

MISSING

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL: XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1905.

NO. 29

OIL CAKE MEAL Feed Flour Very Lowest Prices.

Buy Walsh's Imperial
— Patent —
and get Canada's Best
— Flour —

H. WALSH
St. Andrews Flour Mills.

We are paying 22cts per pound for wool in exchange for goods, which we are selling at prices away down.

McFAUL BROS.

We want eggs, 1000 dozen a week if we can get them. Highest prices.

W. BANFORD.

Pure Manila Rope.—The very best Manila Hay Fork Rope kept in stock in 1/2 and 1.

T. McQUAT & SON.

Our carpeting and carpet squares are new patterns and very beautiful. Call and see them anyhow.

W. BANFORD

Just received another consignment of the H. Webb chocolates. These goods are known to be the finest and only procurable at

JNO. HOPES.

Those who have tasted the ice cream and fruit at the Sundry picnics at which Mr. Creswell has been present, evidence its quality by their attendance at his store on Main Street, whenever they come to Lachute.

Dress goods in great variety for Spring and Summer, as well as pile of prints and other wash goods.

W. BANFORD.

Bulldozers.—We have always on hand a large stock of Felt, Locks, Hinges, Paint Oils, Varnishes, White Lead, etc., at prices to suit you.

T. McQUAT & SON.

We are buying wool now, and paying 22 cts. per lb. clean washed wool—until further notice.

W. BANFORD.

Blue Ribbon Binder Twine, & Cow Ease to the front for the next 15 days. Get your supply at

T. McQUAT & SON.

LOST.—Small child's red coat, on Main St. Finder will please return to this office and be rewarded.

WANTED.—To purchase some live Lynx Otters, & White Snow Owls. Must be perfect. Address

R. C. WILLS, 109 Bleury St., Montreal.

WANTED.—A smart girl to go to Montreal in September for house-work. Small family. Apply to

MRS. ROUTH, Lachute.

LOCAL NEWS

Keep in mind the Brownsburg Picnic for Saturday, August the 19th.

Mrs. A. Robertson of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. J. S. Giles over Sunday.

Miss Florence McGillivray of Montreal, is spending her holidays in Lachute.

Miss Laura McGibbon of Simcoe, is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McGibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sargison of Ottawa, returned home on Monday, after a pleasant visit in town.

The Misses Price and Noakes of Montreal, are guests of the Misses Wilson for a few days.

Miss Margaret Hills is spending a week at St. Canute, the guest of her cousin Miss Minnie L. McAdam.

Mr. D. and Miss M. Paquette of Hawkesbury are the guests of their brother Mr. F. Paquette, West End.

The Misses M. and J. McCullum of Montreal, were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Beers for a few days this week.

The Misses Cecile and Claire Leonard of Ste. Anique, spent this week with their sister Mrs. J. F. A. Bedard.

The Misses Maynard of Westmount are spending a very pleasant holiday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. V. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Morrison of Montreal, who have been visiting in Lachute & Hill Head, returned home on Monday.

Miss Julia Whiteside returned on Wednesday from Montreal after a pleasant visit the guest of Mrs. Jas. U. Cullens.

Mr. Geoffrey Bedard who is at present visiting in Winnipeg and other Western points, is expected home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curry returned home on Saturday after spending a pleasant visit with their daughter at Chazy, N.Y.

Miss Laura Masson left on Tuesday last for Montreal for three weeks vacation the guest of Mrs. J. B. Gauthier in Montreal.

Miss Mattie Bedard of Detroit, Mich., spent last week in town and vicinity, visiting her uncles Messrs. J. A. and Thos. Bedard.

Miss Catherine Masson returned on Wednesday last after spending three months in Willimantic, Conn; Providence & Fall River, Mass.

DEATH.

—O—

BYRNE.—At Anaconda, Mont., on July 30th, Catherine O'Keefe, beloved wife of Jno. Byrne of Chassel Mich., aged 37 years.

Mr. Ernest Walker of Winnipeg, is home on a short visit.

The Fanfare d'Argenteuil are giving a grand Musical Concert in the Victoria Hall on Thursday next. Lovers of good music have a great treat in store.

Mr. Colin McKiddie while working on Wednesday last at Mr. A. Beers' kitchen, was suddenly seized with an attack of paralysis. Dr. Menzies is in attendance.

This week, Mrs. Eugene Desjardins of St. Janvier, cousin of Mrs. J. F. A. Bedard, gave birth to two daughters and one son. The happy mother and three little ones are all healthy and doing well.

The Lachute Lacrosse Club had a run up to Hawkesbury on Saturday last and had the pleasure of again defeating the H-wkesbury team by the score of 4 to 2. The game was well contested, and was witnessed by a large number of supporters.

The many friends of Miss Maggie McKee, will learn with deep regret of her death which occurred on the 21st of July at her father's home, Innisfail, Alta. Deceased was in her eighteenth year and much beloved by all with whom she came in contact.

Mr. Jno. Martin with his wife and family arrived from Colton, San Bernardino Co., Calif., on Monday, after an absence of ten years. They are at present guests of Mr. R. Watson, Lachute Road, but intend visiting round among their numerous friends. Mr. Martin was a resident of this county, for 56 years, and served terms as Director and President of the Argenteuil Agricultural Society.

Mrs. Louisa Cloutier of St. Andrews, was in Montreal Sunday last attending the beautiful ceremony that took place at the convent of the Holy names of Jesus and Mary, where her niece Miss O. Bedard, daughter of Mr. Alfred Bedard of Detroit, was ordained nun and pronounced the last vows. On her return, Mrs. Cloutier spent a couple of days in town with her brother Mr. J. A. Bedard.

The great event of the season among the young folks, i.e., the S.S. Picnic came off very successfully on Thursday, the 3rd inst. Three Sunday Schools united in the event, the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. About 10.30 the train pulled out from the G.N.R. depot, carrying between 275 and 300 passengers. Upon arriving at New Glasgow they were conducted to the very pretty and convenient grounds of Mr. H. Le, who did all in his power to make the visit a pleasant one. Some very kind people from the village supplied teams by which all provisions, baskets, etc., were taken to the grounds and back. Tables were also provided and two large kettles placed and ready for use in which to boil water. In short order dinner was served and everybody satisfied, there still remained an abundance of good things. The afternoon was spent in exploring the beautiful L'Angevin river, and the little village. One of the novelties kindly provided free of charge by the good people of New Glasgow, was a large milk can full of fresh butter milk from the butter factory, into which had been placed a large piece of ice. Needless to say this was much appreciated. At about 5.45 all had been gathered aboard the train and after three hearty cheers for New Glasgow the return trip was made. Everyone arrived home safely, not the slightest accident happening to mar the enjoyment of the day. The hearty thanks of the management are extended to all those in New Glasgow, who so cheerfully contributed to the success of the day, to the G.N.R., and their very courteous agent, Mr. Murphy and to all those who assisted in any way in the entertainment.

We have a large And well assorted Stock of

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
EVANS BROS.

PIANOS

DOHERTY & CO.
SHERLOCK MANNING

ORGANS

And the unequalled New Williams Sewing Machine.

As we contract largely for all our Instruments we can sell you cheaper than any one else.

By from us and save the middle men's profit. We can make terms and prices to suit you.

J. A. BEDARD & SON
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

THE ELITE.

We do the Souvenir Trade.

New Post Cards, Bark Canoes, Snow Shoes, Toboggans, Paddles, Pencil Cases, Match Safes, Soap Boxes, Stick Pins, etc., with handsome views of Lachute. Special in Japanese Silk Blouses, white and black, new Belt Buckles, Waist Sets, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery for women and children. Endless variety of Millinery always on hand. Keep us in mind when nice goods are wanted.

H. E. BURWASH,

Eye Strain Causes Headaches

By Removing the cause : The proof of the fit-
We effect a permanent cure, : ting is the seeing.

Our Glasses Give Perfect Vision.

Cut out this ad.

It is worth 25 cts. on each \$2.00 purchase until further notice.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

GRADUATE OPTICIAN,

LACHUTE.

Kennedy Advertisement.

Always

Nobby

Goods.

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

CRESWELL'S

OUR MOTTO,

QUALITY

That's Why We Lead

In Fruit, Confectionery, Ice Cream, Etc. Gurd's Lowney's, Aird's, Christie's and Creswells.

The Envy of Competitors.

GEO. H. CRESWELL

JULY CLEARING SALE.

Commencing MONDAY NEXT, we will sell the balance of our Stock of Ladies' Whitewear and Blouses at 15 p.c. discount.

All our Summer Wash Goods at Reduced Prices.

Carpenter Bros,
The Popular Priced Store.

His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was some comfort to Hettie to have her tears kissed away, to feel loving hands take hers, and loving lips touch her forehead.

"Tell me all about it, dear, and we will forget it. I will try all I can for the remainder of your life and mine to make you happy, and to atone to you for this unhappy love."

"I have so little to tell you," said Hettie, "and I am so much ashamed of it. I asked him to stay just a little with me, but he said 'No,' he must go; and I asked him why. It all came out then, Leah. He did love me; he loved me with all his heart. Ah me, if you could have seen his face—the sorrow on it which no words could describe. He did love me—living and dying, it will comfort me to remember that. I shall never know love again; but he loved me; there was love unutterable in his eyes when he looked at me. Only think, Leah, I have had but ten minutes' real happiness in my life, and that was when I first found out that he loved me—before I knew what stood between us. Leah, the great sea lay before us; the wind brought the brine of the ocean and the fragrance from the meadows. I would go through a lifetime of torture for one such hour again. He told me why he must go. What, of all the reasons in the world, should you think it was?"

"Was it that he was rich and you were poor, Hettie?" asked Leah.

"No; he cared nothing about that."

"Was it"—and Leah lowered her voice—"anything about our father, Hettie?"

"No; he liked my father; he respected his peculiar ideas, and—would you believe it, Leah?—came often to discuss matters with him. No, it was nothing about my father. You would never guess, Leah; it is too cruel to guess. He did love me; and he told me that because he loved me he must go away and never see my face again. Even while he said it all his great love was shining in his eyes. And the reason was this—that he was engaged to marry some one whom I am sure he did not love. He told me that a certain train of circumstances had led to his engagement, and that he himself, mistaking the friendly, kindly admiration he had for the lady for love, had asked her to be his wife. Ah, Leah, how much unhappy love there is in the world! He told me that this girl whom he was engaged to marry would die if he left her, and that unknown to himself he had learned to love me with all his heart; it was for that reason—it was because he loved me and could not ask me to be his wife—that we parted, never in this world to meet again."

"What a sad story, Hettie!" cried Leah.

If she had but known, if she had but guessed who it was that had thus loved Hettie, she might have died then and there.

"You must not think," said Hettie, "that he was wanting in loyalty and honor; he was engaged, promised, pledged to this other, and he had no thought of loving me. Neither of us knew or thought of it until all at once the truth came upon us like a great blinding light; then honor told him that he must go."

"I think he was cruel to you, Hettie," said Leah, all unconscious whom she was judging.

"No; he did not intend to be cruel, he did not know. It came on us all at once, just as when people think they are wading through a shallow brook and suddenly find themselves in a deep stream. He could never have been cruel; he was the most gentle, the most chivalrous—"

"He should have thought more of the danger that you ran; the fact that you were lonely and friendless should have made him—"

"I do not think that love often reasons," said Hettie. "There was not much harm done."

"Only two lives spoiled," put in Leah, sadly.

"I will not call mine spoiled," said Hettie. "I would rather have loved him, and loved him unhappily, than have been the beloved wife of any other man. Mine will be a life apart; but I will not call it spoiled. That night, Leah, he kissed me. No man had kissed me before; no man shall ever kiss me again. On that night, Leah, just for one minute, he took me in his arms and held me there; and until I die no arms shall clasp me again. I suffer pain; yet even my pain is sweet and pleasant to me. Sometimes I think that we quiet women can suffer deeper pain than women of more passionate natures. That other, whom my love will marry, said she should die if she lost him. I love him as much, but it will not kill me."

"Would you wish that it might, Hettie?" asked Leah.

"No. I love you, and I shall find out many pleasures in life; but I shall be true as steel to my lost love. I wish you could have seen him, Leah. To have loved one such, even if unhappily, is joy enough for a lifetime. I have told you my love story, dear, and you will now know why, as I go through life, all men will be to me but as shadows."

"I hope it will not be so, Hettie. As the years go on you will forget this incident, which is but a dream, and meet with some one who will make you happy."

Hettie shook her golden head. Could any other man have such a face as the man who had kissed her by the sea? Could any one ever replace him? She laughed the idea to scorn.

"How strange, Leah," she said, "that we two sisters have a fate so different! To you—mind, darling, I do not envy you—I am not even ever so slightly jealous of you—to you everything has come, even love."

"You forget one thing," remarked Leah. "You had your father's blessing. I had his curse; although no harm has followed it, still it lies upon me."

"I have wondered," said Hettie, with a sad smile, "whether it has not fallen on me by mistake."

"No, I am quite sure it has not," declared Leah, warmly. "You deserve every blessing. My life is not finished; it may overtake me yet—"

words which she afterwards remembered as prophetic.

Just at that moment the general came down the terrace to them.

"In your favorite spot, Leah?" he said. "Do you know how long you girls have been talking? More than an hour. What is it about? Neither bonnets nor lovers, of that I am sure."

Neither sister spoke; and then Sir Arthur saw that each face was pale and grave. He thought to himself that they had probably been speaking of their father.

"Leah, I want you," he said. "I will not keep you very long; but I should like to talk to you before Basil comes."

Hettie heard the name, and repeated it to herself. "Basil?" It was an unusual name, and one she had hardly heard before.

"That must be Leah's lover," she said. "Happy Leah! Heaven bless her!"

No knight would ride down the avenue to woo her. She wondered if many women gave their lives for love.

"Come to the library, Leah," said the general. "I like bracing, clear, frosty weather like this; but I felt a twinge in my right arm this morning, and I must not neglect it." Seeing that Hettie looked at him inquiringly, he continued: "An old wound is like an old friend. I received a sword-cut on this arm more than twenty years ago, and sometimes on very cold days it teases me even now; the moral of which is that it is easier to give a wound than to cure a wound. Do not leave your cozy corner, Hettie; I will send Leah back to you in ten minutes."

As they walked down the terrace together, Hettie wondered if the time would ever come when they would discuss matters before her, if she would ever be really one of themselves. If, when Leah was married, she would take her place in her uncle's confidence.

Not caring to watch Leah and her uncle, Hettie looked down the avenue and saw a gentleman walking up to the house. She drew back, thinking that it was some visitor for the general, and the next minute had forgotten all about the occurrence.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Sir Basil walked slowly up the avenue; he looked tired and pale—not at all like a gay bridegroom. Shadows in his eyes told of sleepless nights, of weary days, of sad thoughts. Yet he had in his manner something of the man who has fought a good fight and has overcome. He reflected, as he walked between the long lines of leafless trees, that after all he was more fortunate than many men. He had known the rapture of true love, even though it had lasted so short a time. Many men lived and died without ever knowing one such hour as had fallen to his lot by the sweet southern sea. The glow of it, the warmth of it, would last him through life, even through the chill of long years.

How well he remembered the first morning that he came to Brentwood, and the beautiful face shining in the midst of the passion-flowers! What a fatal morning it had been for him! He could recall the peculiar expression of Leah's face the first moment her eyes met his; and she had told him since, that in that first moment she had loved him. How loving and faithful she had been to him ever since! How many men

would give their lives for the love she lavished on him—and he was so cold! He made many good resolutions as he walked up the avenue, where the November sun shone brightly through the bare branches. He would be more loving to her. Never again should his thoughts rove to the fair, pale face that had lain on his breast for five minutes, never to lie there again. He would forget it, and think of the beautiful face that had smiled only for him. He would be loving and loyal to her, and in time Heaven would send him peace. No man was either great or wise, or truly noble until he had suffered pain. It was the lot of every man; some live without pleasure, happiness, or love, but no one lives without pain.

"I will make it all up to her," he thought; and then through the leafless trees he saw the terraces and the pretty balustrade where the great clusters of passion-flowers grew in summer—the very spot in which he had first seen her; and, unless he was mistaken, she was there now. Yes, he could see the folds of a long black dress on the white stone of the terrace; he could see one white hand lying idly on the ledge where the brown tendrils looked withered and dead. She was surely there; she had told him she loved that spot best, because it was there she had seen him first. She was looking toward the house. He would go to her noiselessly and take her in his arms; he would kiss her and say loving words to her.

He went quietly up the great white steps, where the marble statues stood and the huge vases were filled with evergreens, round the great clusters of almond-trees to the corner that Leah loved best. He smiled to himself. Ah, he was not mistaken!

A tall, slender figure stood there, with a black dress trailing on the steps, a white hand resting on the balustrade. He could not see her face or head, for she was looking toward the house. Should he call her name? If he uttered but one word, she would turn to him with her face all bright with glad and happy love. No; he would go up to her and clasp her in his arms and kiss her, while he made her guess who he was.

One arm was half round her, and his dark handsome head bent over her before he perceived that the beautiful masses of hair were of gold. The next moment the fair face seemed to flash into his own, a cry came from the pale lips, a great shock overwhelmed them.

There was a terrible moment of fear and pain, of bewilderment and surprise, followed by a deep silence that was full of agony. Then faintly from him came the name "Hettie!"—so tremulously spoken, that it was like a sigh.

"Hettie," he repeated, "is it you?"

She shrank back with a little wailing cry, which seemed to go straight to his heart.

Could it be Hettie? Was that the golden head which had lain for a few happy minutes on his breast? Was that the fair pale face which he had covered with kisses and tears? Could it be the girl whom he had left by the sea, never to meet again?

"It is really Hettie," he said; and he laid his hand upon hers, as though he half fancied she would melt into thin air. "I cannot trust my own eyes. Speak one word to me. Are you really Hettie Ray?"

He had seen her last in her homely dress, plainly made of plain material, in the midst of her homely surroundings. Now she stood arrayed in costly silk, with great folds of crape, with an air of distinction and elegance, a certain subtle change—more fair and lovely than ever in his eyes—Hettie still, but a very different Hettie from the simply-dressed maiden he had known at Southwood.

She raised her blue eyes and looked at him.

"Do you not know me?" she said reproachfully. "Surely I am Hettie Ray, just as surely as I am the most miserable girl in the wide world."

"Hettie, Hettie what brought you here?" He made no attempt to caress her. He drew back from her, and looked at her with wild, troubled eyes. "What brought you here?" he repeated. "I have tried my best; I have fought a fiercer fight with my heart than any man ever fought; and now, when I had begun to hope for peace, you rise from the very ground, as it were before me. Hettie, in Heaven's name, tell me what brings you here?"

The face before him was miserable enough; there was the very anguish of woe in the blue eyes.

"Do you not know," she said slowly, "who I am?"

"You are Hettie Ray," he replied. "Alas, alas!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I begin to see now; I begin to understand. What have I done that Heaven should punish me so? What have I done?"

"Hettie," he said, gently, "I do not understand. What is the matter?"

"Who are you?" she cried. She stood before him, with her hands clasped, her pale face raised, hanging as it were on the words that were to fall from his lips. "Who are you?" she repeated. "Do not keep me in suspense. Tell me quickly."

Still no glimmer of the truth came to him. He wondered at the intense anxiety of her manner.

"I forgot," he said; "you never knew my name. I am Sir Basil Carlton of Glen."

She repeated the words after him,

her white lips trembling. They brought no memory to her.

"Sir Basil Carlton!" she repeated. "I do not mean that. Who are you? Tell me for Heaven's sake, are you Leah's fiancé? They said he was coming to-day. Heaven cannot be so cruel—you are not Leah's fiancé!"

"I am Leah's lover, my poor darling," he said, sadly.

"And she loves you so! Oh! how has it happened? We were talking about you the other day—no, this morning; it seems to me long since she told me about her lover, and how she loved him. O, Heaven, how it all comes back to me! I told her such a great love could never be a happy one; but how little I thought—"

She paused, and then, after a minute's silence, she looked at him again. "You," she said—"you are Leah's lover. She loves you so dearly, she said she should die if she were parted from you. And you—I remember you told me that you did not love her, that it was circumstances which led to the engagement. And she loves you so! Oh, hapless Leah, oh, miserable, thrice-wretched me!"

She shrank back, crouching against the withered sprays of the passion-flowers. All her strength and youth seemed to leave her; her white face and wild eyes were terrible to see. Half frightened because of her despair, he drew nearer to her.

"Hettie," he said, "what is Leah to you? Tell me who you are."

"Do you not know?" she said. "Have they not told you?"

"Told me what?" he cried. "What is it?"

A sickening sense of insecurity came to her. If neither Leah nor Sir Arthur had said anything to him, what could she say? Was he to know all about her? If she told him that she was Leah's sister, and that they were both daughters of Martin Ray, what would happen?

Her heart grew faint with dread and pain. She held out her hands to him with an imploring gesture.

"Do you not know?" she said. "Can you not guess who I am?"

"How can I? Why Hettie, what need is there for mystery? You can have nothing to fear in telling me. What brings you, Martin Ray's daughter, here to Brentwood, and what are you to Leah?"

"You cannot guess?" she said. "You have no idea?"

"None. I cannot guess. What are you keeping from me, Hettie?"

"My story and Leah's," she replied; "and I cannot tell it to you. You must ask them to tell it."

In his sudden surprise and complete bewilderment he never thought of what Martin Ray had told him of his two daughters; all power of thought and memory had gone from him.

"Hettie, you have lost faith in me!" he said.

"No; it is not that. I—See, there is some one coming. Do not let me be seen."

The quick footstep of one of the men-servants was heard on the terrace. Without a word, Sir Basil went to meet him.

"Sir Arthur would be glad to see you in the library at once, Sir Basil," said the man. If he felt any curiosity about the figure crouching against the balustrade, he gave no sign.

"Say that I will be there in a few minutes," was the reply; and the man went away.

Sir Basil turned to Hettie. "Let me take you to the house, Hettie," he said. "You must not remain here."

"I cannot go. You must leave me here. I cannot walk," she said. "I cannot stand. Do you not see how I tremble? You must leave me."

He looked terribly distressed.

"My darling!" he began. But she held up her hand.

"Hush, Basil!" she said. "Remember, you are Leah's lover."

"I will not leave you, Hettie," he said. "You will faint."

"No; do not fear; listen to me. It will be all for the best. You go now. No one will know that you have seen me, and they will tell you the story. We must meet after that as strangers. Go."

"Heaven knows that no man was ever more puzzled or more unhappy than I," she said.

Her eyes were dim with tears as she watched him—Leah's lover; and then, as he went slowly down the terrace, a mist seemed to rise before her; she swayed to and fro, staggered, and, helpless, fell suddenly to the ground.

(To be Continued.)

A SUSPICIOUS PROXIMITY.

A lady was complaining to her dairyman some time ago about the quality of his milk. "Short o' grass feed, mum—short o' grass feed this time o' years," said the jocular milkman. "Bless you, them cows o' mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches 'em cryin'—regular cryin'—mum—because they feel as how their milk don't do 'em credit. You don't believe it?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it," said the lady; "but I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our can."

She—"And are you really so much better since you returned from your trip abroad?"

He—"Yes, indeed. I'm quite another man, I assure you." She—"Well, I'm sure all your friends will be delighted to hear it."

The Farm

PROPER USE OF A ROLLER.

A roller is one of the most useful and yet one of the most misused tools on the farm. Its use especially in relation to saving moisture seems to be little understood, and often misunderstood by the average farmer. In driving through the country a month later one will see many fields which have been plowed, harrowed and rolled and then to lie through the August suns, until seeding time arrives, writes a correspondent. Should you ask the owner why this is so, he will probably tell you that rolled land is more moist, and that is why it is left rolled.

Let us investigate the claim. His assertion that rolled land is more moist is correct as long as there is plenty of moisture below to draw from. We have all noticed that land seemed more moist the day after being rolled, but where does the moisture come from, and where is it going? It is not coming from the air and going the ground, but just the opposite. It comes from the reserve below and goes into the air. Let us see why this movement of soil moisture takes place and whether it is desirable.

Soil moisture remains in the soil and is raised toward its surface by capillarity, as explained in a previous article. It exists around and between the soil particles, and the closer together these soil particles are, the firmer become the capillary spaces between them and the more easily and rapidly can the water rise toward the surface. We know this to be true, when we think of the increased capacity of fine clay soils to hold moisture over that of the coarse sands. Rolling affects the texture of the soil by firming it, and crowding its particles closer together, thus making the spaces between them smaller and causing a movement of the deeper water upward by soil capillarity. The farmer then is right in supposing that it makes the (top) soil more moist.

