—"But somebody struck you."

Tommy—"No, ma, I wasn't fighting at all. It was an accident."

Mother—"An accident?"

Tommy—"Yes, ma, I was sitting on Johnny Ginger, and I forgot to hold his feet."

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

"My son," said the parson to a small boy who was digging, "don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday except in case of necessity?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youngster.

"Then why don't you stop it?" asked the good man.

"Cause this is a case of necessity," replied the young philosopher; "a father can't fish without bait."

INDIA'S CIVIL SERVICE

HIGH SALARIES ARE PAID TO THE RULERS.

British Officials in the East Are Chosen With Care.

The civil service of India and other British provinces in the East is a matter of national pride, and no one can study its records and its methods without admitting its success and superiority to the ordinary official administration of other Governments.

The reason for the character and efficiency of the official staff in Egypt, India, Burma, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the Malay Federation, Hong Kong and other British provinces in the East is easily found. The Government gets good men because it offers suitable inducements, permanent positions at large salaries, rapid promotion for merit, with liberal leaves of absence and pensions upon retirement at the termination of certain periods of service.

Lieutenant-Governors in India receive \$38,800 a year, and secretaries or heads of bureaus in the Provinces are paid \$12,500. Members of the Boards of Revenue in India receive \$15,000 a year. All magistrates of the first-class throughout the Empire are paid \$10,000 a year, which is the minimum of the Judiciary. District and session judges receive from that amount to \$15,000 a year, according to their length of service and importance of the circuit.

OVER WHICH THEY PRESIDE.

In Burma, where official responsibilities and duties are as light as in any other country of the world, and where the population is only 7,602,560, the Governor receives \$38,000 a year, the chief secretary \$12,500, four under secretaries \$8,000 a year each, the finance officer or treasurer \$14,500, disbursing officer \$11,500, commissioners, who are local executives in charge of districts, \$12,500 each, and a commissioner of Agriculture \$11,500.

All of the gentlemen now occupying these positions and drawing these salaries, excepting the judges, began at the bottom of the ladder. They entered the public service in the Indian colonies before they were 25 years old after passing two examinations, the second occurring after one year of probation, in which their administrative qualities and adaptability had been fairly tested, and the record they made during that first year counted so many numbers in their total standing. They have been compelled to submit to similar examinations at every promotion since, and have worked their way up by merit without political influence, although, as is always the case, the personal equation entered into every calculation.

A good many weak ones drop out by the wayside. The civil service in the East Indies is a survival of the fittest; and you may be sure that a man who survives all of the tests and conditions incident to advancement is made of good stuff. At the same time, when he enters the service he knows that nobody but a better man can get ahead of him; he is sure that he

WILL NOT BE DISPLACED

by the favorite of some member of Parliament, and that every time a vacancy occurs he stands an equal chance of promotion with everybody else of his rank. He knows, too, that his employment is permanent upon good behavior, and, that, after twenty-four years of service, he will be entitled to a pension if he desires to retire. These pensions vary from \$360 to \$1,080 a year, according to the rank of the official, and they have the privilege of commuting them, and receiving a stated amount of cash, which is calculated by an actuary on the same basis as is a life insurance premium. But, if a pensioner accepts any other office or receives any other emolument from the Government the amount of his pension must be deducted.

The British Government gives pensions to both its civil and military officers upon retirement for age or disability, but requires both to provide for their wives and children after death by a form of compulsory insurance. The details may be found at length in the army regulations. Similar regulations prevail in all the European countries. Every officer who enters the military service, if he be married, must, as a condition of his appointment, pay into the treasury a stated sum for his wife and for each of his children. This sum varies according to his age and is based upon the same risks as life insurance premiums. Every time he is promoted and upon the birth of every child his premium, or "contribution," as it is called, is increased and each officer, both married or unmarried, must submit to a monthly deduction from his pay for insurance purposes.

Rector's Wife (to villager)—"Well, Tompkins, I hope you like the new curate."

Tompkins—"Yes, ma'am, thank you, we like him very well (pause)—but I don't think he's as fluent as we had a right to expect, seeing as his father was a hawthorn-er."

"I don't want to be too easily won," she said. "Naturally," he conceded. "So, if I say 'No' now," she went on anxiously, "you won't get cross about it and never ask me again, will you?"

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont.)

In consequence of her urgent representations and calls for speedy vengeance, a meeting of the offended parties and their sympathizers was convened forthwith, and held at Mrs. Forrester's residence on the first non-hunting day. The meeting was crowded to excess, and so far as numerical numbers went, proved a decided success, the only absentee of any importance being Miss Palliser, who pleaded a bad cold which detained her in bed as an excuse. Her non-appearance, however, was but a little commented upon, for after the unladylike jealousy displayed during the race, she had fallen into even greater disfavor than usual. Colonel Clinker who in any emergency was invariably regarded as the man to come to the front, was of course present, as also were Messrs. Grahame, McGrath, Captain Fuller, Kate Brewster, Mary Whitbread, Mrs. Paget, and Lady Anne Birkett, who apologized for her father's absence owing to a press of county business. There was a great deal of whispering going on in quiet corners, and subdued expressions of the most varied opinions. Mrs. Forrester waited, however, until all her guests had assembled before formally commencing the proceedings of the afternoon. When the last carriage had disburdened itself of its occupants, she rose from her seat, and with an unusual amount of solemnity addressed the company in her grave guttural voice.

"I regret to say," she said, "that we are here to-day for no pleasant purpose. A most offensive publication has appeared in the paper, as all of you already know. We ladies have been laughed at, insulted, and derided, in a manner which it is impossible to forget. I do not know if you all agree with me in thinking that the author should be rendered responsible for what he has written, and, personally, nothing short of an ample apology could in any degree atone for the mischief he has done us. He has publicly insulted us, and therefore in my opinion ought to be made to publicly withdraw the offending statements that have exasperated so many of those present. These are my sentiments, but I shall feel much obliged if you will discuss the matter openly, and bring forward any fresh views calculated to throw light upon the affair, or which can regulate our future proceedings."

On saying Mrs. Forrester looked around with a hawk-like expression which seemed to challenge argument and in its discussion.

"You are quite right," said Colonel Clinker, who had warmly approved the lady's speech from first to last. "Something must be done, and the sooner the better. We can't allow such insinuations to be levelled against us without refuting them with the scorn they deserve. Either collectively or individually, as may be decided best, we must set to work and take steps to find out and punish the offending party. If this sort of thing is allowed to go on we shall never have any peace, and every harmless little frolic becomes magnified and distorted into a national sin. It's utterly preposterous."

Jack Clinker delivered himself of the above sentiments with a warmth and a decision which impressed his hearers not a little. In substance they were but a repetition of Mrs. Forrester's, but observations made by a popular and good-looking young man, among an audience in which the female element largely predominates, are apt to be received with a favor often wholly disproportionate to the talent they display, frank blue eyes, and well-cut features, go a long way towards convincing them of a masculine speaker's power of oratory. All the young ladies plucked their feathers and nodded their heads in token of assent and approval. Nevertheless they refrained from making any original suggestions. Everybody seemed as thoroughly persuaded of the truth of Colonel Clinker's concluding remark, that further comment appeared almost superfluous. "The thing was utterly preposterous," what could possibly be more forcibly and tersely put?

"That's exactly what my father says," said Lady Anne, after a slight pause. "He says that if newspaper editors are to be allowed to behave in such a manner, all liberty of action and freedom will become annihilated. In fact, to tell the truth, it is long since I have seen my father so angry as he is now after all we can only regard as a vulgar trifle."

And Lady Anne as she uttered the concluding words drew herself up with a dignity by which few would have given her credit. But in spite of her grandeur and retiring manner, there were those who could not be so easily deceived, and who, however, as it seemed to result, how the like kind of the horse-racing was to be continued with that, on the other side, of the happy De Chastelain, and then Lady Anne, in spite of her usual reserved countenance, and when she looked away back at a moment.

"It does not necessarily follow, because a trifle is petty and vulgar, that it loses power to irritate," remarked Captain Fuller, who had hitherto refrained from speaking, but who now joined in the fray with a quick decision that seemed to indicate superior elevation to the public feeling.

"Of course not," assented Lady Anne readily. "I did not mean to convey the idea that we were not wounded by this article, but only that we ought not to be—two entirely different things. Practice and theories, however excellent each may be in their way, are often at variance, and as I said before, my father is more annoyed by this business than I believe he would be were he to hear to-morrow a change of Government was imminent, or the country on the eve of a fresh election. Why, do you know, he actually goes so far as to talk of instituting an action for libel against this mysterious unknown, or falling him, against Mr. Quilgry. I would not be in poor Mr. Quilgry's shoes for something, I know that. I wonder if he already begins to quake?"

