MISSING

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The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL: XXIX. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1905. NO. 51

BUY YOUR

Rolled Oats. Fresh,

— AT THE —

St. Andrews Flour Mills,

FOR $2.25 PER AAG

Lachute dealers charge 3½ to 4c. lb.

H. WALSH.

WANTED.—A clerk for a general store, one having two or three years experience, must be a good salesman, and speak English and French, reference required, address,

Box 7, Lachute, P.Q.

Three Men's Coon, two brown Wambat, one spotted Wambat Fur coats, reduced in prices at W. BANFORD.

See J. R. McOUAT'S January Clearing Sale.

J. R. McOUAT.

Ladies Cloth Jackets reduced to 25 p.c straight. We don't want to carry one over, ⅓ off price at

W. BANFORD.

—For Sale Cheap—

A few choice Ayrshire bull calves, also grade bull and heifer calves, apply to

ALEX DOIG, "Hill Farm", Lachute.

Don't forget the place to go for hardware,

T. McOUAT & SON.

Carpenter Bros. are selling their complete stock of boys clothing at 25 p.c. discount. Don't lose this opportunity of getting the boys a good suit cheap.

CARPENTER BROS.

Men's ulsters and overcoats, one line each reduced to $5.00 to clear out

W. BANFORD.

FOR SALE,—Brick house, double tenement, situated on Bethany Street, 2 stories, 24 by 40. Apply to. Felix Paquette, Carpenter.

Feed, Cornmeal, at the mill or at our uptown store at $24. per ton in bulk, or $1.25 per bag, call and examine the feed.

J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.

Don't forget the place to go for hardware,

T. McOUAT & SON.

$18.00 fur coat reduced to $12.00, only one left. W. BANFORD.

COST PRICE & 20 p.c. discount. Here is your chance. Ladies cloth for Jackets, and remnants for boys suits will be sold at cost. Mens' Overcoats, Gloves and Ties will be sold at 20 p.c. discount till February 15th, for cash only at

D. LAPOINTE.

It's a cold country. Fur coats are a necessity. As we sell them, nearly every one can have one. Men's and Women's Come and see them at

W. BANFORD

If the party that stole the lumber from Sir John's Lake hill, belonging to Mr. Thos. Moore of St. Andrews, don't come and settle about it at once, legal proceedings will be taken against them immediately as the party is known.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Creely of Montreal was in town this week.

Hon. W. A. Weir will be in town on Saturday.

Dr. J. B. Menzies spent Tuesday in Montreal.

Mrs D. Lapointe is spending this week in Montreal.

Mr. G. J. Walker spent Tuesday in Montreal.

Mr. D. Murphy has been re-elected Mayor of Carillon by acclamation.

Miss Tena McGibbon is spending a short visit with friends in Joliette.

Mrs. W. Ryan of Mille Isle was the guest of Mrs. W. McBride this week.

Mr. Ross of Montreal preached in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Carpenter and daughter of Montreal were in town this week.

Mr. Jas. Foster of Neepawa, & Mr. O. J. Woods of Vankleek Hill are guests of Mrs. J. McGilliveary this week.

Mr. Robertson of Calgarry who has been the guest of Mr. P. R. McGibbon for the past few days returned home on Monday last.

Gospel addresses will be held in Hugh St. Hall, on Lord's Day Evenings at 7 o'clock, by Mr. Samuel Ridout. All are welcome.

The first schedule match of the L.O.H.A. in Lachute will be held on Saturday, Jan. 28th. Buckingham are running an excursion for that occasion and expect to bring with them some 100 supporters.

CARD OF THANKS:—

Dr. J. B. Menzies desires to thank all those who assisted and extended such kindness during the fire, and also to Mr. Chas. Calder for securing such prompt settlement from the Liverpool London Globe Ins. Co'y.

On Tuesday last, Laurentian Lodge No. 14, I.O.O.F. had the pleasure of a visit from the Grand Lodge Officers of Quebec, in the persons of Messrs. C. J. Williams, G.M.; T. J. Potter, G. Sec'y.; A. H. Blackeby, P.G. Rep.; Wm. Kennedy, D.D.G.M. The occasion of their visit was for the purpose of installing the following officers for the ensuing year:—J. Forbes N.G.; C. King, V.G.; G. McIntyre, sec'y.; H. Slater, F.S.; and A. Middleton, Treas. The installation over addresses relative to the interests of the order were given by the visitors, after which an adjournment was made to the home of Mrs. Marshall where a very appetising supper had been prepared and a most pleasant social time was spent together.

A CLOSE GAME.

—:o:—

Undoubtedly the game that attracted some 125 supporters to travel to Hawkesbury on Wednesday last, was one of the swiftest ever played on that ice. Hawkesbury has generally been the hardest problem that our boys have had to solve, and this year proved no exception. At the start of the game it was evident that no large score would be run up. The first half resulted in 1 game to each, Hawkesbury scoring the first, and Lachute ringing one in just as the whistle blew, although a previous goal had been made by us, which was claimed as an offside and not allowed. Play being resumed, our boys were not long before they placed another game to their credit which they held for a considerable time Then Hawkesbury had the good fortune to put the disc in the net which again evened the score at 2-2. This necessitated a decisional play off which after seven minutes hard work was scored by Hawkesbury on a lucky shot by Murray. In the first half Bert McArthur was hurt twice but after a few minutes was again able to take his place though his man S. Wilson was not so fortunate, and had to be replaced by a spare. During the play-off, the spare unfortunately ran into our cover and is now suffering from two broken ribs as a result of pure accident. The game was in all respects a good one though the referee was rather lax on offsides. Though many had misgivings as to the ability of our team this year to win the L.O.H.A. championship, seeing that we have but three of the old players on, yet after Wednesday's play every one was bound to admit, that their chances are as good as ever and with a little improvement on their combination work we do not fear but that the close of the season will still find Lachute the champions.

The line-up was as follows:—

Lachute.	Position.	Hawkesbury.
E. Wilson	Goal	J. Cayen
G. Brennan	Point	G. Gwynne
E. Foreman	Cover	D. Murphy
B. McArthur	R. Wing	A. Danis
E. McArthur	L. Wing	R. Murray
R. Styan	Centre	E Decarrie
G. Hampton	Rover	S. Wilson
H. W. Neil	Umpires	C. Pattee

—:o:—

The Lachute "Victorias" were on top in their match with the Brownsburg septette last evening. The score of 8 to 3 is not by any means indicative of the play, as the boys from the powder hill were playing in hard luck. They put up a good game and were right in it had it not been for young Grandmaison the goaler, who was deserving of great credit for stopping many hot shots. Quite the reverse was the Brownsburg goaler Vaillancourt, who seemed unable to stop a football should it have come his way. The second half started with the score 3 to 0, but Lachute scored two others in quick succession. Then Gardner had the chance to bring out his cow bell which he had almost forgotten how to ring, and before he had time to put it away he had occasion to ring in a couple of other goals scored by Kilpatrick. Mr. E. McArthur officiated as referee and kept the boys in trim. The rink was well attended.

CUSHING.

—:o:—

The Womens' Missionary Auxiliary held their usual monthly meeting at the Manse on Wednesday of this week.

Miss Jessie Innes of Stonefield was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Fuller on Sunday.

Mr. W. Canning Jr. left with his team for the woods on Monday.

A valuable horse belonging to Mr. Louis Bertrand died last week.

The friends of Miss Hessie Hartley, who spent the past summer with her friends in Cushing will be glad to know that she is recovering from the effects of the operation for appendicitus which she recently underwent at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mr. Theo. Bryerton who returned recently from Detroit, Mich., and is visiting his parents in Carillon, and his sister Miss Annie Bryerton were visiting at Mrs. E. Whelehan's on Monday.

No. 2 School opened last week after the Christmas vacation which the teacher Miss Hodgson spent at her home in Hudson. The well-remembered old box stove which has heated the building for so many years and by whose glowing side have gathered in by gone days so many now scattered in different parts of the world or gone to join the "great Majority" has been replaced by a new and more modern heater.

GRAND ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the store of

ALEXANDER DEWAR, St. Andrews.

Thursday, Jan. 26th, 1905.

The following effects,—1 sideboard, oval table, 1 sofa, other small tables, chairs, 2 bureaus, 3 washstands, 1 rattan table and also workstand, a lot of crockery, comprising dinner and tea sets, glassware, etc., a large stock of ready-made clothing, and dry goods, boots & shoes, etc., and many other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS:—$5.00 and under cash over that amount 4 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

H. Smith, Electrical Appliances.

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 . .

. . JANUARY & FEBRUARY SALES . .

Ladies' Silk Waists, black and colored, all sizes at unusual value.

Ladies' Flannel and Cloth Waists to suit everyone.

Fancy Collars, Gloves and Ribbons

Immense Sale going on.

Underwear Special. Special Black Sateen Underwear at bargains.

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.

Suitable Holiday Presents . . . For Gentlemen . . .

The Largest Stock of Up-to-Date Gent's Furnishings Ever shown In Lachute.

All New for the Holiday Trade.

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

CARPENTER BROS.

January CLEARING Sale.

In order to make room for our new assortment of Spring Goods we are selling most of our winter goods at 15 to 30 p.c. discount, including Tweed Suitings, Dress Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, hosiery, top shirts, rubbers, moccasins, boots, shoes, etc.

We have a few fancy calendars left which we are selling at 33 1-3 p.c. discount.

About the ....House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Fruit Wafers.—Mix a cup each of cleaned raisins, figs, dates and nuts and force twice through a meat chopper. Add a few drops of vanilla or lemon juice, then knead until well blended on a board dredged with confectioner's sugar. Roll to one-fourth inch in thickness. Cut into rounds with the top of a salt shaker or into three-quarter-inch blocks with a knife. Roll in granulated sugar and pack in tin boxes between sheets of paraffine paper. Nice for Christmas.

Cake Snowballs.—Make any good cup cake, bake it in small, round, smooth patty-pans. Choose those that after baking have risen so as to be nearly round; ice one-half, let dry, then ice the other; pile on a large platter and put sprigs of red-berried holly between.

Chicken Salad.—Cut the meat from a cold boiled chicken into dice. Measure, and allow half as much celery, cut in small bits, as you have chicken. Mix and moisten with one part vinegar and three parts salad oil, and season with salt and pepper. Prepare a mayonnaise dressing as follows: Into a chilled soup-plate break the yolk of one egg. On this squeeze six or eight drops of lemon juice, and with a silver fork stir with a rotary motion. Begin at once to put in the salad oil, first a few drops at a time, then adding it in larger quantities as the mixture thickens. Season with salt and a pinch of Cayenne. Put in a cup of the oil, then thin with enough vinegar or lemon juice to suit the taste. Line a salad-bowl with crisp lettuce-leaves, put in the salad, and cover thin with the thick mayonnaise. Garnish with pieces of hard-boiled egg and with stoned and halved olives.

Fried Bologna Sausage.—This is much improved by being dipped first in cracket crumbs. All the slices are to be cooked in "deep fat" and then lifted out. Next put them into a shallow frying-pan and scramble up beaten eggs with them.

Kidney Omelet.—Chopp cold cooked kidney very fine, make an omelet mixture with three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to season, put one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan; when it is melted turn in the mixture, cook slowly until a crust is formed on the bottom; in the meantime, sprinkle over the omelet the chopped kidney and chopped parsely; fold the omelet in half, lift it to a hot platter and serve at once.

Sour Cream Nut Cake.—Two eggs one cup granulated sugar, half a cup rich sour cream, two cups of flour, measure before sifting, half teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt. Beat the eggs till whites and yolks are well blended, add sugar; dissolve soda in cream, stirring it then into the eggs and sugar; sift into the mixture the flour, baking powder and salt, and beat well. Bake in three-layer cake tins. Filling—One cup pecan or walnut meats.

Banana Sandwiches.—Among fruit sandwiches, bannana takes the lead, and to this a slight variety can be given by spreading each lengthwise slice of fruit with whipped cream rather sparingly. Upon this sprinkle shredded cocoanut, pressing the latter well down with a silver knife. Boston brown-bread thus treated will be excellent.

Apple and Orange Jelly.—Use an equal number of apples and oranges Wash the apples, slice and core them; put them over the fire in the preserving kettle with enough cold water to cover them and simmer them until they are reduced to a pulp. Pour the apple pulp into a jelly bag, to strain out the juice. Measure the juice, and to each pint of apple juice add one of boiled orange juice and a pound of sugar, and boil them together, removing the scum that rises, until a little, cooled upon a saucer, forms a jelly. Then take the kettle off the stove, let the jelly partly cool and pour it into glasses. When cold seal it up like any other preserve.

WHEN EGGS ARE SCARCE.

In making squash and pumpkin pies without eggs, use less milk in proportion to the amount of stewed pumpkin or squash, sweeten and flavor the same as when eggs are used.

Doughnuts—One cup buttermilk or good sour milk, 1 level teaspoon soda, half cup sugar, flavor with nutmeg or lemon or half of each. Some prefer ginger or cinnamon. Use flour to make as soft as can be easily handled. Cut out and fry in deep fat.

Raisin Cake—One cup sweet milk, half cup butter, or other shortening, 2 cups flour, 1½ cups raisins cut in halves, 1 level teaspoon soda, half teaspoon each salt, cloves and cinnamon.

Cream Cookies—One cup cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, a pinch salt, flavor with nutmeg or lemon. The amount of soda should be varied according to the sourness of the cream. Flour to make as soft as can be handled easily. Roll thin and bake carefully.

Spiced Cookies—One-half cup each sugar and molasses, 1 heaping teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup hot water, 2-3 cup shortening, one teaspoon each ginger, cinnamon and cloves. Flour as for cream cookies.

Ginger Snaps—Two teaspoons soda, two tablespoons boiling water, five tablespoons melted lard, salt and ginger to taste. Put in a cup and fill with molasses. Add another cup molasses and flour to mix stiff. Roll thin. All cookies need careful attention in baking, some persons liking them soft and others brown and crisp.

Baked Indian Pudding—In a 2-qt. pudding dish heat one qt. milk to the boiling point. Stir in carefully three tablespoons sifted meal, half teaspoon salt, half cup molasses, one teaspoon cinnamon, half cup raisins. When partly baked add another quart of milk. Bake 3 or 4 hours We use creamery milk after it comes from the separator.

HELPS IN THE KITCHEN.

The stove will not need to be polished so often if it is carefully rubbed after each meal with newspaper softened between the hands; and when it is necessary to polish it the polish will last longer if the blacking is mixed with turpentine or strong coffee instead of water.

The following is a reliable recipe for making baking powder at home: Mix well together six ounces of tartaric acid, eight ounces best baking soda and one quart of best flour; then sift five or six times through a fine sieve and keep in a can closely covered.

A teaspoonful of baking powder in mashed potatoes is a wonderful aid in making them fluffy and light, and when making flour batter cakes the baking powder should never be stirred in until just before frying, as it will make the batter much lighter.

To clean coffee and teapots fill them with cold water; add to this some baking soda and boil until the stain is removed, then rinse out with clear hot water, and place in the sunshine. Soda dampened and rubbed on with a flannel cloth is excellent for keeping the outside of a tin coffee pot and other tinware bright and clean.

The best dressing for burns and scalds is baking soda made into a paste with vaseline, or any soft, unsalted grease; and if put on soon enough will prevent blistering.

When washing with hot suds fails to remove the stains from enamled saucepans, a piece of cut lemon dipped in salt and rubbed over the the stain will generally prove effectual.

If the tables, biscuit board and rolling pin are scrubbed at least once a week with a strong, hot pearline suds they may be kept white and clean, and in order to keep them in this condition have the places most used around the table covered with mats, or keep small boards to set the pans and kettles on. These can easily be kept out of sight when they are not in use.

To prepare a new iron kettle for use, fill it with potato parings and water and let them boil for two hours, then wash in hot soap suds, wipe the inside of the kettle perfectly dry and rub it with a little lard. A good way to keep the lamp burners bright is to boil them with potato parings and then wash in hot suds.

A SEVENTY POUND EEL.

In the recent storm which raged on the Upper Solway the largest eel ever seen in the district was stranded off Powfoot, England. It measured 6 feet in length, 25 inches in girth and weighed 70 pounds.

Always in Sight

Crowded street. People passing by. Old and young. All eager about their own affairs and always somebody in plain sight who needs Scott's Emulsion.

Now it's that white-haired old man; weak digestion and cold blood. He needs

Scott's Emulsion

to warm him, feed him, and strengthen his stomach.

See that pale girl? She has thin blood. Scott's Emulsion will bring new roses to her face.

There goes a young man with narrow chest. Consumption is his trouble. Scott's Emulsion soothes ragged lungs and increases flesh and strength.

And here's a poor, sickly little child. Scott's Emulsion makes children grow—makes children happy.

BRAVE ELEVATOR BOYS

THEY HAVE SAVED LIVES OF MANY PEOPLE.

Seventeen-year-old Boy Rescued Over Seventy People From Death.

When Mr. Carnegie's rewards for heroism are distributed it is probable that not a few will find their way to the brave boys who run the lifts in public offices and other buildings, for many dwellers in modern sky-scrapers owe their lives to the promptness and fearlessness of the lads who earn their livings in the elevator service.

Only last June, for instance, Joe Dollman, a seventeen-year-old boy, rescued over seventy people from a burning building at Nos. 457 and 459, Broome Street, New York, having to make no fewer than ten trips before accomplishing his heroic purpose. Dollman, it appears, was not the regular elevator boy, but as soon as the fire was discovered, and all escape for those in the top storeys seemed to be cut off, he jumped into the elevator and ran the car to the top floor, where he found a panic-stricken crowd of typewriter girls and clerks.

When he made his tenth and last trip the flames were licking the elevator cage and it was touch-and-go whether the ropes would hold out for the final journey. He reached the ground in safety, however, and then coolly strode out of the burning building, but before he could vanish he was caught and given a hearty cheer, with the promise of a substantial reward for his heroic services later on.

A PARTICULARLY BRAVE

act is credited to an elevator boy named Johnnie Day, also of New York, who last spring succeeded in rescuing six people who were cut off from all escape in a big building in Manhattan. While the firemen were endeavoring to reach the imprisoned men and women by means of the fire-escape Johnnie Day jumped into his elevator and, despite the warning of the police, insisted on running it to the sixth floor in order to bring them down.

When they reached the landing the elevator was hidden with the smoke, but the boy knew his way and dived into the lift, followed by those he had come to save. When they were all in, the boy, probably from mere force of habit, slammed the gate and all reached the ground in safety. A few minutes later the elevator shaft took fire and the building collapsed. For this brave act young Day was rewarded with warm praise from the Chief of Police and by a medal, together with a substantial sum of money collected from those who were tenents in the building.

A remarkable instance of cool heroism on the part of a boy named Henri Grene was reported a year or so ago from Paris. Grene ran the lift in an apartment house near the Rue de Rivoli, and one night, about 2 a. m., the porter discovered the building to be on fire. He immediately rang an alarm and proceeded to arouse the inmates, who fled to safety "with no thought of what they should put on." The fire had started on the sixth floor and burned so furiously that the escape of all on the seventh and top floor was entirely cut off. The

TERROR-STRICKEN PEOPLE

were frantically calling from the windows for assistance, but there was some delay in setting up the fire-escapes, and the heat and smoke increased to alarming extent.

There were eight persons, but the lift would not accommodate more than five, and the boy, perfectly cool but fearful lest the cage should tumble to the bottom and his human cargo be killed, begged three of the men to await his return. These, to their infinite credit, immediately stood aside and allowed the cage to descend without them.

As soon as he had landed his passengers Grene proceeded on his second journey of rescue, but had only reached the third floor when a tremendous crash annouced the fact that the burnt flooring had given way, doubtless carrying with it the three men who were relying upon the return of the elevator boy for their safety.

When he reached the top floor he found them clinging to the gate of the elevator, singed and almost suffocated with smoke, but still possessed of sufficient strength and courage to allow the boy to slide the door open and drag them in. On reaching the ground one of the men was found to be unconscious, but he quickly recovered in the open air, and young Grene had the satisfaction of knowing that of the eight he went to save not one was lost. It would be difficult to recall an instance in which greater coolness and audacity was shown by a lad in face of almost certain death.

Not long ago an elevator boy attached to a private apartment house in Chicago risked his life in a successful endeavor to save the life of a canary, which had been forgotten on the seventh floor by its owner, an old lady who was greatly

ATTACHED TO THE BIRD.

The boy, whose name was Thompson, had brought down everyone, when the old lady remembered her pet and begged him to return for it. The lad jumped into the elevator, reached the seventh floor, which was enveloped in blinding smoke, raced from room to room in search of the canary, which he finally found in the old lady's bedroom singing away as though unconscious that its little life was threatened, sped back to the elevator, jumped in once more, and descended to the ground in safety. Then he went in search of the old lady, whom he discovered sitting disconsolately in the garden which surrounded the house, bitterly blaming herself for having left her pet to die.

When the boy ran up to her with the familiar cage in his hand the old lady nearly fainted, and in her gratitude took the rescuer in her arms and rapturously kissed him, greatly to his embarrassment. However, she afterwards supplemented the embrace with a substantial present, and, though she had lost all her furniture and effects, she was probably the happiest old lady in Chicago on the night that she was burned out of her home.

A Revelation to Lovers

of the cup that cheers.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is the real genuine delicious article in all its native purity. Sold only in sealed lead packets. Black, Mixed or Natural GREEN. By all grocers.

Received the gold medal and highest award at St. Louis.

CURIOUS DEMONSTRATIONS.

Celebrating a Fall of Rain by a Parade and Church Service.

Not long ago a protracted drought in the Wichita district of Kansas, threatened the inhabitants with enormous loss. Prayers were offered up in various places of worship for a fall of rain, and black clouds were yearned for instead of bright ones.

Before the threatened ruin had been wrought the black clouds came, and the much-needed rain fell in torrents over an area of something like 100 miles. The people went frantic with joy, and in a very few minutes a brass band was parading through the streets, followed by a great crowd singing hymns of thanksgiving and cheering themselves hoarse. Even the factories closed in order that their employes might have the opportunity of standing in the rain until soaked through; and subsequently nearly 1,000 persons attended a special service in the pro-cathedral.

Of the very opposite character was a demonstration reported from Tacoma, in the State of Washington, which is a centre of the salmon-fishing industry, in which Chinamen largely engage. Concerned about the bad prospects of the season, the Celestials held a religious service in the hope of propitiating their "joss" or god, and thus ensuring a period of prosperity. But after a fortnight's praying there was no improvement in the outlook, and angry with themselves for having lost so much time, and still angrier with their "joss" for his callous disregard of their fervent supplications, they tied a rope around him and dragged him from his exalted position in the temple through the streets, where they finally

SMASHED HIM TO ATOMS.

There was a very remarkable feature in a demonstration held by the village clubs and friendly societies of a Gloucestershire district for the benefit of the Stroud Hospital. At Eastington, a village six miles east of the city of Gloucester, England, there resides a Roman noble, Count de Ligri, who claims to be a lineal descendant of the ill-starred House of Stuart, and who was the leading figure in the demonstration.

He was peeceded by two standard-bearers, one bearing the blue and white battle-flag of his house and the other the Royal Standard of Scotland. Next came a page-in-waiting and a sword-bearer, and by way of bodyguard the Count himself had a stalwart halberdier on either side of him. The sword and halberds used were stated to have been in the family for no less a period than five hundred years.