Now, let us see if this is desirable. True, the moisture will be needed near the top, where it can start the seed, but will it remain here until the seed is ready for it? No! If a harrow does not follow the roller much of the moisture will evaporate into the air and be lost, just as it does from the surface of cultivated fields which have not had the surface stirred since the last hard rain. If moisture rises to the surface, as it does after rolling, it will certainly come in contact with the air, and this means an evaporation of that near the surface, while it will be replaced by the moisture farther down, and though the surface may appear moist for some time, the actual moisture contact of the soil to the depth of two or three feet is less. These facts are well shown by one of Prof. King's experiments. He determined the moisture content of one hundred and forty-seven pairs of samples, one from unrolled ground, the other from similar soil rolled. He found the moisture content of the unrolled soils, when samples were taken to a depth of four feet, to be nearly one per cent. greater than the rolled. When taken to a depth of two feet there was still a favor of nearly one-half percent in favor of the unrolled; but when taken to a depth of about six inches, there was nearly one-fourth per cent. in favor of the rolled. This shows that while there is slightly more moisture near the surface of rolled land there is less farther down, and because of the increased evaporation from the surface, the available moisture in the rolled land is less.

Prof. King also brings out the fact that the level surface due to rolling increases the velocity of the wind close to the ground, in some cases as much as 70 per cent, which of course greatly facilitates evaporation.

Are we then to conclude that rolling is to be dispensed with? Not at all. It is often better to have more moisture in the surface foot of earth than would be there if the ground were exceedingly loose, and for that purpose we should roll, but always remember to follow the roller with a smoothing harrow to make a dust mulch to lessen evaporation. Heavy clay soils may seldom need rolling except to crush lumps or dry out the land in spring, but on very mellow and sandy soils it is quite a necessary tool. In dry weather it is well to follow the plow with the roller and then harrow. This will save all the moisture possible and leave the upper soil moist; insuring the germination of the grain. Early plowing and harrowing after each rain will insure a moist seed bed.

The kind of roller has much to do with its usefulness as a firmer of the soil. Of course this varies directly as the weight, but the diameter of the barrel has still more to do with its firming power. A large barrel of course presents a greater surface to the soil at one time and so cannot press as much on any part of that surface as one with a small barrel, which has only a narrow line in contact with the soil at a time. The heavier draft of the smaller barrel offsets its advantages, so a medium between the two is sought.

ANOTHER VOICE ON THE PRAIRIES

TELLS OF DIABETES CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

W. G. Bartleman Could Get No Relief Till He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Wapella, Assa., N. W. T. July 17—(Special).—This thriving town furnishes one of the most remarkable cures of Kidney Disease that has ever been reported on the prairies. Mr. Wm. G. Bartleman, a well-known farmer, is the man cured and he makes the following statement:—

"I had Kidney Trouble and it developed into Diabetes. I went to the doctor but his treatment was of no use whatever to me. I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills in December, 1902. I took them all winter and summer while I was unable to work my farm. I took twelve boxes in all and in August I was able to work."

"Now I am quite strong. I worked all winter without pains in my back or any part of my body. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

If the Kidney Disease is of long standing it may take time to cure it. But Dodd's Kidney Pills will do it.

OYAMA, THE SILENT.

Commander of Japanese Army Who Wastes No Words.

In Moscow Military Hospital at present are 150 wounded Japanese soldiers, nearly all of whom fell into Russian hands during the early stage of the battle of Mukden.

A correspondent who has interviewed one through the medium of an interpreter obtained the following information about Field Marshal Oyama:

"Unlike General Kuroki, who always speaks encouragingly to his officers before a battle, our Commander-in-Chief says nothing. Nor does he say much after a victory. At the battle of the Shaho a despatch rider named Hiroto did a brave act which was contrary to the instructions he received. The Field Marshal sent for him, questioned him, and sent him away without praise or blame. Hiroto thought the Commander-in-Chief's silence meant that he was about to order some punishment and killed himself with his bayonet. Almost before he was dead a staff officer rode up with a hundred yen in money, which Marshal Oyama had sent the suicide in reward for his courage. The reward arrived too late."

"At the battle of Liaoyang the Marshal was slightly wounded in the left arm. He said nothing about it, and all the soldiers who knew also kept silence, fearing that if they spoke the news would spread in an exaggerated form and cause depression in the army."

"The Field Marshal is the most religious man in the whole army, and often complained that many officers when learning European methods also acquired European tendencies to unbelief. He believes in all the Japanese gods, and has a temple at his house in Tokio."

CHANGED HUSBAND.

Wife Made Wise Change in Food.

Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says: "My husband had dyspepsia when we were married and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results."

"I thought this was largely due to the use of coffee and persuaded him to discontinue it. He did so, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The change did him good from the beginning, his digestion improved; he suffered much less from his nervousness, and when he added Grape-Nuts food to his diet he was soon entirely cured."

"My friend, Mrs. ——— of Vicksburg, (my former home) had become a nervous wreck also from dyspepsia. Medicines had no effect, neither did travel help her. On my last visit home, some months ago, I persuaded her to use Grape-Nuts food. She was in despair, and consented. She stuck to it until it restored her health so completely that she is now the most enthusiastic friend of Grape-Nuts that I ever knew. She eats it with cream or dry, just as it comes from the package—keeps it in her room and eats it whenever she feels like it."

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food, myself, when my baby was two months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthy, rosy and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is two years old now and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape Nuts would do her."

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
There's a reason.

BRIDEGROOM YAWNED.

Hesitated at Altar and Got a Thrashing From Bride.

A young Belgian, named Deneck, who repented a promise to marry at the wedding ceremony was about to be performed, now lies in a hospital in a battered condition, telephones the Paris correspondent of the London Express.

He was engaged to Celeste Voisin, the pretty daughter of a Bethune peasant, and the wedding was fixed at the mayor's office. Relatives and guests were assembled, and the pair stood side by side before the mayor. When, however, the mayor was about to pronounce the words which would have made them man and wife Deneck yawned. The mayor had never seen a would-be-bridegroom yawn, and he stopped the service.

Deneck yawned again, and angry whispers were heard among the relatives. Then Deneck relieved the tension.

"I have thought better of it," he said, making ready to leave. "And I do not think I want to marry at all."

But he had reckoned without the Voisin family. Celeste rushed after him, and smote him in the ear with all the force of her dimpled fists. Her three brothers followed suit and pummeled the recalcitrant lover until he cried for mercy, and pleaded to be allowed to marry the girl.

Finally he was rescued by the mayor and his clerk and removed to the hospital. He is now taking proceedings against the Voisin family.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

A wise barber asks the very young man if he wants a shave and the very old man if he wants a haircut.

"My Physician Told Me I Must Die, but South American Kidney Cure cured me of that awful Bright's Disease." This is a sentence from a letter of a well-known business man in a western town who through overwork and worry had contracted this kidney pestilence. It will relieve instantly and cure all kidney diseases.—102

Mr. Bjones—"How wonderfully Mrs. Robbison bears her age!" Mrs. Bismith (sweetly)—"Yes—considering how much there is of it!"

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

ROTHSCHILD'S SANITARIUM.

Left Fortune to Found New Institution in Vienna.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, whose death was announced a few days ago, has left the sum of \$4,250,000 to found a sanitarium on the latest scientific lines for persons suffering from nervous diseases. This sanitarium will be erected in the neighborhood of Vienna for the benefit of persons suffering from nervous ailments other than epilepsy, insanity and incurable spinal disorder.

The late baron was subject during the greater part of his lifetime to a peculiar form of nervous complaint. It was this disease which induced him to spend his winters in the desert, far away from all society except that of his beloved Arabs.

His sympathy for sufferers like himself led him to make this magnificent bequest. In addition to this he left a sum of \$400,000 for general charitable purposes.

His famous gardens at Hohenwarte he bequeathed to his nephew Alphonse. The remainder of his property goes to his brother Albert.

As soon as Baron Rothschild's bequests to charity were known crowds of poor besieged the statthalter's office, hoping for an immediate share. They were, however, disappointed.

A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING.

"Yes, I remember that little bill I owe you—remember it perfectly well, and in fact, thought of it just as soon as I arrived in town," said a man in reply to someone who had dunned him. "Let me see. Where will you be at four o'clock this afternoon—at four sharp?"

"At the hotel."

"All right; be at the hotel at four sharp."

"Collins," said an acquaintance, "you are a very plausible fellow. You know that you do not intend to pay that man."

"Well, no; that's a fact."

"Then why did you want to know where he would be at four o'clock?"

"So that I could time myself accordingly. If I know where he is at four o'clock I will be somewhere else at that time. In this life, my dear boy, to have a perfect understanding is to avoid many embarrassing situations."

"I have just been reading the account of a railway wreck in which every occupant of the smoking-carriage was more or less injured, while the rest of the passengers in the train escaped without harm," said old Hodge. "There Ezra," cried Mrs. Hodge, triumphantly, "there is another warning against the use of tobacco."



Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sun-light Soap.

PROPERTY BEGETS HAPPINESS, happiness begets health. Buy a farm in the celebrated Moose Mountain District where everyone is prosperous and crop failures unknown. Carlyle is four years old; has five elevators, with capacity of 200,000 bushels. The man who built them knew their business. They are filled every season. The D. C. McPhee Land Co. of Carlyle, Assiniboia, have 200,000 acres of improved and unimproved farm lands for sale in this district. They solicit your correspondence. Further information and particulars cheerfully given.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY & R. R. Accounting. \$50 to \$100 per month salary assured our graduates under bond. You don't pay us until you have a position. Largest system of telegraph schools in America. Endorsed by all railway officials. Operators always in demand. Ladies also admitted. Write for catalogue. Morse School of Telegraphy, Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N.Y., Atlanta, Ga., La Crosse, Wis., Texarkana, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

CLEANING LADIES' ... WALKING OR OUTING SUITS

Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it. BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO.

MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC

AYRSHIRE CATTLE FOR SALE

20 Ayrshire Bulls—four to twenty months old; Ayrshire Females all ages; also improved Yorkshire pigs. Apply to HON. W. OWENS, Monte Bello, Que.

REMEMBER THESE DATES.

July 18, Aug. 1, 15 and 25, Atlantic City \$10.00. Aug. 5 New York \$9.00 round trip from Buffalo via Lackawanna.

Never judge a patent medicine by the almanac that goes with it.

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be no relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomach troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Par-melee's Vegetable Pills will be found a restorative of nerve power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

"I hear that Russia is putting another large sum into a new navy." "Yes—that's her sinking fund!"

When Baby had Scald Head—When Mother had Salt Rheum—When Father had Piles.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment gave the quickest relief and surest cure. These are gems of truth picked from testimony which is given every day to this greatest of healers. It has never been matched in curative qualities in Ecze-ma, Tetter, Piles, etc. 35 cents.—103

Friend—"What was the result of the consultation of doctors?" Invalid (glancing at the receipted bill)—"It left me in a very poor condition."

Ignorance is a Curse.—"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or habits. The man who is acquainted with himself will know how to act when any disarrangement in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

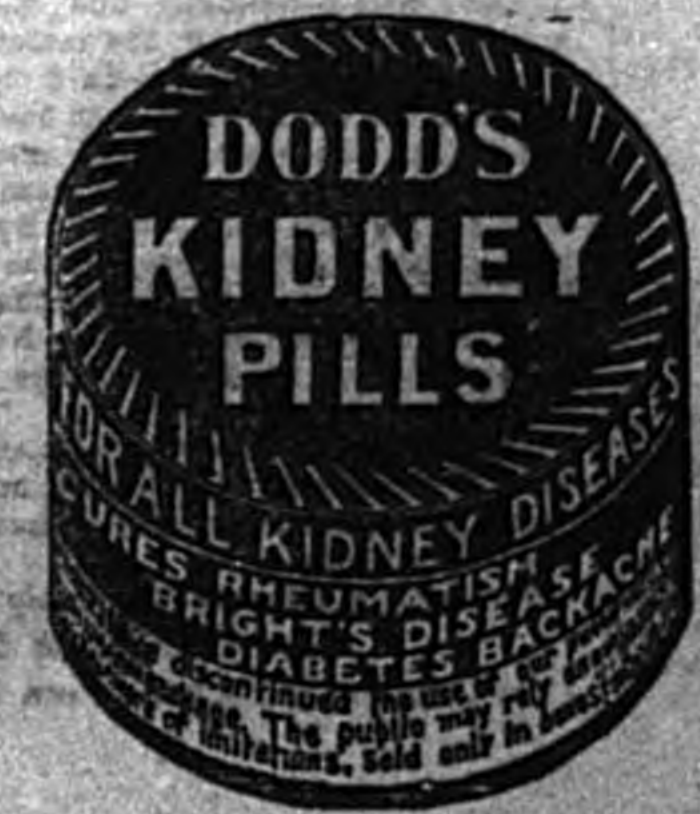
A young man imagines that he is engaged in a game of flirtation until he wakes up and finds himself married.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stiffness, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

"I hear, my boy, that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This grieves me to the heart. Always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering upon you. Will you promise me?" "Yes father."

"Very well. Now go and see who is knocking at the door. If it's the tax-collector say I'm not at home!"



Fragrant as Fresh Violets

Blue Ribbon

TEA comes to the home FRESH AND PURE as when it left the plantation to be manufactured with special care, and closely sealed in LEAD PACKAGES.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA—BLUE RIBBON TEA

Libby's
Natural Flavor,
Food Products

Don't Be Without Them in Your Home
They Are Always Ready to Serve

Lunch Tongues Veal Loaf
Boneless Chicken Dried Beef
Brisket Beef Soups
Jellied Hocks Baked Beans

Ask Your Grocer
The Dooklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat" sent free.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.

During June, July, August and September the Chicago and North Western Ry. will sell from Chicago, round trip excursion tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Ore. (Lewis & Clarke Excursion), Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver at very low rates. Correspondingly cheap fares from all points in Canada. Choice of routes, best of train service, favorable stopovers and liberal return limits. Rates, folders and full information can be obtained from H. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont. 31

HOW SHE KNEW.

"Ellen, has George come home from school yet?" called Mrs. Snaggs to her servant.
"Yes, ma'am," came back the answer.
"Where is he?"
"I haven't seen him."
"How do you know, then, that he's home?"
"Because the cat's a-hidin' under the dresser."

It is not every man who knows how to compliment a woman gracefully. The following dialogue took place between a very pretty lady singer and a celebrated composer, who is by no means addicted to flattery:—"Tell me, my dear maestro, which would you like the better, to be blind or deaf?" "Deaf, madam, when I am looking at you, and blind when I hear you sing."

Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act as a beneficiary that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

"Well," complained the cranky woman, "I never met a man so hard to please as my husband." "How quickly men change!" remarked Miss Sly. "It was only a few years ago he proposed to you."

"I believe it to be the most effective remedy for the Stomach and Nerves on the market." Is what Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N.B., says of South American Nerve, for, she says, La Grippe and the complications which followed it left her next to dead with Indigestion, Dyspepsia and General Nervous Shattering. It cured her.—100

Meeks—"The man who tries to change a woman's views is a fool." Weeks—"How do you know?" Meeks—"My wife told me so."

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

"AFTER YOU, SIR."

A French paper tells the little story of an old violinist who occasionally played with his man servant who had been the best fiddler in his native village.

"Why are you always one or two beats behind me?" demanded the violinist, impatiently, one day, when no tapings of his foot or frowns had served to make the valet realize his fault.

"But, monsieur, it is that my old fiddle has the respect," said the man, meekly.

New rules in the French post-offices: "Sorters are forbidden to read post-cards, and are requested to keep back any on which are insults or bad language."

Protect Your Property

WITH
THE DIAMOND FIRE EXTINGUISHER

A dry powder put up in metal tubes, 23 inches long. It will instantly extinguish the most furious flames of wood or oil. Price \$3.00 each, \$30.00 doz. Write for descriptive circular. The Diamond Dry Powder Fire Extinguisher Co., Toronto, Ont. WANTED



WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL CLEAR THEM OUT
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

Bonbon—"My wife never says 'I told you so' when any of my plans go wrong." Johnson—"She must be a remarkable woman!" Benson—"No; she isn't so positive as all that. She just says, 'Didn't I say so?'"

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator destroys worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

"I trust you love your neighbor," ventured the visitor. "Fush!" warned old Rounder. "Our neighbor is a widow, and my wife might hear you!"

Awful Experience with Heart Disease.—Mr. L. J. Law, Toronto, Can., writes:—"I was so sorely troubled with heart disease that I was unable for 18 months to lie down in bed least I smother. After taking one dose of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure, I retired and slept soundly. I used one bottle and the trouble has not returned."—99

A poet says that a baby is "a new wave on the ocean of life." It strikes us that "a fresh squall" would express the idea better.

After a man has lived in one neighborhood forty years you can't tell him anything.

When the little folks take colds and coughs, don't neglect them and let them strain the tender membranes of their lungs. Give them

Shiloh's Consumption Cure
The Lung Tonic

It will cure them quickly and strengthen their lungs. It is pleasant to take. Price, 35c., 50c., and \$1.00. 30c.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 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, nonpareil measurement.

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. QUE

DRAWING NEARER.

The members of the Canadian Manufacturers Association have returned home after a very successful tour in Great Britain. They are unanimous in their expressions of delight over the outing and freely confess the rectification of their views of the motherland. They were cordially welcomed by the Britishers whom they found in some instances not well informed respecting this country, yet they found in all cases a candid admiration for Canada and a desire to learn as much as possible about Britain's over sea possession. The delegates unite in testifying that the manufacturers of Britain are not so slow as some Canadians had voted them. Mr. Denis Murphy, president of the Ottawa Transportation Company, speaking of his impressions says:

"When we landed in England, we had many and diverse opinion respecting the methods of that central portion of the empire. We had, may be, some of us at least our own inborn opinions concerning the conservatism and lack of push of the Mother Land. We felt that we had but little to learn from the men over the sea. But we returned chastened; we now realize something of the depth and breadth and length and height of our empire, which we did not realize before; we understand and know that our sympathies are mutual and that we are indeed children of one mother. And we have learned much; the wealth of the Indies could not purchase the lesson we have learned. We have both seen and heard, and the result will be to draw the 'makers of things' of this Dominion closer to those of the Islands over the sea."

"While we were inclined to believe that the Dominion was pretty well thought of in the British Isles, we were not prepared for the encomiums of praise that were showered upon us and our country. Canada is certainly going up to its just position in the opinion of the Mother Country."

A BIG MAN'S OPINION.

J. J. Hill is one of the big men of this continent and era

He practically created the vast property known as the Great Northern Railway system.

No man living knows better or knows more of the transportation conditions and possibilities of North America.

Mr. Hill has been talking of the Georgian Bay canal idea, and he puts in brief and pointed form the fact that that canal, if built with a 20 foot channel (which figure we specially commend to the attention of Mr. Bergeron M. P.) would take most of the grain business of the whole interior of this continent through Canada to Montreal. Grain transportation from Chicago to ocean ports costs at present over 4 cents a bushel at the best. Mr. Hill says:

"Only 32 miles of actual canal have to be built, and for the remainder of the distance existing water could be used, with some dredging in the Ottawa River. The distance from Chicago or Duluth to Montreal, I think, 15 miles shorter than it is to Buffalo going around the state of Michigan."

"If they build that canal grain could go from Chicago or Duluth to deep water at Montreal for 2 1/2 cents a bushel. Refrigerator ships could load direct from the packing houses in Chicago and sail from there drawing 19 or 20 feet of water, to any port in the world during the season of open water. The St. Lawrence is open when the lakes are open."

"The present Canadian Government has been returned, and I think the canal is pro-

bably the most popular thing they will ever have to do."

Whether "the most popular or not, we are not sure; but we are sure, the greatest thing—greater and more important than the new transcontinental line which is under way."

We introduce to our readers in this issue a new feature which we believe will be appreciated. "The Home Circle" department is one that will interest all classes of readers, but more especially does it appeal to the wives and mothers—the queens of our homes. It is our highest ambition to give our readers the class of reading they most relish. This department will in the future appear each week providing our readers so desire. Your home paper has much to do in moulding the opinions of the family circle which it weekly visits. It is our highest ambition to have the columns of this paper moral and elevating in what little influence they may sow in this community. If you are pleased with this new feature do not be backward in letting us know it. If you enjoy it send us a letter or postal card as an encouragement. Even an editor can enjoy an occasional rose thrown in life's thorny pathway.

DROWNED AT LACHUTE.

A PROMISING YOUNG FELLOW SANK WHILE SWIMMING—THE BODY RECOVERED.

On Friday afternoon last about 1.30 young Albert Thibeault lost his life while bathing in the North River at Barron's Point. He was in company with a young lad named Marchand, and had only been a few minutes in the water when Marchand noticed him go under twice, but thought he was diving. When he rose to the surface he called loudly to Marchand and disappeared. The alarm was given and about two hours after Mr. James Campbell brought the lad to the surface in about 25 feet of water. Deceased was the third eldest son of our most respected townsman Mr. Felix Thibeault, who just four years ago had the misfortune to lose another boy in the same manner. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

About 17,000 is the present estimate of the Manitoba and territorial departments of agriculture of the number of harvesters needed to garner the wheat crop of the West. Saturday C. E. McPherson, general passenger agent of the C.P.R. at Winnipeg and W. D. B. A. C. deputy minister of agriculture for Manitoba, had a conference to decide the dates on which the excursions would be run.

The following was the schedule as arranged: A second-class excursion will be run Sept. 8, '05, from stations in province of Quebec to MANITOBA AND ASSINIBOIA for \$12.00 and return November 30, '05, for \$18.00.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is making preparations for the harvest excursions to the Northwest. The crop this year promises to be a bumper one and thousands of hands will be required to harvest it. The railway is making special arrangements to accommodate the anticipated rush. A great many who go to the west, on the harvest excursions take advantage of the trip to locate land, and very often settle there in the following year.

TOWN COUNCIL.

An adjourned meeting of the above Council was held on Wednesday evening in the Town Hall, at which were present Mayor J. E. Valois and Councillors Lapointe, Raymond, Lafleur, Menzies, and McGibbon.

Owing to lack of time Mr. Duncan Jones tendered his resignation as valuator for the town and Mr. Simon McKimmie was appointed his successor. Mr. Lacombe was instructed to go around the town and cut the weeds on the streets wherever necessary.

A bill of \$27. was presented by Dr. Alexander for anti-toxine supplied to the families of Beasejour and Duford for diphtheria. The rejection of bill was moved by Councillor Lafleur, seconded by Councillor Raymond.

Moved in amendment by Councillor Lapointe, seconded by Councillor Menzies that the account be reduced to \$10. and with the understanding that no such account be paid in future unless ordered by proper authority.

A petition from a number of ratepayers was requesting that Grace Street be opened from Barron Avenue to McFaul Bros. in the West End. The Council were then appointed as a whole to meet next Tuesday at the Court House at 6 p.m. to visit the locality for guidance in the matter. The Council then adjourned.

CALUMET.

Miss D. Cooke has returned from her studies, to spend her vacation with her parents.

Miss Dorothy and Miss Sullivan of Ottawa, are registered at York House for two months.

Miss Carrie Lemay of Calumet has left for Ottawa to take up a course of type writing, syllabic short-hand type writing and Business College to the regret of her many Calumet friends.

We are expecting great things from the Calumet Graphite Mines as they have built a fine bridge into their mine, and have about ten men already at the blasting. We have heard from good authority that they intend to spend \$100,000 for a start. The crusher is expected in a few weeks. It is believed Messrs. Shearer and Brown have the contract for putting up the large building.

OBITUARY.

The oldest inhabitant of this place in the person of Margaret Gunn, relict of the late Robt. Calder, passed out of this life and entered into rest on Tuesday, July 25th, aged 75 years, after weary days of suffering, being entirely confined to her bed for the last fifteen months, yet bore her affliction with great patience and trust in her Heavenly Father "who doeth all things well." She was very tenderly cared for during her illness by her daughter Maggie who with a sister and brother are left behind. The funeral took place on Thursday, and was conducted by Rev. J. B. Crewe, from her late residence to the Daleville Cemetery.

INSOLVENT NOTICE. SUPERIOR COURT

Canada Province of Quebec } No. 121 District of Terrebonne

In Re-Cote & fils, Insolvents. Ste. Agathe des Monts, Que.

The undersigned duly authorized by a judgment of the Superior Court for the District of Terrebonne, will sell by public auction, at the Catholic parish Church door at St. Agathe des Monts.

THURSDAY, Sept. 14, at 12 o'clock The immovable properties hereunder described, to wit:

As belonging to the firm COTE & FILS 1 Three lots of land known and designated on the plan and in the book of reference for the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts, under numbers thirty-five, thirty-six and thirty-seven of the tenth range of township of Morin, with buildings and improvements thereon erected.

2 A lot of land situate at Ste. Agathe des Monts and being part of lot known and designated under number fourteen of the fourth range of the township of Beresford containing four rods frontage by the depth there may be from the King's highway to the "Lac des Sables" bounded on one side by Pierre Casimir Bohemir and on the other side by Joseph St. Amour, with buildings thereon erected.

3. Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated on the said plan and in the said book of reference under number one of the subdivision of the number twelve A of the fourth range of the Township of Beresford bounded in front by St. Joseph Street.

AS BELONGING TO EUCLIDE COTE.