"I'm almost afraid," interrupted Colonel Clinker, "that the Earl would hardly be able to show sufficient just cause of complaint to make out a clear case. It is always difficult to bring matters home to the offending party; and although in our minds there can exist but little doubt as to who the designated parties are, I fail to see exactly how they themselves can bring the affair to any profitable issue."

"Why, Jack! you talk like a Q-C," said Mrs. Forrester, banteringly. "Where and when did you contrive to pick up this vast amount of information?"

"Ah! if you had had as much to do with lawyers in your time as I had in mine, perhaps you also might have amassed a small smattering of legal knowledge, and learnt than an action for libel is a thing not lightly to be entered upon, even although backed by the Earl of Huntingshire. I predict that in giving still greater publicity to the affair we are unlikely to meet with satisfaction. The answer we should receive would probably be this, or something very like it: 'Foolish people! You choose to feel aggrieved because the cap happens to fit. How can you hold others responsible for such a result? No harm was intended, general expressions employed, etc., etc., etc.' Don't you understand how artfully the argument might be extended? No, Lady Anne, with all due respect for your father's opinion, we must not have recourse to litigation, but," and his voice assumed a tone of stern determination, "if we can only catch the delinquent before many days have passed, then we will take the law into our own hands, and make the wretch smart if we can."

"Bedad, Jack! I agree with you altogether," said Mr. McGrath with considerable warmth, "but what do you say, Miss Brewster?" turning to Kate.

"So far you have expressed no opinion."

"I say," returned the girl angrily, "that if anyone believes I have taken an unfair advantage over my neighbors, I am quite willing to return the cup which the Earl presented me with. It would afford me no pleasure whatever to keep an article which I had not honestly won."

"Don't think of parting with the prize, my dear," broke in Mrs. Forrester good-naturedly. "You beat us all fair and square, and whoever says to the contrary speaks an untruth. King Olaf had everything settled at least half a mile from home."

"Thank you, Mrs. Forrester," said Kate, with a hearty glance at the old lady. "Such an assertion gives me much heart. I wish, however, to say a few words to those here present about the 'unfair advantage' before alluded to. I believe every one is aware that owing to my fall I was unable to ride my horse myself, besides being utterly ignorant of all matters connected with racing, and that Colonel Clinker," her face grew rosy as she uttered his name, most kindly and good-naturedly came to my assistance. Being under the impression an special rule had been laid down with reference to the ladies' seats, and also that owners were at liberty to prepare their horses in any way they might deem best, I gladly availed myself of his proffered services, little dreaming that by doing so I was laying myself open to a horrible charge. That Colonel Clinker's aid proved an insupportable advantage, I freely admit, but that in availing myself of it I was guilty of any act of intentional unfairness I deny altogether. I can't help feeling, however, that such a statement ought never to have been made public unless the person who advanced it is prepared to come forward and substantiate the truth of his cruel assertion. That, at least, I think I have a right to demand."

The room quietly, but clearly and decidedly, as she usually did when greatly in earnest. She possessed in a large degree that rare gift of truthfulness which makes itself felt, and forces conviction on an audience, however unsympathetic at the outset. Here, however, but few were found to disagree, seeing they were all gathered together with one purpose.

"I wonder," said Lady Anne, who had listened attentively to each speaker in turn, "whether the writer of this article was a man or a woman?"

The question created an immediate diversion. Somehow the idea of a woman being mixed up in the business did not appear to have entered the heads of many of the company, and the mere suggestion provoked a lively discussion.

"I never even gave the matter a thought," said the Hon. Mr. Jack vivaciously. "Of course it's a man, and a common man into the bargain. No lady would be capable of so mean an action."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked Captain Fuller quietly.

"Positive, or at least as certain as one can be of anything in this world."

"Ah! I'm glad you put in a saving clause, for I've known women do very queer things before now—kick over the traces and run anything but kindly, especially when once their jealousy was fully aroused."

"Do you mean to tell me seriously," said Mrs. Forrester, "that you believe the culprit to belong to our own sex?"

"I make no assertions one way or the other, although personally I entertain a very strong suspicion that a daughter of Eve soiled her fair fingers in the concoction of this very pretty pie."

"Now what on earth makes you think so? Do you imagine that any woman, no matter how lowly her position in life, would willingly expose the sex of which she forms a part to such sweeping abuse and ridicule? The thing appears simply preposterous, and, bad as we may be, and many of us are, we are not quite so bad as all that. If any distinct object were gained by such invective one might possibly understand it, but there is none—can be none to my mind."

"And in so fancying, Mrs. Forrester," said Captain Fuller coolly, "you for once fail to display your usual perspicuity. Now I can imagine a very distinct and conceivable object."

"Really! Well, I admit you puzzle me altogether. Go on."

"I must put the case more clearly. Suppose, then, a certain lady to be actuated by feelings of the acutest jealousy; suppose that she had been outshone by a younger and prettier rival; suppose all her worst passions were aroused, and a thirst for vengeance, at whatever cost, had overtaken her, can you not conceive that such a lady would not easily be deterred by conventionalities?"

"But even then," objected Mrs. Forrester, "she would hardly satirize her own sex indiscriminately. She would content herself with the abuse of the one particular person."

"And by so doing show her cards to all the world! No, no, Mrs. Forrester, a revengeful woman is cleverer than you give her credit for being, and one who is both crafty and malicious into the bargain, so long as she imagines discovery impossible or improbable, will not stop short at anything. The very abuse of which you complain is, in my eyes, nothing but a blind to throw you all off the right scent, and thus lessen any risk of detection. If, as I suppose, the writer be a woman, don't you see that the more she inveighs against her own sex, ralls and scoffs at it, the less likely is she to be classed as belonging to it? There is method, even reason, in her spite, which, to my mind, renders the whole thing exceedingly simple."

"There is something in what you say," mused Mrs. Forrester, shaken, though still not wholly convinced, by the other's reasoning.

"Enough, perhaps," continued Captain Fuller attentively, "to give you a pretty strong clue, if followed up in the right direction."

"And what do you call the 'right direction,' pray?"

"Your own powers of astuteness will probably lead you to discover it, Mrs. Forrester, without any aid from a disinterested party like myself."

"That's mean!" retorted she testily. "Why can't you tell me straight out if it's a man what you know, instead of giving vent to mysterious hints?"

"Just supposing I know nothing?"

"Never mind about that. You suspect somebody, I can see."

"Well, and if I do I have at least sufficient wisdom to keep such suspicions to myself until they prove correct."

"You are a regular Solomon!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrester with a species of reluctant admiration, for Captain Fuller's terse logic, although it impressed, did not please her altogether.

It was not agreeable thinking that the gentleman was behind the scenes, and not only knew more than he chose to impart, but also more than she did. Such a state of things was one which gave birth to grave dissatisfaction, and exasperated her extremely.

"I lay claim to no such exalted pretensions," returned the Captain with mock humility, "although I flatter myself I can see through a stone wall as clearly as most people. Still that's not saying much."

"And you refuse to help me?" persisted Mrs. Forrester, returning to the charge.

"How could I refuse? I merely

profess my inability to discover a mystery which puzzles you all. Why should I be supposed to possess superior information?"

"You are tantalizing to a degree," retorted Mrs. Forrester. "For either you are a perfect impostor, or else you take a delight in keeping us in the dark. However, I for one won't be kept in the dark. I shall not rest till I elucidate this matter, and find out who the author or authoress of the offensive article was. And when I make up my mind I generally succeed in the long run. I firmly believe in the power of volition; therefore," with a highly expressive shrug of the shoulders, "if you won't help me, why, I must help myself, that's all."

"And what do you intend doing?"

"Going straight to the editor and demanding an explanation. I shall call at Mr. Quilgry's office to-morrow morning and insist upon his revealing who his objectionable correspondent is."

"If you do that you will prove yourself even cleverer than I imagined. But you won't get old Quilgry to give up any business secrets in a hurry. He's far too knowing and too wide awake for that."

"We shall see," said Mrs. Forrester prophetically. "There's no knowing what can be done till one tries, and I mean to have a real good try, any way."

"Poor Quilgry!" murmured Captain Fuller compassionately, but luckily the lady did not overhear this expression of pity.

"Quilgry," continued she, "is like the rest of the sex, approachable in three ways—through his palate, through his vanity, through his self-interest. The first I shall have no opportunity of attacking, but the two last are sufficient in themselves to insure success when properly tutored. Sometimes vanity predominates over self-interest, sometimes self-interest over vanity; but a woman with her wits about her can generally effect a masterly stroke of policy by ringing the changes on first one, then the other. My acquaintance with Mr. Quilgry has hitherto been confined to a few brief notes passing between us and an occasional visit, so that I have never ascertained which of these three masculine foibles absorbs the larger share of his composition, but I shall soon discover and use the knowledge to my own advantage and to my own ends. If, by hook or by crook, I do not succeed in overcoming Mr. Quilgry's objections I shall fall immeasurably in my own estimation, and have entirely to remodel my opinions on men, and the wheels within wheels by which they are influenced."