Quite unique in its character was the demonstration of the students of the Aberystwith College on the occasion of one of their number being sent away for a couple of terms for the heinous crime of holding converse with a lady student. After presenting him at a formal meeting with a marble timepiece and silver-plated inkstand, they formed up in funeral order to accompany him to the railway station.

Dressed in deep mourning and wearing their black gowns in the form of cowls, the procession moved off, the leading file carrying open books and all joining in singing the Dead March, together with well-known Welsh funeral hymns. The whole proceedings were characterized by the greatest solemnity, which much impressed the hundreds of spectators who accompanied the procession to the railway station, where the departing student had a "send-off" of thunderous cheers.

GOT THE JOB.

He called at the house and asked if she had any carpets to beat, adding that he had been in the business over twenty years.

"How much to beat the parlor carpet?" she asked.

"One dollar and a quarter."

"Why, that's awful! There was a man here yesterday who offered to do the job for a dollar."

"Exactly, madam, but how was he prepared?"

"He had a stick in his hand,"

"I presume so. He intended to take the carpet out on to the piece of land yonder, didn't he?"

"Yes; our yard is too small, you know."

"Exactly. Your carpet is badly worn. It has numerous holes in it. He would make a great show in getting it out there and back again. Out on the ground he would show off its shabbiness to everyone who asked whom the carpet belonged to. Is that the way to do a job of this sort?"

"How do you do it?"

"I take the carpet out through the back. I wheel it home. I beat it in a yard surrounded by a high wall, and while I am returning it, all nicely rolled up and covered with a cloth, if anyone asks me what I have I reply that it is a splendid pile for No. 24. Blank Street. If no one asks me any questions I call at the houses on either side of you and ask if they have order a new Axminster They watch me and see me come in here. Madame, in the language of the Greek, do you twig?"

He was given the job.

Father—"Cooking schools are of some use after all. This cake is delicious." Daughter—"Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure." "Why?" "I told Bridget exactly how to make it, and she went and made it some other way."

Take No Risk With a Cold

Further Developments May Prove Fatal. There is Cure for You in

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

If you could depend on a cold passing off of its own accord it would be all very well to let it run its course.

The risk is too great.

Consumption and pneumonia always have their beginnings in a cold.

If you take prompt means of curing every cold you will never be a victim of these or other fatal lung troubles.

Did you ever wait to think of it that way?

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is best known on account of its extraordinary control over croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and severe chest colds.

As a means of overcoming ordinary coughs and colds, throat irritation and the many diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs it has made an enviable reptation for reliability.

Pleasant to take, thorough and far-reaching in action, and certain in its beneficial results, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should have a place in every house as a safeguard against consumption and other fatal lung diseases.

Mrs. J. Provost, Renfrew, Ont., writes:—

"My fourteen-year-old boy had a very severe cold in the chest last winter and I really thought he was going to die. He coughed nearly all the time and sometimes would spit up blood. We had about given up all hopes of his recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After using one bottle there was a great change in his condition, and I positively say that he was completely cured by two bottles, and he has not been troubled since. I never saw medicine take such quick effect and can sincerely recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bot tle

THE TRAITOR

The hills were growing dark, and the forests of the Valley of Auvagne merged into the greater purple shadows behind them, when a man came running heavily from the pass that leads from Liesse. Scarcely looking to right or left, he kept on till he reached the fringe of the little wood of St. Anne, and passing into the first shade of the larch trees he threw himself face downward panting upon the ground.

He was a big-limbed, powerful man of forty, made for feats of strength rather than fleetness of foot. A short, rough beard hid, one felt instinctively, a stern, strong chin, but under their roof of bushy brows the brown eyes wore a puzzled look, as though they gazed upon strange things that the dense brain behind failed utterly to understand.

Presently his breathing grew easier. He rolled over and stared up through the trees. Two hours past sunset! He had come those twelve miles quickly, but five hours' absence from Auvagne was too long just now. Some of the Hussars who rode in would have been quartered on his farm four hours ago—and the master away! He leapt to his feet, brushed the white dust from his trousers, and wiped his heated face and neck with his blue blouse sleeve. A few paces deeper into the wood a large hollow, leaf-covered, was formed between two great roots, and from this he drew a pair of sabots and a cap. Into one of the former he thrust for safety a torn, grimy paper, and putting the shoes on made his way through the trees to the village that lay beyond.

As he drew near he heard movement and voices—the cries and noises of men feeding and grooming horses, and now and then the clank of arms and the staccato tones of an officer giving an order.

One or two looked up from their work as he passed and a sergeant eyed him closely, but he crossed the farmyard unchallenged. He was merely a peasant-farmer of Auvagne, and not even the sharpest-eyed Hussar could see the Prussian passport in the toe of his wooden shoe.

By the doorway he stood for a moment and watched. Whoever was quartered on his farm, Pierre Fouquier thought sourly, would get bad fare to-night. The third regiment in the village in ten days, the cattle driven, and the fields and orchards wrecked. War is ruin to a farmer, unless he can turn it to account. One must do something to live.

He strode into the kitchen, and the white boards of the table were laid with plates and mugs and scanty, coarse food. It gave him a twinge of conscious, for the French peasant is hospitable and a guest is sacred. But he flung his cap on a chair and swore sullenly. "They come like locusts and take the bread and meat from our mouths. They must take what else comes, too."

"—— died like brave soldiers. So Marshal Bazaine falls back on Metz, you see, my mother and cousin, here; and the Prussians are——" A voice from the inner room rose clearly through a lull in the noises of the yard and fell again to an indistinct murmur.

Fouquier's heart leapt at the sound and then sank like the voice.

It was his brother Eugene, drawn in the conscription of '63, of whom they had heard nothing since the war began. That he should be here of all places on this night!

The voice murmured on, for within the room Eugene sat between his mother and cousin, Mariette, explaining the course of the war as he knew it. Even his enthusiasm could not claim great deeds for the many Army Corps that France had so confidently massed upon the Prussian frontier, and though he suppressed the many rumors of disaster to MacMahon and Bazaine, yet his cousin saw, beneath his optimism, glimpses of as ominous history when it should come to be told in its entirety.

But the mother was content in having her son—one to be proud of; not so tall or sinewy as his brother her elder, yet well set up, trained to a gallant carriage, with a tongue loosened by his intercourse with men. His news was lost in the personality of the teller; great men were moving through the story, but the greatest was her son, who only told of them.

This was the group Pierre saw when he at length pushed open the door, and as he entered there was a rush to him.

"Pierre, my brother!"

"Pierre, my son, Eugene has come home."

But Mariette stood by the table and looked troubled.

The farmer sat down heavily on a chair. "But why are you here, Eugene?" he asked.

"We are on the march to join General Ladmirault at Diedenhofen," replied his brother.

"Why ask, since he is here?" cried the mother. "Ah! if he could only stay for ever!"

Eugene threw his arm round her and kissed her. "Would you have me desert then, mother?" he laughed.

"Ah, no, I could not wish that, Gene; but oh! what if you never came back to me!"

"Nonsense, aunt," Mariette cried, coming to her; "you are giving way because you've seen your boy. Now sit down and talk and laugh while Pierre has his meal. He's hungry—but I'm afraid there isn't much for you, cousin," she added, turning to him with a little grimace.

She bustled everyone into place and set Mere Fouquier to cut bread and meat, while the farmer, who said no word, drew a plate to himself and ate.

The soldiers had trooped into the long kitchen, and presently the women went out to see if anything was needed. Then at last Pierre spoke, slowly and hesitatingly.

"This is a dangerous place, Eugene," he said.

The young man looked up and laughed.

"I thought you were never going to speak, Pierre. Why, you've not said you are glad to see me yet. You always were silent, but now——!"

His brother smiled uneasily.

"It's this," he said, almost apologetically, nodding to the door. "One can welcome one's own, but the soldiers—they leave little behind them for the mother and cousin. Our own soldiers too; while the Prussians pay with gold. One makes thin soup of patriotism."

"The Prussians! They have not—"

"But one hears," rejoined the elder hastily—"but one hears. They pay for all services, it is said. It is different from our soldiers, and it is hard on us, Eugene. One has to turn to other things than farming to feed those two now."

The Hussar looked grave. Secure of rations, however scanty, in camp and barracks, he had not thought of the fight for existence in his own home.

"It is dangerous here," Pierre repeated, returning to his first thought.

"But they seem well cared for, brother; and as there is something for my comrades, my mother and cousin cannot have starved."

"Starved! No. I see to that," Pierre cried, fiercely.

"Yes, you see to it, whilst I—— You are a good son, and will make a good husband to Mariette." The young man's tone grew deeper, and the light carelessness gave place to a depth of feeling he seldom showed. "No wonder they love you, and that our mother speaks of you almost with reverence. You have the hardest part, to stay here and battle with poverty for their sakes. I once fancied Mariette would love me as I—— But you are stronger and better than your wild brother. Yes, you will see to them, and Heaven will see they never lose you."

"Umph! one cannot tell what will come down the stream. But one cannot talk about it and smile, or love Fraace or the army over much."

And they were both silent. The elder spoke first, like a child reiterating a lesson.

"It is a dangerous place for soldiers, this."

"How do you mean, Pierre?"

"The hills and passes. It would be easy for the Prussians to surprise the village. I do not know but it seems, almost, this place is between the hills—like a trap."

"Leave that to our colonel; he knows. He fought in Algiers."

"Still, it might be if they came from—Liesse, say—from that pass and down by the river from the east—it seems you would be caught between two fires." He leaned forward, looking into his brother's eyes as if eager to impress him with a sense of danger of which he dared not speak openly. "It only needs a regiment of Uhlans over that hill and a dark night such as we shall get."

Eugene laughed indulgently. "But is there a regiment of Uhlans over that hill?" he asked, carelessly.

Pierre opened his mouth to speak hastily and then checked himself. His clenched fist ground upon the table and his brows met. And then his mother and cousin returned.

"Pierre has been trying to frighten me, mother," laughed Eugene, turning in his chair as they entered, "by showing me how Auvagne is situated if there were a regiment of Prussians at Liesse."

"Prussians? Good heavens!" cried Mere Fouquier, with startled eyes.

"It was nothing," the elder muttered. "I know the place," he added lamely, marking long ruts in the table with his thumbnail, "and a word from one who knows it as I do is not amiss. But he is——"

A bugle-call interrupted him and the Hussar caught up his sword. "I shall return in a little while, mother," he said, kissing her as she accompanied him to the door.

Mariette laid her hand upon Pierre's shoulder. "Are there Prussians there?" she whispered.

He started. If he said "Yes," the next question would be, "How do you know?" and he could give no reason for being in Liesse that day and keeping the news secret. So he made a pretence to laugh.

"Not that I know," he answered; "though there may be, since Eugene says they've entered France. But I know nothing. How should I—I, who never go beyond our fields and river?"

"How should you?" she echoed. "But you made me suspect. Ah! think how terrible if it should happen that in his own home, when duty brings him back for a few hours to his mother and—and all of us—— Oh! I know it is foolish, but you made me think of it, and——"

Her incoherent speech was broken by choking sobs. The emotions and fatigue of the day had unnerved her, and she was white and trembling.

Her lover sprang to his feet. "Calm yourself, my dear; Eugene is safe. Would I not give my life for him—for all of you? Be brave; go quickly and compose yourself, and don't think such foolish things."

But with a very clouded brow he passed his mother as she returned, and made his way to the stillness of the little wood.

When he returned the soldiers were already stretched in their blankets in the out-houses and sheds, and the place had grown silent.

Eugene, alone in the little room, rose and stretched herself.

"We march at daybreak," he remarked, as his brother entered. "If I get no rest I shall fall asleep in the saddle."

Pierre looked away and said, stammeringly, "There is something I must show you before you go, 'Gene."

He took down the candle from the high mantel-shelf and, crossing, opened a small oaken door on the opposite side of the room.

"Goodness! What is in the cellars, then? It seems there is some mystery. But don't keep me from my sleep long; I'm too tired to be curious."

And emitting a huge yawn Eugene followed the farmer down the flight of stone steps.

The candle was scarcely needed. Both men knew the cellars well. They ran beneath the big kitchen, their arched brick roofs supporting the stone flags above. They were three in number, with the remains of doors still hanging on the narrow openings between them. The mustiness and damp of disuse pervaded the place, and lumber of all sorts was lying about in disorder.

Pierre led the way to the innermost and smallest cellar, and putting the candlestick upon a pile of timber faced his brother awkwardly.

Eugene broke the silence. "Well; and now for the great secret."

Pierre wetted his dry lips and tried to speak. It was harder than he had thought. Had his brother worn a peasant blouse—but the Hussar uniform! It was the soldier stood before him; one of the regiment he had betrayed.

But Eugene divined nothing of his feelings; he only looked in wonder. "Come," he cried, impatiently, "you said you had something to show me."

Then the farmer stopped and, taking off his sabot, drew from it a torn and grimy paper. He thrust it almost defiantly into the soldier's hand and turned away.

It seemed an hour as he waited for some word—some sign. For the first time he felt the shame of treachery. And the silence was unbroken.

Suddenly Eugene strode forward and laid his hand heavily upon Pierre's shoulder, holding out the paper to him.

"What is this?" he cried, hoarsely, his face white in the faint glimmer. "What is your name doing on a Prussian passport?"

The plunge had been made. Pierre Fouquier drew a deep breath and looked his brother in the face.

"It means," he said, slowly, "that our mother and Mariette did not want for food."

Eugene stood for a moment dazed, and when he spoke it was as one doubting his senses.

"You—fed them—with Prussian gold? You—the son of our honest mother!"

"Yes, I! What would you have? You are a soldier and think of France and duty to the Emperor. I also have a duty. I told you to-night what you could not see. And when the pedlar came through the village and offered me money to carry news to the Prussians—well, as I said to you, one had to turn to other things to live."

"A traitor! A spy!"

"The name matters nothing. I care nothing for French or Prussians. I make no wars. I feed my own, and if France comes in my way France is my enemy. I suppose a soldier and a peasant cannot understand each other; it is not right they should. But you are a son, Eugene, also."

"With a spy for a brother. For generations our fathers have been true men; there has been no taint in our blood till now."

"Then since you reproach me—what would you have done?"

"Done? Choked the life out of the scoundrel who would tempt me to sell France."

"And our mother and Mariette? What would you have done for them?"

The rage died from the soldier's face and he stood dumb. At last he realized it. He stood in his brother's place. He saw his loved ones growing pale and thin—drooping day by day. What could he have done? And he turned away sick at heart.

Presently: "They—they do not know?" he asked.

"No," answered Pierre, "and they must never know. It would break our mother's heart; it would be worse than all."

Eugene's face was pitifully white and drawn. "Brother, why have you told me this?" he raid, sadly.

"Because there is more to come. The pedlar bought me, and so when they called me to-day I went across the hill to Liesse to earn my wages. But I went too soon; before I knew you were among the men I had betrayed."

A cry rang through the cellars. The two men turned as through the archway a girl stumbled, with dilated eyes and ghastly face, her arms outstretched in horror before her.

"Mariette!"

Both sprang to her, but she struck the elder fiercely. "Cain!" she cried, and staggering to Eugene burst into sobs.

He caught her in his arms, and felt the slender body shake and quiver against him and the frightened heart beat wildly. Tighter he held her, as if to compel the throbbing to cease. Pierre was forgotten, and all the dangers that threatened. He clasped in his embrace the woman he loved, and she clung to him as to a lover.

For a moment only—till recollection of the peril came to her, and with a supreme effort she controlled herself.

"Is it true? Is it true?" she implored.

Pierre, with despairing eyes, looked at them in each other's arms. "It is true," he said hoarsely.

"Prussians at Liesse; my comrades in a trap! When is the attack?" cried Eugene.

"An hour before daybreak."

"Then there is time," and he sprang to the archway. But his brother was before him.

"No, not that. Hear me, Eugene. I have thought of it all. That is why I brought you here. You must stay here——"

"Here!"

"Do with me as you like after, but listen. Nothing can stay the Uhlans now. I dare not have your blood upon my head. You must remain here in safety till all is over."

The soldier gazed at him in bewilderment, scarce comprehending.

"For our mother's sake! Will you tell her her son is a traitor?"

"But my comrades—my duty! You would make me a traitor, too!"

"It is she—or the soldiers, who are nothing to me."

Mariette, against the wall in the shadows, breathed quicker as Eugene hesitated. His whole attitude reflected the mental struggle he was enduring. The result—what would it be?

The answer came quickly. He leapt forward and grappled with Pierre, straining every nerve to swing him from his path. A fury of despair and rage was upon him. How dare his brother so entrap him between filial love and soldierly duty— set him to find a way out of the dilemma in which treachery had placed him? But his course was plain. His comrades must not be massacred if he could save them.

But Pierre standing like an oak, scarcely moved beneath the wild onslaught, and slowly the strong peasant arms tightened—irresistible as Fate—and forced the soldier back.

Mariette seized him by the wrist, in a vain endeavor to release the hold.

"Pierre! Pierre! he is your brother," she cried, bitterly. "Would you kill him before the Prussians come?"

The farmer loosened his grip and Eugene staggered back.

"He is right; you know he is right," she said.

Before he could answer they heard a clatter of spurs on the stone steps anh saw the gleam of a lantern piercing the darkness at the entrnce to the cellars—a gleam that crossed and quivered on a drawn sabre.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

"Pierre Fouquier, farmer, of Auvagne. Take me to your colonel. I have news for him—of the Prussians."

* * * * * *

The Uhlans rode silently through the pass and down by the river to the east. At each place, when half their force gained open ground, the French Hussars swept upon them and rolled up the squadrons into a disordered tangle of men and horses.

Pierre Fouquier was the first to fall with a bullet in his brain. But the colonel kept terms even with a traitor, for the farmer was buried in a patriot's grave.

PUMPING THE CAPTAIN.

The captain was an eccentric of the first water, and numbered among his peculiarities the fact that he never gave the desired answer to a direct question.

One morning four of his friends who were aware of this trait in his character observed the captain going to market, and after some bantering entered into a bet as to the practicability of learning from him the price he paid for his purchase. They accordingly settled the preliminaries, and stationing themselves at different points along the street which he had to pass on his way home, awaited his coming.

Very soon the bluff old salt made his appearance with several pigeons dangling from his hand. As he approached, the first questioner accosted him with:—

"Good morning, captain. What did you give for your pigeons?"

"Money!" responded the captain, bluntly, as he continued his journey.

The second gentleman a little farther on addressed him. "How go pigeons this morning, captain?" he asked.

"They don't go at all—I carry 'em!" was the unsatisfactory reply.

Shortly after that the captain met the third questioner, who, having asked the time of day, casually inquired, "How much are pigeons a dozen, captain?"

"Didn't get a dozen—only bought half-a-dozen!" said the old gentleman, still plodding on his way.

Finally, the fourth and last of the conspirators attacked the wary old mariner by observing, in the blandest tones, "A fine lot of pigeons you have there, captain! What did you get them for?"

"To eat!" was the pertinent and emphatic rejoinder.

The captain reached home without further molestation.

He—"All great men smoke my dear." She—"But you're not great."

SOME LITERARY HEROES

GREAT FEATS WHICH THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

Many Famous Books Were Written While the Authors Suffered Torture.

There are few finer examples of the heroism of the study than that presented by the late Professor Finsen, the discoverer of the light-cure for lupus, who died so recently. For the last twenty years of his too short life he suffered from painful diseases of the heart and liver, to which dropsy was superadded, and it was only by daily self-denial and the strictest of dieting that he was able to live at all.

Yet for all these years, lived in the very shadow of death and in constant suffering, he stuck bravely to his great life-work, even studying his own diseases with the keenest attention and writing articles on them for medical journals. The last two or three years of his life were spent lying on his back, unable even to be carried to his beloved Institute a few yards away; and yet the lion-hearted scientist never relaxed for a single day his gallant fight for his fellow-men against disease.

The heroism of the Danish professor reminds one of a similar brave battle waged by an English professor, J. R. Green, the historian, against disease and pain. It was in 1869, when the disease which had assailed him for many years finally prostrated him and when the doctors gave him no hope of living more than six months, that Green set to work to write his famous "Short History of the English People." Day after day he toiled at his task, holding deperately on to life and in a

STATE OF CEASELESS PAIN

and exhaustion; and so brave was the man's spirit that he actually prolonged his life for five years. Even he was bound to confess, "I wonder how in those years of physical pain and despondency I could ever have written the book at all."

General Grant's "Autobiography," which brought his widow the enormous sum of $500,000, was written under even more trying conditions than Green's "History." In 1884, the year before his death, the ex-President found himself bankrupt through the failure of a bank in which he was a partner, and face to face with the prospect of dying penniless and leaving his wife destitute. It was at this terrible crisis that he began to write the story of his stirring career for a firm of publishers. But the cup of his misfortune was not yet full. A cancer formed at the root of his tongue, and the gallant soldier, already doomed to death, was compelled to write day after day, suffering constant and severe agony. He completed his colossal task just four days before the merciful end came, having thus performed in his study and in his bedroom an act of heroism which has never been eclipsed on any field of battle.

Mrs. Browning, too, one remembers wrote most of her beautiful poems "confined to a darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends could be admitted, in great weakness and almost unintermittent suffering, with her favorite spaniel as her companion."

THE GERMAN POET HEINE

was another martyr and hero of the study. The last seven years of his life were spent on his "mattress-grave," racked with such excruciating pain that he had to take doses of opium large enough to have killed several men in order to give him a few blessed hours of freedom from it. Through all these years of torture he not only bore himself with a noble resignation and cheerfulness, but produced many of his finest and most finished works, including his "Last Poems and Thoughts" and his "Confessions."

Sir Walter Scott's heroic struggle with misfortune and failing health during the closing years of his life is perhaps too well known to call for more than mention. After the commercial crash came which left him crushed with debt and with shattered health, he set to work "with wearied eyes and worn brain" and toiled for years, often as much as fourteen hours a day, until the end came, and with it the lifting of all burdens, including that of his debts, every penny of which his monumental toil had paid.

Who does not recall the patience and pluck which enabled Frank Smedley to write his books on a "bed of anguish"; how for years Edna Lyall literally kept at bay by her brave spirit and her busy pen; how Mr. Clark Russell has preserved a bright spirit and set a magnificent example of patience and industry while on "the daily rack of rheumatism"; and how much of Sir Arthur Sullivan's sweetest music was distilled from pain?—London Tit-Bits.

"I appreciate the fact that you have honored me with a proposal," said the dear girl; "but are you sure your love for me is the real thing?" "Perhaps not," replied the young grocer, "but it is less expensive and just as good."

"And do you really want to be my son?" asked the widow Mullins of young Spudds, who had asked for her daughter's hand. "I can't say that I do," replied the truthful suitor. "I want to be Helen's husband."

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN., 20, 1905.

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, nonpariel measurement.

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. - - QUE

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

The statement of The Bank of Ottawa for year ending 30th of November is fully up to the record of this highly prosperous and substantial institution. The reserve fund now stands at $2,500,000,00, equalling the paid up capital which places the bank in an extremely strong position and is an achievement on which the Directors, Manager, Shareholders, and all interested in the The Bank of Ottawa are to be congratulated. The statement in full is being sent out in book form to the depositors of the Bank should and prove interesting reading.

This institution gives its customers prompt service, liberal treatment and absolute security.

A SHORT SESSION.