1 A lot of land situate in the village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, measuring sixty six feet frontage by a depth of one hundred feet, English measure, and more or less, bounded in front by a projected street, in depth by Andre Groulx or representatives, on one side by Charles Lallier or representatives, and on the other side by another projected street, without buildings, the said lot of land known and designated as being part of number eleven A of the fourth range of the township of Beresford.

2 Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated on the official plan and in the Book of Reference for the Parish of St. Agathe des Monts, as being part of the number eleven A of the fourth range of the township of Beresford described as follows:—beginning at the intersection point formed by the South-East line of the land of the Honourable Raymond Prefontaine or representatives and the western line of the land of P. C. Bohemir or representatives, thence North-easterly along this line the distance of eighty-one feet, thence North-westerly the distance of one hundred feet to a projected street of forty-five feet wide, being the continuation of David Street, thence South-westerly the distance of seventy-five feet along the eastern side of this street, thence South-Easterly the distance of one hundred feet to the place of beginning, the whole English measure and without guarantee as to superficies, as the whole appears, appurtenances and dependencies; the said land is bounded on the South-West by the land of Andre Groulx or representatives, on the East by that of P. C. Bohemir or representatives, on West by said projected David Street and on the North-West by the land of the Honourable Raymond Prefontaine or representative.

Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated on the official plan and in the Book of Reference for the parish of St. Agathe des Monts as being part of the township of Beresford and described as follows: beginning at the North East corner of another lot of land of said Euclide Cote, thence North-Easterly along the division line between the land to be sold and that of P. C. Bohemir or representative the distance of eighty-one feet, thence North-Westerly the distance of one hundred feet to a projected street, that is the continuation of David Street, thence South-Westerly the distance of seventy-five feet along the eastern side of that street, thence South-Easterly the distance of one hundred feet to the place of beginning; the whole English measure and without guarantee as to measurement; bounded on the South-West by another land of said Euclide Cote, on the East by the land of P. C. Bohemir or the West by said David Street and on the North-East by the land of Isaac Deschamps or representative.

The said sale to be made in conformity to the conditions of the sale and list of charges prepared by the Curators and deposited in their office.

For further information, apply to LAMARCHE & BENOIT, Joint Curators, 2 Place d'Armes, Montreal

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Grave Thoughts As They Fall From the Editorial Pen:— Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Home Circle Department.

A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers As They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Not infrequently we see mothers who mentally and physically antagonize their daughters, but their is a Spiritual law, as well as the law of good taste, which should compel a daughter to be respectful and polite to her mother, even if she cannot give her love or admiration.

As king over the stalwart oak and lofty pine, the fig-tree would have been a dead failure, and as much out of place as some of our politicians are in congress; but for bearing figs the oak and pine are its inferiors. Bearing figs is the grndest thing in the world for a fig tree. It shines in its own sphere; but, stripped of its fig-bearing power, it has no excuse for existence. Sometimes a mother who reigns a majestic queen in her own household, forsakes her quiet sweetness of home rule for a noisy, rough, public career, for which she has not the slightest qualification. Of course there are no such mothers who are readers of this paper, but we have seen them and so have you.

SOME of us, especially the strictly orthodox christians are likely to meet with great surprises in the world to come. Each soul like each railroad engine must follow its own headlight. There are many tracks, but the Great Station awaits us all if we follow the headlight of our conscience and live close to the Golden Rule.

WE wonder how many parents realize that their child is a book of blank paper in which shall be recorded the record of their own lives. Be careful therefore what you have written there for the world will read it. All your secret thoughts the child will try to write.

So long as men travel there will always be a sale and demand for guide books. We want to know the best road to the country we have not yet seen and all the particulars pertaining to it. The Bible is a safe guide book that tells of an unseen country and how best to reach it. There would be more business integrity and truer success if our young men would carry in their pockets, and study the book of Proverbs. "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." "A false balance is abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is his delight."

THE proper education of our girls is one of the important questions of the present century. It is something more than a social problem and is deserving of our best thoughts. It is a civil and political, a moral and religious problem. The presence of women constitutes one of the chief charms and benefits of society. It is she who far more than man gives character to society. Into her care have been entrusted the nation's future statesmen, those who soon are to be clothed with authority and to make laws for the greatest nation on the globe, as her education becomes a civil and political problem. Her gentle presence as she bends over the cradle at the silent influence of her daily life are shaping the entire moral character of the coming generation, and thus her education becomes a moral problem. No one is more fond of music than the writer, but life is too short for our daughters to spend years at the music table and then after all their culture be discounted by the ordinary canary bird. Every girl should be given a good practical education, a home education, but that does not mean how to use the dustpan and broom. It means more than the daily routine of housekeeping. The whole mind must be expended and disciplined by the study of Nature and her laws.

MOTHERS can find rest and recreation for themselves and make lasting impressions upon their children by taking them out in the twilight these sultry summer evenings and show to them a sky bespangled with stars. By what inconceivable power does that aged star, which is sinking, fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? Go out beneath the arched heavens at night and say if you can "There is no God." Pronounce that dreadful blasphemy and each star above you will approach the unbroken darkness of your intellect; every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness. That there is a God all nature declares in a language too plain to be misapprehended. It is written over the face of the whole creation. You see it in the tender blade just starting from the earth in the early spring and in the sturdy oak that has withstood the blasts of four score winters. The purling riverlet meandering through downy meadows and verdant glens and Niagara's tremendous torrent leaping over its awful chasm unite in telling us of a God. Show these beautiful arched heavens to your children and explain to them these poets while their young minds are so tender and easily impressed.

INSOLVENT NOTICE. SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 120
District of Terrebonne

In Re MOISE COTE,
Ste. Agathe des Monts, Prov. Que.
Insolvent.

The undersigned thereto authorized by a judgment of the Superior Court for the District of Terrebonne, will sell by Public auction, at the Catholic Parochial Church door of Ste. Agathe des Monts,

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, '05, at 2 p.m.

The immovable's properties hereunder described, to wit:

1. A piece of land situate at Ste. Agathe des Monts, bounded to the front by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, to the other end by the "Riviere du Nord," on one side by Jean Baptiste McNeaville and on the other side by Francois Xavier Monette, known and designated on the official plan and in the Book of Reference of the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts as being a part of lot No. 37 of the eleventh range of the township of Morin, with a saw-mill and other buildings and dependencies thereon erected and with a right of way on foot or in a carriage, to communicate from the King's highway to the road already existing, which way or passage must be twenty feet wide.

2. The lots bearing the numbers one B two B and three B (1b.-2b.-3b.) of the third range of the township of D. noaster, on the official Plan and in the Book of Reference of the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts, with buildings thereon erected.

3. A lot of land situate in the village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, to be taken and detached from and on the number eleven A (11a) of the fourth range of the Township of Beresford, measuring forty feet in front by ninety-seven feet in depth, English measure and more or less, and being part of lot known and designated under numbers seventy-six and seventy seven on the Official Plan and in the book of Reference of the Village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, with a house and other buildings thereon erected, plus another strip of land situate in rear of said lot containing the Western line of said lot on a length of thirty-eight feet by a width of twenty feet, English measure and more or less, the said strip of land being a part of the lot number eleven A of the fourth range of the township of Beresford.

4. A lot of land situate in the village of St. Agathe des Monts, known and designated on the Official Plan and in the Book of Reference of the Parish of St. Agathe des Monts, as being a part of lot number eleven A of the fourth range of the Township of Beresford described as follows: beginning at the intersection formed by the Western line of P. C. Bohemier's land and Prefontaine Avenue, thence South Westerly along the Western line of said Bohemier, the distance of eighty-one feet, thence North Westerly the distance of one hundred feet to the continuation of David Street, thence North Easterly along said street the distance of seventy five feet to said Avenue, thence easterly along said Avenue, to the place of beginning the distance of one hundred feet, the whole English measure and more or less without any guarantee as to superficies, as the whole appears with appurtenances and dependances. This land is bounded to the North-East by Prefontaine Avenue, to the East by P. C. Bohemier, to the South East by Isidore D'Amphams, and on the North West by the said Street.

5. A lot of land known and designated on the Official Plan and in the Book of Reference for the Parish of St. Agathe des Monts as being part of lot number eleven A of the fourth range of the Township of Beresford containing one hundred and seventy-eight feet measure in width on one hundred and fifteen feet in depth, English measure and more or less, bounded to the North by Louis Parent and Frederic David or representatives, to the East by said Frederic David or representatives, to the South by the School Commissioners, by one Hoolahan and Cloutier Beaulieu or representatives, that is to numbers seventy-seven and seventy-eight of the cadastre for the village of St. Agathe des Monts and to part of said lot number seventy-seven belonging to said Moise Cote, and to the West by another part of said lot number eleven A, belonging to said Moise Cote, and to Andre Groulx or representatives with a small building used as a shed thereon erected.

J. R. McQuat's Adv.

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JUST RECEIVED A CAR OF COARSE SALT

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FOR WOOL

We have a full stock of Builders Supplies, Roofing Felt Building Paper, Nails, Glass, Putty, Door Locks, Hinges, Pure double boiled and raw linseed oil, Pure white lead, Floor Paints. The Sherwin Williams Ready mixed Paints.

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LAMARCHE & BENOIT
Joint-Curators, 2 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

GRENVILLE.
—:O:—

Mrs. S. J. and Miss Dollie Murray accompanied by Miss Georgie Pickett, left for Ottawa on Wednesday last, where they will spend a few days with Mrs. McDonald.

Mrs. Sanborn Smith and Jaughter Grace left by the Steamer Empress this week for Ottawa.

Mrs. Robert Kennedy and family of Ottawa, arrived here on Tuesday to spend a couple of weeks the guests of her mother Mrs. George Hildreth.

Miss Eleanor McNaughton of Lachute, spent a few days here visiting friends.

Mr. T. Arnold who has been spending the past few weeks here, returned to his home in Ottawa on Tuesday last.

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La Serie Que Vous Avez Toujours Achete

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The Central Canada
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will this year surpass any previous show,

86,000 being spent in enlarging and beautifying the grounds, and erecting grand new buildings. New structures to include large General and Dairy Buildings.

Dog Show, Horse Races, Fine Stage specialties, Military Spectacular, (Relief of Lucknow) & beautiful Fireworks as usual. Also Athletic Events.

35 of the Associations
Noted Gold Medals this year.

Sept. 8th to 16th, '05

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If not, you are missing a good thing. We have a reputation for making Bread that gives you an enjoyable meal. A Postal Card will fetch us to you by addressing—

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Of BUGGIES on hand to be sold at low prices on easy terms. HAY LOADERS sold on easy and low terms at moderate price. Call and see before buying elsewhere. Also a large stock of BINDER TWINE.

H. A. Blair

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LARGEST STOCK of CARPETS and LINOLIUMS between Montreal and Ottawa. We are direct importers from Great Britain and can give you real bargains in these lines. We have them in Axminster, Brussels with borders to match, Tapestry, Wool and Union.

Linoleums in 1, 2 and 4 yds. wide. Quality 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Remember these are not Canadian Goods, but are well seasoned and will wear twice as long as other goods.

Ready-made Clothing for men and boys. Ladies' Ready-to-wear goods, Suits, Skirts, Blouses, & Shirt Waist Suits.

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Was never as complete as it is now, and our prices as low

10, 15 and 20 p.c. discount on

Baby Carriages and Go-Carts,

We have a very large assortment of Parlor Suites from \$20.00 to \$65.00, also Bed Room Suites, Dining Suites, Sideboard, Extension Tables, Chairs, Parlor Tables, Oak Morris Chairs, Ladies' Desks, & Secretaries, Roll Top Desks, Springs & Mattresses, Pictures, Paper Racks, etc. We also frame pictures, and are agents for the famous Ostermoor Elastic Felt, Mattresses, & Hercules Springs. We solicit a call from you before buying elsewhere and convince yourself.

Lachute Furniture Factory



About the ...House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Milk Scones.—Rub two ounces of butter and two ounces of caster sugar into one pound of self-raising flour, add a pinch of salt, and enough milk to make it into a paste; form into rounds, cut each into four, brush over with egg and milk, and bake in a moderate oven.

Curried new potatoes.—Fry in dripping some onions cut in slices, dredge them with curry powder and in flour equal quantities, add half a pint of gravy, salt, and lemon juice. Stir till all boils, then add the boiled potatoes; cover the pan and let all simmer for a quarter of an hour and serve.

Savoury Macaroni Balls.—Boil four ounces of cooked macaroni in salted water, and when cooked drain and cut into small pieces. Place in a small saucepan with the yolks of two eggs, one ounce of grated cheese, salt and cayenne to taste. Stir for a few moments until cooked, and then turn the mixture on to a plate to cool; form this into balls, roll in flour, then in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in deep boiling fat.

German Puffs.—Beat two eggs thoroughly; dissolve two ounces of butter in one pint of new milk; when cooled add to the eggs, and by degrees work two ounces of flour into the mixture, with a pinch of salt and a little nutmeg. Beat all together; put into small greased cups at once. Bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven till the puffs are of a nice brown. Turn out to serve quickly, rub a little butter over each, dredge with caster sugar, and serve.

Tapoca Soup.—Mince one onion finely, fry in plenty of butter till a golden color, add pepper and salt to taste, and about a pint of water. When the water boils up, pour it through a strainer into a clean saucepan; add a tablespoonful of crushed tapioca, and boil slowly till dissolved. Cut raw potato into thin slices, fry in deep fat till a golden color, and serve with this soup. Season with pepper and salt, and if you have weak stock, use it instead of water.

Smothered Chicken.—The chicken must be tender, to begin with. Split the chicken down the back and lay flat, bones down, in a baking dish. Season with salt and pepper, and pour around them one pint of water. Cover tightly and braise until half done, basting frequently. Now remove the cover. Add to the drippings one-half pint of rich milk, or, better still, thin cream. Dredge the chicken lightly with flour and bake a rich brown, basting frequently.

CANNING RECIPES.

Canned Tomatoes.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skins. Remove these; drain off all the juice that will come away without pressing hard; put them into a kettle and heat slowly to a boil. Your tomatoes will look much nicer if you remove all the hard parts before putting them on the fire, and run the pulp soft with your hands. Boil ten minutes, dip out the surplus liquid, pour the tomatoes, boiling hot, into the cans and seal. Keep them in a cool, dark place. As additional precaution, wrap each jar in paper to exclude the light.

Canned Plums.—Twelve quarts of plums, one pint of water, one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and water on the stove in the preserving kettle. Prick each plum with a needle to prevent bursting, and as soon as the sugar is dissolved turn the fruit into the kettle. Heat very slowly to a boil, and cook for five minutes. Fill the jars to the rim with the plums alone, pour over them the scalding liquid until full to overflowing.

Canned Berries.—Heat slowly to boiling in a large kettle. When they begin to boil, add sugar in proportion of one tablespoonful to each quart of fruit. Before doing this, however, if there is much juice in the kettle, dip out the surplus with a dipper or cup. It will only increase the number of cans to be filled without real advantage to you. Let the berries almost dry before putting in the sugar. This will make syrup enough. Boil all together fifteen minutes, and can. Huckleberries, grapes, blackberries, currants, raspberries, cherries and strawberries put up in this way are very good, eaten as you would preserves, and make pies which are scarcely inferior to those filled with fresh fruit.

Canned Peaches.—To each quart of

fruit allow a heaping tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Pour a little water into your kettle to prevent the contents from burning, then put in a layer of peaches, a sprinkling of sugar, another layer of peaches, more sugar, and so on until the kettle is full. Bring slowly to a boil, which may continue for three minutes. Can and seal. N. B.—If the peaches have been dropped into water as they are peeled, you need not add water to prevent scorching.

RASPBERRIES.

Raspberry Pudding.—Sprinkle one cup sugar over one quart raspberries, mash and let them stand until the sugar is dissolved, stirring and mashing the mixture occasionally. Squeeze it through a coarse cheesecloth. There should be about one cup of juice. Add boiling water to make one pint of liquid, and put on to boil. Wet three tablespoons of cornstarch in a little cold water and stir into the boiling syrup. Add a salt-spoon of salt and cook ten minutes, stirring frequently. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, but not quite dry, and stir them into the thickened syrup just before removing it from the fire. Turn it into a mold which has been wet in cold water and set it away in a cold place. Make a custard sauce with the yolks of the eggs and serve with it.

Raspberry Pie.—Bake the two crusts with a mock filling of old linen. When ready to serve fill the undercrust with raspberries, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, add about two tablespoons of thick cream, and cover with the top crust or with a meringue. Strawberries may be used in the same way.

Raspberry Preserve.—Allow equal weight of sugar and fruit. Pick over fruit carefully and lay aside the largest and finest berries. Mash the remainder and put on to boil for ten minutes, and then squeeze them through a cheesecloth; put this liquid on to boil with the sugar, remove the scum, then put in the whole berries; let them boil up once, skim off the syrup down until there is about enough to fill the jars, then put the berries back and boil up once more. Fill the jars and seal quickly.

LINEN.

Hang your linen to dry, using two lines comparatively close and parallel for your tablecloths and sheets. Throw one selvage side of your tablecloths over one line toward the other, allowing it to hang down about a quarter of a yard, and being careful to pin it a short distance from the ends. Take the opposite of your cloth and throw it over the other line, facing the first line, and pin it in the same manner.

This will form a sort of bag and will prevent, to a considerable extent, the wild blowing of the tablecloth in windy weather.

After the table linen is thoroughly dried, remove it from the line and prepare to dampen it. A whisk-broom is excellent for the purpose.

Table linen, in order to bring out the bright gloss that makes it attractive, should be dampened quite considerably. Sprinkle the tablecloths freely, being sure that the selvage ends or hemstitched borders are thoroughly damp. Roll up tightly, patting the roll frequently to spread the dampness.

The napkins and doilies should be arranged alternatively one upon another, first a napkin from the line, then one which has been wrung out of warm water, then a dry napkin, and following it, another wrung out of warm water, and so on. Then roll tightly together.

ON CHOOSING MEAT.

If beef is from a young ox it will have a fine, smooth, open grain, be a good red, and feel tender; the fat should look white rather than yellow—if a deep color the meat is seldom good; the grain of cow beef is closer and the fat whiter than ox beef, but the lean is not so bright a red; in old meat there is a streak of brown in the ribs—the harder this is the older is the meat. In lamb look at the neck; if the vein is bluish it is fresh; if greenish or yellowish it is stale; in the hind-quarter, if there is a tint under the kidney and the knuckle is limp, it is stale. In buying veal choose meat of which the kidney is well covered with thick white fat; if the vein in the shoulder looks blue or bright red the animal is newly killed; other parts should be dry and white.

PYGMY MARRIAGES.

Some hitherto unpublished facts about the habits of the African pygmies are contained in a pamphlet just published by Col. Harrison, who brought from Central Africa the party of little people now in London. The pygmies generally marry at the age of eight or nine, and the men buy their wives with three or four spears and ten to fifteen arrows, according to the market value of the lady. They pay by instalments, and not until the last arrow is handed over is the lover allowed to take his bride. A man may have as many wives as he can afford to buy. The birth of a boy is welcomed, but when a girl baby arrives the unfortunate creature is soundly lashed by the father with a bunch of plantain leaves.

He knows little who comprehends all he knows.

PICTURE OF MODERN WAR

DOINGS AT THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR.

First Painting of the Kind, by Frederic Villiers, on Exhibition in London.

At the galleries of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., in Pall Mall, London, there has been placed on exhibition a war picture of a very remarkable kind. Probably no other has yet been painted which conveys so good an idea of certain important aspects of modern warfare.

Of course, many excellent photographs and sketches relating to the Russo-Japanese conflict have appeared in various periodicals; but the scale of these is necessarily small. They can convey a notion of the appearance of leading individual and typical people, but hardly of their conjoint activity.

The picture in question is a canvas measuring about 20 feet by 8. The painter is Frederic Villiers, one of the most experienced of all war artists. The subject is some of the doings at the siege of Port Arthur.

The day on which the sketches for this picture were made was Nov. 29, 1904, when the Osaka 11-inch mortars were used in the bombardment for the first time. That day's action Mr. Villiers has informed the present writer, gave a better idea of modern warfare, with its sapping and its shell fire, than any other phase of the campaign.

Hitherto, war pictures have been figure pictures, usually depicting notable combatants performing deeds of daring in conspicuous places. An exception was the work of Verestchagin, who once got into trouble through representing a royal commander in the very safe place

HE ACTUALLY OCCUPIED

instead of at the head of his cavalry. But these were nevertheless figure pictures, whereas the modern war picture, comparatively speaking, is a landscape.

When Mr. Villiers made his original sketches he was lying in a trench, about 700 yards in a direct line from the Russian position. This trench is in the foreground of the picture, and from it you look over to the panorama of the fortified hills surrounding the inlet of Port Arthur.

They are conical hills, of the volcanic type, clothed to mid-height with greenery, and above that bare. Between two of the most distant you get a glimpse of the sea and of Togo's waiting battleships. They are far away—a convenient firing range of a few miles.

Here and there the nearer hills permit the waters of the harbor to be seen—a narrow place, literally beset with the lofty, conical hills. One could not well imagine an easier place to fortify, nor one more difficult to take when fortified.

To the right of the picture is a series of forts known as the Cockscorn, and another series leads across to the left. The latter form on this side the first line of defense.

The nearest hill, at the extreme left, is East Kikwan, crowned by one of the southern sea forts. The muzzles of two long guns are seen up against the sky. It is about this and the next two hills, each with its fort, in the left and right middle of the picture, that the chief interest centers. The fort in the left middle was known as the P fort.

From the base of these hills to the spectator extends a stretch of uneven ground. The vegetation is scanty and stunted, scorched by the sun.

THE CHEERLESS VEGETATION, the reds and yellows of a sandy soil, the distant waters and a sullen sky—these are the leading colors of the landscape setting.

The nearest human interest is at the left of the foreground. Under the shelter of a bit of an old Chinese wall, converted into a defensive wall by the Russians, a First Aid corps is assisting wounded men. They are not conspicuous. They are incidental. "Sap and Shell" is the name of this picture, and it is rightly named.

Athwart the foreground, in the direction of the hills, runs a deep irregular fissure. Seemingly it might have been caused by an earthquake. Now, at any rate, it is converted to the uses of men. It is full of men, though not one of them is to be seen. The only thing you catch sight

It Takes Less

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea to make a satisfactory infusion than any other tea on the continent

BLACK, MIXED or GREEN.

Sold only in Lead Packets. 40c, 50c, 60c. By all grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

of resembles the topmost peak of a tent.

Like human moles the unseen men extended the fissure, casting up the red soil as they went, on to the base of the hills and up their bare face, throwing out ramifications on each side. These unseen toilers were Japanese.

But on the face of the hills, in similar red scored holes and furrows, were unseen Russians with machine guns. It was to pound these deadly machine guns to pieces, and thus prepare the way for the Japanese infantry, that the great Osaka mortars were brought into action, concentrating their fire on the Russian trenches.

Now, you, of course, the spectator, looking over the trench in the immediate foreground, do not see the Osaka mortars. They are two or three miles away and behind your back. What you see is the bursting of their enormous projectiles, the 500 pound shells that hurtle incessantly over your head.

Where one of these shells has burst there is a pit in the landscape. Where they are actually bursting you behold varied and extravagant effects of color.

THE MASSES OF VAPOR

are disengaged by these exploding shells. The nearest one, so near that you can see the sheet of flame, flings up black earth in fumes of swarthy purple. The flame is like the vivid center of a monstrous fleur de mal.

From sand the vapors rise in clouds of amber. Elsewhere they are leaden gray, red gray and purple gray; and high overhead is the white smoke of bursting shrapnel. Between the hills a thin blue haze drifts lazily.

Midway up East Kikwan several shells have burst, and on the slope below the zone of billowing, mazy colored vapors is a swarm of yellowish white dots. They are Japanese infantry, sprung from their own trenches and clambering to those of the Russians.

In comparison with the volumes of smoke the dots are insignificant; but they went on and on and forced their way up the glacis and into the fort at the top. Then they were driven out and very few came back.

Over the right shoulder of East Kikwan towers a swirling column of vapor, such as might issue from infernal regions. The fort in the right middle of the picture is in a smother of bursting shells. The P fort, neighboring East Kikwan, is comparatively clear, but over it hover thick the fire shot, snowy clouds, the wavering wreaths and streaming ribands of shrapnel smoke—death's white decorations.

Toward these forts, also, swarm the tiny dots which are men. They captured the P fort and immediately named it Ichinobe, this being the name of the most important fort among them, the officer in command of the Japanese assaulting parties.

At the end of the day the forts to the left were still in possession of the Russians. In the very face of

THE TERRIFIC SHELL FIRE

they fought with splendid bravery, but this was not the only reason why the attack was not pressed home.

The Japanese did not particularly want to capture and retain these forts just then. This tremendous demonstration against the whole line of the eastern forts was in part a blind.

Gen. Nogi wished to ascertain the depth of a pass in quite a different direction, the most immediately in front of the Uhlungshan work; and while the eastern attack was in progress another party did what Nogi

wished. Then the demonstration ceased.