"Well, Mrs. Forrester," said Captain Fuller, "if you succeed, I, on my part, shall believe more implicitly than ever in the power of woman."

And then one by one her guests departed, until Mrs. Forrester remained alone.

"What a sly fox that Fuller is, to be sure!" she mused. "I bet ten shillings he knows exactly who has written this article. But when he talks of a woman who on earth can he mean? The paragraph is not devoid of a certain coarse talent, but for once I confess myself thoroughly beaten. However, we shall see what to-morrow brings forth!"

And the old lady, like a bloodhound on the trail, kept twisting and turning about each possibility in her mind, trying to make out a furious scent which should lead straight to the desired object; but although she lay awake a goodly portion of the night, she failed to unravel the mystery.

(To be continued.)

WARIVITCH.

I.
The Russian, way out Eastvitch,
He wears a sealskin capski,
His pants are lined with woolvitch,
His socks are pure burlapski.

II.
But he's a foxy gyvitch,
An all-round diplomatski,
He wins the other gyvitch,
He knoweth where he's atski.

III.
He wants to be the starvitch—
The chorus and stage-bandski.
He wants to run the showvitch,
And also lead the bandski.

IV.
The Jap in his chestvitch;
He's always standing pateki,
There's trouble in the alrsvitch
When he gets at the batski.

V.
The Russian ought to knowvitch—
It's never safe or wiseki
To judge of anythingvitch
Just merely by its sizeki.

VI.
But he will learn this soonvitch;
The Jap will hit in him knockski,
His baskaki now if upvitch—
He'll give the Russian soxaki.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Mrs. Stamford Hill—I hear you are trying joint horsekeeping with the Lovejoys. How does it work, dear?

Mrs. Mincing Lane—Oh, splendidly! We never have the slightest disagreement.

Mrs. Stamford Hill—Ah, the Lovejoys are so sweet and amiable. I'm sure they would put up with anything rather than quarrel!

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

It is proposed to provide an electric brougham for the Lord Mayor of Liverpool in place of the present horsed carriage.

To take the place of the carbine the new short army rifle has been supplied to the three Household Cavalry regiments.

Sir Henry Irving has sent a contribution of ten guineas to the Hector Macdonald National Memorial Fund. The fund now reaches £2,000.

A Bristol clergyman, the Rev. H. R. Wilkins, has expressed himself in favor of Sunday football if it does not cause people to neglect public worship.

Applications for separation orders are becoming so frequent in Great Yarmouth that a magistrate declared that they would soon exceed the number of marriages.

Time registering machines, introduced in the place of time-boards, were the cause of 300 men and boys going on strike from the boiler shops of Palmer's shipyard, Jarrow.

For his liberality towards the Roman Catholic cause, Mr. Richard Holden, a brewer of Blackburn, has had conferred upon him by the Pope the Knighthood of St. Gregory.

A doctor who appeared in the Southwark County Court said he had squandered a fortune of £2,000 in a few months, and was now keeping himself and his four children on 1s. 6d. a day.

Mr. Frederick George Dexter, who for the past fourteen years had been manager of the Winchester Gas Company, has committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver.

"Wife's hanged herself," was the laconic announcement made by Albert Kirk, living a Batley, to a neighbor. He then went away, jumped into the canal at Shipley, and was drowned.

"I am afraid, I shall not go to work to-day," said a Wilverhampton collier to his wife. "She said he had better go. He went, and during the day a fall of rock occurred and he was killed."

According to a decision given by the County Court judge at Newark, a boy's life is twice as valuable as a girl's from the legal standpoint, and the damages in the action were assessed accordingly.

Great Britain and France have, according to the *Matin*, declined to assent to the terms of an international convention against Anarchists, submitted by Russia and approved by several European powers.

By an outbreak of fire on the borders of Ashdown Forest a large tract of picturesque country between Tonbridge Wells and Groomborough was sadly marred, and gorse, heather and a considerable number of pine trees destroyed.

Mr. Francome, head-master of Redcliffe School, Bristol, has received from one of his boys a cane, ornamented with a bouquet of flowers, and a card on it stating: "In thankful remembrance of many just punishments received."

Arrangements have been made by the Warwickshire Farmers' Association to convey milk to Birmingham by motor instead of by rail, a start being made from Meriden Cross, the spot which is supposed to mark the centre of England.

The vicar of Whaplode, in his parish magazine, asks the residents to note that he cannot approve of lamp-posts being used to decorate graves. Even earthenware wreaths in glass cases are not approved of, and these, when broken, will be removed.

A Grimby girl, who was to have been married shortly, was waiting on the pier for the return of her lover, a fisherman. The vessel arrived with flag half-mast. It then transpired that the young man—John Lyons, a native of Chatham—had been washed overboard and drowned.

DIRECT EVIDENCE.

The lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness and said: "Now we want to hear just what you know, not what some one else knows, or what you think, or anything of that kind, but what you know. Do you understand?"

"Well, I know," said the witness, with emphasis, as he lifted one limber leg and laid it across the other. "I know that Clay Grubb said that Bill Thomson told him that he heard John Thomas's wife tell 'id Shurford's gal that her husband was there when the fight tuk place,' and that he said that they slug each other round in the bush, a right considy'able."

ENGLAND'S LARGEST HOUSE.

It's proud position is generally accorded to Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire seat, Wentworth Woodhouse. Of this house it is said that the three principal entrances are so far distant from each other that visitors are advised to bring three hats with them, one to be kept at each point of access. A house which is 600 feet long, has a hall in which the average suburban villas could be comfortably placed, and boasts a for every two days of the year, is certainly large enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, JULY, 29, 1904.

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. QUEB.

DUNDONALDS FAREWELL

Forty thousand people turned out to say good-bye to Lord Dundonald on Tuesday night when he left Ottawa for England, obedient to the request of the War Office there to make defence of his course in Canada. From Crichton Lodge, the General's residence, Rockcliffe Park, to the Central Station, a distance of nearly two miles, the road was lined by thousands who expressed in unstudied way their sympathy with the gallant Scottish officer who led the relieving force into Ladysmith. It was a continuous cheer now swelling into tumultuous, throat breaking tones and subsiding only to be followed by another and fuller cheer. Thousands thronged his carriage and insisted upon grasping the Earl's hand and he spared not himself to gratify the popular desire. As the procession reached the city proper, sturdy veterans detached the horses from his carriage, fastened ropes and drew His Lordship through the streets to the depot. Again and again did the thronging thousands delay the progress of the Earl's carriage. At the corner of Sussex and Rideau Streets Lord Dundonald, acknowledging the tribute of the people, urged them to "keep both hands on the Union Jack," a sentiment which thrilled the populace who as one man made answer with cheers. The depot reached, it took some fifteen minutes for the General to get through the throng to his special car and shortly before nine o'clock the train pulled out amidst the strains of music and the acclaim of tens of thousands of the citizens of Ottawa and the surrounding towns and country.

This gathering, unprecedented in the history of Ottawa, was the answer of patriots to the Government's treatment of Lord Dundonald. They realize that it was for the country's sake that, taking his official life in his hand, he dared to denounce the policy of politicalizing the militia of Canada and held up Hon Sydney Fisher to public reprobation for his interference in the establishment of the Thirteenth Scottish Light Horse. They could not forgive the harsh methods of the men in power in dealing with the issue and dismissing the General from the command of the militia in Canada, and the insulting attitude of the Liberal Press towards the distinguished officer. It was only last Friday night that the Government organ in Ottawa, the Free Press, published a two column article on its first page in

which it contemptuously referred to Lord Dundonald as a "disgraced official" and charged him and members of the committee of arrangements with promoting racial and religious animosities. It even was rank enough to declare that no Canadian or true Liberal would take part in the farewell demonstration. The band of the Governor-General's Foot Guards had been engaged to play on the occasion, but yielding to private threats, that to play would cost the bandsmen in the Government service their situations the band cancelled its contract and refused to play. Against such tactics the people protested.

The meeting in Massey Hall Toronto, when thousands were unable to secure admission to the building, and Tuesday evening's outpourings of tens of thousands in Ottawa to do honor to the "disgraced official" show all too plainly where the heart of the people is and the ministers on the Hill might have read the writing on the wall which foretells the rejection of the liberal party which has proved so false to its platform and principles.

CUSHING.

Rev. G. Schagel was in this vicinity last week.

Miss Grace Weir spent last week with friends in Montreal.

Mr. H. Morrison of Hawkebury was the guest of his uncle Mr. Geo. Nicholls on Sunday.

The Women's Missionary Auxiliary met on Wednesday last at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Cushing.

Miss Jessie Innes of Stonefield and Miss Ethel Watson of Cushing spent a few pleasant days last week with Mrs. Frank Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Keatley of Montreal were visiting the latter parents Mr. and Mrs. James Watson on Saturday and Sunday.