The debate on the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was held within the limits of a single sitting of the House of Commons, and concluded with the hope expressed by Sir Wilfred Laurier that the members would be released from their labors in Parliament in time for sugaring-off at home. Should such a record be made it will be surprising though judging from the speech itself there is no reason why it should not be realized. It contained no promise of tariff legislation, of fast Atlantic service; indeed, the only measure foreshadowed at all likely to require extended discussion was one for the autonomy of the North West Territories—a measure long favored by the Conservatives and opposed by the Liberals.

As usual, the motion for the adoption of the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved and seconded by members who were sitting for the first time in the Commons. The address was moved by Mr. E. M. Macdonald of Pictou N. S., and seconded by Mr. Parent of Montmorency, Que., a son of Premier Parent the former speaking in English and the latter in French

It goes with the saying that acquitted themselves with credit; at last, Sir Wilfred paid them that compliment.

The duty of replying devolved upon Hon. Geo. E. Foster who made his reappearance, as member for North Toronto, after having been out of the House for a parliamentary term. His speech was marked by his old time vigor and reminded the Government that they may expect a very critical examination of any measures they may propose. He twitted the Government upon the omission of any allusion in the speech to the old-time "indispensable market" to the south of us; and pointed out that nothing was said, either, of the promised tariff commission. He was glad to read of the great volume of trade in 1904; but not with the further statement that the revenue for the six months had increased, because most of our imports were from the United States, consisting largely of goods that should be made in this country. Mr. Foster complained that no promise was made in regard to a fast Atlantic steamship service and no reference to the Intercolonial which the prime minister declared during the campaign had never paid because of the "vicious system" under which it was run. Surely something should be done to improve that system, seeing that during the past year it had contracted a deficit of one million dollars, notwithstanding enormous expenditure on capital account. Mr. Foster also regretted that the Government had not seen fit to promise an amendment to the Audit act as asked for by the auditor-general. He made a strong plea for placing the country in a complete state of defence, by fortifying our ports, arming our people and making preparation for the manufacture of munitions of war in case of trouble. Canada has done her duty to a certain extent but the time had come when something more might be done to place the country in a state of defence and to preserve our self-respect.

The Bank of Ottawa

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, ONT.

Capital (Paid up)	$2,500,000
Rest	2,500,000
Undivided Profits	75,332,26
Total Assetts Over	**23,000,000**

DIRECTORS,

GEO. HAY, PRESIDENT, DAVID MacLAREN, VICE-PRESIDENT, HENRY N. BATE, HON. G. BRYSON, H. W. EGAN, J. B. FRASER, JOHN MATHER, DENIS MURPHY, M.L.A., GEO. H. PERLEY,

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Interest paid on deposits of one dollar and upwards and credited half yearly at current rates.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

BRANCH AT LACHUTE.

J. R PARRIS, - - - Manager

—$25.00 REWARD—

The above reward will be paid to any person giving information regarding the coon coat that was stolen from Rodrigue's Hotel some weeks ago. Parties will communicate with Geo. Robinson of Shrewsbury or at this office.

Hardie's Bread

DO YOU TAKE IT ?

If not, you are missing a good thing. We have a reputation for making Bread that gives you an enjoyable meal.

Cakes Rolls and Buns always on hand.

A Postal Card will fetch us to you by addressing—

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SHREWSBURY.

—:o:—

Miss Ethel Kerr is visiting her friends in Lachute this week.

Miss Parkson has returned from her Xmas vacation and re-opened school here for the remainder of the winter.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. Graham is still improving from her ill health.

Hauling logs and breaking roads seem to be the sole endeavor of our young men this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Copeland were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith on Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Joseph Chapman has succeeded in trapping another sly raynard.

HOUSE & LOTS FOR SALE.

LACHUTE.

For sale, a cottage and stable with lot, off south side of Chatham street, Lachute. Price $500 Terms to suit purchaser.

Several other building lots for sale in the West Ward, Lachute. Prices moderate. Terms easy. Apply to

CHAS. CALDER,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent,

Lachute, P.Q. Tel. No. 10.

Dec. 29th, 1904.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Central Counties Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act amending the Company's Act of incorporation and the Acts amending the same, so as to confer the powers hereinafter mentioned. (1) To construct a bridge with the necessary connections and approaches from a point on the line which the Company is authorized to construct near Point Fortune, on the South side of the Ottawa River, to a point at or near the Village of Carillon, on the North side of the Ottawa; (2) to construct a line of Railway by the most feasible and direct route from the said Village of Carillon to the City of Montreal; (3) to increase the capital stock; (4) to issue bonds in aid of the construction of the said bridge and line of Railway; (5) to increase the borrowing power of the Company for the construction of lines not yet completed; (6) to lease, sell or amalgamate with other Railway Companies; and (7) to extend the time for completion of the Railway.

AVIS PUBLIC est par les presentes donne que la Compagnie de Chemin de fer des Comtes du Centre s'addressera au Parlement du Canada, a sa prochaine session, et demandera a amender l'acte d'Incorporation de la dite compagnie & les actes l'amendant, de maniere a lui conferer les pouvoirs ci apres mentionnes; 1 de construire un pont avec les corrections necessaires d'un point sur la ligne que la compagne est autousie a construire pres de Point Fortune, sur le cote sud de la Riviere Ottawa a un point au Village de Carillon ou pres de celui, sur le cote nord dela Riviere Ottawa; 2 de construire une ligne de chemin de fer en suivant la plus propice et la plus directe route du dit village de Carillon a la cite de Montreal; 3 d'augmenter son capital; 4 d'emmer des debentures pour aider a la construction du dit pont et ligne de chemin de fer; 5 d'augmenter le pouvoir d'emprunter de la compagnie pour la construction des lignes que ne sont pas enore completees; 6 de louer, vendre ou s'amalgamer avec d'autres compagnies de chemin de fer; 7 d'obtenir une extension de temps pour la completion du dit chemin de fer.

Chrysler & Bethune,
Advocats de la Compagne.

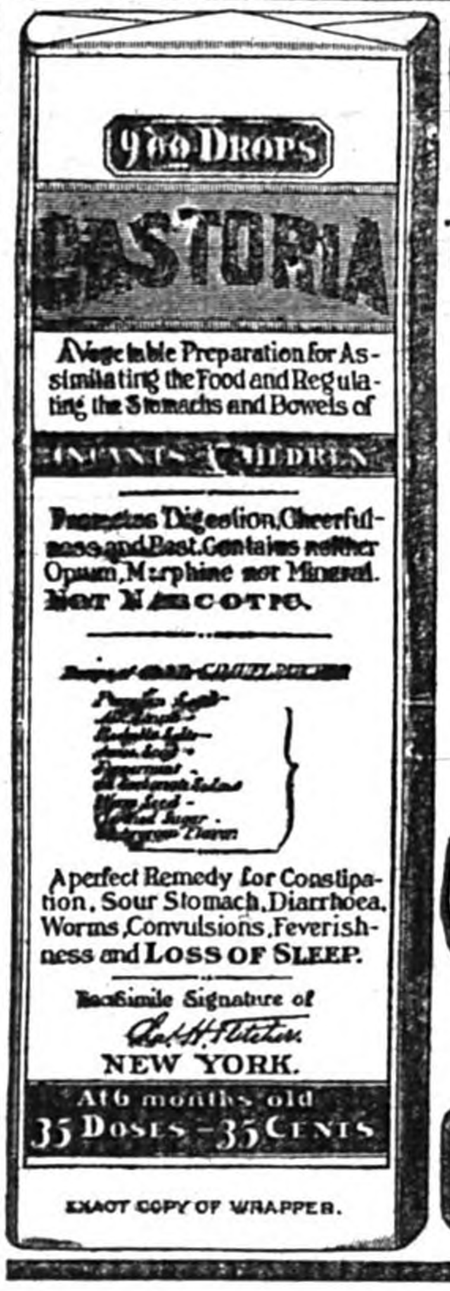
Ottawa, Nov. 30th, 1904.

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



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Better and Larger

STOCK THAN WE HAVE EVER CARRIED.

We have opened up a large stock of Crockery which we are sure will be duly appreciated by our customers. We have also a large assortment of ready-made clothing and our stock of McCready Boots and Shoes is very complete and affords ample opportunity for a good choice. Our grocery and dry goods department are also well stocked.

E. LAVIGNE, LACHUTE.

J. D. CAMPBELL & CO.,

CALL AT OUR UP-TOWN STORE FOR YOUR GROCERIES

. . Also . .

Flour & Feed, Feed Corn-Meal, All Finest Quality.

Flour and Feed Merchants

LACHUTE, - QUE.

Underwear

Men's, Women's, Children's, Misses' and Infants' Fleece Lined, Heavy Cotton, Union and All-Wool. Good Values, best makes and all sizes.

Blankets

Grey and White Flannellette, Grey and White Wool, Grey and White Union, Comforters, etc., etc.

Groceries

Remember, we cannot select better Teas, Coffees, Canned Goods, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Cheese, Lard, Creamery and Dairy Butter than we offer.

Goods Delivered Every Morning

H. J. Giles & Bro.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Office of the Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne.

STE. JEROME, Que, Jan. 2nd, 1905.

I, the undersigned, hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE, that the hereinafter mentioned lots of land shall be sold by Public Auction at the office of the Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne, in the town of St. Jerome, Wednesday, the first day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon for taxes due to the different hereinafter mentioned municipalities upon the lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid with costs at least two days previous to the date above mentioned, that is to say:

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE EAST PART OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ABERCOMBIE.

NAMES	CADASTRE NO.	RANGE	DESIGNATION	MUNI'IPAL	TOTAL
Jane Briant Shorden, widow John Magor.	Part No. 23 B.	3rd Abercrombie	Limited in the East by the public road, in the north by number 24A, in the west by the Lake of Islands, in the South by number 23A.	$21 84	$21 84
Mrs. Jos. Forget, sr.,	No. 43	11th Kilkenny	Limited in the East and in the South by the public road, in the north by No. 42, in the west by number 44.	$1 00	$1 00

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WOLFE.

NAMES	OCCUPATION	CADASTRAL NO.	No. of Range	MUNICIPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL
Widow M. Lafranchise	Farmer	No. 34	10th	$16 96	$2 06	$19 02
" "	"	No. 33	11th	21 50	6 54	28 04
Lucien Deguire	Absent	No. 11	5th	2 78	4 52	7 30

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF SAINTE SOPHIE.

NAMES	NO OF CADASTRE	MUNICIPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL
Calixte Thibault,	No 429	$9 02	—	$9 02

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF SAINTE THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

NAMES	OC'PATION	NO. OF CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL
Damien Leguerrier	Notary	Part No 828, situated in east of Marleaus Rd.	$4 95	$3 75	$8 70
"	"	No. 829, " " "	26	28	54
"	"	No. 830, " west "	99	95	1 94
"	"	North Part No 831, " "	50	49	99
"	"	No. 832, " " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 833, " " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 834, " " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 835, " " "	50	50	1 00
"	"	No 836, " " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 837, " " "	26	26	52
H'rs Paul Cadieux	—	No. 278 situated in 1st con'n of St. Louis Hill	1 26	1 28	2 54
" Magloire Nadon	—	No. 402, " 2nd " " "	1 21	57	1 78
Guillaum Blondin		Situated in St. Louis hill, south St. Lin R'y. Part No 524 situated the north by St. Lin r'y south by lands of low part of Ste. Therese, west by a part of No. 526, east by No. 523.	4 98	4 47	9 45
Guillaum Blondin	—	Situated in St. Louis hill, south St. Lin R'y. Part No. 526, situated in the north by St. Lin r'y, south by lands of low pt. of St. Therese, west by another part of No. 526, east by the part of 524, above mentioned.	3 32	3 48	6 80

HENRI M. J. PREVOST, Sec.-Treasurer.

To Clear Out

Our Stock of Sleighs and Cutters that I have on hand, I am offering some good bargains. Now is your time to secure a good bargain.

Don't forget that we are headquarters for the McCormick Machinery and Implements. We have also on hand a few nice fur coats, robes, and rugs . . . . . .

H. A. BLAIR.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Look Out For Bargains Next Week.

Lachute's Bargain Centre.

J. R McOuat's Adv.

January - Clearing - Sale!

OF WINTER AND WOOLEN GOODS

. . . . . FOR CASH . . . . .

20 p.c. off The following lines 20 p.c. off

Cloakings, Costume Cloth, Dress Goods, Overcoats, Jackets, Fur Coats, Fur Jackets, Fur Ruffs, Collaretts, Muffs, Sleigh Robes, Wool Rugs, Horse Blankets, Wool lined gloves, mitts, cloth caps, Woolen Underwear, and many other lines not here mentioned.

15 P.C. Off The Following Lines 15 P.C.

Wool Lined Rubbers & Overshoes, Lumbermen's Rubbers, Cloth Lined Boots, etc.

J. R. McOUAT

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.

New Choice Stock

Of Choice Groceries, Candies, Fruits and Nuts, just received. They are good goods, and our prices will plesse you . . . . . .

Our Tinware Department is well stocked with all articles necessary for home comfort.

W. S. McBRIDE,

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

His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER VI.

Even when Leah Ray was not under the spell of her father's teaching she had the same shrinking, the same feeling of horror that a sensitive child has of the darkness. Her father and his friends spoke of history; they talked of the rights of the people; they approved of secret societies; they saw nothing wrong in Fenianism, in Nihilism, or any other "ism" which displaced authority and gave power into the hands of the mob. Martin Ray had spoken of his plans to his confederates. They all agreed with him. It was a novelty to have a beautiful young girl to lecture for them, one on whose lips the very honey of eloquence lingered. She was brought into her father's study where several of his most intimate friends assembled. It was a trying ordeal for so young a girl; one less sensible would have been flattered into compliance with their wishes. Leah shuddered with dread. They were grim-looking men, with determined faces; in many instances with them "history" meant murder, and the "rights of the people" assassination. She could not understand half that passed. Her father's friends flattered her, and told her that she would have greater and wider influence than a queen, and that she would live in the hearts and memories of the people forever. But she was frightened. She had heard strange doctrines and strange words.

More than one man cried "Hush!" when he saw the girl's pale face; but Martin Ray said that no one need fear his daughter—she was one of them, and would be stanch until death. So they spoke freely before her, and she, pale, proud, and reserved, wondered that they did not see the difference between what she was and what they wanted.

There was no nobility in their aims, no loftiness of purpose. The girl's heart grew sick and faint as she listened, but her pale proud face gave no indication of her thoughts.

"I may soon die," said Martin Ray, as he laid his hand upon his daughter's beautiful head, "and I have spent my life for the people; but my spirit will live in this girl, who has received my doctrines from my own lips, and who will add the splendor of her own genius to my experience. I may live however, to see my daughter the people's idol — the people's queen."

They asked Leah to give them a specimen of her powers. She turned to her father, with an appealing look which he understood. It would have been easier for her to die than to speak before those stern, cold men.

"Not yet," said Martin Ray, looking proudly at his daughter. "Considering the magnitude of the interests that will be committed to her charge, it is only right that you should hear her before she makes her first appearance in public. But she has much to learn before then. She is not ready yet."

Leah Ray had plenty of spirit — she inherited it from the Hattons; but with all her courage, she dared not tell her father what was in her heart. She had been indifferent at first as to what she had to do; now she hated and loathed it.

When, after midnight, her father gave her permission to leave the conclave, she went to Hettie to seek comfort and consolation.

"I can never attempt it, my darling!" she sobbed. "O, Hettie! what must I do? I hate it all so. What shall I do? My father will be so angry when I tell him."

Her sister looked at her in helpless compassion.

"It seems almost a pity that you are so beautiful and so gifted, Leah," said Hettie.

Leah stood by the window, her face raised to the sky, where the golden stars were shining.

"Do you remember, Hettie," she said, "how the three Hebrews prayed in the fiery furnace. I am in a furnace of fire now. I stand between my own hatred of what my father wants me to do and my father's anger if I do not do it. Who will deliver me from it? Who will take pity on me? I am so helpless. I have no friend. O, Hettie, Hettie! I feel I must pray to Heaven to save me from this furnace of fire!"

"My darling Leah, do not cry," returned Hettie. "If you tell our father that you do not like the plans that he has laid down for you, he will not force you to follow them."

But Leah had a revelation of her father's character that evening which had opened her eyes. She knew that he would not spare her—that he would force her to comply with his wishes; and, if she refused, she had a dim idea that he would make her suffer.

"I wish mamma had lived, Hettie," she said; "she would have taken care of us. She would never have allowed father to force me to do anything against my will. We should have been like other girls then, which we are not now."

"Still, Leah, we are daughters of a patriot," remarked loyal Hettie; and Leah turned away with a hopeless sickness at her heart.

No sleep came to her that night. She hated the men whom she had seen, and who persisted in flattering and praising her. She detested their opinions and political feelings; she loathed the idea of having to meet them again and again. If some one would but rescue her! If somthing would only happen to save her from the terrible future that her father had mapped out for her!"

She looked the next morning from the window of her bedroom. There were people hurrying to and fro; the tall chimneys were smoking, showing that work was going on; there was the distant murmur and roar of the city; she saw men and women with eager faces, who were evidently bent on business. "The people!" And what had she to do with them? She did not even belong to them. What had she in common with those tired-looking, dirty, poorly-dressed men and women who crowded the streets? Nothing. Why then give her life to them or for them? She must tell her father that all his plans for her were more than vain. He would be at home in the afternoon; Hettie would be present, and then she could speak to him plainly on the subject.

The afternoon was close, heavy, and dull. Out of doors the atmosphere was oppressive—in the house there was warmth without brightness; and Leah Ray, with a dull pain at her heart, stood awaiting her father's return—waiting to tell him that she never could and never would become what he wished her to be.

"He will be terribly angry," she said to Hettie; "but I had better die at once than live on in agony, as I should do, Hettie, were I to accede to his plans. While I talk to him, pray that I may be delivered from this furnace of fire."

It was late when Martin Ray returned. He was not in the most amiable of moods; something had gone wrong among the delegates, and he was ruffled and angered.

"Give me my dinner," he said, brusquely; and the two girls hastened to serve him. "Mind," he added, half fiercely, to his eldest daughter—"mind that you study well to-day. I must give you a lesson this evening; last night you did not seem so willing as I should like to have seen you. Understand that there is to be no shirking; you must do what I wish."

"Leah," said Hettie, trembling, "do not speak to him to-night—he is angry, you see; wait until to-morrow."

"No; I could not rest another hour," her sister replied.

She might not be a modern Judith, but she was resolute, firm and determined.

"The Voice of the People" had dined well; he had taken up the only consolation that never failed him — his newspaper; and Leah, looking paler and more determined than she had ever looked before, went up to him.

At that very moment a carriage rolled up the street and stopped at their door; then came a loud peal at the bell, which the little drudge of the house, with a very black face and hands, hastened to answer. They heard a loud, peremptory voice asking if Martin Ray was at home, and the girl's answer, "Yes."

"Give him this," said the same voice, "and tell him that I am waiting—waiting, you understand."

"Who can this be?" observed Martin with a wondering look at his daughters. The little maid solved the mystery by appearaing with a card.

"He says he's waiting," she half whispered, with a nod of her head towards the door.

Martin took up the card and read: "General Sir Arthur Hatton, K. C. B."

"Sir Arthur Hatton?" he murmured. "I know no such name. Hatton?" Then memory suddenly awakened. Was not Doris Hatton the name of the only woman he had ever loved, and who had died because he was not what she believed him to be? Sir Arthur Hatton? It must be some relative of hers, and of the proud father who had died without forgiving his only daughter for marrying him. Then he remembered that his wife had spoken more than once of a soldier-brother away in India. "Ask the gentleman to walk in," he said to the servant; and the next minute General Sir Arthur Hatton was ushered in.

At sight of the two beautiful faces he uncovered his head and bowed low.

"Are you Martin Ray, demagogue and agitator?" he asked.

"I am Martin Ray," replied the master of the house.

"I am General Hatton, the brother of the unfortunate lady whom you stole from her home."

"What is your business with me?" asked Martin Ray.

"I want the satisfaction, first of all, of speaking my mind to you; and, secondly, I wish to know what has become of my sister's children."

Hatred flamed in both faces as the two men looked at each other; hatred flashed from their eyes.

"I have not asked you to my house," said Martin Ray; "nor do I wish to see you here. State your business quickly, and begone."

CHAPTER VII.

It was an impressive scene. The fine, tall figure of the officer was drawn to its full height, his face was expressive of intense scorn. Martin Ray seemed to shrink into insignificance before him, and yet he faced him with a desperate kind of courage. The two girls had drawn close together, as though seeking protection from each other. The wan sunlight lay in yellow bars along the floor.

"I have not come hither," said General Hatton, "to bandy words with you—to seek a quarrel with you. You are one with whom no gentleman could quarrel. I have a message from the dead, and I wish to deliver it. Show me my sister's children."

"They are here," said Martin Ray, not without a certain amount of dignity—"the good children of a good mother."

General Hatton waved his hand with a gesture of scorn. No word about his dead sister could he tolerate from the lips of the man whom he thought utterly vile and base.

He went to the girls, who stood, with fear on their faces, hand in hand. The composed, well-bred manner, the low bow, and the courteous bearing were something novel to them. He looked into each sweet shrinking face.

"My sister's children," he said, have you any word of welcome for me? I bring a message from your mother."

Leah freed her hand from her sister's clasp and held it out to him. She found that he was trembling with agitation and emotion. Then he took Hettie in his arms and kissed her also.

"I was quite a young man," he said, "when I left home, and your mother was much younger than I. She was my beloved sister, playmate and treasure. It was a great grief to me to be obliged to part from her when I went abroad. I remember her face, and in yours I see some trace of it. What word of welcome have you for me?"

Impulsive Leah threw her arms around him and raised her face to his.

"Welcome home, uncle," she said.

"What is your name, dear child?" he asked.

"Leah," she replied.

"Leah! It is a beautiful, sorrowful name. Why did your mother give it to you? Did she forsee a shadow in your life? You look like Leah; no other name would suit you. And your age?"

"I shall soon be seventeen," she replied with unconscious pride in her voice.

"And you?" he continued, turning to the younger sister.

"I am Hettie," she said, "and I am nearly sixteen."

"Heaven bless you, my dear! You have a sweet face of your own. Your mother bade me—here is the letter—you can read it—she bade me, when I returned home, seek you, find you, and save you."

"Save us!" cried Leah. "From what?"

"She must have known what she was writing," replied the general. "She was sweet-tempered, and never complained, but she died young, and of no complaint to which men could give a name. She was not happy, and she asked me to save you."

Martin Ray stepped forward.

"I will not allow you to speak in that fashion," he said. "Their mother loved me, and they love me; you will never set my children against me."

"I have no wish to do so," said the general coldly. "Knowing your true character, as I suspect my sister knew it before her death, I can imagine you to be quite unfit to have the charge of young girls; therefore I bring their mother's message to them, and they can make their choice."

"Why am I unfit?" cried Martin Ray, his face white with rage, "in what way?"

"I judge you from your public character. You are without honor, honesty and loyalty. You are the very ringleader of sedition; treason is a natural atmosphere to you. You live on the hard earnings of the people whom you mislead. You spread disaffection, rebellion, ruin, misery, and death wherever you go."

A low cry came from Leah's lips. It seemed to her that these words of her uncle's gave life to a horrible spectre that had always haunted her.

"If," continued the soldier, "you were honest, I should have some respect for you. But you are an impostor. You, and such as you, live on the hard-earned pence of the men you deceive. If you gave to the people, instead of taking from them, one might have some little faith in you."

"I have given my life to the cause I have at heart," rejoined Martin Ray.