In reply to a query as to whether the greatly differing colors of the smoke were attributable to different explosions, Mr. Villiers writes that they are mainly due to the churning up of the various colored earths, sand and red soil peculiar to the vicinity of Port Arthur. But the fumes of the powder, no doubt, played a part in the color scheme, especially in the deeper purple tones, for I could never quite account for the purple, that sometimes reached the depth of actual blackness, by any soil round about the great fortress.

The man who could best account for the purple is doubtless Dr. Shimose, the famous war chemist of Japan. He spent eleven years in producing the explosive which now is known by his name.

By his name and by its terrible effects it is known, and by little else. Its composition and mode of preparation may long remain secret. For it was Dr. Shimose who invented also the curious ink in Japan for bank notes and paper money generally. And in that country, where imitative art has been brought to a perfection unknown elsewhere, no forger has been able to produce a successful imitation of the paper currency.

ANXIOUS MOTHERS.

The summer months are a bad time for little ones and an anxious time for mothers. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather, and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. In every home at this season there should be kept a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and at the first symptom of illness they should be given. They promptly cure cholera infantum, diarrhoea and stomach troubles, and are just the thing a mother needs at this time to keep her children well. Mrs. Frank Moore, Brookfield, N.S., says: "I always keep Baby's Own Tablets on hand in case of emergency. I do not know any other medicine that can equal them in cases of stomach or bowel troubles. And this medicine is absolutely safe—it is sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MOTEE AND PANDU.

Remarkable Intelligence of an Indian Bullock.

The affection of a dog for its master could hardly be excelled by the devotion of an Indian bullock, named Motee, to Pandu, its owner. Motee was an ordinary Indian bullock, says the author of "Sport and Adventure in the Indian Jungle," about four feet high and of the whitish brown color common among the stunted cattle in native villages.

He was thoroughly trained to hunting by Pandu, and seemed to comprehend his master's wishes intuitively. A glance, and Motee would move forward or backward, as required. A motion of the finger, and he would lie down, or kick up his heels and rush about as if mad. Pandu did all his stalking with the aid of his bullock, and much of his success depended on its intelligence.

An old piece of sacking, painted with green daubs on one side to resemble shrubbery, on the other side with bars of vivid red, was thrown over Motee's back like a horse-cloth and hanging down to the ground, effectually concealed the crouching hunter.

Did he wish to stalk antelope, then the red bars were exposed, and Motee would graze quietly in a direction oblique to, yet approaching the herd. The bright bars would attract the curiosity of the deer, and they would approach so near as to allow of an unerring shot from Pandu's place of concealment under the stomach of the bullock.

Was it a flock of pea-fowl that was in sight, then the green side of the sacking would be turned towards the birds, and the same stealthy advance made, the pea-fowl exhibiting no alarm, as the village cattle commonly range the forests in their neighborhood.

Motee evidently took a delight in hunting, as he was on the alert and frisked about immediately the old man shouldered his gun. When the game was killed—and Pandu seldom missed—the little bullock would come up for his carcase. If he missed, Motee would smell the gun, as if he thought there was something wrong there.



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THE... EMBEZZLER

I.

The door of the inner office was labelled "Private," and within it everything spoke of opulent precision and systematic prosperity.

The office furniture spoke of serene regularity, and seemed to regard the sunlight which streamed through the window in the light of a tolerated intruder. But at the polished oak desk sat a man whose presence struck an incongruous note. Yet he was dressed with the scrupulous taste that becomes a business man. His grooming would not have disgraced a retired major-general. It was his attitude more than his personality which jarred. For he sat as a man crushed with an unutterable weight of despair.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

This, the never-ceasing refrain of the song of folly, was hammering, hammering at his brain. Now and again he would endeavor to gain distraction from one of the neat piles of papers before him; but always with the same result. Before the elastic band had been slipped from the bundle it would fall from his listless hands, and despair would groan again its endless song.

For thirty-five years Geoffrey Cross had lived what is known to a world which loves stereotyped phrases as an exemplary life. When, as a lad of fifteen, he had entered the service of Bond and Coalby, contractors, he had been the industrious apprentice. Throughout his early and later manhood he had lived in strict accordance with the copybook headings—a sober, punctual, precise, clever, highly estimable, highly ordinary business man. And so he had prospered, advancing step by step, till now he was the trusted manager of the great business in which he had lived and moved all his life long. In fact, to all intents and purposes, he was the head of the firm, for Mr. Coalby had been dead so long that even he scarcely remembered the junior partner; and for the past year Mr. Bond had been an ailing and decrepit old gentleman. And so the sole management had devolved upon the broad, capable shoulders of Geoffrey Cross.

Someone has said that every man is stark mad for six months of his life, and whether this be so or not, it was certainly true of Geoffrey Cross. An unkind Fate had held him superior to the ordinary temptations of life until he was well into middle life, and then speculation had fastened her greedy paw upon him. Why tell the weary, obvious story in detail? The good thing, which promised so well and turned out so badly, the well-considered "plunge" to retrieve the loss, the shock of finding the savings of years swallowed up in a few hours, and the stealthy "borrowing" of other people's money on the strict self-understanding that it be restored almost as soon as taken. The criminal courts tell the story every day.

But now the inevitable reckoning was approaching. The annual audit was fast drawing near, and none knew better than he how carefully and strictly Messrs. Pleydell and James, who had from time immemorial acted for Bond and Coalby, did their work.

"There's only one thing for it," said Geoffrey Cross, at last. "I must go and see the old chief and make a clean breast of it. After thirty-five years I must go and own myself a common thief. Oh, fool and blind—oh, fool and blind!"

Disaster, however, does not always descend upon its victims like an eagle upon its prey, and that evening Geoffrey Cross dined, as a Christian should, in the bosom of his family.

The resolution he had come to had done its share to lift the black weight from his soul, and he was able to emerge from himself sufficiently to notice that Ethel, his daughter, and the very apple of his eye, for he was a widower, was especially radiant.

Once, towards the end of the meal, her hand sought her father's.

"Oh, daddy, dear," she said softly, "I feel so very happy!"

"My little girl is always happy," he said, smiling gravely. "But why so exceptionally joyous to-night?"

"Because—oh, daddy—I saw Spencer this afternoon, and he's got such a lovely appointment! Five hundred pounds a year, and something they call 'commission on extra business.' He's been made head accountant to Pleydell and James, and he says that it is more than likely he'll be made a partner, if things go well. And then—oh, daddy!"

"Pleydell and James?"

The old man let his daughter's soft hand drop, and lapsed into the slough of despair in which he had been dwelling for the past three months. When his daughter spoke again, it seemed that her voice came from afar off.

"And, daddy, isn't it curious? Spencer says that one of his first tasks will be to go over those bothering old books of yours, that keep you in your study so much on Sunday?"

"Yes—ah, yes, of course, my dear!" said Geoffrey absently.

"And he's coming to see you to-night, daddy?"

She rose, with a face ruby-red, kissed her father on the brow, and left the room.

And when the door had closed on her the close-cropped grey head descended once more, and a groan came from the lips of the agonized embezzler.

For some moments the grey head remained thus; then it was raised, and a gleam of hope seemed to come into the eyes of Geoffrey Cross.

"It's a way out," he said. "Spencer Waite will—must help me! A way out—a miracle!"

And he tramped out of the room to his study.

II.

An hour later there was a timid knock at the door, and Ethel opened it.

"Dad," she said, "Spencer wishes to speak to you."

"Good-evening, Mr. Cross!" said the young man; and a strange awkwardness for so spruce a young fellow seemed to descend upon him.

"Ah, Spencer!" said Geoffrey. "Good-evening! Want to see me? Sit down."

Spencer Waite sat down, coughed twice, and then, recognizing the uselessness of procrastination, plunged at once into his subject.

"Possibly," he said rapidly, "you may be aware of the object of my visit, Mr. Cross. But, in any case, I think it must be fairly obvious to you that I am deeply attached to your daughter Ethel. Although I know I am unworthy of her, she has confessed that she is not indifferent to me, sir, and it only remains for you to give your consent to our engagement to make us both happy. I have been fortunate enough to step into a good appointment lately, and—"

He broke off, with a deep sigh of relief. The back of the awful task was broken, at any rate.

For some minutes there was silence in the comfortable study. Then the elder man spoke, with averted face. "Exactly, Spencer," he said, in a strange voice; "and it is about that appointment I wish to speak to you. You have, I understand, been made chief of the staff of Pleydell and James?"

The young man bowed, and wondered what was coming.

"And in a week or so you will take in hand the task of examining my—that is, the books of Bond and Coalby?"

"That is so."

"Spencer," said the old man, brokenly, "I must place myself in your hands—I throw myself on your mercy. You—you will find a deficiency in these books, for which a colleague of mine, for whom I have the greatest regard, is responsible."

"A deficiency?"

Spencer Waite could scarce believe his ears.

"Yes. He has been a crass, wicked fool—unfortunate speculation, and all that. But it shall be restored—I will see to it that every penny is made good! And, Spencer, you—you won't send him to prison, will you?"

It was some time before Spencer Waite could realize the turn affairs had taken. He was more shocked than he had ever been in his life before.

"Do I understand that you wish me to cover this deficiency?" he asked at last.

"It is the only condition upon which I will consent to your marriage with Ethel," said the old man, with white lips.

"But you are asking me to betray my trust—to act treacherously towards my employers! It is monstrous! I cannot do it!"

"Think, man—think of Ethel!"

"Dear as I love Ethel," said the young man, deliberately, "I set the highest value on my own honor. No, Mr. Cross; I cannot do it!"

"Think it over, Spencer! Remember, every penny shall be restored, and that the granting of this request is the only way to gain Ethel!"

The young man rose, made as if to speak, turned on his heel and left the room.

How Geoffrey Cross lived through the next week he scarcely ever knew. Hope alternated with sickening fear. He had not heard a word from Spencer Waite since the interview, and the day of the audit was getting dangerously near.

One evening he wrote to Spencer, carefully detailing the whole of his mythical friend's fraud, and begging him once more to come to his aid. "The roses are fading from Ethel's cheeks," he wrote. "For the sake of your love, for the sake of human charity, help him!"

The next day he heard from Spencer Waite. The letter was short and to the point. Much as he regretted, much as he deplored and sympathized, he could not betray his trust. If it were any comfort to Mr. Cross, he might rest assured that, should the worst come to the worst, the blow would be softened in any and every way that lay in his power.

Geoffrey Cross did not go to his office that day. Instead, with the calmness of utter despair upon him, he went to his study, and carefully put his papers in order. He would, at any rate, be systematic to the last.

Then he furtively opened a drawer, and took from it a shining revolver. After all, this would be the best—the shortest way out of the difficulty. But for that six months of madness,

he had done his best to live as an upright man should do; but that six months had effectively undone his life's work. He was a rank failure, and a suicide's grave was all he was worth.

"A gentleman to see you, dad."

It was his daughter's voice. He had not heard her enter; but he was thankful that his back was towards the door, so that she could not see what he held in his hand. Swiftly he slipped the revolver back into its drawer, and confronted his visitor. It was Mr. Nelson, the solicitor who had always acted for Bond and Coalby, and in a private capacity for the former gentleman.

A tall, keen-looking man came into the room; Ethel disappeared, and the door closed.

"I am the bearer of sad news, Mr. Cross," he said, in his short, official manner. "Mr. Bond passed away this morning."

"Mr. Bond—dead!"

The embezzler faced him with ashen lips.

"I do not wonder at your agitation—so old a friend—so kind an employer! But your grief will be tempered, Mr. Cross. Mr. Bond was kind to the last. I thought you would be glad to have the first intimation of the fact that he has left you the whole of the business, lock, stock, and barrel, as 'some slight recognition,' as he put it, 'of thirty-five years' faithful service.' Why, good goodness! Here, somebody! Help! Send for a doctor!"

For the first time in his life Geoffrey Cross had fallen into a dead faint.—London Answers.

MONKEYS AS SERVANTS.

Instances in Which They Have Been Valuable Assistants.

The cleverness and imitative faculty of the monkey have been utilized by mankind in many ways during late years, and to-day this hairy animal acts as clerk, servant, laborer and tea packer in various parts of the world, says London Answers.

A female chimpanzee once went out to service at Loango, and made the beds, swept the house and assisted in the kitchen, peeling the potatoes and turning the spit.

These feats are equalled, if not surpassed, by a young monkey, the property of a sailor on one of Britain's ironclads. This animal can turn the capstan and furl the sails as well as any one. He also assists the cook in preparing dinner and is adept at boiling eggs. Luckily the culinary arrangements on board a ship are not quite as exacting as those in a London hotel, or the monkey assistant might find himself in somewhat of a quandary.

Chinese monkeys for years past have assisted the natives in tea packing. Their labor is cheap, for they are more than contented with payment in the shape of sundry luscious morsels.

During the rush to the gold fields of Yukon an enterprising miner carried five Chinese monkeys to help him in gold washing. The monkeys had been used to severe cold and the extremes of a rigorous climate, and the gold searcher found his animal workmen most useful.

Some years ago a number of British engineers employed monkeys to assist the workmen in carrying material to a railway extension in Cape Colony.

It appears that a score of monkeys came regularly every morning to the line to watch the laborers at work, and the engineers in charge, rightly believing that the imitative faculties of the creatures would render them useful in railway work, had them captured. They were immediately put in training, and soon proved themselves invaluable as carriers.

In Siam apes are now employed as cashiers. A year or two ago much base coin was circulated by a clique of coiners, and the tradesmen found that it was a very difficult matter to discriminate between good and bad money.

One large store kept a pet monkey, and one morning he was seen to take a coin from the cashier's desk and put it between his teeth. After biting it, for some moments he threw it on the floor with a solemn grimace of dissatisfaction.

The proprietor of the store then handed the monkey another coin, and after testing it with great deliberation he laid it on the cashier's desk. Apparently the creature could tell a counterfeit coin from a good one, and in order to ascertain whether other monkeys had the same extraordinary gift a couple of apes belonging to a zoo were given the test, with satisfactory results.

From that day the majority of the business houses in Siam have kept monkeys as cashiers, and the gifted creatures have developed the faculty of discrimination between good and bad coin to such perfection that no human being can compare with them.

THE LOVE BAROMETER.

"When does the wedding take place?" inquired the old stationer jestingly.

"Why, you don't think—" She blushed and hesitated.

"Ah! miss, when young ladies buy a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes, I know there is always something behind it."

It makes all the difference whether life is a factory or a school to you. When the people go to sleep it's the preacher who needs to be awakened.

THE FALSE AND THE REAL DETECTIVES IN BOOKS AND REAL LIFE.

True Story About Both By a Retired Officer of the London Police.

From a report in a daily paper, it seems that Detective-Inspector Sexton employed a neat ruse to entrap one of the three Frenchmen charged with the murder of "Mere La Frite" in the Montmartre district of Paris, says London Answers. In connection with the murder a lot of French bonds had disappeared, and the detective arranged a quiet little meeting between the suspect and an officer posing as a buyer of bonds. The interview did not result in business, but the detectives learnt enough to justify them in arresting the Frenchman.

Such ruses as these would doubtless meet with the scorn of the story-book detective; but it is by the use of such devices that the Criminal Investigation Department holds in check the vast army of wrong-doers. Marvellous efforts of deductive logic may look very well on paper, but the man from Scotland Yard relies upon his own sound common-sense and an illimitable patience. Happening upon a retired officer of the C.I.D., not long since, the writer inveigled him into a chat upon the subject.

NOT A BIT LIKE NOVELS.

"Story-book detectives," said he, with a smile, "seem to arrive at their conclusions with marvellous ease and rapidity, though, to be sure, the writer of the tale has the advantage of knowing all the time who is really guilty, which is denied to the men at the 'Yard.' Young men thinking of commencing as detectives after a series of magazine stories may well ponder the fact that though there is plenty of interest and excitement in the life, there is also a considerable amount of hard work, physical fatigue, and patience-testing vigils.

"A young subordinate of mine lay at the bottom of a cart in an inn yard in the pouring rain for eight solid hours, in order to watch a suspected man. He dared not move, and for all that time had neither bite nor sup. I myself have lain on my stomach under a bed for five hours, ready to pounce upon the person I wanted. There is not much romance in that kind of work, is there?"

HUMDRUM SIDE OF THE LIFE.

"Weariness must be an unknown quantity to the detective. On the scene of a celebrated crime was found a pair of gloves. A snail told the officer in charge of the case that they had been recently cleaned. Accordingly a detective went the round of all the glove-cleaners in London in order to see if they could be identified. Would a story-book detective have the patience to do that? Again, the words 'Lib. butter' written on a scrap of paper found on the scene of a murder, led a French detective to visit every dairymaid's shop in Paris, till the man who had sold, and the criminal who had bought the butter, were found. This kind of work needs unlimited patience and perseverance.

"These simple clues, however, are often of the greatest value. A chisel found near the murdered body of the policeman Cole, at Dalston, in 1882, was found to bear some minute marks, which, under a magnifying-glass, revealed themselves as forming the syllable 'rock.' The police proceeded to show the chisel to all tool-makers, ironmongers, and employers of cabinet-makers in and around Dalston. Their patience was not rewarded till quite a year after the murder. An old lady named Preston, widow of a man who sharpened chisels, identified the chisel as belonging to a young carpenter named Orrock, who had sent it to be ground some eighteen months before. The man was found, and evidence collected against him; he was duly convicted and hanged. But it was the chisel that did it.

"Disguises? Oh, yes; a detective has to assume various characters, though he seldom or never makes up his face as detectives do in novels. Three 'Yard' men on the watch for a wanted person posed as navvies, and actually worked on the road near the house they were keeping under observation. Another sold pencils in the street. Another, who was a bit of a musician, played the piano at a smoking-concert held at a public-house which he knew his man frequented.

SWEEP AND CLEAVE.

"Sometimes our men appear in irreproachable attire at big functions in Mayfair and Belgrave, and anon will be donning the corduroys and cap of a laborer. Once a man I knew appeared as a sweep in the morning, and as a clergyman in the afternoon. In the character of a groom who had come to London to look for a situation, a 'Yard' man lived for three weeks at a public-house, frequented by the dealers in some stolen goods he was anxious to trace. None of the gang took any notice of the counterfeited lout in gaiters, smoking his pipe in the corner of the bar, and the detective gathered all the evidence he needed. "We have to resort to some queer dodges in order to get our hands upon men who are wanted. To get within arm's length of some extremely wily malefactor, some detectives recently hired a furniture-van; and, with one driving and the other two riding behind in the conventional shirt-sleeves and green baize aprons were able to swoop on their quarry.

WHILE ON A DRIVE.

"A 'Yard' man once got his hands on a suspect who was a desperate character, and surrounded by friends who would stick at nothing, by pretending to be anxious to dispose of a horse and trap, knowing that his man was open to buy such a thing. It was easy to inveigle the 'wanted' one into the vehicle, in order to test its qualities and the horse's pace. Then, after driving about a mile down the road, the detective coolly informed his companion that he was a prisoner. Another officer, being desirous of ascertaining a certain person's whereabouts, had some cards printed with that person's name. After crumpling and soiling one card so as to give it a look of age, he called upon the man's sister, representing that he had met her brother abroad, and would like to see him again, and, in proof, produced the card. The woman readily fell into the trap, and by nightfall the suspect was in custody.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD 'TEC.

"Tact is one of the detective's great assets. An officer once caught a glimpse in Oxford Street of a face which he recognised, but could not put a name to. He followed the man into a tobacconist's and bought cigars. The man turned white when he saw the officer, and, after a moment's hesitation, whispered: 'Don't take me here; wait till we get outside.' He was really wanted by the police, and, recognising the detective thought his hour had come.

"To sum up, the whole art of detection lies in an infinite capacity for taking pains. Minute investigation, slow as it may be, is a better weapon than the sensational methods you read about in stories."

AWFUL BRUTALITY.

Natives Barbarously Treated by Belgians.

A harrowing story of the barbarities practised on the natives of the Congo Free State by the Belgian officials is told in a letter from a Congo correspondent to Mr. James Irvine, a West African merchant, with headquarters on Castle street, Liverpool.

The once flourishing village of Nongongo Mboyo, states the writer, has been desolated, and 77 natives murdered, because they did not bring in sufficient quantities of rubber from the forests to satisfy the Congo Government officials. Many other natives including three women, have been barbarously mutilated. One woman was tied to a forked tree, and slowly cut to pieces. A pointed stake was forced into the body of another woman, who was finally shot. A third woman's cheek and nose were slit, her right hand and left foot were then cut off, and she was left to die.

Natives' huts, too, according to the correspondent, are constantly being destroyed, and their inhabitants bounded into the woods in search of rubber, which it is sometimes impossible to secure. These facts have come to light, adds the correspondent, since the departure of the commission sent out by King Leopold to investigate the atrocious charges.

Captain Baccari, who was sent by the Italian Government to report on the Congo Free State, says that officers have to be mere slave-drivers, and if they refuse they are treated as rebels. Every officer is obliged to take an oath that after he leaves the Congo service he will never divulge what he has seen there.

WRITING ON INCREASE.

Number of Letters Transmitted Has Doubled.

If everybody in the United Kingdom had an equal number of letters each year their share would average about one a week, or twice as many as it would have averaged twenty years ago. In 1884-5 the number of letters which passed through the post-office reached 1,360,000,000, and every year since has seen an increase with the one exception of 1894-5, when the number of letters dropped from 1,811,800,000 to 1,770,900,000. The last returns show that 2,597,600,000 letters are dealt with in the course of 12 months, so that there is convincing proof that letter-writing is still on the increase, notwithstanding the desire there is now-a-days for crowding correspondence on a picture postcard.

About four times as many postcards were sent through the post last year as 20 years ago—the actual number being 613,700,000—and nearly twice as many books and newspapers: 33,278,430 telegrams were despatched, and 24,085,015 postal orders drawn in 1884-5, as against 89,997,000 telegrams and 90,571,000 postal orders last year.

"I love all that is beautiful in art and Nature," she said, turning her dreamy eyes to his. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks, and the little wayside flowers; I feast on the beauties of earth and sky, and air; they are my daily life and food, and—" "Maudie!" cried out the mother from the kitchen, not knowing that her daughter's head was in the drawing-room—"Maudie, what ever made you go and gobble up that big dish of mashed potatoes that was left over from dinner? I told you we wanted them warmed up for supper. If your appetite isn't enough to bankrupt you poor pa!"

Ladies' Waists

Just received, new lot of White Silk Waists all sizes, White Lustre Waists sizes from 34 to 42, also some new Black Silk Waists for Ladies sizes from 34 to 42.

We have also replenished our stock with some new Straw Hats for Men and Boys.

We have still a good stock of Balbriggan Summer Underware, for Men and Boys sizes 30 to 44.

Also Summer underwear for Ladies in abundance.

White Front,

G. L. Meikle & Co.

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SPRING STOCK

Is daily arriving and we are replenishing our store with a more replete stock than ever. Talk about variety. We have it in every line and in large quantity.

EVERY DEPT. IS FULL

Do you want Bargains? If so then come along to our store. We treat you right and give you good goods at low prices. Try us and be satisfied.

J. N. A. CARRIERE

St. Philippe



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Coming

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STABLE PUMP
Solid Brass Cylinder

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always on hand.
P.S.—These goods are all
fresh. Remember the
place.

RIVERSIDE

BAKERY

W. G. Stanforth, Prop

MOUNT MAPLE.

—:O:—

Miss Katie McKenzie spent Sunday
last at home.

Miss F. M. Murdoch is visiting her
sister in Ogdensburg.

Mr. Wm. Stewart has sold his pretty
little horse "Barney."

Mrs. Chas. R. Adams of Montreal, is
spending a few days in Brownsburg.

Mr. James Marshall of Mich., was a
guest at "Dufferin Cottage" on Sun-
day last.

Miss M. A. Chambers of St. Philippe,
spent a few days with her many
friends here.

Mrs. Gibson of Ottawa, is spending
a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. A.
Tomalty.

Mrs. W. G. Heatlie of Ogdensburg,
visited her parents here on Tuesday
last.

Miss M. Gladys Adams of Montreal,
was the guest of her aunt Mrs. Heat-
lie for a week.

Mr. Geo. Murdoch's pretty cottage
is near completion, it will add to the
beauty of the place.

Miss Tillie Marshall of Montreal,
was the guest at "Orchard Home"
for a few days recently.

Mrs. J. E. Creswell and little son
Reginald of Lachute spent a day re-
cently with Mrs. Geo. Murdoch.

Misses Aggie and Ada Morrow of
Dalesville are visiting their sister
Mrs. James Murdoch of "Fairview."

Misses Alberta Chambers and Mari-
an Tomalty were guests of the Misses
Florence and Amy Murdoch on Fri-
day last.

WOOL! : : WOOL!

Balance of our Muslins
and Gingham to clear
at 5c. and 10c. per yd.

A few white muslin
blouses while they last
at half price.

W. BANFORD.

P.S.—Men's and Boy's Odd Pants.