Needless to say the coming tug-of-war contest between the teams of Argenteuil and Glengarry is exciting a great deal of interest among our sports in this section of the county.

Two young gentlemen gave their friends somewhat of a scare one evening this week by going off on a fishing excursion when they were supposed to be bathing in the river. When their usual hour for putting an appearance had long since passed, serious thoughts began to be entertained of having the river searched, when our two sportsmen turned up safe and sound each with a nice little string of fish.

MOUNT MAPLE.

The farmers are very busy making hay while the sun shines, the quantity and quality are both satisfactory.

The Misses McAllister of Riolo Island, have been spending the month with their sister Mrs. John Clark.

Miss K. Hildreth who has been a guest at Dufferin Cottage for the last two months, returned to her home in Montreal.

Miss Tillie Marshall of Montreal, spent last week with friends here.

Miss Maggie Stewart returned from Montreal last week and is now the guest of her parents.

Mr. Thomas of Montreal, is spending a couple of weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stewart.

A few nights ago a shy old fox anticipating Mr. Mason's Christmas dinner, entered his poultry yard and carried off three old turkeys and quite a number of young ones.

STONEFIELD HEIGHTS.

Haying season keeps our farmers in the fields till late in the evening.

Miss Violet Dacey spent her holidays very pleasantly with Miss Bella McMeekin.

We are pleased to say Mr. N. Gowing is able to be out again after his recent illness.

Miss Violet Dawson of Island Brook, who has been the guest of her uncle Mr. E. Dawson, left on Saturday to visit friends in Mills Isle and Morin.

Mrs. R. C. Brown was the guest of her mother Mrs. Hartley a few days last week. Mrs. J. Canning of Daleau, Man., is home on a visit to her mother Mrs. Horner who is very ill.

Mrs. Lunan of Montreal and her daughter Miss Ethel, were guests at "the place" for a few days last week.

Miss E. Canning is spending the summer months with her parents at "track cottage."

Three young ladies from Cushing passed through our little village en route for the blue-berry mountain.

Mr. A. Watson and family of Hawkebury were the guests of Mrs. Morau on Sunday.

T. Christie will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

ILLUMINATED TEXTS.

A little girl four years of age
Was pleased to view the sacred page
And hear the Scriptures read:
When in the class she took her seat
She would the "golden text" repeat
And this one first she said:—

"Bear ye each other's burdens still,
And thus the law of Him fulfil
Who is your King and Lord;"
The fulness of His grace receive
And all His burdened ones relieve
According to His word.

And when the days of sickness came
She loved to hear of His dear name
Who little children blest.
This was the text she loved to read:—
"All ye who labor, come to Me
And I will give you rest."

Upon these words she fixed her eye
And felt quite sure that He was nigh
Who answers earnest prayers:
And by the path which he saw best
He led her into perfect rest
And she enjoys it there.

T. WATSON.

Dalesville, Que., July 1904.

Too Great a Risk.

In almost every neighborhood someone has died from an attack of colic or cholera morbus, often before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. A reliable remedy for these diseases should be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has undoubtedly saved the lives of more people and relieved more pain and suffering than any other medicine in use. It can always be depended upon. For sale by T. Christie, Lachute.

LOUISA.

Rev. H. Chartiers conducted service in St. Aiden's Church on Sunday.

Mr. Wm. Abbott of Montreal visited his family who are staying at Maple Grove Cottage over Sunday.

Mrs. F. Cowan of Lachute is spending a few weeks the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. R. Boyd.

Mr. H. Watson visited Mr. Geo. Robinson on Sunday.

Mr. Fred McCoy returned to Montreal on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Morrow of Dalesville was in Louisa on Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Banford of Lachute has joined her family at their summer cottage here.

Mr. Jack O'Brien of McPaul & Bros. Lumber Co. Brownburg was the welcome guest of Mr. Frank Watchorn on Sunday.

Miss Jessie Robinson is recovering from her recent illness.

Miss Edith Rodgers of Montreal is the guest of Miss Clara Banford.

Messrs. R. J. J. Seale, of Louisa, and F. McCoy of Montreal, was the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Morrow on Sunday evening.

A few of our young people attended an informal party at "Apple Tree Mansion" given by Mr. C. M. and Miss L. Matthus on Tuesday evening and a very enjoyable time was spent.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*



James E. Nicholson.

Almost

Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP,
AND IS CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

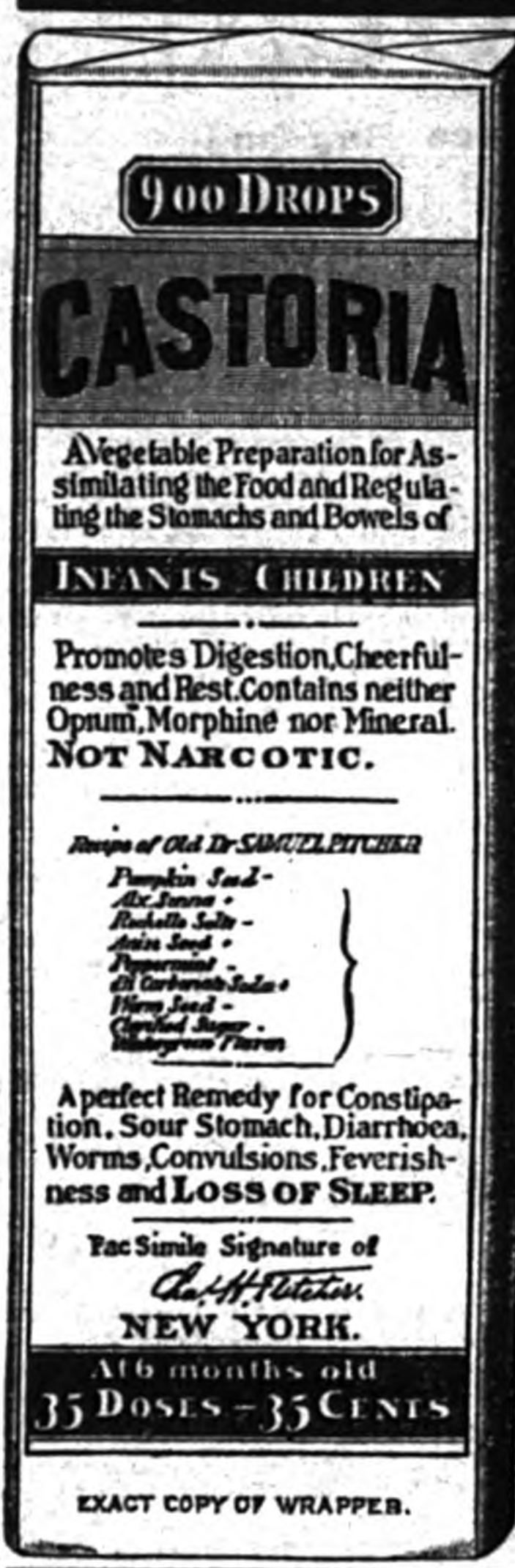
spread to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.
AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

CANADA.
Province of Quebec } No. 533
District of Terrebonne }

Mrs. Mary Williams, of the city and district of Montreal, widow of the late Patrick McKewen, in his lifetime, farmer of the Parish of St. Columban in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff,

vs.
John Williams, son of James, heretofore farmer of the parish of St. Columban, said district, and now absent in the United States, in places unknown, Defendant.

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

Ste. Eucharistique, May 20th, 1904.

GRIGNON & FORTIER, C.C.C.

J. A. C. ETHIER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Canada
Province of Quebec }
District of Terrebonne }

JOSEPH BOISSEAU, Clerk of the Circuit Court, in and for the county of Terrebonne, residing in the town of St. Jerome, in the district of Terrebonne, Plaintiff,

vs.
George Williams of the U.S. of America et al Defendant.

Defendant George Williams is ordered to appear within a month.

Ste. Eucharistique, July 5th, 1904.

CRIGNON & FORTIER, Prothonotary, S.C.

PREVOST & RENFRET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Corsets, Shirt Waists and White Underwear



We have a full line of
Crompton's Corsets,
Short, Medium & Long,
Straight and ordinary
front, from 50c. up.

Our assortment of Ladies' Shirt Waists in Linen, White and Black Muslin, Corset Covers, and White Underwear, is very complete.



HUGH FRASER, Jr.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Men's Balbrigan Shirts and pants in all sizes
Boys " " "
Ladies' Cotton Vests, with sleeves, short sleeves, straps, etc. in cream and white.
Children's and Misses' Cotton Vests.

Gem Jars in pints, quarts and half gallons.
Gem Jars, open mouth, " " "

Scythes, Snathes, Forks, Fork Handles and all Garden Tools.

H. J. Giles & Bro.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ST. ANDREWS.

Amongst those who spent Sunday at Riverview House were: Mr. and Mrs. Hall of Westmount, The Misses Church of St. Lambert, Mrs. Jno. Robinson and Son and Wm. Robinson of Ottawa, Miss Emma Patterson of Montreal, Dr. R. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Haymen and Master Hayman of Westmount, Mr. Allan McEvoy of Toronto University, Miss Mabel Richardson and Miss Annie Warl of Montreal.