"The cause of anarchy and rebellion—the cause of revolution, which you would spread like a firebrand all over the land. How many men's lives have you to answer for, Martin Ray? You have kept yourself safe; but how many men have you slain by your teaching? You have found men vain and weak, ready to listen to anything which appeared to lighten their burdens; and what have you taught? Did you ever teach a man to be patient, to rest content with the condition in which Heaven had placed him, to work soberly, honestly, and justly? No. You taught him to long for his neighbor's property, to rebel against rightful authority, to look with envious eyes on all those above him, to brood in sullen anger until murder ran riot in his heart. Those are your doctrines."

"Whatever they are, I believe in them," said Martin Ray.

"Many young men owe their ruin and death to you," continued the general. "You have urged them to rebel; you have seen them suffer loss, seen them condemned to prison, to exile; yet you have never paused, nor taken pity, nor spared."

"I have done my duty," declared Martin Ray.

"You are not a fit person to have charge of girls like these. You would sell them heart and soul to further your cause," and Leah shrunk at the words, a sudden pain piercing her heart. "You value their youth, their fresh, sweet grace and beauty, only so far as they will help you and lure men to your belief whom you cannot teach yourself. I declare to Heaven," he continued, passionately, "that I am relieved and grateful to find them as they are; I should not have been surprised had I discovered that you had, even young as they are, tried to make platform orators of them."

(To be Continued.)

The Farm

THE DAIRY HERD.

The following is from Prof. Wilber J. Fraser, of the department of dairy husbandry, Illinois Agricultural College:

Frequently dairymen are keeping one-half of their herd at actual loss. They are, perhaps, making a little profit on the whole herd, and are thus apparently satisfied, whereas, if they would dispose of their unprofitable cows, they would make more money and also save labor. If in a town having two grain elevators one paid one-half cent a bushel more for grain than the other, no farmer would be foolish enough to sell his grain at the one paying the lower price. Yet dairymen will persist in keeping cows year after year that are paying them only 25 cents a bushel for grain, while others in the same herd, or that can easily be obtained at a reasonable price, will pay 50 cents a bushel, or even more, for the grain they consume. The difference in price which individual cows are paying for their grain is not so apparent as the difference at the elevator, but it is none the less actual and affects the pocket just as surely in the end.

Every dairyman should have a profitable standard of production for his cows, and any mature cow that does not come up to this standard should be disposed of at once. What this profitable standard is each must determine for himself, as it will depend upon the cost of feed and care, and the value of the product in that particular locality. This standard should be gradually raised each year by weeding out the poorest cows and breeding only from the best. The only way this can be done intelligently is by keeping a record of each individual cow. Generally speaking, cows cannot be kept at a profit, in Illinois at least, that do not produce the equivalent of 250 pounds of butter annually.

TESTING THE COWS.

To determine exactly what a cow produces in a year, every milking must be weighed and sampled, but if the herd is given a one-week test every three months, it will be sufficient to yield valuable results. All the apparatus necessary for this purpose is a spring balance, as many common glass fruit jars as there are cows in the herd, and a four-ounce bottle Babcock milk tester.

A set of directions accompanies the tester, and any intelligent person can operate the test. The milk may be weighed on any scale, but a spring balance is the most convenient. The scale should be so adjusted that it will balance the empty milk pail with the hand at zero. A sample should then be taken by means of a small dipper, holding about two tablespoonfuls and placed in the jar bearing the cow's name or number. A cartridge shell of the proper size with a wire attached for a handle makes a very convenient dipper for this purpose. If things are conveniently arranged, this can all be accomplished very quickly. To prevent the milk from souring until the end of the week, to each jar should be added as much pulverized potassium bichromate as will lie on a 1-cent piece. Potassium bichromate may be obtained at any drug store, and, although a rank poison, is one of the best preservatives to use for this purpose, for the reason that it imparts a lemon color to the milk, thus making it easy of detection, and obviating the possibility of feeding it by mistake to calves or pigs.

At the end of the week, the composite samples in the jar should be tested with the Babcock milk test to determine the per cent. of butter fat. This gives the average amount of butter fat contained in each cow's milk for the week, multiplied by the per cent. of the butter fat, gives the total butter fat produced by that cow for the week.

This test should be made every three months, or thirteen weeks, and in computing the yield of the cow for the three months the six weeks previous to and the six weeks following the test should be taken for obvious reasons, and not the three months before, or the three months after. Even if the cow is shrinking in the flow, the week in the middle of the three months will fairly represent her average yield for that period.

CUTTING THE HERD.

After a fair trial, all mature cows that do not come up to a profitable standard, should be disposed of at once. A heifer may not do well with her first calf, but if she is a promising individual in other respects, she should still be retained. If, however, she is a poor producer during her second lactation period she should be kept no longer.

After the cows have been tested for a year, and the best ones determined, these should be bred to a sire of some dairy breed, one that is both an excellent individual, and whose female ancestors have for several generations been large producers. In no class of animals is the pedigree of so much importance as in the dairy sire. In others something can be told of the sire's individual merit for the purpose for which he is kept. The speed stallion can be tested on the track, the wool ram by examining his fleece, and all flesh-producing animals by the development of high-priced portions of their bodies, while the ability of the dairy bull to produce good milkers must be determined almost entirely by the record of his ancestors.

Again, in no class of animals do we have the opportunity to determine the individual merit of the females from a standpoint of production so well as in dairy cattle. An exact record of the yield for the entire year may be easily kept, and the animal's actual worth be determined while still comparatively young, and without destroying the animals, as is necessary for the block test. The old saying that "the sire is half the herd" does not always express the whole truth.

In a sire whose ancestors have been bred for dairy purposes, only [illegible] characteristics have become firmly fixed, and when crossed on cows of no special breeding, will produce calves more like the sire than the dam. In this case the sire counts for more than half. A dairyman may start with nothing but the grade cows of only fair quality, and by simply purchasing dairy sires of excellent quality have a fine grade dairy herd in a few years. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point, and money and time spent in finding an excellent sire will prove a remunerative investment.

SAVE THE BEST CALVES.

The best heifer calves from the best cows should by all means be raised. The method that is still largely practiced in some places of disposing of all the calves regardless of how good the individual or as parentage, is in the end a ruinous practice to the dairy interests. The ranges are producing beef cattle, horses and sheep, but the dairy cows must be produced by dairymen only.

Although good cows can be found in all communities they are comparatively scarce, and the heifer calves from them should certainly be raised. Where the whole milk is available, this is not so easily done, but it will pay to feed the best calves whole milk for a few days, and then gradually substitute some other calf food. In this way, if a little care is exercised, excellent dairy calves may be raised on a small quantity of milk.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, let me emphasize a few special points: There are vast differences in the efficiency and profit derived from individual dairy cows. One cow may produce more than twice as much butter fat in a year as another on exactly the same feed. A good cow well cared for may produce five times as much as the average cow.

Nearly all dairymen keep a portion of their herd an actual loss.

Many keep cows that pay only half as much a bushel for the grain consumed as other cows in the same herd.

Excellent cows are obtainable at a reasonable price in all sections of the country.

Give the cows a one-week test every three months; have a profitable standard; gradually raise it each year and dispose of any that do not come up to this.

Breed the best cows to the best sires.

Arthur—"I can read your thoughts Miss Nancy." Miss Nancy (coyly)—"Then what makes you sit so far away?"

Suitor—"Your daughter, sir, is the light of my existence." Her father—"Oh, that's it, eh?" I've often wondered how you could ever see her with the gas turned so low."

MEN LOVE FINE FEATHERS

GREAT FORTUNES SPENT IN CLOTHES AND JEWELS.

Gentlemen of the Olden Days Were Very Expensive Dressers.

How comparative everything is, after all! Those of us who have followed the daily sales of a certain young nobleman's wardrobe, with its eighty-three dressing gowns of pink moire, heliotrope, and other gay silks, and so on through a dazzling and almost endless array of fine feathers—a wardrobe large and sumptuous enough to have equipped a score of eighteenth-century beaux—might be pardoned for thinking that surely no man, since the days of Solomon, had ever had such a gorgeous and costly raiment.

But we need go back no farther than to the days of the first Duke of Buckingham to find even such sartorial wonders put completely into the shade. Here is a description of George Villiers, who is said to have spent over five million dollars on personal jewellery alone:—

"It was common with him at an ordinary dancing to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hatbands, cockades, and earrings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearls; in short, to be mancled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels. At his going over to Paris in 1625 he had twentyseven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at $400,000, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as well as his sword and spurs." And yet this king of dandies ended his days in a wretched country inn, and in a state of

ABSOLUTE DESTITUTION.

The gaily-arrayed Duke of Buckingham had a not unworthy rival in the Lord Villiers of whom Mrs. Delany tells us that he appeared at the Court of St. James's in 1773 "in a coat of pale purple velvet, turned up with lemon-color, embroidered all over with SS-es of pearls as big as peas, and in all the spaces little medallions in beaten gold in various figures of Cupid and the like."

And in the same year we read of an honorable member making an appearance at Westminster thus gloriously attired. He had a silk coat of variegated colors, a pink-silk waistcoat breeches richly embroidered in silver, white silk stockings with pink clocks, and large buckles of silver on shoes of pink satin. Add to this a gaily-colored stock covered with exquisite lace, and hair dressed high and held in position with quite a forest of pearl-headed pins, and we have a picture of sumptuous attire which even Solomon might have envied.

King William IV., plain sailor as he effected to be, had an eye to pictorial effect in his own person. Here are a few items from an inventory of his wardrobe: "All the coats he had ever had for fifty years; 300 whips; canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, white kid trousers lined with white satin, ruffs of Mechlin lace, mantles of crimson, purple, and green velvet, and plastered with gold."

But William, King though he was, was a man of sober raiment compared with some of his subjects; for while he was airing his velvets was not young Disraeli walking in Hyde Park in this

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR:

A slate-colored coat lined with satin purple trousers with a gold band down the outer seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of the fingers, and white gloves with diamond rings outside them.

Every age, there can be no doubt, has had its human peacocks who love to flaunt their rainbow-feathers for the envy of their more sober fellows. Here, for instance, is a picture of a young nobleman of the time of the first George. He wore a coat richly embroidered, a laced waistcoat with gold-worked buttonholes, and black velvet breeches. His shirt-bosom and wrists were smothered in fine Mechlin lace, his gold-clocked stockings rolled up over the knees, and his feet were enclosed in red-heeled shoes with brilliant buckles. His long-queued wig was heavily perfumed and powdered, his delicate hands were white gloved; he wore a sword with gold-tasselled knot, and hilt adorned with rich filigree work, and in one hand he poised a gold enamelled snuff-box.

And if we go as far back as the fourteenth century, we find King John I. of France, when a captive in England, spending his time in ordering and wearing the most gorgeous costumes money could purchase or vanity suggest. One set which he ordered for Easter was of marbled-violet velvet, trimmed with miniver; and another of rosy scarlet, lined with blue taffeta. For a single robe no fewer than 2,550 skins were used, 1,400 of miniver and 1,150 of "gris," at a cost in our money of at least $2,500. Indeed, so exacting were the King's sartorial requirements that he kept a large tailoring establishment constantly employed in executing his orders.—London Tit-Bits.

She—"Now can you guess my age, Major?" Gallant Major—"No, I can't; but you don't look it."

WAS SENT HOME AS INCURABLE

THEN JOS. BOONE FOUND HEALTH IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Was Unable to Work for Seven Years Before He Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy

Cottel's Cove, Nfld., Dec. 26. — (Special.)—The days of miracles are past, but the cure of Joseph Boone of this place almost ranks with the sensational cures of the earlier ages.

Mr. Boone had been ailing for eight years, seven of which he was unable to work from the effects of Backache and Kidney Complaint. He was all aches and pains.

He was treated by several doctors, and after seven months in the hospital was sent home as incurable. It was there that reading of cures in the newspapers led him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took twenty-one boxes to cure him, but to-day he is strong and well and hard at work lobster fishing.

People here have learned that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

DIP OF THE HORIZON.

How Far Can Objects be Seen Over Water?

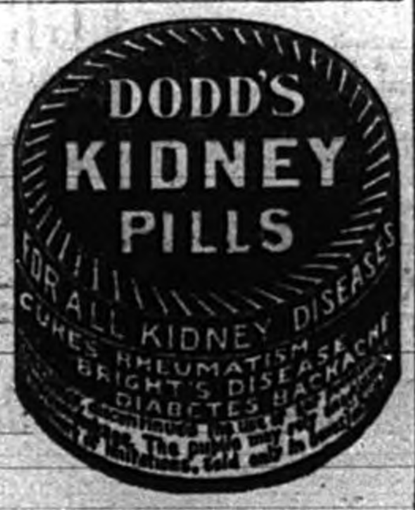
The question is often raised, How far can certain objects be seen at sea from the deck of a steamship? Several elements are involved in this problem. The clearness of the air, which varies enormously; differences in natural keenness of vision and in experience in looking for faintly revealed things, the power of one's marine glass, and other matters need to be considered. Most of all, it is necessary to deal with the curvature of the earth. This, of course, is not variable, but the effect is, because the greater the distance the greater the dip below the horizon.

Three or four formulae for computing the latter are given in books on navigation. Some of them are harder to remember and to use than others, but they all give substantially the same results. Perhaps the easiest to employ is this, which occurs in the article on geography is the "Encyclopedia Brittanic": The distance of the horizon in miles is four-thirds the square root of the height in feet. According to this rule, the top of a pole or tower 200 feet high (if sufficiently wide) would be visible at sea level sixteen or seventeen miles away, but would completely disappear between eighteen and nineteen. If it was examined from the deck of a ship—say ten or fifteen feet above the water—the distance would be two or three miles greater.

One might imagine that the problem just given would be identical with the following: If an observer were raised 100 feet above sea level, how far could he see the top of a pole 100 feet high? The answer is not the same. If there were no hindrance to good seeing except the curvature of the earth, one could in this second instance cover a range of about twenty-five miles. A man in a rowboat could see the top of a 100-foot pole nearly thirteen miles off in one direction and the top of another in the opposite a little less than thirteen miles off. But the dip increases rapidly after the first few miles. To enable one to see its top thirty miles away it would be necessary to have a pole over 500 feet high.

The smoke emitted by the funnels of a steamship trails behind her at an elevation of 100 feet or more above the sea. If the air were perfectly clear and a lookout had good eyesight he would probably detect it ten miles or more away. The hull of the steamer would not come into view until it was very much nearer. The funnels for nearly their whole length would be visible at five miles, but the hull could not be made out (at sea level) until the distance had been still further reduced. On most big steamships there is a place called the crow's nest, in the foremast, forty or fifty feet above the deck. At that elevation a man could see six or eight miles further than at sea level, provided that the atmospheric conditions are favorable.

Bill—"I haven't heard you play your violin since you got married. You used to make it talk!" Jill—"It hasn't had a chance to say anything since I got married."



The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap. 10B

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES.

Statistics Show There Are Not Very Many of Them.

There is a great misapprehension as to the number of millionaires in New York and in the world. Chauncey M. Depew said recently that there were 100,000 millionaires in the United States. According to a great commercial agency, which is probably nearer right, there are only 77,000. The Financial Red Book, a most carefully compiled publication gives the names of practically all the persons in the United States who are supposed to be worth more than $300,000. And there are only 15,000 names on the list. No claim is made that the name of every person worth that amount or more is given, but the proportion of those left out is extremely small, for a most exhaustive investigation has been made. In the last few years there has been a marked tendency among men of wealth to conceal the amount of their worldly posessions The first incentive in this respect is the vulgar prominence given to the man who has lots of money. There are other reasons men have for suppressing knowledge of the amount of their wealth. Some wish to avoid heavy taxation and give false returns. Another man may have made his money in a business not commonly supposed to be especially lucrative, and he doesn't care to have his affluence blazoned forth to arouse competition.

A PLEASANT REBUFF.

"I never was rebuffed in so pleasant a way as on my last journey," said Joblots, the commercial traveller, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when I saw a staircase with a sign, 'This way for commercial travellers.'

"I supposed the stairs led to the counting-house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls on which were painted boards directing the way.

"I passed through the hall, and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and, opening the door at the lower step, found I was—in the street again."

It is easier for a woman to mix the ingredients of a cake than it is for her husband not to mix the instructions she gives him.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Whenever a girl giggles at every remark a young man makes, it may be taken for granted that she is willing to be more than a sister to him!

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAGUE.
I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth. CHAS PLUMMER.
I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

"They say that fringes are not much worn now, but I'm hanged if I believe it!" muttered Penniless, as he glanced at the bottoms of his trousers.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 25-01

Mabel—"There's Mr. Stubbs. He's the only farmer on record who has made his money out of weeds." George—"He surely didn't do that?" Mabel—"Yes, he did." George—"How, pray?" Mabel—"Married a widow."

Do you catch cold easily? Does the cold hang on? Try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

It cures the most stubborn kind of coughs and colds. If it doesn't cure you, your money will be refunded.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

We wish the many thousands who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea a happy Xmas. and a prosperous New Year.

Blue Ribbon Tea Co.

POULTRY

We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

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

NEW WAY TO GET CASH.

Illinois Minister's Plans for Securing Contributions.

The Rev. Fred D. Stone, minister of the Methodist Episcopal church at Oregon, Ill., has an original method of collecting enough money from his congregation to pay all of the expenses of the church.

Just before the beginning of each conference year he has prepared in the printing office a large calendar on the card of which is printed a picture of his church, the hours of the different Sunday services, and a calendar for the new year. At one side of the calendar is a block of fifty-two small envelopes, the envelopes being "blocked" so that one at a time may be torn off. Each envelope bears a date and a blank line on which to write a name.

These calendars are then distributed to each contributing member of the church, and each calendar is supposed to be hung in a room where visitors may see it. It is also expected that the member will tear off an envelope bearing the date on which he attends church, that he will inclose a sum of money in it, and leave it at the church. Above the calendar is the "motto." It reads as follows: "A contribution from every member with religious regularity."

The man who has one of these calendars hanging in his home cannot consult the calendar without seeing the envelopes, and he is thus reminded that he must keep taking off the envelopes as he continues to turn the leaves of the calendar. When the minister calls around to see his members, he casts a glance over on the wall to see that the right use is being made of his design, and up to this time it has not failed to work to the advantage of the church.

FOUND THE RIGHT ONE.

Employer—"Well, did you get that money owing by Smith?"

Collector—"No, sir; there were six Smiths at the same address, and they all denied being your debtor; in fact, one of them threw me out."

Employer—"That's the one; call on him again."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Belle—"Bertie has been going out with me these three months. Now, don't you think it is time he proposed?" Emma—"I can't say. He went out with my cousin six months before he proposed."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

"You can't do anything without money, my boy?" "Oh, yes, you can." "I'd like to know what?" "Get in debt."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker.

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

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air 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.

RATHER FAMILIAR.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Norton.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Peverill. You know her husband, Major Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just learnt to-day, to my horror, that 'Major' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly. I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a groan; "only that I've been calling him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last few weeks.

"Pinto" Shell Cordovan

Used in H.B.K. Mitts, Gloves and Moccasins—tough as whalebone, flexible, soft, pliable, scorch-proof, wind-proof, boil-proof, crack-proof, tear-proof, rip-proof, cold-proof, almost wear-proof—certainly the greatest leather ever used in mitts and gloves.

Like buckskin it is tanned without oil, unlike buckskin it is not porous, it is wind-proof—will outwear three buckskins.

"Pinto" Mitts and Gloves never crack or harden, never get sodden, are always warm, pliable, soft and comfortable.

Sold at all dealers but never without this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.
Montreal Winnipeg Dawson 2

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar. "I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar. "You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

After a woman has told one-third of a story a man can guess the rest.

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. the best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical

Furs Furs

1904-1905

Men's Coon Coats, Men's Fur-Lined Coats, Men's Buffalo Coats, Men's Russian Beaver Coats, Ladies' Ukrainer Fur Coats, Sable Trimmed, Ladies' Black Astrachan Fur Coats, Ladies' Electric Seal Fur Coats, Ladies' Black Lamb Fur Coats, Ladies' Timber Lynx Scarfs, Ladies Sable Scarfs or Stoles, Ladies' Bear Collarettes, Muffs, Boas, Caps—(Men's and Ladies'). Fur Gauntlets, Grey Fur Collars and Caps and Muffs for Children. ....

Men's Fur Collars to Button on any Overcoat.

G. L. MEIKLE & COMPANY

LACHUTE - QUE.

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.

FAMILIARITY ofttimes 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

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-William ' ts.

Headquarters For Hardware For 1905.

T. McOuat & Son., Lachute, P.Q.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the County of Argenteuil.

LACHUTE, QUE., Jan. 4th, 1905.

I, Gavin J. Walker, the undersigned Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil, hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE, that the lands hereinafter mentioned will be sold by Public Auction at the Court Room in the Court House Building, in the town of Lachute, in the said County of Argenteuil, (the usual place of holding the sessions of the County Council) on Wednesday, the first day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon for the assessments and charges due to the Municipalities hereinafter mentioned upon the several lots or part of lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid to me with costs, before the aforementioned day of sale.

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ARUNDEL.

NAME OF OWNER.	RESIDENT OR NON-RESIDENT.	RANGE	LOT NO. OR PART THEREOF NO. ON CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX	TOTAL AMOUNT
Alexander McGillis,	Non resident	4	Lot No. 28	$22 85	$22 85
" "	"	5	Lot No. 28		
Alfred Loyer,	"	6	Lot No. 22	8 28	8 28

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF GORE.

NAME OF OWNER.	RANGE.	RESIDENT OR NON RES'ENT	NOS. ON CADASTRE.	COSTS	SCHOOL TAX	MUNI'IPAL TAX.	TOTAL.
Mrs. Jno. Stanning,	1	Non Res't.	Lots Nos 6 B & 7 A.	25 cts.	$2 08	$3 52	$5 85

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THAT PART OF THE PARISH OF ST. JEROME, WHICH comprise the Cotes St. Joseph, St. Eustache, St. Marguerite, and St. Angelique.

NAME OF OWNER.	RESIDENT OR NON RESIDENT.	LOT NO OR PART THEREOF NO ON CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL AMOUNT
Heirs of late James Woods,	Resident.	Lot No. 65 and the south half of lot No. 64 in the south range of cote St. Angelique.	$2 25	$15 46	$17 71

LACHUTE, JAN. 4th, 1905.

GAVIN J. WALKER,

Sec.-Treas. of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil.

How is This!!!

We have too many Men's and Women's Fur Coats in Coon, Astrachan, Black Lamb, Wambat, Grey Lamb Etc., from $18 to $65, and offer you the choice of whole

Lot at 20 p.c. Discount

Ladies' Jackets from $6 to $14 we offer you at 25 p.c. discount, Cash. These are great offers. We need the money, Don't you need the Coats?

W. BANFORD.

January CLEARING Sale!

Commencing on Tuesday, January 2nd, 1905, we will allow 10, 20, and 25 p.c. reduction on all Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, and Glassware, for Cash. Don't miss this great discount sale, as we want to make room for our Spring stock coming in, and enlarge our stock to meet the demands of our increasing trade. Highest price paid for all farm produce.

Chas. E. Ladouceur,

ST. ANDREWS, QUE.

Professional & Commercial.

DR. E. LAURIN,

VETERINARY-SURGEON.

Bell Tel. No. 14 Ste. Scholastique.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

MAIN STREET - LACHUTE, P.Q.