JULY CASH CLEARING SALE

— IN SUMMER GOODS —

20 per cent off Muslins, Blouses, Dress Goods
Hosiery and Shoes.

Large lot of Haying Tools and Horse Forks at very low
prices. We are also sole agents for the "Wilkinson" Plow
and Endless Apron Manure Spreader.

Chas. E. Ladouceur,
ST. ANDREWS, QUE.

Mrs. W. D. McQuat, Mrs. P. Mc-
Kiddie, & Mrs. M. McLeod of Browns-
burg, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo.
Murdoch recently.

We are pleased to report, that Mr.
Wm. Tomalty, is recovering from
serious injuries received in the ex-
plosion of the Catridge factory.

CUSHING.

—:O:—

Miss Healsey of Montreal, is the
guest of the Misses Hartley.

Miss Hazel Hyde of St. Andrews, is
visiting at her uncle's Mr. G. Nicholls.

Master Sandy Stewart of Montreal,
is spending a few weeks at Mr. George
O'Brien's.

Mrs. C. Hughes of Montreal, was
the guest of Mrs. James Watson for
a few days recently.

Miss Annie Weir and Miss E. Cann-
ing of Stonefield, spent a few pleasant
days in Montreal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cooke took in
the Lachute Sunday School picnic
excursion from Lachute to New
Glasgow last week and report a high-
ly enjoyable time.

Miss Ethel Watson entertained a
number of her young lady friends
very delightfully at afternoon tea on
Wednesday of last week. Miss Wat-
son has returned to Montreal after a
pleasant vacation to resume her
duties as nurse in the Children Memo-
rial Hospital.

Mrs. W. J. Bromby of Montreal
Annex, who has arrived on a visit
to her friends here and at St. Philippe
with her two children was the guest
of her brother Mr. L. C. Wade on Sat-
urday.

MONALEA.

—:O:—

Miss Mary Madden of Montreal, is visit-
ing her sister, Mrs. J. Fanchon.

Miss Minnie Fitzgerald is the guest of
Miss C. Moran, Stonefield Heights.

Mr. J. O'Connor of St. Michel des Saints
renewed old acquaintances here last week.

Master Thomas Whyte is spending a few
weeks holidays with Mr. J. H. Fitzgerald.

Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Dorothy Lutton
of Montreal, were guests of Miss L. Fitzger-
ald on Wednesday last.

The Misses E. and M. McCoy attended
the marriage of Mr. M. Brierton, St. Mala-
chy on Tuesday, the 1st inst.

Mr. Wm. Lennon spent Sunday at home,
and returned to Ottawa on Monday, accom-
panied by his sister Miss Lillie who intends
spending a short time with her brother, Mr.
J. MacLennan.

SHREWSBURY.

—:O:—

Miss Susie Good of Montreal, is spending
her holidays at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Morrison of Lachute,
visited friends here last week.

Mrs. E. and Miss Swail of Randboro, are
guests of Mr. Wm. Morrison.

Mrs. and Miss Good were the guests of
Mrs. G. Robinson on Saturday.

Miss Lillie Horwood of Montreal, who is
spending the summer with her grand-mother
Mrs. Wm. Good, on account of ill-health, is
glad to say much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Silverman of Lakesfield,
visited Mrs. Clifford recently.

Miss Mattie Brown of Montreal, is spend-
ing her holidays at home.

Miss Alice Strong of Cambria is spending
a few days with Miss S. Good.

Owing to the absence of our pastor, Rev.
T. Miller, there was no service held in St.
John's Church, Sunday. Service next Sun-
day at 2 p.m.

DALESVILLE.

—:O:—

Mr. Jno. McArthur is spending
a few days in Lachute.

Miss Chambers of St. Philippe,
spent Tuesday here.

Mrs. Robt. Silverman of Beech
Ridge spent Tuesday here.

Miss T. E. Patiser is the guest
of her friend Miss K. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh and
Mr. Wm. Walsh of Montreal, are
guests of Mr. Graham.

Miss Marshall visited in Mt.
Maple last week, guest of Miss
MacKenzie.

Mr. Middleton and Mr. Wesley
Middleton of Montreal, spent the
week end with Mr. McCormick.

Mr. Woodhall of Montreal,
spent Sunday with his family at
Mr. H. Morrow's.

The Misses Middleton & Miss
Gladys Keen of Montreal, who
have been visiting Mrs. McCor-
mick for some time have returned
home.

Mr. A. Hutchin has purchased
the property recently owned by
Miss Nancy Heirshaw, and is in-
tending to build thereon in the
near future.

The Misses Jessie and Annie
Silverman of Beech Ridge, who
have been visiting their grand-
father, Mr. A. Murdoch, have re-
turned home.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1905.

NO. 29

OIL CAKE MEAL Feed Flour Very Lowest Prices.

Buy Walsh's Imperial
— Patent —
and get Canada's Best
— Flour —

H. WALSH
St. Andrews Flour Mills.

We are paying 22cts per pound for wool in exchange for goods, which we are selling at prices away down.

McFAUL BROS.

We want eggs, 1000 dozen a week if we can get them. Highest prices.

W. BANFORD.

Pure Manila Rope.—The very best Manila Hay Fork Rope kept in stock in 1/4 and 1/2.

T. McQUAT & SON.

Our carpeting and carpet squares are new patterns and very beautiful. Call and see them anyhow.

W. BANFORD

Just received another consignment of the H. Welch chocolates. These goods are known to be the finest and only procurable at

JNO. HOPES.

Those who have tasted the ice cream and fruit at the Sunday picnics at which Mr. Creswell has been present, evidence its quality by their attendance at his store on Main Street, whenever they come to Lachute.

Dress goods in great variety for Spring and Summer, as well as pile of prints and other wash goods.

W. BANFORD.

Builders.—We have always on hand a large stock of Felt, Locks, Hinges, Paint Oils, Varnishes, White Lead, etc., at prices to suit you.

T. McQUAT & SON.

We are buying wool now, and paying, 22 cts. per lb. clean washed wool—until further notice.

W. BANFORD.

Blue Ribbon Binder Twine, & Cow Ease to the front for the next 15 days. Get your supply at

T. McQUAT & SON.

LOST.—Small child's red coat, on Main St. Finder will please return to this office and be rewarded.

WANTED.—To purchase some live Lynx Otters, & White Snow Owls. Must be perfect. Address

R. C. WILLS, 100 Bleury St., Montreal.

WANTED.—A smart girl to go to Montreal in September for house-work. Small family. Apply to

MRS. ROUTH, Lachute.

LOCAL NEWS

Keep in mind the Brownsburg Picnic for Saturday, Aug. the 19th. The programmes are issued and show a splendid lot of sports, which will give amusement to everyone. The committee have left no stone unturned to make this their ninth annual Picnic, a record breaker. Come and have a good time and remember the adage, "That all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Give yourselves over to enjoy the day, next Saturday.

Miss Jessie Parley is spending this week in Montreal.

Miss N. Hills of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. W. Hay for a few days.

McFaul Bros. closed their saw-mill on Wednesday after a most successful run.

Miss Paterson of Arundel is the guest of Mrs. J. R. Creswell for a few days.

The Misses Hyde of Ottawa, are guests of Mrs. J. S. Giles for a couple of weeks.

The Misses May and Bertha Proust of Montreal, are guests of the Misses Marshall.

Mrs. George Howard of Ottawa, is spending a short visit in town, guest of Mrs. W. J. Todd.

Mrs. C. J. Stanforth and children of Arundel, are the guests of Mrs. T. Wilson for a few days.

Miss Piche of Grand Ligne is spending a few weeks in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. Jousse.

Mrs. J. W. Simpson and Miss Ethel left on Wednesday for a two weeks visit with friends in Prescott.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McIntyre, who have been visiting in Edmonton, returned home on Saturday last.

The town valuers, Messrs. A. Lavigne, A. Riddle, and S. McKimmie, are out valuating this week.

Miss Norah DeLisle of Quyon, Ont., and Miss McLeod of Montreal, are the guests of Miss Margaret Hay.

Miss Daisy Kennedy left for Montreal this morning to take a business course in the Montreal Business College.

Mrs. McArthur of Montreal, accompanied by her son Dufferin, are the guests of Mrs. P. R. McGibbon for a few days.

Miss E. Burwash of River Rouge, and Miss S. Hamilton of Beech Ridge are guests of Mrs. W. S. McBride for a few days.

The Misses Christie Hallworth and Ethel McKimmie returned home to Montreal, after spending a pleasant month in Daleville.

The Rev. Mr. Pyron occupied the pulpit of the Baptist Church on Sunday last, owing to the sickness of the pastor, the Rev. Mark Styan.

Mr. Thos. Gall, and Mr. C. Sobeski of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. George Lennon of Haverhill, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. H. M. Gall.

Mr. A. D. Kennedy arrived home from his Western trip on Monday evening. He combined business with pleasure and succeeded in both.

Mr. Geo. Hay, President of the Bank of Ottawa, accompanied by Mrs. Hay were here on a short visit this week, guests of his nephew Mr. Jno. Hay.

Messrs. Jno. Forbes and Robt. McArthur were in Montreal this week attending the Grand Lodge meeting of the Independent Order of Oddfellows.

Mrs. Nap. Bolvia left on Tuesday morning for Holyokes & Springfield, Mass., where she will spend a couple of weeks with her brother and sister.

Mrs. D. P. Williams, the Misses Olive, Ruth and Enid Williams of Westmount, who have been visiting Mrs. Williams' sister Mrs. H. Beckham, have returned home.

A Lawn and Parlor Social will be held (D.V.) on Friday evening of this week, the 18th inst., at St. Alungo's Manse, Cushing. Admission 25cts., Children 15cts. Home-made candy for sale.

The marriage of Miss Christina McGibbon, (second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. McGibbon,) to Mr. John Drysdale of Westfield, Mass., is announced to take place on Wednesday the twenty-third of August.

Rumors Unfounded.—For some time rumors have been current that Messrs. Thos. Ross & Sons were desirous of selling their various factories in this county. The rumors are idle talk, and the butter factory will open about Nov. 1st as usual.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander have left for a short trip to the Maritime Provinces, where the doctor will attend the meetings of the Canadian Medical Association at Halifax. Before returning they will visit Charlottetown, and Stanhope—the home of his boyhood days, and where his parents still reside.

A violent storm accompanied by severe thunder and lightning, passed over here on Saturday afternoon and did much damage. The outbuildings and barns of Mr. Albt. Gordon, East Settlement, were entirely destroyed together with a quantity of grain. Mr. Ralph Barclay of St. Andrews, suffered the loss of a horse, and a large pine tree in front of the home of Capt Jno. Earle, was struck and splintered into matchwood. The storm was certainly the worst of years.

OBITUARY.

The oldest inhabitant of this town passed away on Wednesday morning last in the person of Mr. Jas. Henderson, at the ripe old age of 91 years and seven months. Up to within a short time Mr. Henderson had enjoyed good health, and many were the friends who used to seek the shelter of his pretty little home near McGibbon's saw-mill and there enjoy a pleasant chat with the old gentleman whose intellect and judgment was most keen up to the last. Mr. Henderson came with his father Peter Henderson from Callender, Perthshire, Scotland in 1820; his father settled in St. Canute, but deceased afterwards spent some 35 years in Montreal. Mr. Henderson was married in 1843 to Elizabeth Vart of England, who died in January 1884. They had four sons and three daughters. The funeral will be held on Saturday next from his late residence at 2 p.m.

DEATH.

HENDERSON.—At Lachute Mills, on Wednesday, August 16th, Mr. Jas. Henderson aged 91 yrs., and 7 mos.

We have a large And well assorted Stock of

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
EVANS BROS.

PIANOS

DOHERTY & CO.
SHERLOCK MANNING

ORGANS

And the unequalled New Williams Sewing Machine.

As we contract largely for all our Instruments we can sell you cheaper than any one else.

By from us and save the middle men's profit. We can make terms and prices to suit you.

J. A. BEDARD & SON
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

THE ELITE.

We do the Souvenir Trade.

New Post Cards, Bark Canoes, Snow Shoes, Toboggans, Paddles, Pencil Cases, Match Safes, Soap Boxes, Stick Pins, etc., with handsome views of Lachute. Special in Japanese Silk Blouses, white and black, new Belt Buckles, Waist Sets, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery for women and children. Endless variety of Millinery always on hand. Keep us in mind when nice goods are wanted.

H. E. BURWASH,

**Eye Strain
Causes Headaches**

By Removing the cause : The proof of the fit-
We effect a permanent cure, : ting is the seeing.

Our Glasses Give Perfect Vision.

Cut out this ad.
It is worth 25 cts. on each \$2.00 purchase
until further notice.

W. H. GARRETSEE,
GRADUATE OPTICIAN, LACHUTE.

Kennedy Advertisement.

**Always
Nobby
Goods.**

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

CRESWELL'S

OUR MOTTO.
QUALITY

That's Why We Lead

In Fruit, Confectionery, Ice Cream, Etc. Gurd's
Lowney's, Aird's, Christie's and Creswells.

The Envy of Competitors.

GEO. H. CRESWELL

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES

50 pairs Boots and Shoes at **25 p.c. Discount.**

Come early as they will not last long at the price.

Carpenter Bros.
The Popular Priced Store.

THE LOTTERY TICKET....

He lived with his wife and child in a small red-brick house, that formed one of a row called Jubilee Cottages. His physique was almost that of a healthy giant. His chin was well covered with a reddish bushy beard; and his wholesome, tanned face was set with a pair of fine, grey-blue eyes. He usually wore the blue serge coat, peaked cap, and top boots that are reminiscent of a sailor's uniform. Dressed thus, he looked the modern equivalent for a Norse Viking. He was a roadmender by trade; a foreman in the employ of the town corporation. A good workman, and honest, his ambitions were few. He lived a contented, unprogressive existence, ruled by his wife because he trusted her shrewdness more than his own.

Mr. Richard Armstrong hid, however, one desire deep rooted in his heart. It was "to do well by" his child. Round the sturdy personality of his five-year-old son the whole aims of the big man's life were centred. He was never so happy as when playing with the boy or teaching him from his own small stock of knowledge. He wished his son to be something more than a roadmender when he grew up; he would like to have him well educated and fit to enter a good money-making business or even a profession.

This affection for his son begot the desire to be rich. Root of all evil though it may be, and hopeless of fulfilment as it must have seemed, it was not without good effect on the father. It made him ready for new responsibilities in his work, caused him to be careful of his money, and kept him from the public-house when his wife's nagging tongue might otherwise have proved too much for him.

Mrs. Armstrong was a small, bony woman, with a sallow face. She had a very poor idea of her husband's intelligence and an exaggerated idea of her own. By reason of a fault-finding disposition she usually contrived to get her own way in the house. As she was a good housewife—clean, thrifty, and industrious—her husband submitted. He had an idea that amiability and industry in a woman rarely go together.

The only other inmate of the house was the lodger. He was a young working man from the country. When he first arrived he was a likely-looking youth enough. But he lacked stability. The pleasures of town life appealed too strongly to his animal nature. He took to drinking and betting. His weekly payments to Mrs. Armstrong became irregular, sometimes being as much as a month in arrears. His untidy habits and irregular hours exasperated that good woman. She kept McCarthy—that was the lodger's name—in continual fear of the lash of her tongue.

Mr. Armstrong found some pleasure in McCarthy's society. He deprecated the idea—announced by his wife—of her getting rid of him. On the rare occasions when the lodger spent his evenings in the house Mr. Armstrong would sit smoking with him, and draw him out on the subject of horse-racing.

The subject seemed to fascinate the roadmender. He knew nothing of racing. He had never put any money on a horse in his life. But he liked to hear stories of fortunes that had been won. The Duke of Portland's career especially interested him; he seemed never tired of hearing of the famous Donovan's performances.

One day McCarthy said he had been "mucked" by his boss. He announced his intention of emigrating to Canada. When the day arrived he packed his small box and brought it down the stairs. Mrs. Armstrong met him at the foot of the stairs with a piece of paper in her hand. It was his bill for three weeks' board and lodging.

"I can't pay you, Mrs. Armstrong," McCarthy said. "I haven't enough money."

Mrs. Armstrong pursed her lips and a hard glitter came into her eyes. She tried in vain to control her voice as she spoke.

"You can't pay me, James McCarthy? Very well. You won't leave this house till you do, that's all about it."

"I must send you the money."

"That's not good enough for me. You settle that there bill, or I'll tell my husband to call in the police. Dick!" she called. "Mr. Armstrong! Are you going to allow me to be robbed while you're foolin' about with that child? Come here! Here's this McCarthy tryin' to sneak off without payin'."

Her husband entered slowly from the back-yard. He was out of breath from the exertion of a game of cricket. It was his dinner-hour. When he saw how the land lay he devoutly wished he had been at work. He looked from his wife to McCarthy and from McCarthy to his wife several times before he spoke.

"That's bad, that is," was all he found to say. "That's bad."

"Bad!" cried his wife, in a withering tone that plainly showed her contempt for his powers of summing up the situation. "It 'ud be a deal

worse if I were not here to look after your interests."

"Hain't you got the money, then?" Richard asked, eyeing McCarthy. "No, I hain't; leastways, not enough for your missus and me as well. I weren't tryin' to sneak off. I were goin' to let 'ee know. All my spare cash has gone in payin' for my passage, 'cept a little I've got for my own wants."

There was a pause. Mrs. Armstrong breathed hard. Dick's slow brain tried to evolve a scheme by which he could let McCarthy go and satisfy his wife at the same time.

"I tell 'ee what," said McCarthy, in a bashful manner; "I've su'thin' here you could buy of me." He dipped a hand into his coat-pocket and brought out an envelope, from which he took a cardboard ticket. "I desay you won't care 'bout it, but, anyway, it's better'n nothin'. You could sell it."

It was a ticket for a Continental State lottery. It bore the number 1,316. There were some foreign words printed on it.

"How much is it worth?" asked Dick.

"Two pound. The first prize is twenty thousand pound."

The value of the ticket was a little less than McCarthy's indebtedness to the Armstrongs, so there would be no injustice in taking it from him, thought Dick.

"It's a swindle!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong. "If you have anythin' to do with it you're a fool, Dick. Why don't you call in the police? I reckon James McCarthy's bin a bad enough lodger without tryin' to swindle us."

"What good's callin' in the police. They can't do nothin'. The lad can't pay if he hain't got the money. Better let him go and take his offer."

"I wish you wouldn't interfere, Mr. Armstrong," said his wife, ignoring the fact that she had asked him to do so. "Allowin' me to be robbed in this way."

"Never mind Sally; I'll sell the ticket for you," said Dick.

For once he had his way. McCarthy, after signing a paper to prove the sale, was allowed to depart, and the lottery ticket became the joint property of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. Any letters relative to the lottery addressed to McCarthy would be delivered at the King's Head. These were to be opened by Dick.

Dick gave the ticket to his wife with instructions to keep it in a safe place. She put it in her work-box. In the evening, when he returned from work, he took it out to examine. He gazed at the small square of pasteboard thoughtfully, puzzling over the inscription. With the exception of the figures 1,316, he could make nothing of the meaning.

Mrs. Armstrong found him with the ticket in his hand.

"What're you goin' to do with that useless piece of cardboard?" she said. "I suppose you'll try to sell it, though I reckon it won't be easy to find anyone fool enough to buy it."

"Twenty thousand pound's a powerful lot o' money."

"Twenty thousand fiddlesticks!" exclaimed his wife, scornfully. "You don't mean to say as you believe that bit o' paper's anythin' more'n a swindle?"

"Maybe; maybe not," answered Dick. "Anyhow, put it by now."

The possession of the ticket was at first a source of enjoyment to the roadmender. He had never heard of these big State lotteries before. The chance—slight though it was—of winning such a large sum as £20,000 seemed to him quite worth the sacrifice of McCarthy's debt. To hold such a chance gave him a feeling of importance.

But Mrs. Armstrong did not mean to allow the matter to drop. To her betting was a very heinous offence, and the little she knew about lotteries caused her to think them the same. She also did not like the certainty, as it seemed to her, of losing £22. Perhaps this was her chief stimulus.

So for the next few days poor Dick Armstrong had little peace at home. He was lectured, abused, and taunted. The continual nagging had its usual effect. Partly for the sake of peace, partly because he had been lectured into seeing immorality in lotteries, he agreed to sell the ticket.

But this was easier said than done. None of his friends were anxious to relieve him of it. One went so far as to offer him 5s. as a fair price. Most of the others said they had not any money to spare. Mr. Provis, the landlord of the King's Head, who was looked upon as a sporting character, said he had never heard of anyone winning a prize in a foreign lottery, though he agreed that this one seemed genuine enough. All of them laughed at the roadmender.

Dick returned home and reported his non-success. Mrs. Armstrong replied that she "thought as much," and "it only went to prove that the lottery was a swindle." Dick decided not to attempt to sell the ticket again. It once more reposed in Mrs. Armstrong's work-box.

A few days later Armstrong was instructed by his employers to superintend some work in a country town. It necessitated his lodging in the place in order to save expense in railway fares. He was away from home for three days.

Having finished the job he alighted one evening at the station about a mile from his house. His road home lay past the King's Head. He looked in for a friendly chat and glass with Mr. Provis.

He found the landlord in the bar in his shirt-sleeves. The bar was crowded with customers returning home from their work. Mr. Provis perspired freely in his efforts to supply their wants.

"Evening, Mr. Armstrong," he said, catching sight of Dick's face as he pulled the beer-engine. "Back again then?"

"Aye, back again," said Dick.

The rush of trade soon ceased, and Mr. Provis had leisure to gossip. Armstrong and he got into conversation. They talked of the weather, of trade, and of local news. When Dick had finished his ale and was preparing to depart, the landlord said:—"By-the-by, a foreign letter was left here this morning for the young chap who lodged with you."

Dick explained that the letter referred to the lottery and belonged to himself. He opened the thin envelope and began laboriously to read.

The letter was in English. It stated briefly that the winner of the first prize, £20,000, was the holder of ticket No. 1,316.

Dick doubted his eyes at first. With trembling hands and confused brain he read the letter again.

"Great Scot, man!" exclaimed Mr. Provis, "what's the matter?"

"It's mine," cried Armstrong, hoarsely. "Lor' bless my soul! I've won the lott'ry."

He had, sure enough. The £20,000 was his. Half-dazed, and struggling in vain to control his emotion, Dick received the congratulations of the group still left in the bar.

Such a colossal piece of fortune was too much for his powers of expression. All he could do was to smile inanely, while at intervals he ejaculated, "Lor' bless my soul!" and broke into a loud guffaw.

The news spread like wildfire. The bar rapidly filled again. The occasion was one that offered opportunity to Mr. Provis to display his business instinct. Glasses were filled and emptied many times, and Dick's health drunk in liquor for which he had to pay. This he did willingly. As he had not enough money on him, Mr. Provis debited the items to his account.

When he started for home Dick was just a little unsteady in his walk. But his feelings were more under control. He could contemplate his good fortune without displaying any emotion. The liquor gave him strength of mind to reflect on the possession of £20,000 with admirable calmness.

He wondered what Sally would say. He decided not to tell her at once. He would greet her as if nothing had happened. Later on he would bring out his news and enjoy her astonishment.

For a brief moment the exquisite drollery of this plan upset his gravity. He stopped in his walk and laughed to himself. Then he pulled himself together and walked on.

Mrs. Armstrong welcomed her spouse quietly. She saw at once he had been drinking. But either his present condition was so rare as to leave her nonplussed, or she was genuinely glad to see him home again. Anyhow, she left him alone.

Dick entered the parlor and sat down, taking young John on his knees. His wife sat facing him, waiting to hear his news. He entertained her with a discontented account of his doings.

"Well, ole man," he said, at last, pinching the child's cheek. "You bin a good boy?"

The sturdy youngster laughed. "Don't, dad!" he cried, and added, "How funny you look, dad!"

"How'd you like to be a rich man when you grow up; a fine genelman, eh?"

"For shame, Dick," broke in his wife, "putting such ideas into the child's head. Ah, by-the-by," she went on, "Mr. Phipps called the day you left to say good-bye. You know they're leavin' the town?"

"Aye, I know. What had he got to say, Sally?"

"Nethin' much. But," she added, triumphantly, "I sold 'im that there lott'ry ticket."—London Tit-Bits.

WANTED.

"Is she looking for a husband?"
"Yes—the one that deserted her a year ago."

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

The Canadian Arctic goldfields have one lady Government official, Miss Ryan. For seven years she has held the post of inspector of gold dust. Her principal duty is that of lady detective. She has to examine departing females and see that no gold is taken out of the country without payment of the prescribed royalty.

The Duchess of Devonshire has a great belief in the duties of a mistress towards her domestic servants, and considers it to be one of them to keep in touch with them socially. She often reads aloud to them in the servants' hall and plays chess with them, and she does not hesitate to ask her guests to aid her sometimes by the exercise of their musical talents.