Miss Pinder has returned to St. Andrews after spending two weeks with friends across the St. Lawrence.

Mr. C. W. Lamb spent Sunday in St. Andrews.

There was quite an exciting time amongst the campers on Jones' Island last Wednesday. The excitement was caused by arrival of a detective who thought one of the party had no right to be wearing jewelry belonging to one Antrim Bertrand, but a little explanation coupled with the assistance of Mr. Jones, we are informed the affair was amicably settled.

Mr. F. Bruno and family from Westmount have been camping on Jones' Island for two weeks enjoying the fresh air and beautiful scenery.

Dr. La Chapelle, and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Boardette are visiting in town.

His Last Hope Realized.

(From the Sentinel, Gabor, Muto.)

In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his travelling about and afterwards his camping upon his claim, he encountered much bad weather, which, together with the severe heat, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die. One day one of his neighbors brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A big dose was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first sound sleep for a fortnight. That one little bottle worked a complete cure and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorders being at hand suggests this item. For sale by T. Christie.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

BUGGY HARNESS FOR SALE CHEAP

The undersigned has fifteen sets of harness all hand made and of good quality that he will sell from \$12. to \$18. a set also collars, bridles, halters, pole straps, martingales and harness straps. Farmers I want all your repairing and I will do it cheaper and better than any saddler in town. Old stand opposite the Post Office.

Wm. CRESWELL, Clyde St.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
CONSUMPTION

Mount Royal BUSINESS COLLEGE

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.

A. W. YOUNG,

Principal

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

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

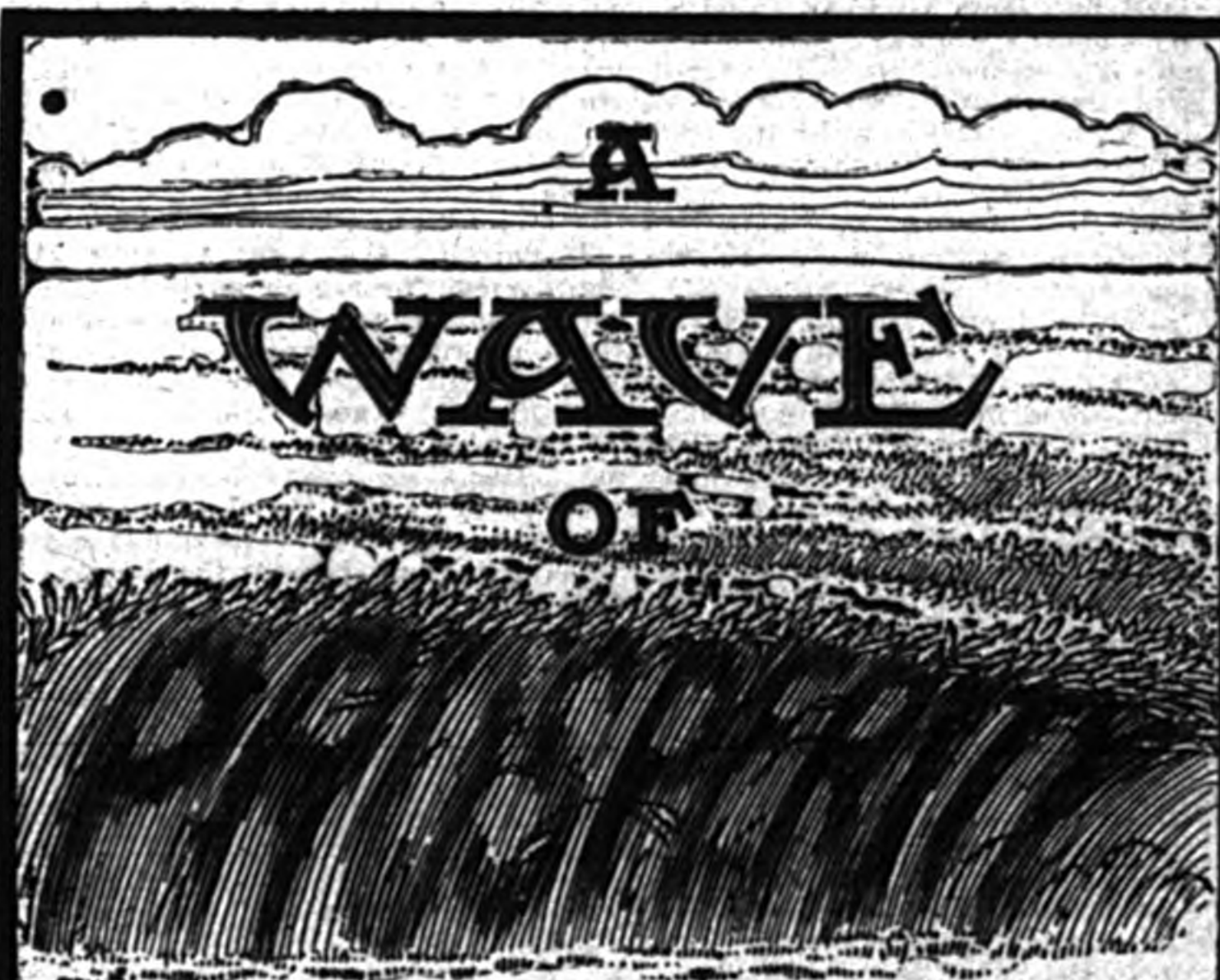
Have you seen our pretty lines of Carpets? They are rich and of the prettiest designs, and afford you excellent opportunities of beautifying your homes at small cost. Don't fail to see them.

It is Bargain Day with us all the time and our customers are assured of the cheapest and best.

We have the finest assortments of Summer Dress Goods and our Stock comprises all that's new and up to date.



Lachute's Bargain Centre.



SWEEPS OVER THE FARM WHEREVER THE MCCORMICK MACHINES ARE USED.

THE MCCORMICK

IS THE MACHINE THAT HAS TRIUMPHANTLY STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AND TO-DAY REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST ATTAINMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF HARVESTING MACHINES. THE NEW MCCORMICK BOOK FOR 1904, ENTITLED "IT TAKES THE PALM," IS BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED, PRINTED IN COLORS, AND WILL BE SUPPLIED FREE UPON REQUEST. WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO HAVE YOU CALL AND EXAMINE THE MACHINES.

R. W. BARCLAY, St. Andrews.

CLEARING SALE.

For One Month Only, of BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, MOCCASINS, GLOVES and BITTS, to make room for my Spring Stock. Always on hand a supply of unequalled Home-made and factory harness. Everything in the above lines at lowest prices.

Sole agent for the Slater Shoe.

WM. BERRY, Main St. Lachute.

Your Wants Supplied.

Don't forget that we are always well stocked with a plentiful supply of choice groceries and that we keep the very best. Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, etc. may always be procured of us at right prices.

Don't forget that we take any produce in Exchange for goods. We want your trade.

V. & I. McFAUL, BROWNSBURG.

Where there's wheat there's a

MCCORMICK

THE MCCORMICK BINDER

IS USED IN EVERY CIVILIZED LAND WHERE THERE'S WHEAT, AND HENCE THE NAME MCCORMICK HAS BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. THE MACHINE IS FULLY ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED IN THE NEW MCCORMICK BOOK FOR 1904, "IT TAKES THE PALM," WHICH IS BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED IN COLORS, AND WILL BE SUPPLIED FREE UPON REQUEST.

H. A. BLAIR, Lachute.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

R. McARTHUR'S ADVT.

Having been appointed agent for the Lachute Waterworks Company, I have secured the services of a competent plumber and am now prepared to fill all orders. Any who are desirous of getting good, pure water, drop in to me and talk it over. The cost is trifling to the convenience it affords. We have all the requisites, such as Sinks, Bath tubs, Closets & Basins, Iron and lead pipes & fittings, rubber hose, etc.

Always on hand a full supply of tin, enamel & granite ware.
Estimates given on application.

The Best is the Cheapest.



That is an undisputed fact and that is what we aim to do when we sell our rigs, to give the best of material, combined with good workmanship, so that our customers may have the best for the least money.

If you are needing any repairs for your rigs bring along to me and get them fixed by competent men.

ALFRED MORIN, CARRIAGE BUILDER,
Successor to T. LAFRAMBOISE, St. Philippe West

It's not all Gold

That Glitters, but, it is all tin, and the best of it that glitters in our department. We have everything you need in tinware, agateware, and enamelware, and we know our prices will please you.

If you are needing any repairs we claim competency to do them up in first class style.

W. S. McBRIDE,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE, P.Q.

About the ...House

COOKING RECIPES.