MALCOLM SMITH,

Licensed Auctioneer.

P. O. Box 10. - Lachute, Que

For the District of Terrebonne. Sales conducted in French and English.

G. J. WALKER,

INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT,

LACHUTE, P.Q.

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

DR. HUGH B. FRASER, B.A.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BROWNSBURG - - QUE.

Graduate of McGill Medical College.

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

SURGEON-DENTIST.

Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday [illegible]day and Saturday.

(Absent on Tuesday only.)

DR. S. S. STACKHOUSE, S'R.,

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE.

SURGEON DENTISTS.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

REDUCED FARES,

To WESTERN and PACIFIC POINTS.

From Sept. 15 to Oct. 15, inclusive.

Colonial fares from Montreal to Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rossland, Nelson, Trail, Robson $48 90

For particulars, apply to J. M. Dorion or W. H Garretsee, Lachute.

The Watchman.

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXIX. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1905. NO. 52

BUY YOUR

Rolled Oats, Fresh,

— AT THE —

St. Andrews Flour Mills,

FOR $2.25 PER AAG

Lachute dealers charge 3½ to 4c. lb.

H. WALSH.

WANTED.—A clerk for a general store, one having two or three years experience, must be a good salesman, and speak English and French, reference required, address,

Box 7, Lachute, P.Q.

Three Men's Coon, two Brown Wambat, one spotted Wambat Fur coats, reduced in prices at W. BANFORD.

See J. R. McOUAT'S January Clearing Sale.

J. R. McOUAT.

Ladies Cloth Jackets reduced to 25 p.c straight. We don't want to carry one over, ¼ off price at

W. BANFORD.

—For Sale Cheap—

A few choice Ayrshire bull calves, also grade bull and heifer calves, apply to

ALEX DOIG, "Hill Farm", Lachute.

Don't forget the place to go for hardware,

T. McOUAT & SON.

Carpenter Bros. are selling their complete stock of boys clothing at 25 p.c. discount. Don't lose this opportunity of getting the boys a good suit cheap.

CARPENTER BROS.

Men's ulsters and overcoats, one line each reduced to $5.00 to clear out

W. BANFORD.

FOR SALE,—Brick house, double tenement, situated on Bethany Street, 2 stories, 24 by 40. Apply to. Felix Paquette, Carpenter.

CASTORIA.

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

Don't forget the place to go for hardware,

T. McOUAT & SON.

$18.00 fur coat reduced to $12.00, only one left. W. BANFORD.

COST PRICE & 20 p.c. discount. Here is your chance. Ladies cloth for Jackets, and remnants for boys suits will be sold at cost. Mens' Overcoats, Gloves and Ties will be sold at 20 p.c. discount till February 15th, for cash only at

D. LAPOINTE.

It's a cold country. Fur coats are a necessity. As we sell them, nearly every one can have one. Men's and Women's Come and see them at

W. BANFORD

If the party that stole the lumber from Sir John's Lake hill, belonging to Mr. Thos. Moore of St. Andrews, don't come and settle about it at once, legal proceedings will be taken against them immediately as the party is known.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. R. McArthur spent Thursday in Montreal.

Mr. L. Roy of Montreal spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Thos. Christie is visiting Mrs. Ross of Ottawa.

Mr. G. Deacon has returned after a pleasant visit to his home in Renfrew.

Miss Ethel McRae of Calgary, is visiting Miss Gertie Riddell for a few days.

Miss Scott of Lakefield, was the guest of Mrs. Drysdale the early part of this week.

Mr. W. Drouin had his nose broken while working at the Dominion Cartridge Co., Brownsburg.

Capt. Wright of Morrisburg, & Mr. John Innes of Stonefield, were guests of Mr. John Hope on Tuesday.

The Misses E. McGibbon and G. Ross of Hawkesbury, are guests of Mrs. Wm. Robertson this week.

The Misses Elliott and Jarvis of Westmount, and Miss Kerr of Vancouver, were guests of Miss A. Fraser this week.

Miss Helen Villeneuve of St. Anne des Plaines, and Miss M. E. Pager of St. Hermas are the guests of Mrs. Dr. A.A. Gauthier.

Miss Alice Banford who has been spending a pleasant visit with friends in Pennsylvania, is expected home this week.

Rev. Father Carriere left on Wednesday accompanied by two friends of St. Therese, for an extended visit to the West India Islands.

The Misses Gibson and Kilgour of Morrisburg, and Misses Wilson and Cameron of Montreal, spent the early part of this week in town.

Mr. R. Despins had his elbow dislocated last week while working in the timber-yards of the McFaul & Bros. Lumber Co. at St. Michel.

Messrs. Geo. McGregor and J. D. Campbell were in Montreal this week attending the Annual Meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge for this Province.

The Session of the Presbyterian Church will meet on Monday next at 7 p.m., to receive and consider the report of the committee regarding the Church Building at Brownsburg.

Both services in the Presbyterian Church last Sabbath were largely attended. Mr. Foote, student, has been invited to become assistant for the coming summer. Mr. Foote is a young man of good talent, genial disposition and excellent promise.

The Ladies Association of St. Mungo's Church, Chatham, met on the 17th inst., at the home of Mrs. T. Noyes, and decided (D.V.) to hold their annual Tea-meeting on Thursday, February 16th.

The Annual Tea-meeting of the Methodist Church is announced for Tuesday. February 14th. Appropriately enough this is to be a Valentine Supper. A fine programme is promised.

The Salvation Army Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Gillam from No. 1 Corps, Montreal, are expected to visit Brownsburg on Wednesday and Thursday next, February 1st & 2nd, and will hold a real Salvation meeting each of these nights, good music and singing are expected. Everybody is cordially invited. All seats free.

A good stiff practice on Wednesday has put our boys in good shape for the match of Saturday evening when they will play the Buckingham team. We feel confident of their success and trust that the townsfolk will turn out in goodly numbers to encourage them in their efforts to hold the cup. It should be a matter of much congratulation that while other teams are seeking glory by paid players, our boys all belong to the town and are playing simply for the town's honor, therefore come and give them a rousing cheer.

The Annual Meeting of the Presbyterian Church, was held in the Church Hall on the 17th inst, Rev. J. M. McLaren in the chair; Mr. J. W. McOuat Secretary. The attendance was better than usual. Satisfactory reports were read on the various departments of Church work. It was agreed that the pastor should have a holiday of four weeks in the summer. The question of "Individual Communion Cups" was introduced, and as a difference of opinion was developed it was remitted to the session to make inquiries in regard to the hygienic bearing of the question for consideration at a future meeting.

The following is the result of an examination held in French, at the Academy last Friday. Marks attainable 100:

Grade III Acad.—Katie Campbell 76, Bertram Mabon 72, Amy Hyde 71, Irene Caron 70, Elinor Palliser 63, Douglas Gall 62, Minnie Smith 58, Ivan Fraser 55, Edwin Bampton 47, Edward Christie 41.

Grade II Acad.—Ettie Murdock 67, Pearl Pollock 67, Gladys McOuat 65, Elsie McIntyre 58, Nora DeLisle 54, Della Dewar 52, Jessie Smith 49, Katy Staniforth 48, Amy Copeland 46.

OBITUARY.

—:o:—

This week, death has removed from our midst a venerable couple, who for nearly seventy years have been residents of this county. They were brother and sister, bordering on 90 years. On Sunday evening, January 22nd, Mr. Hugh Cleland, after a very brief illness passed away and some twenty-four hrs. later his sister Mrs. E. B. McRae was also called to her last home. Both funerals were conducted by the Rev. Jas. M. McLaren, B.A., Mr. Cleland's taking place on Wednesday, and Mrs. McRae's on Thursday afternoon. A large circle of friends and relatives remain to mourn their loss

BIRTH.

CAMPBELL.—At Sir John Lake, on Wednesday, Jan. 25th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Jno. M. Campbell.

LAFLEUR.—At Lachute, Tuesday, Jan. 10th, a daughter to Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Lafleur.

ROCHON.—At Lachute, on Saturday, Jan. 21st, a daughter to Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Rochon.

CUSHING.

—:o:—

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nicholls were visiting friends in Grenville on Saturday last.

Mr. H. Morrison of Hawkesbury, was the guest of his uncle Mr. Geo. Nicholls on Friday last.

Mr. T. Lindley of Montana, arrived from the West last week on a visit to his brother Mr. David Lindley.

We are sorry to report the illness of Mr. Peter Cameron of Stonefield, who is under the care of Dr. Shaw of St. Andrews

At a meeting of the Ladies Association which was held on Tuesday of last week at the residence of Mrs. T. Noyes, it was decided to hold the St. Mungo's Church Annual Tea-meeting on Thursday evening, Feb. 16th.

CASTORIA.

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

HOUSE & LOTS FOR SALE.

LACHUTE.

For sale, a cottage and stable with lot, off south side of Chatham street, Lachute. Price $500 Terms to suit purchaser.

Several other building lots for sale in the West Ward, Lachute. Prices moderate. Terms easy. Apply to

CHAS. CALDER,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent,

Lachute, P.Q. Tel. No. 10.

Dec. 29th, 1904.

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 ..

..JANUARY & FEBRUARY SALES..

Ladies' Silk Waists, black and colored, all sizes at unusual value.

Ladies' Flannel and Cloth Waists to suit everyone.

Fancy Collars, Gloves and Ribbons

Immense Sale going on.

Underwear Special. Special Black Sateen Underwear at bargains.

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.

CARPENTER BROS.

January CLEARING Sale.

In order to make room for our new assortment of Spring Goods we are selling most of our winter goods at 15 to 30 p.c. discount, including Tweed Suitings, Dress Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, hosiery, top shirts, rubbers, moccasins, boots, shoes, etc.

We have a few fancy calendars left which we are selling at 33 1-3 p.c. discount.

Suitable Holiday Presents ... For Gentlemen ...

The Largest Stock of Up-to-Date Gent's Furnishings Ever shown In Lachute.

All New for the Holiday Trade.

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

He unclasped Hettie's arms, and placed her in a chair, then he went to the bookshelf, took from it a large Bible, opened it, and laid it upon the table before the general. There was about his action that dignity that comes from great sorrow.

"Look!" he said, pointing his finger. "There is the entry of my marriage with Doris Hatton. Here is the birth of my first and best-beloved child Leah, more than sixteen years ago. Here is the birth of Hettie, fifteen years ago. Now see. My eldest child is dead to me, she died to-day. I have but one daughter living."

He took a pen and dipped it in ink, and through the name of Leah Ray he drew a thick black line with steady fingers. He wrote opposite it, "Dead to me." Then he closed the book, and replaced it on the shelf.

"There is no more to be either said or done," he continued. "You have taken my child from me, General Hatton. She goes readily—let her go. I do not mean to complain; but when she passes over the threshold of the house, she passes over my heart."

General Hatton bent down, and looked into the beautiful face so white and still.

"Leah," he said, gently, "I would not over-persuade you—and the choice is for life. Will you take time to think it over?"

"No," she answered faintly. "I could not live the life that is proposed for me. I hate it. I prayed to Heaven to send me deliverance. I cannot refuse it now that it has come."

"You need not do so," said the general. "I wish your sister would come too."

But Hettie clung to her father.

After a few moments Martain raised his hands.

"I am no prophet," he said; "but I believe in the natural order and the natural fitness of things. I predict that over the head of the child who has forsaken me dark clouds will gather; I predict for her a sad life in the midst of wealth, luxury, and gayety. For the daughter whose faithful heart and tender love are my consolation I predict happiness in life and in death. May Heaven confirm what I say!"

"We will have a proper understanding," said Sir Arthur Hatton. "I am not unreasonable, though I frankly confess I dislike everything about you—your name, your character, your life, and its aims. I am implacable in my resentment against you for having stolen my sister and blighted her life, and I will never willingly hold any communication with you—never. You and I will be strangers; your children will be strangers, if one goes with me and one remains with you—strangers always. I shall require that they neither write nor speak to each other, except it is a case of life and death. But, if you are ill or dying, and send for Leah, she shall come. If Hettie be dying, or ill, and send for her, she shall come."

"Neither in life nor in death shall we meet again," declared Martin Ray. "We shall live our lives; they will be far apart from hers. To me she no longer exists. I have touched her hand, kissed her face, spoken to her for the last time. She lies in her coffin now to me, and I draw the sheet over her face—she is dead! Oh, Hettie, with your mother's eyes, comfort me!"

Leah raised her white face to Sir Arthur's.

"This is dreadful," she said; "it is killing me. But I cannot follow out my father's wishes. Take me away."

Then the two sisters looked at each other. In each face was an unspoken longing.

"No," said Martin Ray, sternly, "you shall not touch her, Hettie! She has cast us off; let her go her own way."

"Just once," pleaded Hettie. "Let me kiss her once, father. We are own sisters, you know; we have loved each other so dearly. Oh, Leah, stay with us, darling; do not go!"

"No, not once or ever!" cried Martin Ray, raising his hand. "You shall not kiss her! You shall not even say good-bye to her! Let her leave us in silence—the silence of death."

And Hettie, whose loving heart was almost broken, fell upon her knees, hiding her face in her hands and sobbing with bitter tears and cries. She dared not raise her head to take a last look at the face she loved so well.

The general drew Leah to the door.

"Good-bye, father," she said. "I am not cold, unloving, or heartless; but I could not lead the life you selected for me. I would rather have died. I will come back if you want me or send for me."

She moved towards him, as though she would fain have kissed his hands or his face; but he turned from her with a gesture of angry contempt.

"Good-bye, Hettie," she said, in a broken voice. "Nothing can part us for long; nothing can change our affection for each other; time, patience, and love will bring us together again. If you want me, send and I will come."

It was a pitiful scene—one girl kneeling in wild distress on the ground, the other pale, trembling, half hesitating, moving slowly to the door.

Suddenly Leah threw up her arms with a bitter cry.

"It is worse than death!" she said. "O uncle! help me!"

"I will do all I can to make you happy Leah," he replied.

He did not know how to comfort her. It was he who, in seeking to rescue her from a life she hated, had brought these troubles upon her. Nature was more kind; for, when Sir Arthur beckoned his man-servant to help him, Leah had lost all consciousness, and so left her father's house, almost as he had said in the stillness of death.

CHAPTER VIII.

"She is gone," said Martin Ray, hoarsely, as the sound of the carriage-wheels reached them. "She is gone, Hettie, from our home and life forever. She is dead to us."

And the man whose ends and aims in life were all selfish, who would have trampled over hundreds of human beings to attain the object he sought, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

The sobs aroused Hettie, who in her whole life never remembered to have seen her father weep—startled her into forgetting her own grief, for a time, to console him.

She went to him, and knelt down by his side.

"I will love you doubly, dearest," she said, "to make up for it. I will be two daughters in one to you."

He stood up, gray, worn, and haggard, a prematurely old man.

"You are the best of daughters Hettie," he said, slowly; "but she—well, you see, she was more than a daughter to me. I wanted to live again in her. You are all that is sweet, kind, and gentle; but she had fire and passion, she had power and eloquence, she would have been a light in the darkness. I shall never be the same man again, Hettie. I did not know that I could be so human. I did not know that I was capable of valuing so highly the love of a slip of a girl. I think better of myself for my own grief, Hettie."

She whispered to him, after the manner of loving daughters, that he was perfect, that no man could be better; and unconsciously the gentle flattery soothed him.

"How strange," said Hettie, "for all this to occur in one day! This morning how little we knew of what was about to happen! This morning I hardly remembered that mamma had a brother. She talked to us about him sometimes, but I had nearly forgotten him. Now—"

"Ah now," sighed Martin Ray, spreading out his hands in speechless distress—"now all is changed!"

Hettie looked up at him with wistful eyes.

"Father," she asked, gently, "was my mother really an aristocrat?"

"Good Heaven, no, Hettie! Certainly not. She was a lady; she came from a very ancient and honorable family."

"That is something to be proud of, is it not?" she asked, innocently.

And Martin Ray glared at her with angry eyes. He could not say "No," and he would not say "Yes." It seemed to him that these children of his, so long docile and blind in their belief, were suddenly rising up against him.

"Why do you hate my mother's brother, father? Why could you not be friends with him?" she persisted. "It would have been so pleasant to have an uncle. Why could you not be friends?"

"Why were not Napoleon and Wellington friends?" he asked pompously. "Why are the hare and the hounds, the dove and the hawk, not friends? We are enemies naturally, as they."

"It seems so strange," said the girl, who was still a child. "How angry his face was, and how stern his voice! He thought you had been cruel to my mother. Why did you not tell him it was not so?"

Martin Ray paced up and down the little room; the sickly yellow light from the setting sun still lay upon the floor—the door through which his daughter had passed out for evermore was still open. Hot anger was rising in his heart. Up to the present he had been mastered and distressed by surprise and pain; now the wonder was past, the pain deepened, and he grew wrathful. What right had this man, his dead wife's brother, to come and take his child from him? If it had been Hettie, it would have been more bearable—for he was by no means averse to money—but Leah, bright beautiful, proud Leah, who was to have crowned the name of Ray with fame—it was worse than parting with his life's blood to lose her. Angry passion surged in his heart against the man who had taken her. He could not endure the simple, innocent prattle of the child who had been faithful to him. He turned to her with a darkening face that almost frightened her.

"Hettie," he said, "you are too young to know all that a vow imports, but you understand its solemnity?"

With beautiful wondering eyes she answered "Yes."

"You must register a vow to me," he said. "I will not hear that man's name again. I forbid you to mention it. Swear to me that neither his name nor that of the girl he has taken with him shall ever pass your lips. Swear it, Hettie."

Pale and trembling, the girl looked at him.

"I am afraid," she said. "I have never sworn in all my life. Let me promise that I will do as you wish, father; that will meet the case as well. I shall keep my word."

"No; you must swear it, Hettie. For the rest of my life I shall trust no one—neither man, woman, nor child; every promise made to me shall be bound by an oath. You need not tremble, child; many persons take oaths."

"But if I break it."

"That is the very thing," he said. "You hesitate, Hettie, not because you are afraid of an oath, but because in your heart you intend to keep up a correspondence with Leah. If you do so, you will never more be child of mine. If ever I find that by word or deed you have in any way sought her or held any communication with her, that moment we part, and the curse of an unhappy, disappointed father will rest upon you until you die."

"Oh, not that! Do not say that!" cried Hettie.

"Then swear what I wish you to swear, and bear in mind always the punishment that will follow if you do not keep your oath. Swear to me that the names of the two in question shall never pass your lips, and that, in no circumstances will you ever hold any communication with either by word, deed, sign, or letter."

She was a timid, frightened, loving child, and she swore as he bade her; then he was content.

"I am going out, Hettie," he said. "While I am away see that everything belonging to my dead daughter is sent from the house. You can give them away, burn, or destroy them; but they must not be here when I return. After that, our new life will begin."

He went away, and Hettie was left to her sorrowful task—to look at the bookshelves and take from them every book bearing the beloved name, to go to the room where only on the previous night they had talked, and wondered, and slept, and remove from it everything that belonged to Leah—to take from the drawers all her neat pretty dresses, to collect all her laces and ribbons, every little ornament, and pack them together. What tears she shed! What anguish of heart, what sorrow, what unutterable pain she felt! She cried until she became ill and faint.

At last her task was accomplished, and she had everything securely packed in one large trunk; then came the difficulty—what was she to do with it? She remembered that not far away a girl lived who had been an invalid for many years, and who would doubtless be delighted with the contents. To her Hettie sent the trunk, saying that her sister had departed from home, and had left these things to be given away. And, thus, when Martin Ray returned, and looked inquiringly at Hettie, asking if his commands had been obeyed, she was able to answer "Yes."

Then they began the new life; but oh, the blank, awful horror of it—the gloom, the chill that came over them! Martin Ray, say moodily smoking his pipe, while Hettie tried to interest herself in her domestic duties. There was no Leah. Ten times an hour Martin Ray turned to look for the beautiful face he had loved so well, then, with a muttered oath, he told himself that she was dead. Twenty times in an hour Hettie turned with an involuntary cry for Leah, forgetting for one happy moment what had happened, and then she would recall it with something like despair.

It was a chill, terrible blank, of which neither spoke, although their hearts were filled with the sense of it. The tea-table, with two solitary cups; the piano, where the beautiful passionate face would be seen no more—everything spoke of her. Then at night came the friends and comrades of Martin Ray, eager to see and hear more of the beautiful girl introduced to them on the preceding evening as one of the brightest coming lights. Few words were spoken between them; but they all understood in what manner Martin Ray had lost his daughter. There was little outward display of sympathy among these men; but in each heart hatred of "the aristocrats" burned on that evening hotter than ever.

Martin Ray had learned his lesson. He would not have Hettie present at these meetings, as Leah had been. He told her to take her book and go to her room, and the poor child obeyed. There and then, for the first time, she seemed to realize what had befallen her. The room frightened her by its dreary, cheerless aspect; she had not known before how much of its cheerfulness and brightness was owing to Leah. With passionate love and bitter tears she kissed the pillow on which Leah's head had rested. She could understand how Leah was willing to leave her father, but not how she could leave her.

"I could not have left Leah," she said to herself. "If the choice had lain between death and leaving Leah, I would have died."

She wondered how she should live through all her life without her sister. She grew ill and faint when she thought of the oath she had taken. Even if she met her the next day, she could not speak of her; she had gone out of her life forever; and as she thought of this, no foreshadowing came to her of the time when she and her sister would cross each other's path in the strangest of fashions. No sleep came to the unhappy child that night. If for a few moments she forgot herself, she woke with a cry for Leah on her lips.

Martin Ray did not remain long in that house. He said nothing, but the chill and desolation of the rooms once brightened by his daughter's beautiful presence were too much for him; he could not endure the place. She had gone from his life altogether, but he found to his surprise that he could not root her from his heart and thoughts, as he had intended to do. Just then his career was almost ended in Manchester. He had lectured and taught; he had been the cause of several disturbances, he had longed that the Government would prosecute him and make a martyr of him, but the Government had declined so to dignify him. There was really a reason why he should seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

Hettie would of course go with him. When he spoke to her, he found that the idea of leaving Manchester was most pleasant to her. She did not think that anything in life could ever make her happy again, but it would be, at least, some little relief to be away from the place that was haunted by the memory of the sister she would in all probability never see again.

So Martin Ray left Manchester. He lived successively in Liverpool, in Sheffield, and in many of the large towns which are centres of manufacturing industry. There his fortunes wavered: sometimes he was called Martin Ray the patriot, and at others he was sneered at as an agitator. So the years passed, and he saw the beautiful face of his child no more. And the sisters who had lived together, who had loved each other so well, who had never been parted for an hour, drifted further from each other every day, never to meet until the lines of their lives had crossed again, and the real tragedy of their womanhood had begun.

(To be Continued.)

WHEN TO START A CREAMERY.

Professor R. M. Washburn, who has wide experience in the creamery business, gives the following information that will help communities to determine when it is wise to build a creamery:

"Whenever the milk from at least four hundred cows cannot be guaranteed within a radius of five miles," says Professor Washburn, "the creamery had better not be built. The cost of making butter will be about six cents per pound, and no farmer company can stand such expense. If five or six hundred cows can be secured in the five-mile radius the cost of making a pound of butter can be reduced to 3½ or 4 cents, which is a probable basis of business, and the creamery will benefit the community. A good little creamery that can handle this amount of business can be built and equipped for $2,000 or $2,500. If the community will let the 'creamery promoters' alone and buy an outfit of some reputable manufacturing. If a cheese factory is preferred for the same number of cows, it ought not to cost more than $1,000 or $1,200."