In his young days King Oscar of Sweden was one of the most accomplished tenors in Europe. He was fond of singing at private concerts in the houses of his friends, and it is said if he had been obliged to earn a livelihood he might have supplied the void caused by the retirement of Mario. On coming to the throne he was, of course, obliged to abandon music, except in the private home circle.

Sir William Butler is one of many Irishmen who have risen to fame in the ranks of the British Army. But his chances in this respect looked slender enough at one time. Those were the days of purchase, and the £7,500 needed to get him his company was hopelessly beyond his resources. So he cabled to Wolsey, then in command of the Red River expedition, "Please remember me," followed by the first Canadian boat "on spec," and by sheer good luck obtained the appointment he coveted.

Sir Rupert Clarke, who has a beautiful house in Park Lane, London, is a millionaire Australian baronet who had a grandfather with a romantic history. This ancestor was a butcher's assistant in Whitechapel, who emigrated to the Antipodes. The small amount he possessed he invested in land in and around Melbourne, and with the gold rush of the early fifties Melbourne expanded into a prosperous city. His land increased enormously in value, and when he died in 1874 he left nearly \$30,000,000, most of which was inherited by his grandson, the present baronet.

Lord Brassey is the most nautical of all our peers, scarce excepting those who have been professional sailors. His mileage record is said to be over 300,000, and he began his career afloat when a Rugby boy on the Spray of the Ocean, a little seven-tonner presented to him by his father. The story of his famous yacht, the Sunbeam, has been given to the world by the facile pen of the late Lady Brassey, and at his lordship's house in Park Lane, London, there is a specially-built museum in which have been collected and arranged the numerous curiosities gathered from almost every part of the world during the Sunbeam's various voyages.

Whatever writing King Edward finds it necessary to do himself is done in a quick, hurried style of penmanship, which in itself is a suggestion of the quantity of work he has to perform. The King is most particular that all his letters and papers shall be arranged and filed according to an excellent system which is largely his own invention, and he never keeps any of them after the necessity for doing so has ceased. It is an instance of His Majesty's reluctance to accumulate "rubbish," as well as his strict regard for secrecy, that every morning the contents of a large waste-paper basket are taken charge of by his private secretary, who is personally responsible for seeing that they are burned. He smokes hard while he is engaged on business matters, and invariably has a box of cigars and another of cigarettes at his elbow.

QUITE TRUE.

Did it ever occur to you that news is like an egg?
"Full of meat, you mean?"
"No, if it's bad, it should be broken gently."

SORE SPOTS OF NATIONS

WHERE REVOLUTIONS OCCASIONALLY OCCUR.

Ever since Poland has been a dependency of Russia she has been a source of trouble to her. Insurrections have broken out at frequent intervals, and only been repressed with much bloodshed by the military; Russian officials have again and again been murdered; eminent loyal Poles have been executed and banished by the score; the Polish language has been prohibited in the courts of law and public offices in Russian Poland; thousands of Poles, at the Czar's instigation, have been expelled from Russia, and steps have been taken for denationalizing the country.

The Poles, however, have had good cause for complaint. By oppressive regulations, harsh Government, and promising reforms which she never intended to carry out, Russia has so irritated Poland that periodical violent eruptions are but a natural consequence.

Finland is another very sore place to Russia. For nearly a hundred years she has been under her heel. Only last year the Finns retaliated by killing the hated Governor-General Pobjackoff. Under his regime, over a hundred lawyers and burgomasters were dismissed, because they did not answer his military summons, while very many distinguished Finns have been

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

Some of the things Finland is agitating for is freedom for innocent citizens now in prison; besides full freedom of assembly, of speech, and of the Press.

The trouble with France over Alsace-Lorraine is now healed; but Poland, Schleswig, and Holstein often give her anxious moments. The two latter duchies, which once belonged to Denmark, have still a large number of Danes amongst their inhabitants, and have been for years in a state of suppressed ferment, chiefly owing to the language question.

A few years back a large number of Danes and people other than Germans were expelled from Schleswig and elsewhere, for it is the German policy to turn the people they have conquered into loyal Germans, or, failing this, to kick them out of the land they have lost.

Neither does she manage her foreign colonial possessions with greater success. For fifteen years and more she has been in almost constant conflict with the natives living in the Cameroon region in South-West Africa, the Hottentots and the Hereros several times breaking out into insurrection.

The Camnhamas, who live not far away, although their territory has been conquered by the Portuguese, yet do not own defeat, and

WAGE CONTINUAL WAR.

Similarly in Portuguese East Africa, Portugal has a sore spot, which for ten years past has been the seat of never-ceasing uprisings by the Kaffirs. They have cost her many lives besides an enormous sum of money.

Belgium is in trouble with the Congo Free State. The British Consul only last year took a four months' journey through the forest of the upper Congo to report on the alleged barbarities and misgovernment of the Belgian rule. He supported the allegations in every particular.

Somaliand has likewise been a sore place to both Italy and Great Britain. In 1892 Great Britain sent out an expedition to suppress the raids organized by the Mad Mullah, who was defeated and put to flight; but time and again he has returned to the attack and after a couple of years, the expedition having cost \$15,000,000, and the loss of many lives, was recalled to England.

Risings have been the cause of many British expeditions being sent to Nigeria, but considering her large number of possessions in different parts of the world, Britain is remarkably free from sore places.

France has also had trouble with her natives in her territory in the Congo and West Africa. Madagascar, too, though the French soldiers have for many years been trying to

STAMP OUT REBELLION.

and reduce the country to a state of peace and order, is very far still from that desired condition.

Turkey has a sore place in Macedonia. The Consuls on the spot believe that a revolution will break out before long, while innumerable small risings have been crushed with great barbarity by the Turkish officials. Cordially hating each other, the Mohammedans and the Christians are in constant conflict, which is unofficially encouraged both by Bulgaria and Greece, each having the hope of ultimately securing Macedonia for its own.

The United States, though it has conquered the Philippines, does not find their possession at all a comfortable one. President Roosevelt has himself declared that their abandonment would be fraught with disaster. So that the insurrections which have so long been made by the natives in their demand for independence, are likely to continue and give the United States trouble.

Cuba is another sore spot, and so, too, are Panama and Columbia, who are in bad blood over the Panama Canal, and by the United States engineering of the revolution which ended in Panama becoming a Republic in 1903.



The Czar (to his subject)—"You furnished the men for my war, and now you must pay for not winning victory for me."

About the ...House

SUMMER SHORTCAKES.

Banana Shortcake—Two cups of flour, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, a pinch of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out in two thin layers, and spread butter between, so they can be separated without cutting after baking. Bake in a quick oven, split, butter generously, and spread between the layers and over the top the following filling: Grate the peel of half an orange and use with the pulp of two oranges, rub five ripe bananas through a sieve, add the orange and one cupful of sugar, then stir in one half cupful of thick cream sweetened and whipped. Serve cold.

Peach Shortcakes—Into two cups of flour sift four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one saltspoonful of salt. Mix into it two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of sugar. Add sufficient sweet milk to make into a smooth dough, roll out in two layers, butter, and bake in one pan. When done, remove, and butter well the under crust. Spread with peaches that have been sprinkled generously with sugar, and place on the upper crust. Cover it with peaches, and cover the whole top with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with orange.

Cherry shortcake—Make a soft dough of four cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of butter. Mix with milk. Cook in two layers buttered. When brown, remove from the oven, butter again, spread the bottom layer with cherries that have been stoned and sweetened, put on the top crust, and cover with fruit. Serve with whipped cream.

Quickly Made Shortcake—Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt into one quart of flour. Rub into this three tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix into a soft dough with milk, roll into a large sheet, bake in a quick oven, split, and spread each half with butter. Over the bottom layer spread a covering of any kind of fruit preferred, cover the top in the same way, and sprinkle with pulverized sugar.

Rhubarb Shortcake—One pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter. Make this into a soft dough. Bake in two layers, butter, spread with stewed rhubarb which has been sweetened and flavored with lemon, sprinkle over with sugar, add the top, and arrange in the same way. Cover with whipped cream, and dot over with current jelly.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Current Ice Cream—Pick over and steam two quarts of ripe red currants, mash, add one pound of sugar, and let stand for two hours, then strain; if not too sweet add more sugar. Scald and cool one quart rich cream. Pack the freezer, pour in the cream, turn slowly for a few minutes until quite cold; add the sweetened currant juice and freeze as usual.

Corn Pudding—Score and scrape from the cob one pint of corn. Cream one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoon of salt, and one-quarter of a teaspoon of pepper. Stir in slowly one cup of milk, then turn into the corn. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Turn into a shallow baking dish well buttered and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Old-Time Blackberry Pickle—Dissolve 3 lbs. brown sugar in 1 pint vinegar. Add 9 lbs. sound, ripe blackberries. Cook with this mixture a bag containing 1 tablespoon each of cinnamon, allspice and clove. When the berries are well done, skim them out and place in a jar. Boil the remaining liquor until it is syrupy and then pour it over the berries while hot. Keep in a covered jar.

Berry Muffins—Mix 2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 rounded teaspoons baking powder. Cream 1 cup butter with 1 cup sugar, add well beaten yolk of 1 egg, 1 cup milk the flour mixture and white of egg beaten stiff. Stir in carefully 1 heaped up cup of blueberries which have been picked over, rinsed, dried and rolled in flour. Bake in muffin pans 20 minutes.

To Can Corn—Cut the corn from cob, add salt to taste, then press into jars and put on rubbers. Put on lids, but not tight till cooked. Set jars in kettle of cold water and set

on the stove and boil for an hour. Be sure to put something around the jars so they will not touch; an old cloth will do or perhaps better some straw placed under and between the jars. When cooked screw down the lids and put in a dark, cool place.

Current Catsup—To 3 qts. ripe currants add 3 pts. sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 tablespoon each cinnamon, cloves, black pepper and allspice. Add, when nearly done, 1 tablespoon salt. Boil together about 30 minutes.

Spiced Currants—To every 3 lbs. currants add 2 lbs. sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon each cloves and pepper and a pinch of salt. Boil about 20 minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Hot water should never be poured over roast beef for gravy. The water ruins the flavor of the meat and soddens it.

Articles made of brass may be kept bright and free from tarnish if you will cover them with a thin coat of varnish made of colorless shellac and alcohol, which may be procured at any drug store.

Cane-seated chairs can be furnished up by washing the cane with warm water on both sides and then putting them out in the air on a sunny day to dry. This treatment not only adds to the cleanliness of the cane, but it causes it to tauten, which improves its appearance and makes it more wear-resisting.

If when ironing a curtain you discover a hole in it, take a piece of the best part of an old curtain, a little larger than the hole, and dip the edges in cold starch. Then place it over the hole, and afterwards iron over it.

To Clear a House of Beetles—Take a pound of powdered borax and put it into a tin with a perforated lid. Next dust the borax lightly over the floor, on the walls, and into cupboards—everywhere, in fact, where the pests are found—and they will soon disappear.

An excellent boot-polish can be made by mixing ordinary cake-black with milk. This renders leather soft and pliable, and gives a beautiful polish.

To Distinguish Cotton from Linen—To distinguish cotton from linen when you are choosing handkerchiefs, moisten the tip of a finger and place it on the handkerchief. If it is wet through at once it is linen, but if cotton be present in its manufacture it will take some seconds to penetrate the threads. In linen the threads are less even than in cotton.

HER INSPIRATION YET LIVES

Well-known Writer's Reference to His Wife's Death.

Jacob A. Riis, well known as a frequent contributor to the pages of the New York Outlook, recently had the misfortune to lose his wife. Since then he has been overwhelmed with messages of sympathy from Outlook readers. His reply to these messages, published in a recent number of the Outlook, is one of the most beautiful things we have ever read.

"So many friends have written to me and mine words of love and sympathy and of tender appreciation of her whom every one loved, as truly she gave of her full heart to all God's children that I am," says Mr. Riis, "constrained to ask you for space to thank them here, since to write to them all in reply is not possible. I do thank them from the bottom of my heart, for myself and for my children. It does help to feel that we are kin, and that brotherly love is not a phrase but a warm and throbbing fact."

"They ask, many of them, what am I going to do now that she who was my inspiration of it, all is gone? But she is not gone. If in my soul I believed that, I should be desolate indeed. It is only that the river separates us once more as when we were children. I know as well as I knew then that she is in the garden just beyond where all her summers are beautiful now, and that she is waiting for me there."

"So I shall seek the path to that garden till I find it. I am once more where I dreamed as a boy, and I know that I shall wake, as I did then, and find the truth unspeakably fairer than any dream. Nor do I fear to miss the way, for our Lord Himself has chartered it so that I can not go wrong. 'I am the way,' He said. She went trustfully across the river with Him, and was not afraid."

"So why should I be? I shall be lonesome, yes! God knows how lonesome. But I have the sweet memories of the thirty happy years we walked together here, and what are a few years of loneliness to the eternity of joy ahead where hearts are never wrong in parting? And I shall not be idle. I shall be doing what she would have me do, and in it all, as you see, she will yet be the inspiration, as she was all the years that are gone."

She was a very polite young lady, and had invited a few friends to tea, among the number being a very eligible, but modest, young man. She devoted all her attention to the wants of her guests, and, indeed, seemed rather attentive to their needs. The climax was reached, however, when, with her most winning smile, she addressed herself to the bashful young man—"Dear Mr. M—please do allow me to press you to a jelly."

LEPER OUTSIDE THE GATE

THE CRY FOR MERCY HEARD AT JERUSALEM.

Unchanged Feature in Old Palestine—The Unconvinced Visitor.

In the outskirts of Jerusalem, writes Col. Henry Knollys, in Blackwood's, I was beset by cries from a knot of about ten dreadful-looking mendicants. "Lepers," said my dragoman with a shudder, but hurling at them a few coins. "Don't go near them; the danger of infection is great." They bore the closest resemblance to the lepers of Robben Island, near Cape Town—the same type of wasting away of cartilage, of exudation of serum from the rotted fingers, of the corrosion and drawing up of the upper and lower extremities, the dwindlings of bones to shapeless stumps, hands nearly dropping off above the wrist, and feet falling away from the ankles—the living death of the entire corporeal being, the nadir of all that is loathsome and terrible; but I scanned them in vain for the Bible diagnosis of the disease—for the Miriam, the Naaman, and for the Gehazi, "a leper as white as snow." I am therefore fortified by the opinions enunciated by the highest authorities in South Africa, that this type of leprosy is not infectious, is not even contagious by occasional contact, but undoubtedly is communicable by incessant, careless association with the afflicted, and most of all, it is hereditary. I fearlessly approach close up and say a few words to these unhappy lepers, crying aloud to me to "have mercy" on them. I drop my coins into their distorted hands, and in order to testify practically to my disbelief in risk, I lay a finger on their withered wrists. They are silent with astonishment, my dragoman is sick with disgust, and I—well, thus far, I am not a leper.

"IF I FORGET THEE."

One pathetic and picturesque sight—only one—did I discover during my explorations—the wailing place of the Jews. At the base of a wall adjacent to the Old Temple enclosure where vast blocks, bearing all the evidences of antiquity and in places disintegrated and weather-beaten, yet remain on the whole intact, are assembled at certain hours on stated days, a large number of Jewish mourners, many of them barefooted, men and women of a better type than the usual city rascals. They lean against the stones, they kiss the crumbling stones; their eyes are suffused with bitter tears, they beat their breasts, they moan in low tones their sorrow, they wail aloud their lamentations for the vanished glories of their country and for the present degradation of their country. Each individual seems passionately to invoke the curse, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning."

During my last day's sojourn at Jerusalem I went through a recapitulation of my visits to sacred sites which have been besmirched by the machinations of a sacerdotalism, alternately splendid with pomp and subtle with intrigue. With the Bible record in my hand—without irreverence I venture to declare it unsurpassed as a guide book—I again took myself to the spots one would fain reverse, and I again strove to arouse some enthusiasm, or at least some awe and gratitude. In vain—the falsehoods and follies are too flagrant; and as I pace the "Via Dolorosa," I am only saved from anger by contempt. Fourteen stations of the cross are indicated with the precision of a hair's breadth, and are commemorated with inscriptions which

CARRY NO CONVICTION.

To take a few haphazard. We have the spot where the cross was put on the shoulders of our Saviour; where He met His mother; where Simon of Cyrene was impressed to bear the cross; where Christ again sank under the weight—although an earlier station affirms He had been already relieved of it; where He was stripped, and where St. Veronica wiped the sweat from His brow. Trace line by line the contemporaneous record untainted by legend, and which alone is uncorrupted by the uncertain voice of tradition. I find not one syllable in support of several alleged incidents interpolated by a posthumous plagiarism, and I fail to find evidence which can localize some of the principal events which undoubtedly occurred. It is difficult to realize that even the present "Via Dolorosa," the route trod by Christ on His way to the crucifixion, was not expressly mentioned until the sixteenth century. Discussing with a devout Roman Catholic at Jerusalem the glaring falsehood of the legends, he fully pleaded to the charge, but his defence was—"Were we to admit to the uneducated the slightest doubt concerning the most unimportant of the traditions, we might sow the seeds of scepticism, so we declare that they are all unquestionably true; and, after all, our falsehoods do no harm."

YET UNCONVINCED.

As a last resource I apply to the Convent of the "Sisters of Zion," into which is built part of the "Ecce Homo" arch, whence, it is said, Pilate showed our Saviour, to the populace. As a matter of fact it is all probability the remains of a Roman triumphal arch of the time of Hadrian. The lady who conducted me over the building was not only well-informed and well-educated, but was distinguished by certain charac-

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teristics of manner which belong only to the higher stratum of social life. I addressed her: "I am neither a scoffer nor a sceptic; I wish to be persuaded of the authenticity of the sites of the most momentous events of our Saviour's life. Will you please persuade me?" "Certainly," she eagerly answered, "and I am sure I shall succeed. This stone on which you are standing was once trod by Christ's feet: From that arch the Roman Governor exclaimed to the mob, 'Behold the Man!' This slab"—it was barely twenty yards off—"was the place where He sank for the first time under the cross."

"Stop," said I, interrupting her torrent of emotional eloquence, "this is not persuading, this is merely stating. Where is the authority and the evidence?" "Authority?" she hotly replied, "the authority of holy tradition. Evidence? Do you require mathematical proof ere you will believe in religion. Come," she said, rapidly leading me to the roof, and vehement with all the intrepidity of error, "and I will point out to you every point marking Christ's crucifixion." Jerusalem lay spread at our feet almost as clearly as though we had been "set on a pinnacle of the temple." "There," she indicated, "is where He met His mother. 'That incident is not recorded in the Bible' I observed. 'There He sank for the seventh time.' 'I do not read in the Bible that He sank either once or seven times.' 'If He did not sink seven times, He certainly sank three. There St. Veronica'— 'The Bible says not a word about St. Veronica.'"

THE FINAL PROOF.

"Oh, the Bible, the Bible," she answered, out of all patience; "you cannot get beyond the Bible. Do you not believe in Holy Tradition and the Holy Fathers?" "No," I said sturdily, "I don't, and I don't believe in the statement that the dent in the stone in the Church of the Ascension was caused by our Saviour's foot." "Well, why not?" she said fiercely; "don't you believe in miracles? But I can show you one proof which you can only reject if you think yourself wiser than antiquarians, geologists and other men of science. It is established that these square stones which are built into these columns must have been placed in situation at least as far back as the Christian era, thus establishing the truth of what I have been telling you."

By now our bickering had become so sharp that I considered it judicious to ignore her non sequitur. So I thanked the lady for her guidance, and made my small present to the convent funds. Apparently surprised at the gift from such a son of Belial, she murmured a word of apology, and my reply may make clear to the reader the position of a fair-minded investigator. "My honored lady, forgive me if I have caused you to wax wroth. Need faith be sundered from intellect? You and I have enjoined to love, not only with heart and soul, but also with mind. I am disobeying the latter point if I do not exercise my reason. I did but ask you to help me; you surely do not think my efforts evil?" And she burst forth with surprised emotion: "God bless you, you are in the right path; go on; you must succeed at last." I forbore to indicate how paradoxical was her counsel; and we parted smilingly, almost affectionately.

FINAL IMPRESSIONS.

In the sense of general historical interest, Jerusalem with its environs is absolutely unequalled. The Mount of Olives, and Mount Zion, Kedron and Hinnom, Gethsemane and Siloam, Bethany, and Bethlehem, every hill and every vale, are all teeming with the association of events far more momentous and sacred than any others recorded in the world's history. Their exploration will amply repay every student of the Bible, and every educated traveller. If, in addition, he has both time and patience to carry his investigations beneath the modern superincumbent mass of rubble and decay, he will be rewarded by greatly increased interest. But to those whose main object is to intensify religious emotions by realizing details, I would say, "On the whole, better not go." The combinations of wild superstition and formalism leave impressions the reverse of pleasant. The depth of individual faith will not be deepened. The beauty of our Saviour's life and the suffering of His death, His mercies, and His miracles, will not be rendered more vivid to you by a pilgrimage to spots which are not only disfigured by filth and changed beyond recognition by time, but which are either very uncertain or palpably false; by being nauseated by silly traditions and worse than silly fables; by

For its Absolute
Purity and
Delicious Flavor

lingering in a tiny rectangle, such as children use in make-believe play, into which are huddled perhaps a dozen historic events, where the garden of Christ's tomb is the size of a small room, and where Golgotha is on first floor, first turning to right." Christmas Day and Good Friday records will sound more solemn, and true if you dismiss your attempted verifications and your realizations of odious sights, and revert to the more accurate pictures of your imagination.

TROLLEY UNDER CHANNEL.

The Tunnel Project Has Been Revived.

The close agreement which has been reached between Great Britain and France and the establishment of an entente cordiale has revived the idea of the building of a tunnel under the English Channel. M. Bretton, the engineer who had charge of the operations on the French side of the Channel, and subsequently paid a visit to the works at Sangatte, about seven miles on the coast west of Calais, under the shelter of Cape Blanc Nez, states that a strong effort is being made to open work again. The French Channel tunnel works are on a scale which quite put into the shade the Channel tunnel works at the foot of Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover. The tunnel on the French side is constructed for about three-quarters of a mile under the sea in the grey chalk formation, and, except that water has been allowed to accumulate from the "weeping" of the unprotected strata, the tunnel is in practically the same condition as when the work was stopped some years ago. This is also the case with the tunnel heading at Dover, which runs about a mile to sea. M. Bretton said that it is proposed to make a double line through the tunnel, and the distance would be covered in at out half-an-hour, electricity being the motive power. The tunnel could be driven at fifty feet a day and could be completed in from three to five years, according to circumstances. From the engineering point of view, M. Bretton thought the construction of a Channel tunnel would be comparatively simple.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure Hot Weather Ailments and Summer Complaints.

In the hot weather the little ones suffer from stomach and bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Their vitality is lower now than at any other season. Prompt action at this time saves a precious little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for little ones. They speedily relieve, promptly cure and give sound refreshing sleep. And they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmful drugs. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm, and no home should be without the Tablets, especially during the hot weather months, when dangerous troubles come suddenly and almost unperceived. Mrs. Adam Martineau, Cheltenham, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea and stomach troubles and always with the most perfect success. They are better than any other medicine I know of." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that every box bears the name: "Baby's Own Tablets," and the picture of a four-leaf clover on the wrapper. Anything else is an imitation.

HE WOULDN'T SELL.

The owner of a small country estate decided to sell his property, and consulted an estate agent in the nearest town about the matter. After visiting the place the agent wrote a description of it, and submitted it to his client for approval.

"Read that again," said the owner, closing his eyes and leaning back in his chair contentedly. "After the second reading he was silent a few moments, and then said thoughtfully, 'I don't think I'll sell I've been looking for that kind of place all my life, but until you read that description I didn't know I had it! No, I won't sell now.'"

Doctor—"My practice has now doubled." Friend—"So you have at last, then, your second patient?"

Jenkins—"Hobson must be dreadfully hard up just now. He has been at me three times this week asking me to return the five dollars he lent me six months ago."

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

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should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller doses and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

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The Watchman

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1905.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

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

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A RECORD HARVEST.

All signs point to the gathering of a record grain crop in Manitoba and the Territories this year. Prof. Wm. Saunders, director of the Dominion Experimental Farms, who is in the West watching the progress of the ripening, last Friday wired the Agricultural Department, Ottawa, as follows:

Have seen a very large area of wheat in Eastern Assinibois, and never saw crops average heavier or more promising. There is very little lodging, otherwise the grain stands well. Heads medium large and well filled. Excellent ripening weather. If present weather continues, cutting will begin in a week or ten days. Some red rust on leaves, mostly slight. Crops at experimental farm, Indian Head, are excellent, first fields of barley being out to-day.

Dr. Saunders is proverbially cautious and his statement must be regarded as under rather than above what the facts justify. He would rather that when the grain is threshed the yield should be found to be above his estimate than below it.

The Merchants Bank of Canada, Montreal, received the following report from their Winnipeg manager:

"Conditions up to date are very satisfactory, and there is no report so far of damage from any cause."