Spinach and Egg Salad.—Prepare and mould the spinach. Have ready also some cold boiled egg and mayonnaise. Turn the Spinach from the moulds on to nests of shredded lettuce. Dispose, chain fashion, around the base of the spinach, the whites of the eggs cut in rings, and press a star of mayonnaise in the centre of each ring. Pass the yolks through a sieve and sprinkle over the tops of the moulds and place above this the round ends of the whites.

Cornstarch Puffs.—Rub one cup sugar and half a cupful of butter to a cream; add the beaten yolks of four eggs and a cupful of cornstarch alternately with the stiffly beaten whites; stir in two teaspoonfuls baking powder and one of vanilla extract; bake in well greased, heated gem pans, in a quick oven; ice with a boiled icing. This recipe makes twenty puffs, and they last fresh for several days.

Shepherd's Pie.—Cut up enough cold roast beef to make a quart of small, thin slices. Season the meat with salt and pepper, and after putting it into a deep earthen dish pour over it a sauce made as follows: Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan, and when it has become hot add two scant tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir until this dark brown, and then add a pint of water. Season with salt and pepper, and boil for three minutes. Pare, boil and mash eight good-sized potatoes; then add to them a cupful of boiling milk, a tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to suit the taste. Spread this preparation over the meat and sauce, beginning at the sides of the dish and working toward the centre. Bake for thirty minutes. Other meats beside roast beef may be used in a shepherd's pie if desired.

Potato Salad Dressing.—Used in England with sorrel and onion salad; Boil and mash two large potatoes; season with salt, pepper and a little mustard, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Stir into the potato gradually at first, as in mayonnaise, three tablespoonfuls of oil and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Beat until the dressing is like cream. Add at the last half a cupful of cream.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Strawberry shortcake with whipped cream colored green with pistache is attractive to behold and very good to eat. Never make strawberry shortcake with cake dough. The original shortcake mixture is like baking-powder biscuits. Roll out the dough and divide in equal parts. Spread one piece with butter and place the other piece on it. Bake and while hot gently separate the two pieces. Spread with the berries and put together again. Serve with cream.

Marble Cake.—Cream half a cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar and then add yolks of two eggs. In another bowl sift two cupfuls of the best pastry flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder or one of soda and two of cream tartar. Repeat the sifting three times, gradually mixing the flour with the eggs, butter and sugar, and adding also half a cupful of sweet milk. After a smooth batter has been formed fold in the whites of the two eggs, stiffly whipped. Melt four large spoonfuls of grated chocolate, and mix with a very little of the butter. Butter a loaf tin, and just before putting in the cake fold the chocolate batter into the other in streaks. Bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour. Take it out when it has separated from the sides of the pan and turn it upside down to cool. This recipe can be made into a plain chocolate cake if desired by mixing the

melted chocolate at the beginning with the batter as the flour is added. Ice with any soft icing. A nice icing for this cake is either a black chocolate icing or a gelatine frosting. The latter is made as follows: Melt a teaspoonful of gelatine in two of cold water, and in about an hour add a tablespoonful of boiling water. Mix it when the gelatine has dissolved enough, with a large cupful of sifted, powdered sugar and flavor with vanilla.

Almond Pudding.—This is made with a heaping quart of grated breadcrumbs, rather firmly packed; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a scant three-fourths of a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, a cup of sweet almonds, blanched and shredded; a quarter of a pound of citron also shredded; the whites of four eggs, and from ten to fifteen drops of almond extract. The breadcrumbs should be thoroughly mixed with the baking powder, add then the citron, nuts, sugar, extract and milk added. Fold in last the whites of the eggs, stiffly whipped, and bake in a steady oven for over an hour, or until it is a rich brown and thoroughly done in the centre. Serve the pudding hot, with hard sauce, flavored with almond extract. This pudding can be baked in individual moulds, which should be buttered and sugared, or in an ordinary pudding dish. It will not need to bake so long if in small cups.

USEFUL HINTS.

When "hanging space" is insufficient in the closet as usually arranged, a hint may be taken from the show-frames in stores. By placing a wooden or iron bar across from end to end, and using coat hangers, double if not triple the quantity of suits or gowns can be accompanied without crushing or tumbling.

Inexpensive Nottingham and other lace curtains which do not require ironing are best dried on frames. Wash them clean and starch them slightly. Pin them on the light wooden frames which come for this purpose, and on which they may be evenly dried. If they are ironed they are likely to be pulled out of shape. When there are no frames on hand large lace curtains may be pinned on a clean carpet and allowed to dry evenly in this way. Curtains that are dried on a clothesline are so pulled out of shape by the process that can seldom be hung properly.

The women who keep house with a cellar should pay it a daily visit and see that it is aired, even if she has to neglect her parlor. Enough germs may lurk in the wilting leaves of a cabbage or a handful of decaying potatoes to cause inexplicable illness in her family.

Chamois is one of the few things which come out smooth and soft from washing it wrong directly from the soap suds without rinsing in clear water. The latter process tends to harden it.

Lettuce and green peas cooked together make a dainty summer dish. Few people know that lettuce is as good when cooked as spinach. Boiled with young peas and flavor is delicious. Also it is very wholesome.

One of the reasons why spinach is such a valuable food is that it is such an excellent butter carrier. City dwellers need more fats than most of them get and butter is almost the best fat in the world. Oil is better, but it is too expensive for every one to use.

Raisins for fruit cake are much improved by cooking. Let them soak slowly and then simmer until the skin is tender.

The old idea of putting oilcloth under the washstand cover is now adopted for dollies on highly polished tables.

If silver is washed every week in warm suds containing a tablespoonful of ammonia the polish can be preserved for a long time.

Salted pistache nuts may be had at any of the pretentious fruit stores, and down town they are sold on the street by swarthy and picturesque

Turks. The nuts should be carefully cracked, or better still, split with a small knife, and the outer skin removed. Heat slowly in a cool oven and shake in fine salt.

Any one who is in the habit of making snow pudding will find preserved pineapple a great addition to it. When the snow is ready pour it into the mould until you have a good foundation, add your pineapple, and then the rest of the snow. When it is cold, serve, as usual with soft custard.

Sliced young onions and ripe olives make an excellent spring salad. The ripe, black olives are to be had in all large grocery stores. The taste, once accustomed to them, the green ones seem insipid.

BANISH THE WRINKLES.

In Many Cases They Are Merely Signs of the Ailments of Women.

A woman's face plainly indicates the state of her health. Wrinkles, which every woman dreads, are not necessarily a sign of age. Pallor of face, wrinkles and a prematurely aged appearance are the outward indication of those ailments that afflict womankind alone, and from which she too often suffers in uncomplaining silence, rather than consult a doctor. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are women's best friend. They actually make new, rich, red blood, and this blood acting upon the nerves and all the organs of the body, brings new health and happiness to weak, weary and despondent women. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N.W.T., tells for the benefit of other suffering women how she found new health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "For some years," says Mrs. McKerr, "I was greatly afflicted with the ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. The suffering I endured can only be understood by those who are similarly afflicted. I tried many medicines but found none that helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have actually made me feel like a new person, and the suffering I had endured almost continuously has passed away, and life is no longer the burden it once seemed. I think these pills worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

We ask every suffering woman to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. They will not disappoint you, and the benefit they will give is not for an hour or a day—it is permanent. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around the box.

LOVERS LEFT FORTUNES

ADVANTAGES OF REJECTED ADDRESSES.

A New Yorker Was Left \$200,000 By the Girl to Whom He Was Formerly Engaged.

Few men have had better cause for belief in the truth of the old proverb, "Tis better to have loved and lost," etc., than Mr. J. Alonzo See, a gentleman engaged in the offices of the Yonkers Gas Company, who has just been left by the girl to whom he was formerly engaged the substantial sum of \$200,000. There is, moreover, a romance in the story which adds considerably to its interest.

It appears that seven years ago Mr. See met Miss Helen Klein in New York, and after passing through the usual phases of acquaintance, friendship, and love, proposed and was accepted. Everything prospered, and the couple were beginning to have some doubts about the truth respecting the "course of true love," when a slight misunderstanding arose, though what about it one but Mr. See now knows, and he, in spite of the attacks of some forty-nine American newspaper reporters, firmly declined to say.

Whatever it was, however, it sufficed to separate the two, and the engagement was broken off. Friends thought it was merely a lovers' quarrel, and that the usual reconciliation would take place the following week, but each was too proud to be the first to break down the cold barrier of reserve until the return to the former understanding was rendered impossible by the marriage of Miss Klein to William F. Jennett, of Detroit.

The two appear to have had a happy life together, which was only broken by the death of Mr. Jennett, a few months ago, in Detroit. On the 27th January last the widow also expired at the Majestic Hotel, New York, at the age of thirty-two. Mr. See attended the funeral, and was somewhat surprised when he received a request to be present at the READING OF THE WILL.