A community which does its own thinking and organizing can establish a creamery very much better and at very much less cost by dealing direct with those who manufacture creamery supplies. There are several firms in this branch of the business, and they are not hard to find. They will furnish estimates and plans of creameries suitable for any conditions, and send men to erect the plant to the satisfaction of the buyer, and give all necessary guarantees for the quality and durability of the goods which are sold. The creamery operator gets his money and then it is no concern of his whether the plant succeeds or fails; but the manufacturer is responsible, and stands by his goods.

THE FAULT-FINDER.

He who seeks for a faultless brother will have to remain brotherless.—The Talmud.

The Farm

PEARS FOR THE GARDEN.

For the past ten years or more pear trees have generally been less vigorous, owing to blight and psylla, writes Mr. S. T. Maynard. The best soil for their growth is a deep moist loam, though they will succeed fairly well in any but a thin soil if made rich. If planted on the top of elevated land or on the south, east or west slopes, they will be less subject to fungous attack. The fruit will be of better quality, and such varieties as the Anjou, Winter Nelis, etc., which require a long season and abundance of sunlight and air, more certain to mature.

The ground should be made moderately rich with stable manure, supplemented with a light dressing of any good fruit tree fertilizer, wood ashes or a little sulphate of potash and acid phosphate. If the growth of tree is small, apply a little nitrate of soda early in the spring, about the time growth begins. Stable manure, fine soil or other organic manures should be applied in the fall or winter, unless the land is so sloping that it will be washed away.

One great cause of failure in growing the pear is too close planting and too little or improper pruning. In a rich soil, large growing trees should be planted 20x20 feet apart, while small growing trees may be set 15x15 feet. On a light soil the same varieties will have room enough at 12x12 and 15x15 feet. All trees should be kept headed in so as to force a vigorous growth in the lateral branches. The trees can be more easily cared for, the fruit more easily thinned and picked if trained low, but perhaps a little greater distance should be given them than if they take their natural conical form.

THINNING ADVISABLE.

Upon no one thing do the size, quality and beauty of the fruit depend as much as upon thinning. With a tree heavily set with fruit, it is often profitable to pick off at least one-half the fruit before it is half grown. Every wormy or deformed specimen should be picked off and, if the tree is then too heavily loaded, the fruit should be thinned until it is not nearer than 4 to 6 inches apart upon the branches, according to the size and vigor of the tree.

The pear tree psylla, the leaf and fire blights are all controlled largely by spraying. The psylla is killed with a 10 to 15 per cent. mixture of kerosene and water, applied with one of the pumps that distributs the water and oil together in a very fine mist. It should be applied to all parts of the tree on a bright airy day, never holding the nozzle long enough in one place to cause much dripping of the oil. The blights are prevented by spraying with the bordeaux, just as the buds begin to burst and show color, again as soon as the petals have fallen, and finally once or twice at intervals of two to four weeks after the petals have fallen.

The long list of varieties recommended 25 years ago has been reduced to three or four for commercial purposes and not more than six or eight for home use. For the former I would name the Bartlett, Seckel and Bosc; and for home use add Giffard, Sheldon, Lawrence and Howey.

FEED FOR BREEDING SWINE.

Brood sows should have plenty of room for forage and an abundance of good pasture, says Mr. O. L. Kerr. My sows have the run of 90 acres, 50 of woods and the remainder of bluegrass pasture. A month before time to farrow they are put in a separator lot, each lot containing clover and a shed 8x8 feet, with a shelf all around inside, 10 inches from the floor, which serves as a good protection to the young pigs when the sows lie down.

During the suckling period the sows were fed shorts and chopped feed and allowed as much clover as they want. For young stock over six months of age I provided chopped feed, bran and shorts, equal parts by measure. For those under six months, one-third chopped and two-thirds shorts, with a liberal supply of milk. As they become older they usually take a larger per cent. of chopped feed and will be benefited by more bran and shorts.

The aged breeding animals are fed on corn, bran and alfalfa or clover hay during the winter. Too much cannot be said in favor of clover as a pasture for breeding animals. It keeps them in excellent condition, is a clean, healthy food and furnishes a well balanced ration. While my specialty is raising animals for breeders, I frequently cull my herds and put off the least desirable individuals as fat hogs twice a year. I prefer to put them on the market in October and June and have seldom failed to top the market.

Customer—"Did you wait on me yesterday?" Waiter—"Yes, sir. You ordered a steak. Will you have the same to-day?" Customer—"Yes; you may as well bring it to me again if it isn't in use!"

TREATMENT OF THE POOR.

How the City of Berlin Handles the Problem.

Many interesting details regarding the condition and treatment of the poor by the municipality of Berlin are contained by the report forwarded to the State Department by United States Consul Haynes at Rouen, France. From this report it appears that is is a crime in Berlin to be out of work. When a ragged man makes his appearance on one of the streets in Berlin he is immediately requested by a policeman to show his papers. If they show that the bearer has slept more than a certain prescribed number of nights in an asylum for the homeless, from three to five days, he is immediately conducted to the work-house, which, although not a prison, resembles the latter in all details.

Every person of humble means is insured by the State in Germany. Clerks, shop assistants and servants are compelled to insure against sickness and old age. The State has built an immense sanitorium at Beelitz at a cost of nearly $2,500,000, where the invalid citizen is sent with his pension, in order to expedite his return to the ranks of the wage-earners. The whole object of the Berlin municipality is to secure the physical and intellectual well-being of its citizens, and although the Germans are not soft-hearted in the manner of achieving this purpose they have this recommendation—they succeed.

Dr. Freund, the chairman of State insurance in Berlin, takes the ground that the State should do everything to fit its citizens for the battle of commercial competitions, and when it has done everything, when it has first equipped, then safeguarded and afterward assisted in distress, it should punish sternly and steadfastly the lazy and the indolent. Fall sick, says the State to its work people, and we will nurse you back to vigor; drop out of employment and we will find you fresh work, grow old, and we will provide you with bread and butter; but become lazy and vagabond, and we will lock you up and make you work till you have paid the uttmost farthing of your debt.

Rags and misery dare not lie about in the park or scatter disease through the crowded streets. If there is any virtue in the unemployed the State will certainly develop it as well as it is possible to do so. There is a central bureau for providing men with work, and when a man knows that not to work means the work-house he solicits employment here and elsewhere with such a will as almost compels wages. In one year the State has secured employment for 50,000 men.

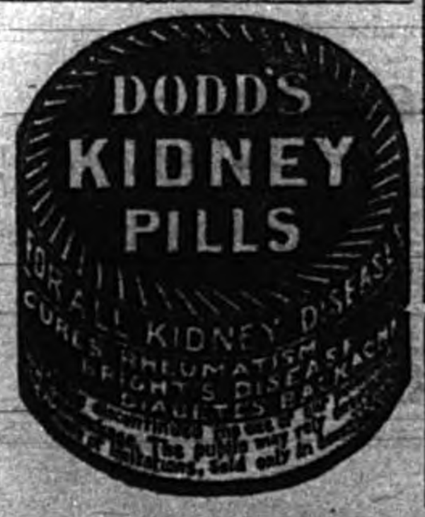
The citizen is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food, with schools and technical colleges, and with insurance for sickness and old age. For a penny he can travel almost from one end of Berlin to the other by electric tramway or electric railway. His streets are clean, brilliantly lighted and noiseless; his cafes and music halls are innumerable. He lives in a palace. And all this is the result of municipal government by experts instead of by amateurs

DAY GROWING LONGER.

A scientific writer in the Electrical magazine advances the startling theory that the time occupied by our world in its diurnal rotation is slowly lengthening. The fact, he says, remains irrefutable that the duration of our present day is much less than it was some million years ago; but there are now several natural physical causes tending to effect a gradual arrest of the earth's proper motion about her axis.

The most important of these is the retarding effect of tidal action influenced by the sun and moon's attraction. The tides, no doubt, had an enormously greater effect during the early stages of the earth's career than at present; but while the retarding action of the tides still remains probably the greatest factor in the possible lengthening of the day, it must be infinitely less than formerly, when the globe was a molten state, and at a still earlier period when it was in a gaseous condition.

There are other retarding causes which have to do with the lengthening of the day—the drift of millions of tons of glaciers in their flow towards the equator, the weight of excoriae thrown up by volcanic action from possibly the depth of a mile to the earth's surface, and the action of magnetic currents, which would absorb some energy from the revolving mass that represents our world.



WAS IN ITS GRIP FOR 25 YEARS

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS KIDNEY DISEASE.

Remarkable Cure Reported From Quebec—The Lesson it Teaches.

Hunterstown, Que., Jan. 9—(Special).—The thousands of Canadians who suffer from Chronic Kidney complaint will be interested in the cure of Maxime Boucher of this place. For twenty-five years he suffered from Kidney Complaint. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. Speaking of his case Mr. Boucher says:

"It was Dodd's Kidney Pills that cured me. For twenty-five years I suffered with the malady of the Kidneys. I felt always feeble and was often in pain. One day I received a Dodd's Almanac and read of many wonderful cures in it. Then I decided to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I took twenty-five boxes in all and now I am perfectly cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick Kidneys. If the disease has got a firm hold it takes them longer than if is just starting. But there is no form nor no stage of Kidney Disease that cannot be cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

NEIGHBORLY NEIGHBORS.

A rather humorous story is told of a lawyer and physician who lived next door to each other in a small country town.

The physician one day asked if he might borrow from the lawyer his edition of Shakespeare's works.

"You are welcome to read the work in my library," the lawyer answered, "but you can't take it away with you, I am sorry to say, for I have lost so many books through lending them that I have resolved never to let another volume leave my house."

A week passed, and the lawyer came and asked for the loan of his lawn-mower.

"I am only too glad to lend you my lawn-mower," said the physician, "though it is my rule never to let it leave my lawn. There, however, you may use it all you please."

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. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Lady—"Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?" The Tramp—"Madam, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?"

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

PROBLEM OF THE PAUPER.

Great Question Which England Has to Face.

England's greatest and most pressing problem to-day is not Imperial federation. Nor is it preferential tariffs within the Empire. The problem that is worrying her most is, what to do with her paupers, says the New York Sun.

One family out of four of that country's population earns normally less than $5 per week, and 8 per cent. of all the families in the kingdom have an average income less than this. In London one person in every five dies in the workhouse (a public poorhouse in which adult paupers are made to work), in public hospitals, or in public lunatic asylums. In 1887, out of 82,545 deaths in London, 17,000 took place in public institutions for paupers. This being the normal state of affairs, some idea may be formed of the frightful conditions existing among the laboring class when, as now, the country is suffering from a severe industrial depression. Hundreds of thousands of men and women are out of work, their little savings are where they wanted to bring on a quick, violent revolution. In the present emergency, as in past ones, they are not spinning theories or indulging in violent talk of riots, but a large portion of the intellect and wealth of the country is energetically endeavoring to ameliorate present bad conditions and to contrive some means to prevent their recurrence. The rich are contributing generously to the Mansion House and other funds for the relief of the poor; and meantime both socialists and non-socialists are attacking vigorously the land laws, which probably are at the root of present deplorable conditions.

There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean. 1B

Dyeing! Cleaning!

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

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

The game of chess is still included in the curriculum of Russian schools.

He—"Why did Miss Oldly take to the violin?" She—"Because a bow goes with it."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

ESTATES IN LONDON.

Bits of Land That Bring Their Noble Owners Wealth.

Viscount Portman owns less than 300 of London's 74,672 acres, but they are worth more than half a county elsewhere.

The Duke of Bedford is lord of 84,000 acres; but the 118 acres which lie within the four-mile radius are probably more valuable than all the rest put together. The Duke, it is said, draws an income of $60,000 from the tolls levied on the fruit and vegetables that enter Covent Garden Market, in addition to an enormous sum from rents.

The Duke of Westminster has two estates in London, either of which yields a truly regal income. From the two estates the Duke is said to draw many millions a year.

The Duke of Portland has a snug and very valuable little estate tucked away in the corner between Portland place and Marylebone road. In point of acres it is insignificant, but it produces in rents $2,500,000 a year.

When in the 17th century Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, bought for a song a few acres in the districts known as Clerkenwell and Canonbury, he little dreamt that he was preparing a regal fortune for a noble family.

Sir John had a charming daughter who was wooed by a handsome but impecunious Baron, Lord Northampton, on whom the city Knight refused to smile as a potential son-in-law. But the young lover was determined to have his way in spite of pacernal frowns, and one day, so the story goes, he dressed himself as a baker's apprentice, called at the Knight's house, and carried off the heiress in his basket on the top of his head.

To this romantic incident the Lord Northampton of our day owes the enormous revenue that comes from his London property.

HABIT'S CHAIN.

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard.

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for coffee.

"I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

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

POULTRY

We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited

Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

INDIANS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Believe in Ghosts, Witches and Power of the Medicine Men.

The Indian believes there are boa constrictors in the streams of North America, and also that the South American tapir lives in North America. He calls the boa constrictor the iste-ach-war-nayer and calls the tapir nocas-oh-mer.

The Indian believes he has a cure and preventive for rabies or hydrophobia. He also believes he can cure any snake bite on earth, from a ground rattler to a velvet tail or diamond rattler. An Indian never was known to go mad from a dog bite or die from a rattler's bite, while other races succumb to the venom of a snake or go mad from the bite of a rabid dog. The Indian believes that cleansing the stomach each full of the moon by vomiting gives long life and good health to all who will practise it through life.

The Indian, when in battle and fatally wounded, believes that if his medicine man can reach him with his bitter medicine before he dies it will give his instant relief and he will be able to escape from the battlefield. He thinks every man is honest until he finds him out, in which event he loses all confidence in him and never gets over it.

The Indian never makes up after falling out with any one. He may speak to an enemy as he passes, but dies with the hatred in his heart.

He believes as much or has as much faith in an Indian doctor as the paleface has in his M.D. The Indian doctor claims he never undertakes to treat a patient unless he thoroughly understands the nature of the case.

The red man once believed in witches, but he does not now. He says some old time Indians were witches, but they are not the experts in medicine they once were. He believes that through their medicines was gained the power of witchcraft.

The Indian believes in ghosts, but claims that not many are able to see them; some never see them, while others do.

ALREADY SUPPLIED.

The man who has to pitch the hay
Sighs "Oh, to just sit down
Beside a desk and work the way
Those fellows do in town."
The man who's caged from morn till night
Takes liver pills, and then
Says sadly, "If I only might
Be on the farm again!"

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22—04

He—"I suppose Miss de Millions married that poor young artist because she loved him?" She—"No; because her dearest friend loved him."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

When a Japanese audience wish to express disapproval of a play, they turn their backs to the stage.

An idea of the popularity of Tuckett's Marguerite Cigars may be gained from the fact that the sales in 1904 exceeded 12,000,000, which is by far the largest sale of any brand in the history of Canada.

She—"I think it's so silly of lovers to quarrel." He—"Yes. The making up is so expensive."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

HIS LAST PLACE.

A gentleman who was interviewing a valet asked him, "Why did you leave the last place you lived at?"

"Well, sir," replied the valet, "I didn't like it at all, and was glad to leave. But I could go back any time I like."

"Then, if you could go back again that shows you must bear a good character, so I'll engage you," said the gentleman.

It afterwards transpired that the last place the valet lived at was a prison

Women kiss when they meet just to show the men that they are ready to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them

"Pinto" Shell Cordovan

Used in H.B.K. Mitts, Gloves and Moccasins—tough as whalebone, flexible, soft, pliable, scorch-proof, wind-proof, boil-proof, crack-proof, tear-proof, rip-proof, cold-proof, almost wear-proof—certainly the greatest leather ever used in mitts and gloves.

Like buckskin it is tanned without oil, unlike buckskin it is not porous, it is wind-proof—will outwear three buckskins.

"Pinto" Mitts and Gloves never crack or harden, never get sodden, are always warm, pliable, soft and comfortable.

Sold at all dealers but never without this brand:—

H.B.K. BRAND

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.

Montreal Winnipeg Dawson 2

A church of solid coral is a curiosity of the Isle of Mahe, which is the highest of the Seychelles group.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Only a very old lady can remember events that occurred twenty years ago.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

The "middle ages" we so often hear spoken of do not refer to the ladies. Ladies have no middle ages; they are all young or old!

When you think you have cured a cough or cold, but find a dry, hacking cough remains, there is danger. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

at once. It will strengthen the lungs and stop the cough.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN., 27, 1905.

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, nonpariel measurement.

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. - - QUE

ROSS ROUTED.

The Ontario elections on Wednesday proved a veritable rout for Premier Ross and the Liberal party in that Province. Of 98 members in the Legislature the Conservatives have elected 70, giving them a majority of 42 in a full house. Five of the ministers —Messrs Gibson, Latchford, Dryden, Evanturel and Charlton— suffered defeat, and Premier Ross himself escaped with a majority of about 80, as against 604 in the election of 1902. Nor is the completeness of the defeat apparent until an examination of the vote is had. The Conservative majorities are invariably large, very large. In West Peterboro, where Stratton, who negotiated for the purchase of Gamey, was elected in 1902 by 1194 of a majority, the Conservative was on Wednesday elected by over 1,200. Dunlop's majority in North Renfrew is over 1400, and in South Renfrew where Hon. Mr. Latchford was elected in 1902 by 874, his opponent, Mr. McGarry, is in by about 400 majority.

It is a most hopeful sign that the moral sense of the Ontario electorate has at last rebelled against the criminal of corruption which has marked the past five years of Liberal rule—in that province, and that large numbers of the Liberals have evidently broken the party ties and co-operated with the Conservatives to secure the punishment of those political leaders who, if they did not instigate the crimes committed in the interest of the party, were unwilling to bring to justice the guilty persons.

PARLIAMENT.

"The House is too thin," said Sir Wilfrid on Monday for Parliament to proceed with important business. "It will be thicker," he added in reply to a question, "probably next week." Accordingly the house is squandering time by purely formal sittings lasting fifteen or twenty minutes.

Two reasons existed for this state of affairs: First, the government was not ready with business and second, federal Liberal members from Ontario were away in the constituencies exerting their influence to secure the triumph of the Ross Government supporters, thus making common cause with the party that has been so completely convicted of having sought to perpetuate its rule in provincial affairs by means of corruption and fraud. It is to be hoped that Parliament will now settle down to business and give the country a business session as the interests of business and the country.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

RUSSIA'S HORROR.

The sacrifice has been made. Thousands have fallen willing martyrs in St. Petersburg in the cause of human liberty, in the belief that their blood will seal the doom of Russian tyranny and oppression. Not since the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day has a civilized community witnessed such a mass cre ss stains the latest page of Russian history, Its victims cannot yet be numbered. The official estimate, according to a New York Sun special, puts the number of dead at 2,100 and the wounded at 5,000.

The last act of the bloody drama was the deliberate slaughter of hundreds of onlookers in the centre of the Russian capital. After all the organized attempts of the insurrectionists to march to the Winter Palace to present a petition to the Czar;—"the Little Father" had failed, a large body of Cossacks was turned loose by the authorities against 50,000 people standing in the streets, with orders to kill without mercy. The murderous command was obeyed to the letter. The carnage which followed has no parallel in modern record. The fierce horsemen cut down with their sabres all within reach. Those who fled were shot at with revolvers and carbines.

It is said that the authorities committed this atrocity with the deliberate purpose of terrorizing not only St. Petersburg but all Russia, and quenching the rising flames of revolution throughout the Empire.

Of the situation thus created the New York Tribune says:

"The forebodings of yesterday are the facts of to-day. It would be difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the news which we print from St. Petersburg this morning. Details may be exaggerated. The killed and wounded may be numbered by hundreds, or only by scores, instead of the thousands of popular report. That does not matter so far as the significance of the whole incident is concerned. The important fact is that a large part of the populace of the Russian capital has risen in revolt against the government, if not against the dynasty, and that the government is trying to repress it with powder and ball. One life or a thousand—it is all the same in principle. It is war. The scene of conflict has been shifted from the Yellow Sea to the Neva. Port Arthur has fallen, and Kuropatkin is hibernating in presumable security, but Saint Petersburg is in a state of siege, and its streets are wet with the blood of Russian subjects slain by Russian soldiers at the command of the Russian government. That is the situation. It could not well be more serious in kind, and it may become supremely serious in degree."

Latest reports show that there is a widespread movement throughout the Russian provinces to avenge the deaths of their comrades. Strikes on a large scale are taking place in the great industrial centres and even organization is reported to effect the overthrow of the dynasty. With its Far East navy at the bottom of the sea; its impregnable fortress,—Port Arthur,—in the hand of its enemy; its army in Manchuria threatened with disaster, and its subjects at home waking to the horrible discovery that the Czar is a tyrant who answers their prayers for bread with bullets, Russia has good reason to fear the future.

TO ALL INTERESTED IN AGRICULTURE.

—:o:—

All who attended the interesting and instructive Farmers' Institute in Cushing last year will be glad to hear that on Wednesday the first of February next, there is to be another Farmers' Institute at Cushing again, afternoon and evening session at 2 & 7 p.m. Those that have followed the career of Mr. S. V. Sparks, one of the deputation sent by the department of Agriculture last year, will have read with pleasure the reports that he has made of our county, in England & elsewhere, and will readily appreciate the favorable manner in which he has spoken of our broad lakes and rivers, mountain chains, fertile valleys, rich and smiling plains, and the great future that is before us and those that see fit to throw in their lot with us and become Canadians in the way of developing the wealth of Canada through many channels of Agriculture to which this country of ours is adapted. We trust that the recollection of past interests and pleasures will prompt all that were present last year to attend again and get your neighbors to attend as these meetings are open to ladies as well as gentlemen. It is hoped a goodly number of them and their children, boys & girls will be present, as the meetings are to be held in No. 2 School. A favor we would ask of the gentlemen is, if they would kindly not bring their chewing tobacco with them, a tribute due the ladies as well as the building. The following gentlemen will address the audience afternoon and evening: Mr. Duncan Anderson of Rugby, Ont., and Mr. W. F. Stephens of Trout River, Que.

Mr. D. C. Anderson will speak on soil cultivation, care of grass lands, green crops as fertilizers, the farm as an investment.

Mr. W. F Stephens will speak on the profitable production of milk, the Dairy Cow how to rear and feed her, good roads and how to build them, keeping farm accounts on record, how to interest girls and boys in Farm life.

Messrs. G. H. Perley M.P., Hon. Weir, & T. Christie are invited to be present. Don't miss the event of the season as it is the only institute that is to be held in the county this season and will be second to none in the county; St. Mungo's Tea-meeting accepted.

C. F. KAINS,
Acting Secretary for the Farmers' Club.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that John William Molson, Insurance Agent of the City and district of Montreal, Alfred Benjamin Cruchet, Farmer and Yeoman, of the Parish of St. Hyppolite, district of Terrebonne, and Joseph Boisseau, clerk of Court, of the Town of St. Jerome, district of Terrebonne, will apply at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, to obtain an act incorporating them and those who will become associated with them, under the name of The Lake Achigan Electric Railway Company, authorizing them to acquire, erect, build and operate within the limits of the County of Terrebonne, a system of Electric Railway connecting the town of St. Jerome with Lake Achigan, through the parish of St. Jerome, and the place called Shawbridge, and the parish of St. Hyppolite, municipality of the Eastern Part of the Township of Abercrombie, and another line between the same terminal points, through the parishes of St. Jerome and Ste Sophie and the Village of New-Glasgow; with power to acquire, develop and work within said territory one or more water powers for the purpose of said Electric Railway, and the right to utilize the surplus electric energy produced by these water powers, for lighting said municipalities and to sell or let such surplus electric energy for manufacturing or other purposes, with all the rights, powers and privileges necessary for said purposes.