Harvesting will be general about the 23rd of this month. Subjoined is the report of the Winnipeg sub-section, Bankers' Association, of conditions up to 21st July, based on returns from 150 places in Manitoba and the Territories:

Average yield per acre—		
Manitoba, Territories.		
	Bushels.	Bushels.
Wheat.....	23 39	27 71
Barley.....	35 79	37 27
Oats.....	48 57	54 37

The estimated area under crop in Manitoba and the North-west Territories is:

	1904	1905
	Acres	Acres
Wheat.....	3,420,400	4,019,000
Oats.....	1,206,000	1,423,000
Barley.....	392,600	433,800
	5,019,000	5,885,800

	1904	1905
	Acres	Bushels
Manitoba.....	2,643,588	61,569,184
N. W. T.....	1,376,412	33,112,686
	4,019,000	99,681,830

At a very conservative estimate the value of the above yields to the farmers of Manitoba and the Territories is over 100,000,000. Add to this the value of other crops, cattle and horses and it will be seen that the western settlers are certain of a Merry Christmas this year provided that no untimely frost or storm strikes the crop before it is safely harvested. Dr. Saunders, it will be noted, reported favorable ripening conditions prevailing and that the harvest would be well begun by next Monday. Another fortnight of good weather and the danger will be past and the husbandmen will rejoice according to the joy of harvest. Till then all Canadians will watch with deep interest the weather reports from the West.

PEACE TERMS.

The Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries have been in Conference at Portsmouth, N.H., since Tuesday of last week and substantial progress has been made in the negotiations though it is by no means

certain that the end will be peace. The demands of Japan were submitted at the second sitting of the conference. They are twelve in number as follows:

- 1 Recognition of Japan's preponderance of influence in Corea.
 - 2 Cession of the Russian-Chinese Railway from Port Arthur to Harbin.
 - 3 Transfer of authority over Port Arthur and the Liaoting Peninsula.
 - 4 Cession of Sakhalin Island.
 - 5 Grant of fishing privileges at the mouth of the Amur.
 - 6 Recognition of the independence of China.
 - 7 The evacuation of Manchuria.
 - 8 The granting of Commercial privileges at Vladivostok.
 - 9 Grant of the leased ships.
 - 10 Limitation of Russia's naval strength in the Far East.
 - 11 Remuneration for the cost of the war.
 - 12 Return to China of Russian mining privileges in Manchuria.
- Demands numbered 1, 7, 6 and 3 have been agreed to by both parties, but serious difference are known to exist over numbers 4 and 11 which involve the surrender of territory and the payment of a money indemnity. Russia, it is said, is resolutely opposed to these demands, while Japan insists that Sakhalin Island which it has captured shall be retained and remuneration be given for the cost of the war. Outside of Russia these demands are not thought to be unreasonable. In the matter of Sakhalin it is pointed out that the island originally belonged to Japan and was surrendered to Russia because the Mikado was too weak to resist, and is again in possession of Japan by conquest. Then, too, it is a very common thing for a beaten foe to cede territory to the victor and pay a money indemnity. France ceded the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine and paid Germany one billion dollars indemnity in 1870 to secure peace. Russia may yet come to time and accept Japan's present terms. If not she may fight a while longer and pay a heavier penalty in the end.

HARVESTING THE WHEAT CROP OF THE GREAT WEST.

Latest advices from Winnipeg state that the wheat crop of Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest will exceed all previous seasons. A great number of Eastern laborers will be required to assist at harvesting, and farm laborers' excursions will be run from all points.

Farm laborers excursions will be run from all stations in the Province of Quebec.

Tickets will be sold to female as well as to male laborers, but will not be sold at half rate to children. At Winnipeg the special trains will be met by farmers and by representatives of the Manitoba Government. Laborers may engage with them at Winnipeg, and the ticket agent will issue free ticket from Winnipeg to C. P. R. Station where he has engaged to work.

After a laborer has worked for at least thirty days, and has certificate signed by the farmer with whom he has worked, such certificate will be honored prior to Nov. 30th, for a ticket to return to starting point by same route as on going journey, on payment of \$18.00.

150 lbs baggage, wearing apparel only, will be allowed on each ticket; and each piece of baggage checked should bear the name of the owner, and show their home address. It will be readily understood that some difficulty may be experienced in handling some thousands of pieces of baggage at one station. Therefore, when possible, baggage should be carried in hand grips, which passengers should take in the cars with them.

Further information will be supplied on application to any Canadian Pacific R. Y. ticket agent. Intending excursionists should notify nearest ticket agent at once. See advertisement in another column.

CUSHING.

Miss Emma Kerr of Morin Flats, is visiting her friends in this vicinity.

Miss Bessie Gotto of Montreal, is a guest of her friend Miss Grace Fraser at the Manse.

Miss Mary Saltmarsh of Concord, N.H., is here on a visit to her grandmother, Mrs. E. Wheelahan.

Mrs. T. McCluskey and Mr. Roy Cooke of Lost River, spent Sunday here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cooke.

Mrs. D. McMillan of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. A. McMillan of Grenville, & Mrs. and Miss Duff of Quebec, were guests at the Manse last week.

Mr. J. Brisbois, an aged and respected resident of Greece's Point, expired suddenly on Sunday evening and his funeral took place on Tuesday morning at St. Philippe.

On Friday evening of this week, Aug. 18th, a parlor and lawn social will be held at St. Mungo's Manse. Admission 25c., children 15c. Object—the roofing of the Manse. Home made candy for sale.

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—The farm of W. S. Armstrong, formerly owned by the late Charles Miller, within a few acres of St. Hermas Station. Good brick house and outbuildings (new), well watered, good sugar bush. Will sell farm stock, machinery, etc., or will sell farm with or without crop. Terms made known upon application to

W. S. Armstrong, St. Hermas Station.

FARM FOR SALE.

A good first-class farm in Bethany, containing 82½ acres of land, well tilled, solid brick house, outbuildings in good order, good spring and the best of water, near to church, post office, and factory. Will be sold on terms to suit purchaser. For particulars apply to the proprietor

MRS. G. DOUGLAS, Bethany.

INSOLVENT NOTICE. SUPERIOR COURT

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 121
District of Terrebonne
In Re-Cote & Sis,
Ste. Agathe des Monts, Que.
Insolvents.

The undersigned duly authorized by a judgment of the Superior Court for the District of Terrebonne, will sell by public auction, at the Catholic parochial Church door at St. Agathe des Monts.

THURSDAY, Sept. 14, at 2 o'clock
The immovable properties hereunder described, to wit:

As belonging to the firm COTE & FILS

1 Three lots of land known and designated on the plan and in the book of reference for the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts, under numbers thirty-five, thirty-six and thirty-seven of the tenth range of township of Moin, with buildings and improvements thereon erected.

2 A lot of land situate at Ste. Agathe des Monts and being part of lot known and designated under number fourteen of the fourth range of the township of Beresford containing four rols frontage by the depth there may be from the King's highway to the "Lac des Sables" bounded on one side by Pierre Casimir Bohemier and on the other side by Joseph St. Amour, with buildings thereon erected.

3 Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated on the said plan and in the said book of reference under number one of the subdivision (if the number twelve A of the fourth range of the Township of Beresford bounded in front by St. Joseph Street.

AS BELONGING TO EUCLIDE COTE.

1 A lot of land situate in the village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, measuring sixty six feet frontage by a depth of one hundred feet, English measure, and more or less, bounded in front by a projected street, in depth by Andre Groulx or representatives, on one side by Charles Lalier or representatives, and on the other side by another projected street, without buildings, the said lot of land known and designated as being part of number eleven A of the fourth range of the township of Beresford.

2 Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated on the official plan and in the Book of Reference for the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts, as being part of the number eleven A of the fourth range of the township of Beresford described as follows:—beginning at the intersection point formed by the South-East line of the land of the Honourable Raymond Prefontaine or representatives and the western line of the land of P. C. Bohemier or representatives, thence North-easterly along this line the distance of eighty-one feet, thence North-westerly the distance of one hundred feet to a projected street of forty-five feet wide, being the continuation of David Street, thence South-westerly the distance of seventy-five feet along the eastern side of this street, thence South-Easterly the distance of one hundred feet to the place of beginning, the whole English measure and without guarantee as to superficies, as the whole appears, appurtenances and dependencies; the said land is bounded on the South-West by the land of Andre Groulx or representatives, on the East by that of P. C. Bohemier or representatives, on West by said projected David Street and on the North-West by the land of the Honourable Raymond Prefontaine or representative.

Another lot of land situate at the same place, known and designated on the official plan and in the Book of Reference for the parish of St. Agathe des Monts as being part of number eleven A of the fourth range of the township of Beresford and described as follows: beginning at the North East corner of another lot of land of said Euclid Cote, thence North-Easterly along the division line between the land to be sold and that of P. C. Bohemier or representative the distance of eighty-one feet, thence North-Westerly the distance of one hundred feet to a projected street, that is the continuation of David Street, thence South-Westerly the distance of seventy-five feet along the eastern side of that street, thence South-Easterly the distance of one hundred feet to the place of beginning; the whole English measure and without guarantee as to measurement; bounded on the South-West by another land of said Euclid Cote, on the East by the land of P. C. Bohemier or representative, on the West by said David Street and on the North-East by the land of Lisie Deschamps or representative.

The said sale to be made in conformity to the conditions of the sale and list of charges prepared by the Curators and deposited in their office.

For further information, apply to
LAMARCHE & BENOIT
Joint Curators, 2 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

To Builders.

Are you in need of building material, such as Fire Bricks, Fire Clay, Drain Pipes, Farm Tiles, Block, Portland Cement, Plaster Board, Chimney Linings, Laths, Plaster Paris, Asbestos, Etc., Etc.

Ring up Telephone 29, for whatever you may require.

J. W. Cottingham

Store & Farm For Sale.

Farm comprises 150 acres, 90 of which is under cultivation and 60 in valuable timber land. Sugar bush of about 1000 trees, convenient to residence and well equipped. Good new house, well finished and heated by furnace, and water in the house and barn. The general Store and Post Office adjoin the house. There is also a fine orchard with about 100 trees bearing. Churches, blacksmith shop and schoolhouse all in sight. The country round admits of a fine growing business. For further particulars apply to

JOHN WESTGATE,
Mills Isle, P.Q.

CASTORIA
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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.

Summer Underwear, Hosiery, Etc.

Men's Underwear in Cashmere, Union, Balbriggan and Cotton from sizes 36 in. to 44 in. Men's ½ hose in Wool, Cashmere and Cotton. White and Colored Shirts soft and stiff bosoms, Collars, Ties, etc., (Tooke's make.)

Ladies, Misses and Childs' Cotton Vests with Straps, Sleeves, Short Sleeves, etc., Bleached and white.

Ladies, Misses & Childs' Hose in Lisle Thread, Cashmere and Cotton, plain and ribs, all prices.

H. J. Giles & Bro.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

PISO'S CURE FOR
THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
CONSUMPTION

Crude
Thoughts
As They
Fall
From the
Editorial
Pen:—
Pleasant
Evening
Reveries.

Home Circle Depart- ment.

A Column
Dedicated
to Tired
Mothers
As They
Join the
Home
Circle at
Evening
Tide.

"Home's not merely four square walls
Though with pictures hang a glide
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath
builted!

Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sitting neath the beaver above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love
us!

"Home's not merely roof and room
It needs something to endear it:
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to
cheer it!

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome none to greet us?
Home is sweet,—and only sweet,—
Where there's one we love to meet
us!"

MARRIAGE is only beautiful moral
or holy while love rivets the hearts
and peace and harmony broods over
the hearthstone.

THE best trained teachers can never
relieve the parent of the grave responsi-
bility and God-given privileges of
being the spiritual guide of the child.

NOTHING permanent was ever gained
in business, friendship or love by
insincerity of word or act.

"THE hand that rocks the cradle
rules the world." This is a saying as
old as the hills, but were it true our
great men in our great cities would
not be on trial and sent to prison pens
for "boodle" and "graft." When
the hand that rocks the cradle rules
the world there will be a school-
house on every hill top and no saloon
in the valley.

It is a fact which mathematics cannot
explain, that the more affection
we leave at home the more we carry
with us.

TRUE religion sweetens, strengthens,
devotes and ennobles home life.
It pushes back the horizon of exis-
tence and makes one to live in a
larger world.

A HAPPY home does not result from
a large income. A large amount of
love, plenty of good sense and a very
little money will make a happy Home
Circle.

DUTY OF OUR CHILDREN.

WE have not done our duty by our
children until we have done our ut-
most to surround them with the best
moral influences, to strengthen them
with highest religious instructions
within our power and to lead them
on lines that are vitalizing by going
that way ourselves. Moral's are pec-
uliarly contagious. Life is communi-
cated by life; sincerity and simplicity
are not transmitted by precept but
by example. "Whisper the word of
God to the child," said Jean Paul
Richter, "in the presence of the sub-
lime and the majestic." In the pre-
sence of things calm and soothing,"
said George MacDonald, and we would
add, "In the presence of the beauti-
ful, the familiar graces, homely sanc-
tities, the pansy, the swallow, the
purring cat, the faithful dog the gen-
tle horse, the sleeping babe, a father's
hug and a mother's kiss."

LIKE MOTHER LIKE CHILD.

CHILDREN are very observant and
even the tiny little ones notice the
difference between the smile and the
frown on the parent's face. Year by
year, as children grow older, and the
souls, minds and hearts begin to ex-
pand under the influence of the en-
vironments sensitive children usually
cultivate, unconsciously the mother's
disposition. The child will be sad and
melancholy if the mother sighs and
complains. If the child is independent
and self-reliant often under such cir-
cumstances it will become stubborn
and defiant. When the child leaves
the childhood behind and becomes a
young man or woman then the evil
effects of the sad mother becomes still
more apparent. "Mother is blue and
home is a gloomy place" & the young
people seek their amusement else-
where. And then the mother becomes
blue indeed, because she cannot con-
trol the family and they do not enjoy
the home. The sad mother has a de-
pressing influence on the home. She
comes to the breakfast table sighing;
the family hurry through the meal &
all seem relieved when it is finished.
The household tasks are taken up with
a heavy spirit and the whole house
has a funeral like appearance. The
gloomy complaining woman has few
friends and spends much of her time
alone; there is an estrangement be-
tween herself and the other members
of the family; her children seek bright-
er and more congenial friends and the
confidence and companionship that
should have been her's, are given to
others. Mothers have heavy burdens
but they are committing a great
wrong when they allow these burdens
to shadow the lives of the members of
their families.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 120
District of Terrebonne }

In Re MOISE COTE,
Ste. Agathe des Monts, Prov. Que.
Insolvent.

The undersigned thereto authorized by a
judgment of the Superior Court for the
District of Terrebonne, will sell by Public
auction, at the Catholic Parochial Church
door of Ste. Agathe des Monts,

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, '05, at 2 p.m.

The immovable properties hereunder de-
scribed, to wit:

1. A piece of land situate at Ste. Agathe
des Monts, bounded to the front by the
Canadian Pacific Railway Company, to the
other end by the "Riviere du Nord," on
one side by Jean Baptiste Mcheaville and
on the other side by Francois Xavier Mo-
nette, known and designated on the official
plan and in the Book of Reference of the
Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts as being a
part of lot No. 37 of the eleventh range of
the township of Morin, with a saw-mill
and other buildings and dependencies there-
on erected and with a right of way on foot
or in a carriage, to communicate from the
King's high-way to the road already exist-
ing, which way or passage must be twenty
feet wide.

2. The lots bearing the numbers one B two
B and three B (1b.-2b.-3b.) of the third
range of the township of Dugas, on the
official Plan and in the Book of Reference
of the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts,
with buildings thereon erected.

3. A lot of land situate in the village of
Ste. Agathe des Monts, to be taken and de-
tached from and on the number eleven A
(11a) of the fourth range of the Township
of Beresford, measuring forty feet in front
by ninety-seven feet in depth, English mea-
sure and more or less, and being part of lot
known and designated under numbers seven-
ty-six and seventy-seven on the Official Plan
and in the Book of Reference of the Village
of Ste. Agathe des Monts, with a house and
other buildings thereon erected, plus another
strip of land situate in rear of said lot con-
tinuing the Western line of said lot on a
length of thirty-eight feet by a width of
twenty feet, English measure and more or
less, the said strip of land being a part of
the lot number eleven A of the fourth range
of the township of Beresford.

4. A lot of land situate in the village of
Ste. Agathe des Monts, known and designa-
ted on the Official Plan and in the Book of
Reference of the Parish of Ste. Agathe des
Monts, as being a part of lot number eleven
A of the fourth range of the Township of
Beresford described as follows: beginning at
the intersection formed by the Western line
of P. C. Bohemier's land and Prefontaine
Avenue, thence South Westerly along the
Western line of said Bohemier, the distance
of eighty-one feet, thence North Westerly
the distance of one hundred feet to the contin-
uation of David Street, thence North Easterly
along said street the distance of seventy five
feet to said Avenue, thence easterly along
said avenue, to the place of beginning the
distance of one hundred feet, the whole En-
glish measure and more or less without any
guarantee as to superficies, as the whole ap-
pears with appurtenances and dependencies.
This land is bounded to the North-East by
Prefontaine Avenue, to the East by P. C.
Bohemier, to the South East by Isaac Da-
champs, and on the North West by the said
Street.

5. A lot of land known and designated on
the Official Plan and in the Book of Refer-
ence for the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts
as being part of lot number eleven A of the
fourth range of the Township of Beresford
containing one hundred and seventy-eight
feet measure in width on one hundred and
fifteen feet in depth, English measure and
more or less, bounded to the North by Louis
Parent and Frederic David or representa-
tives, to the East by said Frederic David or
representatives, to the South by the School
Commissioners, by one Hoolahan and Clavi-
Beaulieu or representatives, that is to num-
bers seventy-seven and seventy-eight of the
cadastre for the village of Ste. Agathe des
Monts and to part of said lot number seven-
ty-seven belonging to said Moise Cote, and
to the West by another part of said lot num-
ber eleven A, belonging to said Moise Cote,
and to Andre Groulx or representatives
with a small building used as a shed there-
on erected.

The said sale to be made in conformity to
the conditions of the sale and list of charges
prepared by the curators, and deposited in
their office.

For further information, apply to
LAMARCHE & BENOIT,
Joint-Curators, 2 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

CARILLON.

Mr. and Mrs. McRobie of Mon-
treal, are the guests of the latter's
sister, Mrs. E. H. McCoy, "Maple
Cottage."

Mr. G. E. Fuller returned home
on Saturday accompanied by his
son Master Welland.

Mrs. T. McNulty, accompanied
by her daughter Miss Mary, visit-
ed her sister Mrs. J. Bryerton on
Monday last.

Many of the summer boarders
of this vicinity enjoyed a "good
old hay-cart drive" last Monday
evening, most of them being
boarders at Mrs. T. Fagan's.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Dorothy
Luton returned home Monday.

Miss T. Bryerton arrived home
on Saturday last, where she will
spend the half of her holidays,
the remainder of which she in-
tends spending with her sister at
Ste. Agathe.

NABEL.

Miss T. Marshall of Montreal, &
Miss Kate McKenzie visited Mr.
Geo. Clark on Sunday last.

Miss Dolly and Master Percy
Nichol's have returned home sit-
ter a pleasant visit with their
cousins at "Appleton Cottage."

Rev. J. R. Creswell of Lachute
paid a few calls in this neighbor-
hood recently.

Miss M. A. Chambers of St.
Philippe, who has been visiting
friends here recently, spent Wed-
nesday evening with Mrs. Geo.
Clark.

Master Frank Brown of Stone-
field, is the guest of Master Jas.
Warwick at present.

Miss Aggie Morrow of Dale-
ville, was the guest of her sister
Mrs. Jas. Murdock of "Fairview"
lately.

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.*

*A Postal Card will fetch
us to you by address only—*

Hardies' Bakery,
BROWNSBURG.

J. R. McQuat's Adv.

JUST RECEIVED A CAR OF COARSE SALT

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID
FOR WOOL

We have a full stock of Builders Supplies, Roofing, Felt
Building Paper, Nails, Glass, Putty, Door Locks, Hinges,
Pure double boiled and raw linseed oil, Pure white lead,
Floor Paints. The Sherwin Williams Ready mixed Paints.

J. R. McQUAT

Bargains!



Now is the time to buy a Thrashing Mill. The J. B. Dore is the
best make. We are offering bargains in all other machinery and sup-
plies, so when you are needing anything in that line, just call on

H. A. Blair.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Now is Your Time

TO SECURE YOUR PICK FROM THE



LARGEST STOCK of CARPETS and LINOLUMS
between Montreal and Ottawa. We are direct importers
from Great Britain and can give you real bargains in these
lines. We have them in Axminster, Brussels with borders
to match, Tapestry, Wool and Union.

Linoleums in 1, 2 and 4 yds. wide. Quality 1st, 2nd and
3rd. Remember these are not Canadian Goods, but are
well seasoned and will wear twice as long as other goods.

Ready-made Clothing for men and boys. Ladies' Ready-
to-wear goods, Suits, Skirts, Blouses, & Shirt Waist Suits.

Lachute's Bargain Centre.

Our Stock in Furniture

Was never as complete as it is now,
and our prices as low

10, 15 and 20 p.c. discount on

Baby Carriages and Go-Carts,

We have a very large assortment of
Parlor Suites from \$20.00 to \$65.00
also Bed Room Suites, Dining Suites,
Sideboard, Extension Tables, Chairs,
Parlor Tables, Oak Morris Chairs, La-
dies' Desks, & Secretaries, Roll Top
Desks, Springs & Mattresses, Pictures,
Paper Racks, etc. We also frame
pictures, and are agents for the fa-
mous Ostermoor Elastic Felt, Mattres-
es, & Hercules Springs. We solicit a
call from you before buying elsewhere
and convince yourself.



Lachute Furniture Factory

His Favorite Niece;

OR A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XLV.

As he passed quickly through one of the side-halls of Brentwood, Sir Basil caught a glimpse of his face in a mirror, and started back, almost frightened, by his own reflection. Was that haggard face his? He stood still for a few minutes before he went to the library, to endeavor to collect himself, to drive the weird shadows from his face and eyes, to clear his brain. Then, when he was in some measure himself, he went at once to the room where the general awaited him.

Sir Arthur was alone, and so pre-occupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice the pallor and agitation of Leah's lover. He shook hands with him, and welcomed him home most heartily.

"I am glad to see you, Basil," he said. "I assure you that some of us have found the past ten days very long ones. We have had a very unpleasant, anxious time of it since we parted. I am thankful it is over. There remains a duty perhaps even more disagreeable, and that is to tell you a story which I would fain have buried in oblivion."

"A story!" repeated Sir Basil. This, then, was what Hettie meant when she said "they" had something to tell him.

"You will always remember, Basil, that it is I who have kept this secret from you. It was by my desire, my wish that nothing was said. Leah would have had it otherwise, if I had let her have her own way. The fault, if there be any fault, lies with me. You can judge when I have told you. Let me add this—if anything which I tell you should be adverse to your tastes and opinions, you are as free as air, Leah would not bind you. You have but to say the word."

"Nothing can free me from Leah," he said; and, Sir Arthur, in his satisfaction at the words, did not notice the tone of the speaker's voice.

"Thank Heaven for that! Now listen to my story, Basil. I will begin from my earliest recollection of the one being I loved then better than the whole world—my little sister."

He did not think it strange that Sir Basil turned his face to the window, so that no change passing over it could be seen.

At first Sir Basil seemed hardly to realize the words he heard—they passed over him as it were; then they began to strike on his brain. Some faint glimmer of the truth came to him when the name of Martin Ray—enough to turn him faint and dizzy, to make his heart beat wildly.

He never forgot that hour. From the window he saw the sunshine on the distant hills and woods, on the bare branches of the trees, on the white stone terraces and the evergreens; a little robin redbreast flew up and down; the wind blew the brown branches of a dead guelder-rose against the window-panes. He never forgot one detail.

The general's voice went on in dull monotone; and presently Sir Basil's attention was caught and riveted by the names of Leah and Hettie, the two fair sisters. He listened intently as the general told him, with some dramatic skill, the story of the choice they made. He was back again with Martin Ray in fancy, listening to this same relation, but told in so different a fashion; and he remembered with a bitter pang that when Martin Ray recited the story he (Sir Basil) had condemned Leah—he had judged her cold and selfish; he had admired Hettie, the daughter who clung to her father, a thousand times more than her who had left him. And now the girl whom in his own mind he had considered selfish and heartless was she whom he was to make his wife. He blamed himself that he had not discovered the truth; it all seemed now so easy to understand. He could not even imagine how he had been so blind, save that it had never occurred to him to connect Martin Ray and his family with the general's household.

While these thoughts ran riot through his brain, the general went on with his story, and Sir Basil listened in silence to the end.