When this document was opened it was found that Mrs. Jennett had bequeathed two legacies only—one of \$5,000 to Frederick Steiner, of Detroit; the other, consisting of property valued at \$200,000, to her former sweetheart, Alonzo See. There is no dispute over the will, and the lucky man, who is not yet thirty-five years of age, has already come into possession of his fortune.

thing for a man who has loved and been rejected to leave his fortune to the woman who has declined his suit. This was the case with Mr. Charles Hawley, an Englishman, who died in 1901, and whose will may be seen in Somerset House. Mr. Hawley was a wealthy dealer in malt and when a young man of twenty-five had fallen desperately in love with a young lady from Liverpool, who happened to be visiting some mutual friends.

Miss Adams at the time was, unfortunately, already engaged, but Hawley, who appears to have held the old belief that "All's fair in love and war," begged her to break off the engagement and marry him. Miss Adams naturally declined to do this, first because it would have been dishonorable, second because she loved her fiancé, and third because she did not care in any way for the impetuous Hawley. She returned to Liverpool after receiving an impassioned letter from her would-be lover and, so curiously do things turn out, a few months later her fiancé was killed.

IN A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

As soon as Hawley heard of this he once more pressed his suit, but was again rejected. He thereupon sold his business and retired to a house in the country, where he lived a solitary life until the spring of 1901, when he died, leaving his entire property to Miss Adams, together with a letter in which he stated that even in death he should think of her. Miss Adams, who was then happily married, declined to use the fortune for her own benefit, but devoted it to the support of some philanthropic institutions in which she was interested.

On the outskirts of a small town in Somersetshire there is a house which in former days attracted considerable attention by reason of the fact that night and day, winter and summer, the shutters were closely barred. No ray of sunlight was ever permitted to enter the rooms, for the occupant was a disciple of the National Miss Havisham and had adopted this curious manner of showing her sorrow for a lost lover.

Her story was well known, and the writer himself heard it from a resident who was well acquainted with the lady in her youth. More than thirty years ago she had been engaged to a doctor, the marriage-day was settled, and even the guests invited, when the bride received some news respecting her lover which prompted her to write and break off the engagement, at the same time absolutely refusing to see him or receive any explanations. Then she retired to a house which she owned in a lonely part of Somerset, where she lived for twenty-five years with one devoted maid-servant. To all outward appearances the house was untenanted, but people passing knew that within there was a misanthropic woman wasting her days in useless regrets and fast approaching a solitary and unloved old age.

FIVE YEARS AGO SHE DIED

and while she lay lifeless on the bed the shutters were thrown open, and the sunlight streamed in and shone upon the white face for the first time in five-and-twenty years. After the funeral, when the will came to be read, it was found to contain a clause in which she forgave her old sweetheart and left him the bulk of her property, amounting to many thousands a year, on condition that he lived in the house where her lonely life had been spent. The doctor, who had never married and was then a man of about fifty, accepted the legacy and its conditions, and immediately afterwards took up his residence in the house where so many precious years of life had been wasted.

Many a girl has been left a fortune by the man to whom she was engaged, but who had unfortunately died before the wedding-day. A curious case of this kind was brought to light recently through the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago. It appears that in Plainfields there is now living a young lady who a year ago was earning a modest income by teaching embroidery and needlework, but who is now in possession of some \$25,000 a year and a couple of estates.

This lady, Miss Alice, was in 1902 giving a lesson in intricate embroidery in the house of a fashionable society woman, where she met a wealthy broker, who promptly fell in love with her. In spite of interferences from his friends and relations he made it his business to become better acquainted with the modest seamstress, and finding that she was as good as she was pretty, proposed and was accepted.

This gentleman held somewhat eccentric, but nevertheless excellent ideas on the subject of engagements, and declared that as soon as a man became engaged he should regard the care of his fiancée and her future as sacred and important as though she were already his wife. In proof of his belief the very week which saw their engagement also witnessed the drawing up of his will, in which, with some trifling exceptions, he left the greater part of his property to the girl who was shortly to become his wife. Much of his work called him to Chicago, and on the night of the historic fire he occupied a seat in the circle where so many lives were lost. It is said that he might have escaped had he thought of himself but, like others who retained their presence of mind, he was lost in endeavoring to save the children. His will was shortly afterwards proved, and the poor girl who once taught needlework at so much an hour is now a woman of wealth and position.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

The Aberdeen trawler, Maggie Ross, ran ashore on the north-east coast of Yorkshire during a dense fog recently. The chief engineer and second mate were drowned.

Under the will of the late Miss Bothia Stewart about £500 a year has become available for the establishment of bursaries in connection with Glasgow University.

The semi-jubilee of Rev. A. D. Campbell, parish church minister of Kirkcudbright was celebrated recently when the pastor and his good lady received several valuable gifts.

On the recent anniversary of the death of General Sir Hector Macdonald, four wreaths were placed on his grave in the Dean cemetery, Edinburgh.

Perth Town Council resolved to apply for increased borrowing powers to the extent of £80,000 in connection with electric gas, water and improvement purposes.

An elderly shepherd, named Farquhar MacRae, was found dead at Leorach, Nairnshire, with his throat cut. The deceased, who was a widower, lived with his son and daughter, aged 16 and 17 respectively.

A young barber named James White, who resided at 16 Brown street, Anderston, was found by his wife hanging by the neck on the inside of the room door, over which a rope has been fixed. He was dead.

A crisis has arisen in the affairs of the Ben Nevis Observatory. The directors have determined no longer to trust to the donations of generous friends, in order that the observatory may be kept open.

The death is announced of Mr. G. Greig, for many years inspector of poor for the old city parish of Edinburgh. Deceased had a very long connection with parochial work. He went to St. Cuthbert's parish in 1854.

The death has taken place at Kelso of Mr. Robert McKechnie, a well-known Vale of Leven man. Deceased was 52 years of age, and was one of the partners in Messrs. James Black & Co., Dalmonach works, Bonhill.

The magistrates of Matherwell, collectively and severally, have entered action against a local newspaper for £1,000 damages for an alleged insinuation reflecting on their character as magistrates dispensing unequal justice at the police courts.

The majority of the members of Powis parish church choir have come out on strike, the immediate cause being that they were denied the use of a lobby in which to hang their overcoats and hats, and were ordered to take them into the choir seats.

NATURE'S WARNING SIGNAL

The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If a little one is fretful, nervous or sleepless, the safe thing to do is to administer a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. They speedily cure all the little ills of childhood, and give sound, natural sleep, because they remove the cause of the wakefulness and crossness. Mrs. J. L. McCormick, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "I am never worried about baby's health when I have the Tablets in the house; they always give prompt relief for all little ailments." The Tablets are good for children of all ages, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

THE WORST OF ALL

Col. Poldowicz (of the Russian police):—"Has the prisoners confessed?"

Sergeant Sewisest:—"No, your highnessovich. We have beatenski him with our clubs, cut off one of his earsovich, burnt the soles of his feetski with hot ironskoff, and tried the thumb-screwovich on him, but he absolutely refuses to confesski."

Colonel P.:—"Then as a last resortski, try the effect of a recitationskoff by a young lady elocutionistovich."

Nihilist Prisoner (screaming):—"Have mercy! I confess! I confess!"

WORKING HOUSES IN FRANCE.

Four years ago the working day in all French factories was one of twelve hours; a year later it was eleven hours, and then it came down to ten and a half; but from the 1st of April, 1904, the working day will be one of ten hours. It is stated that the same rate of wages will be paid for ten hours as was paid when twelve hours were worked.

Georgie—"Don't you really think that we ought to know each other better before we get married?" Mamie—"I am afraid we neither of us would be willing to get married if we did."

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

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Mucous. Heals the ulcer, 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 Druggist Recommended It

Because He Knew of Scores of Severe Cases of Piles That Were Positively Cured by
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The writer of the letter quoted below suffered dreadfully from itching protruding piles for six years.

Like hosts of others, he was only disappointed with the many treatments he tried, until his druggist told him of what Dr. Chase's Ointment was accomplishing as a cure for this wretched ailment.

Mr. G. W. Cornell, who is with the Shaw Milling Company, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—"In justice to suffering humanity I write to tell you of the world of good I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. For about six years I was the victim of itching and protruding piles and was in dreadful agony day and night. Doctors were unable to help me and I could get nothing to relieve the suffering. I was about as miserable a

creature as was to be found on the face of the earth.

"One day my druggist, Mr. A. J. Greenwood, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I did and obtained relief from the first box and complete cure with the second. My trouble was caused by heavy lifting, and I consider that Dr. Chase's Ointment would be cheap at fifty dollars a box in view of the good it did for me. A feeling of sympathy for others similarly affected prompts me to give this testimony."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

SCIENTIFIC KITE FLYING

CONDUCTED AT BLUE HILL OBSERVATORY.

Some Enormous Flyers That Carry Up Very Delicate Instruments.