THIBAUDEAU RINFRET,
Attorney for Applicants.
St. Jerome, January 21st, 1905.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that The Company entitled "The Laurentian Water & Power Company" will apply to the Legislature of The Province of Quebec, at its next Session, for the passing of an Act to amend its charter of incorporation in the following manner:—

1.—To change the name of the said Company to "The Laurentian Hydraulic Company."

2.—To increase its capital to $500,000

3.—For power to issue paid-up, common and preferential bonds under the conditions stated in the said Act, in payment of properties, rights and privileges which the said Company may acquire, and for other purposes.

4.—To obtain power to expropriate adjoining properties, and to acquire water-powers, by the said Company, to assist in its operations.

5.—To amend certain clauses in its charter in order to render it more effective.

THIBAUDEAU RINFRET,
Attorney for Petitioner.
Lachute, January 16th, 1905.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Central Counties Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act amending the Company's Act of incorporation and the Acts amending the same, so as to confer the powers hereinafter mentioned, viz: 1) To construct a bridge with the necessary connections and approaches from a point on the line which the Company is authorized to construct near Point Fortune, on the South side of the Ottawa River, to a point at or near the Village of Carillon, on the North side of the Ottawa; (2) to construct a line of Railway by the most feasible and direct route from the said Village of Carillon to the City of Montreal; (3) to increase the capital stock; (4) to issue bonds in aid of the construction of the said bridge and line of Railway; (5) to increase the borrowing power of the Company for the construction of lines not yet completed; (6) to enter into agreements with other Railway Companies; and (7) to extend the time for completion of the Railway.

AVIS PUBLIC est par les presentes donne que la Compagnie du Chemin de fer des Comtes du Centre s'adressera au Parlement du Canada, a sa prochaine session, et demandera a amender l'acte (ou) portion de la dite compagnie & ses actes d'amendant, de maniere a lui conferer les pouvoirs ci apres mentionnes; 1 de construire un pont avec les corrections necessaires d'un point sur la ligne que la compagnie est autorisee a construire pres de Point Fortune, sur le cote sud de la Riviere Ottawa a un point du Village de Carillon pres de celui, sur le cote nord dela Riviere Ottawa; 2 de construire une ligne de chemin de fer en suivant la plus praticable et la plus directe route du dit village de Carillon a la cite de Montreal; 3 d'augmenter son capital; 4 d'emmettre des debentures pour aider a la construction du dit pont et ligne de chemin de fer; 5 d'augmenter le pouvoir d'emprunter de la compagnie pour la construction des lignes qui ne sont pas encore completes; 6 de louer, vendre ou s'amalgamer avec d'autres compagnies de chemin de fer; 7 d'obtenir une extension de temps pour la completion du dit chemin de fer.

Chrysler & Bethune,
Advocats de la Compagne.
Ottawa, Nov. 30th, 1904.

DOD DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor
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 DOSES - 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.

Better and Larger
STOCK THAN WE HAVE EVER CARRIED.
We have opened up a large stock of Crockery which we are sure will be duly appreciated by our customers. We have also a large assortment of ready-made clothing and our stock of Ready Boots and Shoes is very complete and affords ample opportunity for a good choice. Our grocery and dry goods department are also well stocked.
E. LAVIGNE, LACHUTE.

J. D. CAMPBELL & CO.,
CALL AT OUR UP-TOWN STORE FOR YOUR GROCERIES
. . Also . .
Flour & Feed, Feed Corn-Meal, All Finest Quality.
Flour and Feed Merchants
LACHUTE, . QUE.

Underwear
Men's, Women's, Children's, Misses' and Infants' Fleece Lined, Heavy Cotton, Union and All-Wool. Good Values, best makes and all sizes.
Blankets
Grey and White Flannellette, Grey and White Wool, Grey and White Union, Comforters, etc, etc.
Groceries
Remember, we cannot select better Teas, Coffees, Canned Goods, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Cheese, Lard, Creamery and Dairy Butter than we offer.
Goods Delivered Every Morning
H. J. Giles & Bro.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Office of the Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne.

STE. JEROME, Que, Jan. 2nd, 1905.

I, the undersigned, hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE, that the hereinafter mentioned lots of land shall be sold by Public Auction at the office of the Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne, in the town of St. Jerome, Wednesday, the first day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon for taxes due to the different hereinafter mentioned municipalities upon the lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid with costs at least two days previous to the date above mentioned, that is to say:

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE EAST PART OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ABERCOMBIE.

NAMES	CADASTRE NO.	RANGE	DESIGNATION	MUNI'IPAL	TOTAL
Jane Briant Shorden, widow John Magor.	Part No. 23 B.	3rd Abercrombie	Limited in the East by the public road, in the north by number 24A, in the west by the Lake of Islands, in the South by number 23A.	$21 84	$21 84
Mrs. Jos. Forget, sr.,	No. 43	11th Kilkenny	Limited in the East and in the South by the public road, in the north by No. 42, in the west by number 44.	$1 00	$1 00

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WOLFE.

NAMES	OCCUPATION	CADASTRAL NO.	No. of Range	MUNICIPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL
Widow M. Lafranchise	Farmer	No. 34	10th	$16 96	$2 06	$19 02
" "	"	No. 33	11th	21 50	6 54	28 04
Lucien Deguire	Absent	No. 11	5th	2 78	4 52	7 30

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF SAINTE SOPHIE.

NAMES	NO OF CADASTRE	MUNICIPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL
Calixte Thibault,	No 429	$9 02	——	$9 02

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF SAINTE THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

NAMES	OC'PATION	NO. OF CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL
Damien Leguerrier	Notary	Part No 828, situated in east of Marleaus Rd.	$4 95	$3 75	$8 70
"	"	No. 829, " " "	26	28	54
"	"	No. 830, " west "	99	95	1 94
"	"	North Part No 831, " "	50	49	99
"	"	No. 832, " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 833, " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 834, " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 835, " "	50	50	1 00
"	"	No. 836, " "	26	26	52
"	"	No. 837, " "	26	26	52
H'rs Paul Cadieux	——	No. 278 situated in 1st con'n of St. Louis Hill	1 26	1 28	2 54
" Maglo re Nadon	——	No. 402, " 2nd " " "	1 21	57	1 78
Guillaum Blondin		Situated in St. Louis hill, south St. Lin R'y. Part No 524 situated the north by St. Lin r'y south by lands of low part of Ste. Therese, west by a part of No. 526, east by No. 523.	4 98	4 47	9 45
Guillaum Blondin	——	Situated in St. Louis hill, south St. Lin R'y. Part No. 526, situated in the north by St. Lin r'y, south by lands of low pt. of St. Therese, west by another part of No. 526, east by the part of 524, above mentioned.	3 32	3 48	6 80

HENRI M. J. PREVOST, Sec.-Treasurer.

J. R McOuat's Adv.

January - Clearing - Sale!

OF WINTER AND WOOLEN GOODS

. . . . . FOR CASH . . . . .

20 p.c. off The following lines 20 p.c. off

Cloakings, Costume Cloth, Dress Goods, Overcoats, Jackets, Fur Coats, Fur Jackets, Fur Ruffs, Collaretts, Muffs, Sleigh Robes, Wool Rugs, Horse Blankets, Wool lined gloves, mitts, cloth caps, Woolen Underwear, and many other lines not here mentioned.

15 P.C. Off The Following Lines 15 P.C.

Wool Lined Rubbers & Overshoes, Lumbermen's Rubbers, Cloth Lined Boots, etc.

J. R. McOUAT

To Clear Out

Our Stock of Sleighs and Cutters that I have on hand, I am offering some good bargains. Now is your time to secure a good bargain.

Don't forget that we are headquarters for the McCormick Machinery and Implements. We have also on hand a few nice fur coats, robes, and rugs . . . . . .

H. A. BLAIR.

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.

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NEEDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

WHAT THE NEW COUNTRY REQUIRES MOST.

Boers Gave Kindly Welcome to Their Conqueror, Lord Roberts.

The long tour in South Africa from which Lord Roberts has just returned, though it was made in a strictly private capacity, may be of great educational value if the impressions which he there received are allowed to have due weight in our dealings with that part of the empire, says the London Standard.

It was in accordance with the best traditions of our race that the successful general should have been everywhere received with frank and sincere cordiality, even by men who had been sent to imprisonment and exile as the result of his victories. Once in the Free State he was driven over a long distance by the very man who, owing to his knowledge of English, translated Lord Roberts' messages to General Cronje in the laager at Paardeberg. This Boer, a Free Stater, and one of Cronje's stalwarts, who was imprisoned after the surrender, may be taken as typically representing the feelings of the present-day Dutch farmer.

WELCOME TO ROBERTS.

Long before the war was over he had recognized the hopelessness of the struggle, and now he is perfectly willing to live on good terms with the British, though he quite naturally put in a plea for representative government. He showed no animus nor was there a trace of any such feeling in the attitude of any of the fighting Boers, who welcomed Lord and Lady Roberts on their stops.

But Lord Roberts would be the last person to overrate the political significance of such a welcome. It is true that the power of the Bond is for the present largely extinguished; it is true that in Cape Colony, the pivotal section of the country, the Progressive Party has gained the upper hand. But there are still Dutch organs of the press in Cape Town, Bloemfontein and Petroria, ready to stir up strife; the predikants are as fond as ever of preaching sedition; and well-known Boer leaders in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony are not so anxious as they might be to assist the Government.

RAILWAYS FOR FARMERS.

The great hope, therefore, for the future lies in securing for the Boer farmer, who really wants peace, such an opening for his agricultural industry and such a consequent measure of prosperity that he will not be tempted through idleness or distress to listen to the voice of the predikant or the political agitator. The one practical method of obtaining this object is the rapid extension of railways.

The Dutch farmers are only too willing to extend their industry, but are sadly hampered in the matter of railway facilities. If the war has brought about no other good, it has taken many Boers abroad, and shown them how other countries are thriving. One prominent Boer has brought back the latest invention in machinery from America. He succeeded in getting a lower rate on the Natal Railway for his implements, but even then the cost of carriage from Natal to Ermelo was greater than the whole freight in America to the coast and from New York to Natal. Other farmers near the wayside stations cannot get their produce carried by the railway, which caters only for the through traffic. Cattle disease is also fatal to agricultural development in a country where there are few railways. At the present moment neither cattle nor mules are allowed to come into Pretoria from the Western Transvaal, and the Rustenburg farmers have to use donkeys as their sole means of transport.

ANOTHER REASON.

It is not too much to say that the whole future of the country depends upon the rapid extension of railways and the improvement of the existing service. If our Government would expend a few millions in construction, the capital sunk would return a rich harvest in peace and contentment. The great peace-making value of railways is well known in India, and more especially in Burma, where the extension of the line to Mandalay did more than anything else to get rid of dacoits. From the moment the work was taken in hand the unrest in the country began to vanish. The importance of railways is far greater in South Africa, since we have so much more at stake. For there is not only the Boer question ever present with us; there is a danger well recognized in South Africa of a rising of the blacks against the scattered and comparatively small white population. This danger would be largely obviated by a rapid improvement of the means of communication. Lord Roberts will have rendered another great service to his country if the strong impressions which he brings back from South Africa are allowed to have due weight with the public in this country.

In the "Petrified Forest" of Arizona there is a natural bridge across a narrow canyon, consisting of a petrified trunk of a tree, 111 feet in length.

BATTLES OF LONG AGO

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER IN THE WORLD'S WARS.

How the Russo-Japanese War Compares With Former Conflicts.

Sixty thousand men, we are told, have fallen victims to the war-fiend during an engagement lasting over a week.

How do these figures compare, it may be asked, with the slaughter in the great campaigns of the past century." A glance at the figures of the big battles of the past will show that so far the carbage in the Russo-Japanese war has many times been equaled or exceeded in battles in which not many more than half the present forces were engaged. Take, for instance, the wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon, which surged back and forward over Europe from 1791 to 1815. Allison, the historican, estimates that the French lost two millions in killed alone in these campaigns. In nine of the battles in which Napoleon himself took part the losses were as follows:

NAPOLEON'S OWN BATTLES.

Battle,		Men Engaged.	Killed and Wounded.
Austerlitz,	1805	148,000	25,000
Jena,	1806	98,000	17,000
Hylau,	1807	133,000	42,000
Friedland,	1807	142,000	34,000
Eckmuhl,	1809	145,000	15,000
Wagram,	1809	370,000	44,000
Borodine,	1812	263,000	75,000
Leipsic,	1813	440,000	92,000
Waterloo,	1815	170,000	42,000

It will be seen that the casualties frequently numbered a quarter or even a third of the opposing forces. If there be about six hundred thousand men fighting in Manchuria today, this Napoleonic proportion of dead and wounded would give a stupendous total. Yet the fighting went on year after year for the better part of a generation, and the suffering, disease and death caused to the peaceful populations of the ravaged countries must have been incalculable.

In the Peninsula War, which was merely a little by-play compared with the great European campaign, England left fifty thousand dead and the French a quarter of a million behind them in Spain. At Salamanca we lost 15 per cent. of our troops, and at Albuera 65 per cent. In the Crimea the total losses of Russia, and the Allies were put at 480,000, and Britain lost 22 per cent. of her men; but there were no great decisive battles with enormous slaughter.

TWO THOUSAND BATTLES.

Never in modern history has there been such rapid waste of human life as in the American Civil War, with its two thousand battles and skirmishes. From 1861 to 1865 it raged over the whole of the Mississippi Valley and throughout Georgia and Alabama, taking in an area larger than Europe, and in those four years six hundred thousand men were killed. In a frontal attack by General Grant at Coldharbor in 1864 ten thousand men fell in less than ten minutes.

Here are some typical specimens of the two thousand battles of this war fought for the liberty of the negro slave:

Battle.		Men Engaged.	Killed and Wounded.
Sharnsburg,	1862	128,000	21,910
Fredericksburg	1862	190,000	16,971
Chickamauga,	1863	128,000	35,100
Gettysburg,	1863	163,000	37,000
Wilderness,	1864	179,000	26,000

Here again it will be seen that the losses in a single battle often came nearer to 20 and 05 per cent. than 10 per cent. of those engaged.

The campaign of Sadowa, in which tended for the supremacy of the German Confederation, lasted only seven weeks, but the casualties numbered 57,000, or over 8,000 a week. The chief battle was that of Koniggratz, when the forces engaged were 417,000 and the killed and wounded 26,000.

SEVEN MONTHS OF WAR.

In the seven months of the Franco-German War, 1870-71, the killed and disabled numbered 371,751. A million Germans and 710,000 Frenchmen took the field.

Coming to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, with its total loss of nearly 200,000, the only notable battle was before Plevna, when in the course of a protracted siege there fell in a single day 18,000 out of 80,000 Russians engaged.

In the case of unarmed races confronted by modern arms, there have been some instances of tremendous slaughter as when Lord Kitchener's forces shot down ten thousand Dervishes at Omdurman. But probably Omdurman was the last of these easy victories over the barbarian. The Italian experience in Abyssinia, our Tirah adventurers the French view of Senussi, and the German encounter with the Hereros all tend to show that savages will not again meet the European in open battle without first having secured his weapons. And then there will be something very different from the processional marches of the past.

Teacher (to pupil)—"How old are you?" Pupil—"Six." Teacher—"When were you six?" Pupil—"On my birthday."

She—"They say there are microbes in kisses." He—"Nonsense. What dangerous disease do they develop into?" She—"Marriage; sometimes."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Mr. Balfour believes that a special session of parliament to deal with the problem of the unemployed would do more harm than good.

Lord Avebury, presiding at the inaugural dinner of the Institute of Directors, said the access to money seemed to blunt a man's sense of honor.

A Spalding chemist stated at an inquest that he had sold more laudanum and opium during four years in Spalding than in twenty years in other places.

Eighteen fires occurred in London within forty-three hours in the beginning of last week. Five lives were lost, and many persons were badly injured.

Enville Hall, the famous residence of Catherine Countess of Stamford, has been destroyed by fire. The hall contained many priceless relics of Lady Jane Grey.

The annual report to the Home Office on drunkenness shows that the greatly increased totals of admission to special reformatories were largely due to girls and women.

Excluding naval vessels, 13,716 ships of all descriptions, with a tonnage of 4,929,364, belonging to the United Kingdom, were totally lost in the twenty-five years ended June 1903.

Speaking at Exeter, Mr. Rider Haggard said he had seen people herded together in England under conditions to which Kaffirs or wild African tribes would not submit.

The Kent Education Committee has adopted a new scale of salaries for the teachers in the county, which will entail an increased expenditure of twelve thousand pounds a year.

Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, erected only eight years ago at a cost of £17,000, has been gutted by fire caused by the fusing of an electric wire, which set fire to the roof.

Mr. Hugh Hobson, who has just died at Bourne, Lincolnshire, was registrar of marriages for the district for upwards of sixty years, and in that capacity he attended over 1,500 weddings.

A terrible affray with firearms occurred near Scarborough, between three poachers and four gamekeepers. One gamekeeper was killed and two were seriously injured. The poachers, riddled with shot, were subsequently arrested.

A. E. Jeffs, a pauper, was found clad in his nightshirt, in the streets of Coventry. He was a somnambulist, and in order to get out of the workhouse he had to climb over a spiked gate and slide down a roof.

Senora de Leon, a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances in London, who was forced to part with a painted portrait of her grandfather, made the discovery that the picture was a genuine Goya. It fetched £2,400.

The Admiralty have released from Portsmouth Prison Private Brooke, Royal Marine Light Infantry, who was sentenced by a naval court-martial to nine months' hard labor for throwing a piece of bread at a lance corporal.

A Birmingham tin worker attempted to commit suicide by drinking hydrochloric acid. A policeman who was called in concocted an emetic by scraping some whiting from the ceiling, and mixing it with water. The medicine acted promptly, and the man's life was saved.

A leading Calvinistic minister in North Wales has gone mad over the revivalist movement, and a miser has become a philanthropist. In Llanelly a well-known inhabitant has been removed to the asylum. He has caused considerable annoyance by singing and praying the whole night through, and he had not touched food for several days. At Amanford and Loughor some persons are being kept under restraint in their own homes.

The collecting dog, "Cimbledon Nell," dropped dead at Wimbledon Station the other day. With her red collecting barrel on her back, she was commending herself and her commission to the passengers. Nell's method was to smuggle her head into their hands and wag her tail as they gave their tickets up to the collector. So popular had she become, that in pennies she used to average a receipt of nine shillings a day.

THE FOOTSTEPS.

Quick steps are indicative of energy and agitation. Tiptoe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery. Turn-in-toes are often found with pre-occupied, absent-minded persons. The miser's walk is represented as stooping and noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps. Slow steps, long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind. When a revengeful purpose is hidden under a feigned smile the step will be slinking and noiseless. The proud step is slow and measured, the toes are conspicuously turned out, the legs straightened. If the direction of the step wavers, and follows every changing impulse of the mind, it inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision.

SEVEN TIMES A WIDOWER

JOHN MACFARLANE HAS TAKEN AN EIGHTH WIFE.

There Are Seven Oddly Painted Memorial Rooms in His House.

John MacFarlane the "Lake Ainslie widower," of Cape Breton, has painted one more room of his house in mourning and has married again. Several neighbors who have seen the room say it is a duplicate of six other rooms, and that the sight of them gives one the creeps.

The new Mrs. MacFarlane, who was Ruth McDonald, daughter of Donald McDonald, is the eighth mistress that has ruled over the house of MacFarlane in the last forty years.

She is 20 years old and pretty. He is 61 years old, and handsome only in the size of the cheque he can sign his name to. The disparity in their ages seems to have no dampening effect upon their happiness.

MacFarlane is the oddest character in the Lake Ainslie district, a settlement made up of Scotch Presbyterians, who are so orthodox that they will not allow even an organ in the church. He is rich as riches are accounted there, and has made a good husband to his successive wives whom he dressed and bonneted to the envy of the rest of the community feminine.

FIRTS OF THE SERIES.

He was married at the age of 20 to Mary McLean and lived happily until the first heir to the house of MacFarlane was born, co-incident with the mother's death. He immediately went into deep mourning and remained a recluse until a year from the day his wife died. He celebrated his return to society by inviting all his neighbors to a banquet.

Dinner was served in the death chamber. The walls were papered in pure white and the ceiling was white also. But every bit of woodwork was painted deep black. Six epitaphs adorned the walls and all about were pictures of flying angels. The host attempted to dispel the gloom cast by these surroundings by reciting anecdotes of his departed wife and otherwise making himself entertaining. He made no allusion to or explanation of the decorations.

Shortly afterwards MacFarlane married Margaret Elfatrick. Prior to the wedding he required her to make oath before a notary public that she never would go into the room his first wife had occupied or refer to her in any way. He took a similar yow. Two months later the second Mrs. MacFarlane met death by trying to row across the lake in a storm.

Again the widower went into seclusion, but this time only for six months. Then he gave a second banquet, and guests were served in a second room decorated after the manner of the first. In addition, however, were menu cards with black borders and bearing hand sketched tombstones, upon which epitaphs were inscribed. When the guests left the house, after listening to witty stories relating to Mrs. MacFarlane 2, they observed that two black stripes had been painted on a white hitching post in front.

MacFarlane married a third time, and for three years his life was commonplace. When on a visit in Halifax his wife died of diphtheria and MacFarlane was so upset he took to his bed.

When he got well he decorated another room in mourning and invited his friends to a strawberry festival. As usual, he ushered his guests into the chamber occupied by the most recently departed. He delivered a funeral oration before a morsel of the dinner was served, and then tried to enliven the evening with more anecdotes. The whole affair was depressing in its tendencies, but the dinner was excellent, and the guests, who had now become accustomed to MacFarlane's ways, took things as a matter of course, and when they left looked to see another stripe on the hitching post.

Shortly after his next wife reached the house and found three chambers locked; her curiosity got the better of her. She broke into one, and the sight so shocked her that she went home to her mother. While she was taking steps to procure a legal separation she died of pneumonia, and another room in MacFarlane's house was decorated. This was half in black and half in a brilliant red, as MacFarlane said the young woman had made but half a wife.

ONE COMMITS SUICIDE.

Three other wives followed in fairly rapid succession. Two died natural deaths and the third committed suicide. The memorial room for the latter was decorated with crude pictures of Dante's "Inferno." This tragedy occurred four years ago and McFarlane has said he had become tired of married life. This was before he met Miss MacDonald at a funeral.

Before the cermony the bride-elect had to make several agreements. She promised:

To decorate each week the graves of her seven predecessors. To make no reference in conversation to the dead wives. To see that the hitching post with its seven black bands was kept clean. To visit once a year some relative of some one of the deceased.

On his part McFarlane promised: To make his wife his sole heir. To take her to Boston once a year. To give up smoking a pipe and to smoke cigars. To build a seven-room addition to the house.

WRITING DONE BY WIRE

MARVELLOUS SPEED OF A NEW INSTRUMENT.

Telegraphic Invention Shown in London—Photography Used.

The average person can write about thirty to thirty-five words a minute, says the London Express, of a recent date. A good typist will turn out about double that amount.

There was exhibited at the Charlton Hotel a telegraph instrument that can transmit messages and write them out in the most legible of handwriting at the rate of more than 40,000 words an hour. This is the latest, and it would seem, the greatest marvel of electic telegraphy.

The fastest telegraphic instrument at present in operation is the Wheatstone Automatic, which transmits telegrams from city to city at the rate of 200 to 250 words a minute. But messages when sent by this system will have to be translated from the Morse tenlegraphic language into ordinary language, and this can be done only at ordinary writing speed. The new Pollak-Virag telegraph instrument transmits messages at nearly four times the speed, and delivers them direct from the instrument written in the plainest of ordinary copy-book handwriting.

METHOD OF USE.

How it is done is a technical marvel that takes an electrical expert to grasp completely, but roughly simplified the system is a commonplace.

First, the message to be transmitted is converted into telegraphic dots and dashes on a perforator that looks like an ordinary typewriter. This perforator punches in a slip of paper a complicated series of holes that correspond in electrical impulses to the form of letters.

By passing this slip over a series of cylinders, electric waves find their way through the perforated holes, quick as a lightning flash, and are transmitted instantaneously to the other end of the wire, however far it is, and come out at the other end in the same sequence in which they entered. The manner in which the letters are recorded is the marvel.

PHOTOGRAPHY HELPS.

Photography is called in. The electric waves are conveyed to a little mirror, and they make the mirror move in two directions—horizontal and vertical. Electric light is focused on the mirror, and then directed from it to a slip of sensitised paper.

The mirror moves only about the hundredth part of a millimetre, and the exposure of the sensitized paper is only about the thousandeth of a second; but the lightning flash is quicker, and though the eye cannot follow the writing, yet it appears, plain as a pikestaff and without the possibility of error, at the rate of almost fifteen words a second.

The two motions—vertical and horizontal—with the motion of the paper being drawn before the finger of light, supply all the motions of handwriting. If produced slowly they would, of course, be angular, but the speed makes them practically curved. Developing and fixing the photographed message takes ten seconds later than its transmission.

AHEAD OF THE AGE.

The system is so fast that it really is ahead of the age. Very few towns, let alone individuals, want to telegraph 40,000 words an hour. Indeed, Austro-Hungary, the home of the inventors, while enthusiastically endorsing the invention, could not make use of it, because no two telegraph offices in the empire have enough work to keep it going. They would have to save up telegrams for a week to keep the instrument going ten minutes.

It ought to prove of immense value in transmitting speeches from out of the way places, where few wires exist.

THOSE DEAR OLD LETTERS.

Only a bunch of faded letters,
Yellow and worn and old,
Letters he penned in his amorous youth
Ere the love in his heart grew cold.

Letters that whispered the old, old tale,
Told since the world begun,
Of the golden, halcyon days to be,
When two should be joined in one.

Carefully treasured, those missives old,
Guarded with jealous care;
(You may take it from me that you could find
No flies on this ladye fayre.)

Only a bunch of faded letters,
Yellow and worn and old,
But they proved when the case came into court
Worth more than their weight in gold!

A new system of manufacturing peat fuel in the form of briquettes by a chemical process has been devised. The raw peat is mixed with lime, nitrate of potash, soot, and saccharine matter, by which means the water set free from the cellular tissues of the peat fibre by the action of the lime and nitrate of potash is absorbed by the lime, while the soot absorbs the oil of the peat.

If a man looks at his watch while you are telling him a funny story, cut it short.

About the ....House

HOME.

The little resting spots of men
That creep along Time's wall,
Like shadows in the noonday glare,
Are kindest after all.

When wearied by the morn of toil,
Burned with ambition's flame,
'Tis sweet to seek the humbler spot
Where someone breathes your name

CURING HAMS AND BACON.

These are the days when "butchering" has to be done and the housekeeper is busy making sausage and head cheese; trying out lard and superintending the putting down of hams and bacon. It is a disagreeable, greasy duty, and everybody is thankful when it is done.

Many recipes for pickle for beef and pork are used year after year in some families, giving good satisfaction every time. Here is an old Virginia method, of widespread use, which attests to its value: For curing four hams, averaging 12 pounds each, have ready one and a half gallons of best salt, one pound of good brown sugar, one-eighth pound of powdered saltpeter, one ounce of black pepper and one-half ounce of cayenne. Cut the joints into proper shapes, without unnecessary bone and fat, and lay them on a board or table. First ru the skin well with salt and lay each joint aside, then begin over again, and into the fleshy side of each ham rub two teaspoonfuls of saltpeter and a tablespoonful of brown sugar mixed together. Rub the pepper, particularly, about the hock and under the bone and give to the whole ham a good application of salt. Now pack the hams, one upon another, the skin side downward, with a layer of salt between, into a tub or box the bottom of which has been covered with salt. The process of salting will be complete in five weeks.

At the end of that time have ready about a peck of hickory ashes; clean the hams with a brush or dry cloth and rub them with the ashes. To smoke the hams the joints should be hung from joists beneath the ceiling and a slow, smothered fire kept up for five or six weeks, so as to smoke thoroughly, but not overheat the hams. Wrap each ham in heavy paper, and enclose it in a canvas or coarse cotton bag, and hang in a [illegible] dry place.

Many like a pickle containing molasses or sugar. Make as follows:—To four quarts of fine salt and two ounces of pulverized saltpeter add enough molasses to make a paste. Hang the hams in a cool dry place for three or four days after cutting up; then cover with the pickle mixture; thickest on the flesh side, and lay them skin side down for three or four days. For 100 pounds of ham make brine in the following proportions: Seven pounds coarse salt; two ounces saltpeter; one-half ounce pearlash; four gallons soft water. Heat gradually, removing all scum as it rises, then cool. Pack the hams in a barrel, pour the brine over them, and keep in pickle five to eight weeks according to size.

Another recipe which omits the rubbing requires, for 100 pounds of pork take 10 pounds of salt, two and a quarter pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of pepper, two ounces of a soda, two ounces of saltpeter, and water enough to make a brine that will float an egg. Pack meat in barrel. Boil and skim the brine of sediment. When cool, cover the meat with the brine. Weight it down, and be sure it is all covered. Add the pepper after skimming. Let it remain in brine, four or five weeks or until it is salt enough, smoke and let hang in an open dry place. Rub well with powdered borax and no insect will ever bother it. The meat may be left in the pickle till wanted, without injury.

One reason why pork sometimes spoils is because of the barrel, which ought to be thoroughly washed, and scalded before the meat is packed in it.

FINE BONBONS.

The variety of candy obtained at a moderate cost is almost without end, for combinations are limited only by the knowledge of the one compounding them.

Honey Nougat—Put ½ lb. each of honey and granulated sugar in a sauce pan and boil until brittle. Test by dipping a metal skewer into water, then in the boiling candy and again in water. After a few seconds push the candy off the skewer, with thumb and finger, form into a ball, let stand in water a few seconds, then press between the teeth. If it leaves them without clinging it is cooked enough. Add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, and stirring them in well, continue to cook until the mixture will not adhere to the fingers. Remove from the fire, add 1 lb. blanched almonds, shredded lengthwise, and stir until well mixed. Turn into a square pan lined with paraffin paper. Place a sheet of paper on top, fit on this a board to cover pan, a trifle smaller, and put a weight on top; a couple of flatirons will do. When cold and firm cut in squares and dust with powdered sugar. This is a very nice sweetmeat.

Cocoanut Squares—Boil 1 pt. sugar, 1 tablespoon butter and quarter pt. milk without stirring, for 15 minutes, or to a soft ball stage. Add one teaspoon vanilla and stir in desiccated cocoanut until thick; one cup or half pt. is about the right quantity. Roll into balls, or press into a flat shape and cut in squares. These are excellent dipped in chocolate or fondant colored pink or green.

An easily prepared chocolate for dipping is made by heating to the boiling point half lb. sugar, three ounces grated chocolate and 4 ta lespoons water. When it comes to a boil, remove from fire and dip the candies one by one.

Nut and Fruit—Chop half pt. citron, half lb. raisins, 1 pt. shelled peanuts and half pt. shelled walnuts. Boil 2 lbs. sugar with quarter pt. vinegar and 1 tablespoon butter until quite hard, but not brittle, when dropped into cold water. Beat until partly cold, add the fruit and nuts and when it begins to harden turn onto a damp cloth and work into a roll. Wrap the cloth about it, and when cold cut in thin slices.

Chocolate Brittle—Boil 1½ lbs. brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup water and a level teaspoon cream of tartar until it is brittle. Test as in foregoing recipe. Then add one tablespoon butter, cook five minutes more, add two level teaspoons soda and one cup broken nut meats. As soon as it begins to foam pour onto a large platter in a very thin layer. Several smaller platters or granite ware baking pans may be used. When cold pour over the top melted chocolate, prepared in this way: Melt 2 oblongs of chocolate in one tablespoon water, letting it come to a boil, then pour while hot over candy. When the chocolate is firm, break the candy in pieces.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To take grease out of dress goods, get from your druggist a piece of French chalk—with a penknife scrape off enough of fine dust to cover well the soiled spots, and lay the garments carefully away for some hours—a day or two, perhaps—then shake or brush it off gently. If the spots are not entirely removed repeat the process. We know of nothing more effective.

In fall and winter a housework-er often has great difficulty in keeping her hands soft and white. Unless some soothing lotion is used, they will surely become chapped, especially if one does any heavy housework. A good lotion is made of two parts of rosewater, two parts of glycerine and one part of citric acid. This rule has been used for years by a woman whose hands are always soft and white, though she has charge of a large farm and does a great deal of kitchen work. But for this mixture, which she uses every night, she says that her hands would be rough and coarse. Vaseline is, of course, good for chapped hands, but care must be taken that it is not rubbed on the lips, for it will produce superfluous hair. Cold cream, too, it is said, will do this, and should therefore be used with caution.

If coffee, tea and cholate spots on table linens are treated immediately with boiling water, they will almost always come out completely, unless the water is from an artesian well. The linen should be placed over a bowl, and the water poured through it till the stain disappears. Stains that have become set, should be spread with a mixture of egg yolk and glycerine, and exposed to bright sunlight.

An English fashion writer advises every woman to have at least one black gown in her wardrobe, and "to put it on when she is feeling tired or off color." To dress in vivid hues under the circumstances, she declares, is to accentuate weary looks.

WHICH IS THE CIVILIZED?

COMPARISON OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

George Keenan Says Educationally and Otherwise Japan Leads.

"If the whole world had to come under either Russian domination or Japanese domination, which would you choose?"

I should cast my vote unhesitatingly in favor of the Government and people of Japan rather than in favor of the Government and people of Russia, writes Geo. Keeman, in the Outlook, and I should do this for the reason that Japan, as a power, is civilized and modern, while Russia, as a power, is semi-barbarous and mediaeval, and that among one of the first things that strikes the attentive newcomer in Japan is the great number of external evidences of widely diffused education. In Tokio, for example, there is a bookstore on almost every block, not only in the parts of the city inhabited by the higher social classes, but in the quarters and districts tenanted almost exclusively by poor shopkeepers, artisans, and day laborers. Since I took up my residence in the capital I have ridden hundreds of miles through its universally clean streets, from Ueno Park to Shinagawa, and from the Botanical Garden to the river, and I think I am well within the limit of moderation when I say that there are ten bookstores in Tokio for every one that can be found in St. Petersburg.

JAPANESE SCHOOLS.

School children of both sexes are quite as much in evidence at bookstores, and at certain hours of the day one cannot ride or walk three blocks in any part of the city without meeting boys in the visored caps and girls in the maroon-colored Occidental skirts of the Japanese student world; while on holidays long processions of younger children from the primary schools march through the streets, singing as they go, on their way to some excursion suburb or picnic ground. If one had no other material for the formation of a judgment than that afforded by the bookstores and school schildren of Tokio and St. Petersburg, one would naturally and inevitably conclude that, in educational facilities, at least, Japan is far in advance of Russia.

MONEY FOR EDUCATION.

But there is other and more conclosive material for a comparison of the two countries in the matter of culture. Official statistics show that Russia has at school only 4,484,594 pupils, or about 25 per cent. of her children of school age, while Japan has under instruction 5,351,502 pupils, or 92 per cent. of her children of school age. Russia, with a yearly national revenue of about $2,000,000,000, spends for primary education something less than $12,000,000, or 8 cents per capita of her whole population; while Japan, with only one-eighth of Russia's revenue, spends for the same purpose nearly $16,000,000, or 34 cents per capita of her whole population. Russia's military expenditure bears to her primary school expenditure the ratio of nearly 18 to 1, while Japan's disburesements for military purposes bear to her primary school expenditure the ratio of less than 4 to 1.

STUDIES COMPARED.

So far as the practical utility of the instruction given is concerned, Japan is far in advance of Russia. In Japan the course of study for primary schools of the first and second grade, comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, Japanese history, elementary science, drawing, singing, gymnastics, and for the girls, sewing. In the higher primary schools having a four-year course, manual labor and the English language, may be substituted for elecementary science and singing In Russia, even the best of the primary schools have a curriculum far inferior to this in practical utility, while more than half of them—those controlled by the Holy Synod—are devoted chiefly to religion, catechism and choral church singing, with reading and writing as mere incidentals.

Intolerance and bigotry, persecution and exile, meet reformers, civil or religious in Russia. Even now, in time of war, the Orthodox Russian church, established in Tokio by the Czar's Holy Synod, is tolerated and protected, and Father Nikolai, the Russian priest, is ministering to Japanese converts and carrying on his services as usual.

RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY.

The most intolerable features, perhaps, of the Czar's bureaucratic system of government is what the Russians themselves call "proizvol"—that is, the substitution of individual volition for legal prescription. In civilized countries laws duly enacted by the legislative branch of the Government, and approved by the head of the State, must be obeyed by officials as well as by private citizens; but in Russia such is not the case. A Minister, in a private interview with the Czar, may obtain the latter's permission, not only to ignore a certain troublesome legal provision, but in case of alleged emergency, to disregard the law altogether. The Minister may then delegate a part of this illegally acquired authority to the Provincial Governors; the latter, in turn, may turn over a part of it to the deputies.

The contrast between all this and the state of things which prevails in Japan, is so great that one can hardly pass from one to the other without a mental shock. The power of the Emperor in Japan is limited by a constitution, and the will of the people is expressed by means of a Parliament. Officials, as well as citizens, are bound by law, and the laws bear equally upon all. There is no political crime, and consequently, house searches, arbitrary arrests and sentences of exile are unknown.

Every war in which Russia has been engaged since her struggle with the allies in the Crimea, has shown the dishonesty of her officials and general corruption of her civil service.

HUMANE RUSSIA.

As to the humanity of the two nations, the following extract gives the Russian standpoint—

The Moscow Gazette, the able but unscrupulous journal, edited for so many years by Mr. Katkoff, boldly advocates the indiscriminate slaughter of the Japanese wounded. "Our great general, Suvaroff," it says, "when he fought against the civilized French, very often gave the order "no quarter' to his troops. This was not cruelty or barbarism; it was necessity. And now necessity forces us in this war with a half-gone, and hunger and starvation stalk through every part of the land.

If the same conditions existed in France, French literary men would certainly get up a new and exhaustive political and social philosophy, and the French people would probably upset the Government. But the English, from the lowest ranks to the highest, have always been a peculiarly conservative and practical people. They have never gone much on finely wrought theories in any branch of philosophy, political or otherwise; nor has it ever been easy to work many of them up to a pitch savage and barbarous nation, to adhere to Suvaroff's rule of no quarter.' In our war with Japan we are like a man attacked by a viper. It is not enough to frighten it and leave it to hide in a bush, it must be destroyed, and we must do this without considering whether England and the cosmopolitan plutocracy object or not. To burden Russia with thousands of Japanese prisoners, spreading dysentery, typhus, and cholera among the Russian people, would, perhaps, be in accordance with humanitarian principles, but it would be very unwise. No quarter and no prisoners should be our motto."

A French scientist has made some interesting observations as to the love of different wild animals for the sea. The Polar bear, he says is the only one that takes to the sea, and is quite jolly when aboard ship. All others violently resent a trip on water, and vociferously give vent to their feelings until seasickness brings silence

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Ceylon tea in sealed lead packets only, in order to be in a position to guarantee contents. This is your safeguard. Black, Mixed or Natural GREEN. By all grocers. Received the gold medal and highest award at St. Louis.

WAS FRIEND OF POLICE.

A Londoner Who Led a Three-sided Life.

Carpenter by day, insurance agent in the evening, burglar by night—such was the triple life led by William Parker, the young man who was sentenced at Clerkenwell Sessions on Wednesday to fifteen months' imprisonment for burglary at Highgate, says the London Express.

During the last three months it is believed that Parker committed between thirty and forty burglaries within a mile of his workshop in York-rise, Highgate, a small street near Parliament Hill-fields, which adjoins the gardens belonging to nearly 200 houses.

The youthful criminal—he is twenty-four years old—took the workshop about seven months ago.

Having lived in the neighborhood for years Parker was acquainted with many of the local police, who knew him only as a respectable young carpenter.

The constables, all unsuspicious, used to spend an evening now and then with Parker, and there is little doubt that he profited by their confidences regarding the police measures for catching the unknown burglar, who was raiding Highgate.

Parker was well known to many Highgate residents, and when he opened his workshop he was called to do repairs in several houses, some of which he subsequently "burgled."

His method was generally the simple one of using a large table-knife to slide back the fastening of a window, but in some cases he went to the trouble of removing whole panes of glass by scraping the putty away. In most cases he rarely secured more than a few shillings in coin or a pair of boots. The stolen goods he used to sell to a "receiver," who has not yet been traced.

It was his silly way of spending money that led the police to suspect the carpenter-burglar. One of his weaknesses was to buy rings.

Another was to hire an open carriage and pair on Sundays and take two or three 'shady" companions for a drive.

The result was that Detective Sergeant Gale decided to watch him, and for a fortnight he "shadowed" the workshop from nightfall until daybreak.

Parker's daring is shown by the fact that when Sergeant Gale pounced upon him one evening he was wheeling away a handcart which he had stolen a few nights before from a man to whom he had sold it a week earlier. He was about to sell it again when he was arrested.

Nearly a dozen recent burglaries have been traced definitely to Parker.

Doctor—"A man of your physique needs perpetual exercise, and should not be perpetually indoors. A sedentary regime doesn't suit you; you should live in the open air, and have plenty of walking. Let me see—what are you?" Patient—"A postman, doctor!"

About Colds

Don't think you are justified in being laid up with a cold half the winter merely because it's the season when everybody is supposed to have colds. At first a cold may not amount to much but it is likely to hang on long enough to give you trouble if it is not stopped with

Scott's Emulsion.

These colds that hang on weaken the throat and lungs and make the way easy for pneumonia and perhaps consumption. It is just as well to reduce the chance as much as possible. Scott's Emulsion soothes, heals and cures a cold and does it quickly—that's a good point to remember.

Will send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont.

Bronchitis Grows Chronic

And Returns Year After Year or Develops Into Asthma or Consumption, The Cure is

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

Bronchitis is too serious a disease to trifle with.

Children are most likely to contract bronchitis, and if neglected, it becomes chronic and returns year after year until it wears the patient out or develops into some deadly lung disease.

Chills and fever, nasal or throat catarrh, quick pulse, loss of appetite and feelings of fatigue and languor are among the first symptoms.

The cough is dry and harsh. There are pains in the chest, which are aggravated by deep breathing and coughing. Expectoration is of a frothy nature, stringy, tenacious and sometimes streaked with blood.

Pains in the limbs or joints and extreme depression and weakness result from continuation of the disease.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is, we believe, the most effective treatment for bronchitis that money will buy.

It is the most effective treatment for bronchitis because it is so far-reaching in its effect on the whole system, not only loosening the hard dry cough, but actually and thoroughly curing the disease so that it does not return.

Mrs. Richmond Withrow, Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N. S., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine with good success. My second daughter was troubled with bronchitis from the age of three weeks. Oftentimes I thought she would choke to death. The several remedies we got did not seem to be of much use, but the first dose of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brought relief and further treatment made a thorough cure. This trouble used to come back from time to time but the cure is now permanent.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved us many doctor's bills, and I would not be without it in the house for many times its cost."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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1904-1905

Men's Coon Coats, Men's Fur-Lined Coats, Men's Buffalo Coats, Men's Russian Beaver Coats, Ladies' Ukrainer Fur Coats, Sable Trimmed, Ladies' Black Astrachan Fur Coats, Ladies' Electric Seal Fur Coats, Ladies' Black Lamb Fur Coats, Ladies' Timber Lynx Scarfs, Ladies Sable Scarfs or Stoles, Ladies' Bear Collarettes, Muffs, Boas, Caps—(Men's and Ladies'). Fur Gauntlets, Grey Fur Collars and Caps and Muffs for Children. ....

Men's Fur Collars to Button on any Overcoat.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the County of Argenteuil.

LACHUTE, QUE., Jan. 4th, 1905.

I, Gavin J. Walker, the undersigned Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil, hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE, that the lands hereinafter mentioned will be sold by Public Auction at the Court Room in the Court House Building, in the town of Lachute, in the said County of Argenteuil, (the usual place of holding the sessions of the County Council) on Wednesday, the first day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon for the assessments and charges due to the Municipalities hereinafter mentioned upon the several lots or part of lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid to me with costs, before the aforementioned day of sale.

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ARUNDEL.

NAME OF OWNER.	RESIDENT OR NON-RESIDENT.	RANGE	LOT NO. OR PART THEREOF NO. ON CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX	TOTAL AMOUNT
Alexander McGillis,	Non-resident	4	Lot No. 23	$22 85	$22 85
" "	"	5	Lot No. 28		
Alfred Loyer,	"	6	Lot No. 22	8 28	8 28

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF GORE.

NAME OF OWNER.	RANGE.	RESIDENT OR NON RES'ENT	NOS. ON CADASTRE.	COSTS	SCHOOL TAX	MUNI'IPAL TAX.	TOTAL.
Mrs. Jno. Stanning,	1	Non Res'r.	Lots Nos 6 B & 7 A.	25 cts.	$2 08	$3 52	$5 85

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THAT PART OF THE PARISH OF ST. JEROME, WHICH comprise the Cotes St. Joseph, St. Eustache, St. Marguerite, and St. Angelique.

NAME OF OWNER.	RESIDENT OR NON RESIDENT.	LOT NO OR PART THEREOF NO ON CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL AMOUNT
Heirs of late James Woods,	Resident.	Lot No. 65 and the south half of lot No. 64 in the south range of cote St. Angelique.	$2 25	$15 46	$17 71

LACHUTE, JAN. 4th, 1905.

GAVIN J. WALKER,

Sec.-Treas. of the Mnnicipal Council of the County of Argenteuil.

How is This!!!

We have too many Men's and Women's Fur Coats in Coon, Astrachan, Black Lamb, Wambat, Grey Lamb Etc., from $18 to $65, and offer you the choice of whole

Lot at 20 p.c. Discount

Ladies' Jackets from $6 to $14 we offer you at 25 p.c. discount, Cash. These are great offers. We need the money, Don't you need the Coats?

W. BANFORD.

January CLEARING Sale!

Commencing on Tuesday, January 2nd, 1905, we will allow 10, 20, and 25 p.c. reduction on all Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, and Glassware, for Cash. Don't miss this great discount sale, as we want to make room for our Spring stock coming in, and enlarge our stock to meet the demands of our increasing trade. Highest price paid for all farm produce.

Chas. E. Ladouceur,

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BROWNSBURG - - QUE.
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☞ (Absent on Tuesday only.)

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