Mr. S. F. Cody's recent experiments with his man-lifting kites and his success in crossing the English Channel in a boat drawn by kites have called attention to the scientific use of these miniature airships. But there is one department in which kites play an important role, and that is as a successful explorer of the upper atmosphere. To-day they are extensively used both on the continent and in America for obtaining meteorological observations. Numerous kite-flying stations have been opened in France, Germany and the United States, where kites are daily flown for securing meteorological and other data. Some of them are under the control of the respective Governments, while others are purely private institutions. By far the largest and most interesting of these is Blue Hill Observatory, a private station, near Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Here kites may daily be seen far away on the horizon, almost out of sight. The observatory is presided over by Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, who need not add, is an enthusiastic kite-flyer. Indeed, he has brought kite-flying to a science. He knows more about kites and their varied use than any other man living.

HARGRAVE KITE.

The type of kite in general use at the various meteorological stations is the Hargrave, or cellular kite. It was the invention of an Australian, Mr. Hargrave, who hails from Sydney. It consists of two light boxes, without tops or bottoms, fastened some little distance one above the other. The wind exercises its lifting force chiefly upon the front and rear sides of the upper box, the lower box, which inclines to the rear, and so receives less pressure, preserving the balance, while the ends of the boxes being in line with the wind keep the kite steady. Experts declare this type to be the best flyer ever designed.

Curiously enough it was in Britain that kites were first flown for a scientific object—namely, at Glasgow, in 1749. Four kites were sent up, some of them measuring seven feet in length. They were all attached to one line, and their work was to lift a thermometer into the air. It is related that "the uppermost one ascended to an amazing height, disappearing at times among the white summer clouds, while all the rest in a series, formed with it in the air below such a lofty scale, and that too affected by such regular and conspiring motions, as at once changed a boyish pastime into a spectacle which greatly interested every beholder."

CARRYING INSTRUMENTS.

The kites at Blue Hill, and for that matter at all the up-to-date stations, carry up a wonderful little instrument, called a meteorograph. Virtually it is a combination of a barometer, a thermometer, and a hygrometer, all of which record their readings automatically on one cylinder, turned by clockwork. These little instruments are the invention of M. Richard, of Paris, and are made of aluminium, and weigh three pounds. By flying two or more kites, a greater lifting power is obtained, while there is also less risk of the kites breaking away and getting lost. Indeed, five, six, and even eight kites are often attached to the same line when it is desired to lift a heavy instrument in the air, while there is a record of twelve kites having been fixed to the same rope.

An interesting device is employed at Blue Hill for bringing down the kites. In design it resembles an ordinary deep-sea sounding apparatus. There is a drum round which the wire is wound by a small steam engine when the kites are drawn in, and another drum for playing out the wire.

STEEL WIRE USED.

It has been found that the pull of the kites during ascents is sufficient to uncoil the wire, which by means of a pulley is delivered to the kites as required; an attached wheel meanwhile recording the pull on the line and the length paid out. Mention may here be made of the wire used at Blue Hill. It is a fine steel music-wire, weighs but fifteen pounds to the mile, and is capable of withstanding a pull of three hundred pounds. The wire is spliced in lengths of more than a mile with the greatest care, special pains being taken that no sharp bends or rust spots occur which would cause it to break. When the kites are to be drawn in a 2-h.p. steam engine is called into regulation, and the wire pulled in at a rate of three to six miles an hour.

The kites at Blue Hill vary in height from five to twelve feet and more, and are fairly heavy. The larger ones contain about seventy square feet of supporting surface, and exert a pull of from seventy to a hundred pounds. It would be impossible to manage such an airship by hand, but by means of the steam windlass or reeling apparatus referred to they are kept under control.

GREAT HEIGHTS REACHED.

In the summer of 1897 a kite at Blue Hill attained the then record height of 11,716 feet. It was regarded as a remarkable achievement. Since

MORE EVIDENCE FROM MONTREAL

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ALWAYS CURE DROPSY.

It Is a Kidney Disease and is Cured by Curing the Kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Never Fail to Cure the Kidneys.

Montreal, Que., June 27. (Special).—Every day brings forth fresh proof that Dropsy is caused by diseased Kidneys and that the one sure way to cure it is to make the Kidneys strong and healthy by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Geo. Robertson, 392 St. James Street, this city, is one of those who has proved this beyond the shadow of a doubt. Mr. Robertson says:

"My feet were so much swollen from Dropsy that when I got out of bed in the mornings I could hardly put them on the floor. My arms used to swell at times so that I could not put on my coat."

"I had to be tapped to relieve me of the terrible pains."

"On the advice of a friend I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had used the second box I began to feel better. Seven boxes cured me completely."

Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, are some of the many forms of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure promptly and permanently.

then the distance has been gradually increased, the present record being 15,800 feet above the level of the sea—an ascent of over three miles, and exceeding the highest scientific balloon ascent in America. When this unique record was achieved, a combined weight of a hundred and seventy-five pounds was lifted into the air. Six kites of the improved Hargrave type were used. They had curved flying surfaces, modelled after the wings of a bird. The length of wire paid out to the kites was over five miles. According to the recording instruments, the temperature at the highest point attained was fifteen degrees below freezing point, and the wind velocity was about twenty-five miles an hour. Flights have been made at Blue Hill in gales, in rain, and in snowstorms, but never in a thunderstorm. The high flights occupy ten or twelve hours. Occasionally the kites are left out all night.

Many know of the success accomplished in kite-photography, and it would seem that the kite in the hands of a scientist is a weather chart, a photographer, a signalling apparatus, a telephone, a collector of electricity, a parcel and letter carrier, and a medium for lifting man into space.

In America alone there are now some eighteen kite-flying stations. It is only fair to add, however, that at many of them kites are only flown at certain seasons of the year. One of the latest countries to resort to kites is Russia, which has equipped four observatories with kite-flying outfits. There is also a private kite-flying station near Paris and another in Scotland—the birthplace of scientific kite-flying.

HE KNEW THE GENUS.

During a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher asked if any one could give an example of an animal of the order of edentata, that is, one which is without teeth.

"I can!" cried Reginald, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge.

"Well, what is it?" said the teacher.

"Grandpa!" he shouted.

FOOD FACTS.

What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful re-builder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly."

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me and it became plain that I must change, then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life."

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work miracles.

"There's a reason." Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Well-being."

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

\$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Mark.

WAR.

Gunpowder has spoiled war. War was always detrimental to the solid interests of mankind. But in old times it was good for something; it painted well, sung divinely, furnished liads. But invisible butchery, under a pall of smoke a fur-long thiek, who is any the better for that?—Charles Reade.

As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.—Gibson.

Mad wars destroy in one year the works of many years of peace.—Benjamin Franklin.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

Scientific investigation has discovered that that troublesome disease, dyspepsia, can be cured by short intervals of exposure to intense cold, followed by hearty eating. M. Raoul Pictet, a Swiss gentleman was experimenting with a low temperature. He had produced an artificial temperature in a sort of pit which caused the thermometer to sink to 140 or 150 degrees below zero. Among other experiments he exposed himself for a brief interval to this temperature by lowering himself into the pit. On emerging he found himself intensely hungry and ate freely. The process was repeated several times, and as a result he found himself cured of chronic indigestion, from which he had suffered for years.

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. GIBNEY & CO., Toledo, O. We have the undersigned, have known F. J. Gibney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, O. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

We may beat our swords to ploughshares.

And our spears to pruning-hooks, And betake ourselves to farming.

In the peaceful country nooks; But we want them back as weapons When we find at early dawn That our neighbor's scraggy chickens Have been scratching up our lawn.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

Mr. Tottlerly—"Could you marry a very old man with a good deal of money, if he told you frankly how old he was and how much he was worth?" Miss Timely—"How much is he worth?"

OVER THE WABASH.

To the Great World's Fair St. Louis, Mo., everything is now wide open, round trip tickets on sale until December 1st, at lowest first-class one-way fare, good fifteen days, fare and a third good sixty days. Now is the time to see this, the greatest of all Expositions in the history of the world. The great Wabash is the Banner Line, the shortest and quickest route from Canada to St. Louis. The through trains on the Wabash are the admiration of all travelers going to St. Louis.

For time tables and descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

A man in trouble is apt to discover that his friends are not as friendly as they might be.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

An old bachelor who was very bald fell in love with a pretty widow, whose late husband's name was Robin. One evening the bachelor dropped in to have a cup of tea with the widow. After tea was over she commenced to sing "Robin Adair." The bachelor picked up his hat and said: "Madam, even if your husband did have hair, it's no fault of mine that I haven't." Then he fled.

"Harkins," said the head of the firm to the foreman, "the firm has decided to inaugurate a system of profit-sharing with its employees." "Good!" replied the foreman. "What were the firm's profits last year?" "Last year the firm lost \$3,000. That necessitates a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages under the new system. Tell the men the new arrangement comes into effect immediately."

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand Blue Ribbon

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The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

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General Secretary.

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1-23

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