It was true then; he the most unfortunate of men, stood between these two loving sisters. He loved one with his whole heart, and he was bound in honor to marry the other, and both loved him. Was there ever such a misfortune, such a fate? He was silent from sheer excess of despair. Who could have thought that the beautiful, queenly woman and the fair, winsome girl were sisters—one the very queen of beauty and fashion, the other earning her living and supporting her father by teaching? Fate must have been laughing at them when it led him to Southwood.

The general wondered at his silence and, when he had finished his story, waited for his young companion to

speak. Still, Sir Basil sat with his face to the window, silent and still. "You will understand," said Sir Arthur, "that it was no question of social inequality. If my sister had married one greatly her inferior in rank, and he had been a loyal honest man, I should have respected him; but a man like Martin Ray I could not tolerate. There is no use in speaking ill of the dead; but my sister would never have written to me without due reason to ask me to save her children. However it may be, whether I did right or wrong, it cannot be altered now. If you find any reason, Basil, in what I have told you for bringing your engagement to an end, you will be justified in doing so."

The general was struck by the pain and the pallor of the face turned to him.

"I do not complain," said Sir Basil, "though I wish that I had known the truth from the first. I understand your motives and respect them. I, in your place, should probably have done the same thing; but I think better of Martin Ray than you do; and the fact that he was the father of the girl I loved would never have made the slightest difference to me. I hope you will not be annoyed when I say that Martin Ray's daughters would have been the same to me as daughters of your own."

"I am delighted to hear it," returned Sir Arthur. "Affairs have changed considerably of late years. Martin has been like a lion with his teeth drawn; but, when my poor sister ran away with him, he was a power in the land."

Sir Basil was thinking deeply. He decided that it would be much better for him not to mention that he had ever seen or known Martin Ray—much better that the whole sad story should be buried and done with forever. Yet, as he framed these thoughts, he was dazed and blind with his great misery. What manner of life lay before him—loving one sister, marrying the other, and the one he loved always near him?

CHAPTER XLVI.

Leah had been terribly shocked at finding Hettie lying unconscious on the ground. While she had been talking to Sir Arthur in the library, one of the men-servants, who had been told to watch for Sir Basil's arrival, had come to say that he had arrived, and the general had at once sent for him.

"I will leave you, uncle," she said. "You will be more at ease if I am not here."

She went up to him before she quitted the room, and put one arm round his neck, half hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Uncle," she whispered, "you do not really think that what you have to say will make any difference as regards Basil, do you?"

With one hand she clutched the lace on her bosom, and he saw that her very soul was on her lips. How well she loved Sir Basil, this beautiful niece of his!

"I am quite sure not," he replied. "You may rest happy, content, and assured. I know him so well. I think myself that he rather believes a rabid politician to be a great patriot. You need not have the shadow of a fear, Leah."

"I shall know," said the girl, "by my first glance at his face whether the story has vexed him or not. If I thought that it would, or that his love for me would grow less, I should die now and here."

"Have no fear, Leah; trust to me."

She quitted the room, and went back to the terrace where she had left Hettie. No tall figure stood by the balustrade; but she saw an inanimate form stretched on the ground. Full of alarm she hastened to the spot. It was Hettie, white, cold, senseless, her golden hair lying like a veil over her shoulders—Hettie, whom she had left so short a time before well and smiling! What was wrong? She raised the golden head and looked into the white face. Was it death? Was it sudden illness? In a paroxysm of terror she kissed the sweet face. "Some one has broken her heart," thought Leah. She remembered the pathetic little love-story her sister had told her. It was that had caused her to faint. Finding it impossible to restore her to consciousness Leah summoned aid, and Hettie was carried to her room.

There was a look of intense pain in the blue eyes when they unclosed at last, and when they rested on Leah a cry escaped her. She opened her arms and folded her in them. "Leah! Leah!" she cried; and then she checked herself. She must not betray her secret. Leah must not know that her lover had swerved, even though unconsciously. She must not stand like a shadow between Leah and the full sunshine and gladness of her love.

gave one great bound of relief, which was quickly followed by a smart of pain. There was no trace of anger or annoyance on the face she loved so well, but there was unutterable pain.

"Basil," she said, "my uncle has told you all. Has it vexed or grieved you?"

He gazed at her with a vacant wonder in his eyes, and then came a gleam of recollection.

"It can never be," she thought, "that he has forgotten so momentous a conversation."

"Grieved me? No, Leah, not in the least." The pathos of her face troubled him. "It has neither grieved nor vexed me in the least. I assure you honestly that I shall not be ashamed of the whole world's knowing that I married the daughter of Martin Ray. After all, though some of his ideas were strangely mistaken, he was a patriot at heart, was he not, Leah?"

"Do not ask me," she cried, with a shudder. Even to her lover she could not speak of her father. "My uncle has told you the whole story, and you say that it has not vexed or grieved you, that you do not love me one whit the less for it. Now, grant me one favor, Basil; promise me that you will never speak of my past life to me. It was horrible. I had not, as I grew older, one thought or idea in common with my poor father. I wake now sometimes, heart-sick with horrible dreams, fancying myself once more listening with a rebellious heart to doctrines and teachings I hated. I say no word against my poor father; but I can never bear to think of the past, dream of it, recall it. You know that I am Martin Ray's daughter; you love me none the less for that; I am content. You are very good to me, Basil," she said; "I will try to repay you. My uncle felt sure of your good faith; he understands you well. He told you all about my dear sister." Her face was transfigured in its tenderness as she spoke of Hettie. "You will love her, Basil, I know; she is so fair, so sweet and good. I think her most beautiful, too. But you love dark-haired women best, do you not?"

"I love one dark-haired woman," said Sir Basil. "I shall not plead guilty to more than that."

She laughed the happy, quiet laugh he was not often to hear again, and looked at him with brightening eyes.

"How happy we shall be together!" she said. "I could not have believed that so much happiness existed on earth. Ah! Basil, how much I missed my sister I could never tell you! In spite of all the luxury and magnificence that surrounded me, I was desolate in heart until you came. I have known no desolation since."

He would have given worlds to return her kind, loving words, but he could not. His lips trembled, his voice faltered, as he tried to frame some question about Hettie.

"I was sorry to hear," he said, "that your sister is ill. Is it true?"

"She fainted. I was talking to her on the terrace when my uncle came for me; he wanted to speak to me. I left her well enough. When I went back, she was lying with her face to the ground."

He strangled the bitter cry that rose to his lips.

"She has had a great trouble in her life," said unconscious Leah, "and I am afraid it will be some time before she will get over it."

The words smote him like a blow. It was impossible that she could have told Leah. Yet what did this mean?

"Trouble?" he said. "I am sorry to hear it. What trouble is it?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied, gravely. "I do not know much about it; but it is a sorrow that has spoiled her life, and we must be doubly kind and gentle to her because of it. Out of the greatness of our own happiness we must be most loving to her."

"Heaven be merciful to me!" he cried to himself. "I am sorely tried!"

"I know you will be like a kind elder brother to Hettie; will you not, Basil? And in time I hope she will forget this trouble and love some one very much—some one who will marry her, she is so sweet and beautiful. I look forward to such a happy future, Basil."

"And she shall have one," he vowed to himself. "I would rather die than see her made wretched!" He could not by word or look de-Leah was very loving to her.

"Close your eyes and sleep; you will be better then," she said. "And I want you to come down to dinner; I have a surprise for you."

She little dreamed that it was the "surprise" which had almost killed her sister.

Leah stole away gently then. Her lover would be waiting for her—the lover who now knew her story, and from whose face she would learn at the first glance whether he cared less for her. She went to the library, but it was empty, and a deadly chill made her tremble. Had he resented the disclosure and gone away? She went to the drawing-room. He was not there; but from the window she saw him walking slowly up and down the terrace, his face pale and agitated. Better to know her fate at once. She hastened out to him and touched his arm gently with her hand.

"Basil," she said—and there was a world of piteous entreaty in her voice—"let me see your face."

He turned to her, and her heart

stroy the happiness that shone in Leah's face; yet the other face, more loving, if less fair, was a thousand times dearer to him.

"Hettie will be down to dinner," continued the unconscious girl, "and then I shall introduce the two people I love best to each other. You will be all that is most kind and loving to her, Basil, will you not, for my sake?"

"I will do everything you wish," he replied.

He knew how well she loved him, and he knew also that, if ever she guessed at the truth, her life would end with her happiness. She was looking up at him with glad eyes in which tears were shining.

"I will be so good," she said. "Those whom Heaven blesses should always be good—and Heaven has blessed me. Sometimes I think I might have been selfish had I been less happy."

He could not help thinking how, without knowing that it was her story he had heard, he had judged her selfish.

Strangely enough her thoughts went in the same direction.

"Basil," she said, gently, "there is one more question I should like to ask you—only one. When you heard my story—when you were told of my choice—did you think me selfish? It was as though I had to choose between poverty and wealth, between my love and duty to my father and the luxury of a fashionable life. It was not so. Had my uncle been poor and my father rich, I should have done the same. It was the life sketched out for me that frightened me. Did you think me selfish? Tell me."

He was silent for some minutes. He could not say "No," for had he not already condemned her? He could not say "Yes," because he could not think her.

"I think," he replied, "that the circumstances were unusual, and that no person but yourself can comprehend them."

"Thank you," she said gently. "I wish it were in my power to prove to you now that I am not selfish. I wish there were some grand sacrifice I could make for your sake; you would see that I should embrace it as some would a gain or a pleasure. You would say to yourself then that I was not to be judged by this one action of my life."

"I do not think so now, Leah," he remarked.

"But you would know it then, Basil"—and the light of heroism was on her face as she spoke. "I wish I could prove it. If any one attempted your life, I would cast myself before you and receive the death blow instead."

"No one is likely to put you to the test, dear," he said with a faint laugh.

(To be Continued.)

CHANCES OF MARRYING.

A woman's chance to marry at from fifteen to twenty years of age is said to be 14 per cent. From twenty to twenty-five the chance is increased to 52 per cent.; from twenty-five to thirty it diminishes to 18 per cent.; from thirty to thirty-five it diminishes to 15 per cent. From thirty-five to forty the chances of an unmarried woman sink 3 per cent.; from forty to forty-five a still further diminution is seen, her chance being but 2 per cent. From forty-five to fifty the old maid's chance of getting a husband is but three eighths of 1 per cent.; while from fifty to fifty-five she is supposed to have but one-quarter of 1 per cent. of a chance. It should, however, be added that the table of averages does not apply to widows. Accurate statisticians, who would not be caught in a mistake for the world, affirm that a widow of any age has at least seventy-six-spinner drawing power, and none place her figure up to eighty-two. The widow's chances at any age are therefore seventy-six to eighty-two times better than that of a spinster.

IN DOUBT.

"Is your son getting on nicely in college?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Thoreau Bredd. "He stands so well in his studies that I am afraid he is neglecting his athletics."



LINEVITCH HAS OYAMA ON THE RUN.

KODAMA.

The Power Behind the Japanese Throne.

If one asks who Kodama is, there are two answers: one, that he is chief of the general staff in the Japanese army, the other that he is, besides, a poor, unlettered man who, at fifty-two years of age, rules Japan and guides her armies. Richard Barry, the war correspondent, says, in "Port Arthur," that this man thinks while others sleep, and works while others eat. He is the power behind the throne, the adviser at the general's ear.

Many public men in Japan believe Kodama to be an unsafe person of second-rate capacity. He had been sent to Formosa, to "get rid of him." There he raised the place from savagery to a commercial prosperity. He could have been prime minister. "No," said he. "I would rather pull strings than be one of the strings to be pulled. Russia is peeping up over the border. Let us prepare. Give me a desk in the war-office."

So the critics were glad to get the upstart out of the way. But when the war came, one man had his finger on things, and knew when and where to strike. He knew the points in the Korean coast where an army could be landed. He knew how soon it could be transported there; where all the merchant steamers were, and how long it would take to turn them into transports; and he had the audacity of genius.

He was not a very presentable man. He had never travelled, and spoke nothing but Japanese. He would laugh like a boy at what he liked, and frown over what displeased him. And he scorned a frock coat and stuck to a kimono. But the emperor and the wisest heads about him knew what Kodama was, and although they could not, for pride's sake, give him the command of the army, they crowned him with power.

When the war correspondents were for months storming the war-office in Tokio, with London, Washington and Berlin to back them, the question of the rights of the press came straight to Kodama. Even the ministers flinched that correspondents had some rights. Kodama said, "They have no rights; only privileges." One day a grave-faced official made the statement: "I am very sorry, gentlemen, but you will have to wait the pleasure of General Kodama. We have done all we could for you. The question is, Shall the ministers or Kodama run the war? I much fear that Kodama is the man of the hour."

It was Kodama who for six months controlled the news market of the world, so that not a single authentic account came from the field except such as was issued in the official reports of his own generals. Like the Duke of Wellington, he announced his victories first, his reverses afterward; and only when the campaign was outlined, and his plans could be seen, did he open his lips in speech.

DIVORCE IN BURMA.

Divorce procedure in Burma is simple. If a husband and wife decide that life together is an impossibility, she goes out and buys two candles of equal size, made specially for the use of the unhappily wedded. The candles are lighted at the same moment, and one represents the husband, the other the wife. The pair watch the burning tapers anxiously, for custom decrees that the owner of the one which goes out first is at once to leave the house with nothing but the clothes worn at the moment. The other party remains in possession.

HUDDERSFIELD'S HOBBY.

One of the most popular hobbies of Huddersfield, England, people is the promotion of lark-singing, for which competitions are yearly arranged, the object being to find which bird can sing the longest without ceasing. As each bird comes to its turn it is placed in front of a mirror and seeing itself there seems to have the effect of spurring it on to greater effort in order to beat its supposed rival. Last year three birds sang for about ten minutes uninterruptedly, thus winning the championship.

HIS GRAVEL WAS SURELY CURED

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS REMOVED THE STONES.

And now Reuben Draper is Well and Strong After His Long Suffering.

Wristol, Que., July 24.—(Special)—Reuben Draper, a well-known resident here, keeps the proof right with him that Dodd's Kidney Pills will surely cure the much dreaded Gravel. The proof consists of two stones, one the size of a small bean and the other as big as a grain of barley. He passed these stones and was relieved of all the terrible pains they caused after using Dodd's Kidney Pills for a short time.

Mr. Draper is confident that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else caused his cure, as he tried two doctors without getting help, and was fast getting weak and despondent when he stopped all other treatment and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. In a week he passed the large stone and four days later the smaller one. This cure causes a feeling of relief over people in these parts as it shows those terrible operations, long thought to be unavoidable in case of Gravel, are no longer necessary.

A GYMNASTIC MARVEL.

There are optical illusions of all varieties. Some are due to mirage, and some are not. A little boy who was drilling a squad of classmates at recess found difficulty in getting them to march properly.

"Lift your right leg!" he called. "Lift your right leg!"

Things went very well until Patsy Hennessy forgot and lifted his left leg, which happened to be clad in trousers exactly like those of the boy next him, who was obedient in holding up his right leg.

The drillmaster stopped aghast. "You can't do that, Pat Hennessy!" he called. "You're holding up both legs!"

SANK HIS FORTUNE.

John Graham, who left Chicago in 1897, to seek his fortune in the Klondike gold fields, succeeded in amassing \$100,000 after eight years' hardship and adventure. On his way home his boat upset while shooting the rapids on the Situk river, Alaska, and he lost all except \$2,500.

CAUSE-LOOKED GOOD.

"Ma, what are the folks in our church getting up a subscription for?" asked a small boy of Holton of his mother.

"To send our minister on a vacation to Europe this summer."

"An' won't there be no church while he's gone?"

"No preaching service, I guess."

"Ma, I got \$1.23 saved up in my bank—can I give that?"

BREVITIES.

It doesn't take a particularly sharp fellow to cut up capers.

It is human nature to swallow flattery and gag over the truth.

It sometimes happens that the bone of contention isn't worth picking.

Some fellows do a lot of running around without making much progress.

Some people get religious with as little forethought as a child gets measles.

A girl may be called an angel in spite of the fact that she wears her wings on her hat instead of her shoulders.

WRONG SORT.

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread May be Against You For a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welden Ill., says:

"Last Spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried every kind. I had become completely discouraged, had given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, till one day my husband trying to find something I could retain brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once, my flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight. I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for 4 months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a god-send to my family; it surely saved my life and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

SOME STRANGE CHARMS

OLD BELIEFS IN THE MOTHER-LAND DIE HARD.

The Devonshire Whooping Cough Cure Is Highly Original.

The other day an aged dame appeared at a London Police Court in great distress. She had, she wailed, "lost a 'sacrament shilling.'" The Magistrate was puzzled. "In what respect," he asked, "did a sacrament shilling differ from any other shilling?"

Whereupon, says Pearson's Weekly, the applicant explained that the coin in question was a certain cure for fits. It had been given her by her mother, who had got it over 100 years ago from the clergyman of her parish in exchange for an ordinary shilling, which had already been first exchanged for twelve pennies collected from twelve maidens.

The coin, it appeared, to be efficacious, had to be worn in a bag hung round the patient's neck for seven times seven days.

Similar strange beliefs linger in many out-of-the-way corners of Great Britain.

In Devonshire, for instance, the country folk still make "cramp rings" out of

OLD COFFIN HANDLES;

and bracelets forged out of nails on which suicides have hanged themselves are worn by gouty people and deemed singularly efficacious.

Charged belts are commonly worn in Lancashire for the cure of rheumatism, in Durham a cord round the loins is supposed to ward off toothache.

Among the peasantry of Roxburghshire women who are nursing babies wear around their necks small cords of blue wool. These are never removed, day or night, until the child is weaned. By taking this precaution they imagine that they insure good health both to themselves and their offspring during that critical period. The cords are handed down from mother to daughter, and are esteemed in proportion to their antiquity.

In Suffolk to prevent nose-bleeding people wear a skein of scarlet thread around the neck, tied with nine knots down the front. If the patient is a man, it is essential that the thread be put on and the knots tied by a woman, while if the patient is a woman, then these services must be rendered by a man.

Many curious prescriptions common in folk medicine have for their object the transference of the disease from the patient to one of

THE LOWER ANIMALS.

For example, in Devonshire and in Scotland alike, when a child has whooping cough, some hair is cut from its head, put between slices of bread and butter and given to a dog. Then if the latter in eating it should cough—as naturally he will—the complaint will be transferred to the animal and the child will recover.

In Cheshire it is by no means uncommon for a young frog to be held for a few moments with its head inside the mouth of a sufferer from thrush. In Cumberland and throughout the north of England generally a live fish is substituted for the frog. Sometimes trees take the place of animals. Thus a certain old oak at Berkhamstead was long famous for the cure of ague. The transference was simple, but painful. A lock of hair was pegged into the wood, and then by a sudden wrench transferred from the head of the patient to the tree.

The Welsh peasantry cure toothache by scarifying the gums with an iron nail, which is then driven up to the head in an elm tree and there left. They also profess to believe that a shrew mouse, touched by a sick person and then pegged up alive in a hole previously bored in an alder tree, will carry off the disease from the patient.

IT DOESN'T PAY.

My young friend, there are many things in this world that it doesn't pay to do.

It doesn't pay to try to pass yourself off for more than you are worth; it tends to depress your market quotation.

It doesn't pay to lie, for your lies must all be kept on file mentally, and in the course of time some of them are pretty certain to get on the wrong hook. A liar needs a better memory than any one is apt to possess.

It doesn't pay to try to get a living without work. You will work harder and get a poorer living than if you did honest work.

It doesn't pay to be a practical joker, unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim.

It doesn't pay to rest when you ought to be at work; if you do, you are apt to have to work when you ought to be resting.

It doesn't pay to cry over spilt milk, neither does it pay to spill the milk.

NOT SACRED.

"Wealth should be regarded as a sacred trust."

"I have tried that," answered Mr. Ursus, indignantly, "but I couldn't get the public to take any stock whatever in the theory of my divine right to put up prices."

What shrunk your woollens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCE EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Brand.

NEW YORK AND RETURN \$9.00.

Fifteen-day sea-shore excursion goes to New York via Lackawanna August 5, \$9.00 round trip. Make reservations now. 289 Main Street, Buffalo.

He—"I told your father that I just dote on you." She—"And what did he say?" He—"That I had better find an antidote."

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parmedee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficiency in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. It affects the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

"Does her husband know much of music?" "Yes; as soon as she is going to play he goes out."

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

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight. "What are you doing there?" asked a friend. "Oh!" was the reply, "just airing my views."

They Drive Pimples Away.—Face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmedee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Tommy—"How does Jimmy like his job?" Johnnie—"Oh, he says there's nothin' the matter with it except the pay, an' the hours, an' the work!"

"They Sell Well" says Druggist O'Dell of Truro, N.S. Want any better evidence of the real merit of Dr. Van Stan's Pileapple Tablets as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble than that they're in such great demand? Not a nauseous dose that makes one's very insides rebel—but pleasant, quick and harmless—a tiny tablet to carry in your pocket. 35 cents.—104

"Do you take an interest in scooty?" "No," answered Mr. Goldbags, "I make the investments, but mother and the girls take all the interest."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stiffness, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

"So she rejected you, did she? Your proposal didn't please her." "Well, I can hardly say it didn't please her. I thought she'd never stop laughing."

Dropsy and Heart Disease.—"For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease. Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells made my life a torment. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave great relief, one bottle cured me completely."—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N.Y.—107

WHAT TO READ.

If you have the blues, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If your pocketbook is empty, read the thirty-seventh.

If people seem unkind, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

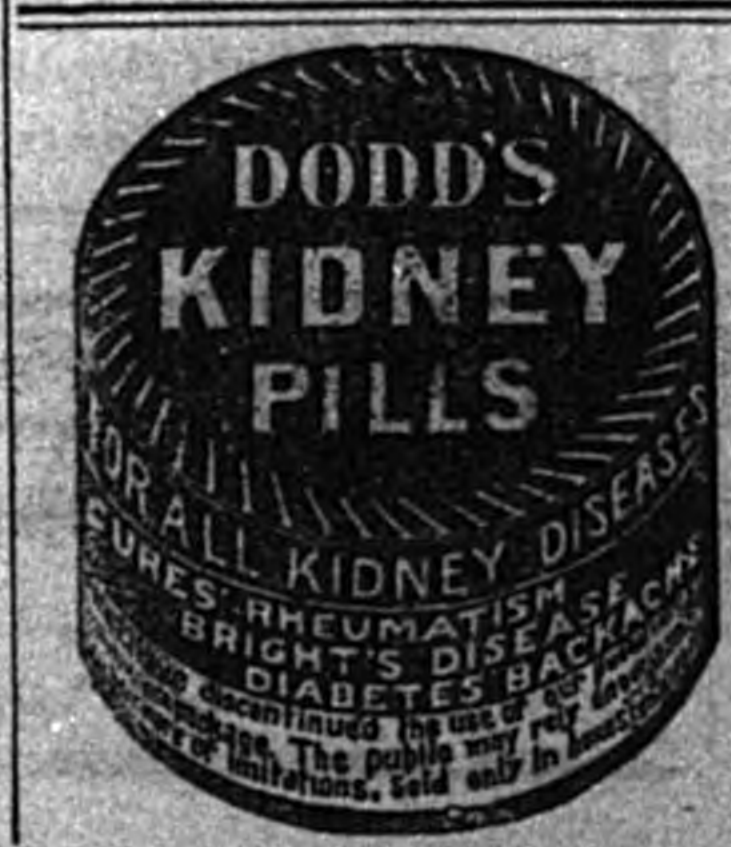
If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians.

If you are discouraged about your work, read the 126 Psalm.

If you find the world growing small and yourself great, read the nineteenth Psalm.

If you cannot have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.



If By This Time You Are Not Convinced That

Blue Ribbon

TEA is the BEST on the MARKET

it must be the fault of the advertising, not the fault of the TEA, so you can't have tried it.

BLUE RIBBON IS, AND ALWAYS WILL BE, THE BEST



FOR LAMP OIL ECONOMY

Sarnia Prime Oil White

No real need to buy the more expensive oils if GOOD BURNER is used and KEPT CLEAN.

If you want a BIG LIGHT—THREE OR FOUR GAS JETS IN ONE—

Queen City Oil Lamp

TRY A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT

The Choicest Oil Made is PRATT'S ASTRAL

For Sale by Dealers. THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.

During June, July, August and September the Chicago and North Western Ry. will sell from Chicago, round trip excursion tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Ore. (Lewis & Clarke Excursion), Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver at very low rates. Correspondingly cheap fares from all points in Canada. Choice of routes, best of train service, favorable stopovers and liberal return limits. Rates, folders and full information can be obtained from H. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont. 31

"Haven't you any ambition to work as your father did at your age?" "Certainly not!" answered the gilded youth. "If I were to work what would have been the use of father's working?"

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

"Oh—er—pardon me, Miss Maudie, but at what age do you think women should marry? You know, the newspapers are discussing the question." "At about my age, I think, Mr. Timid," she replied sweetly.

Nurse's Good Words.—"I am a professional nurse," writes Mrs. Eisner, Halifax, N.S. "I was a great sufferer from rheumatism—almost constant association with bed physicians I had every chance of a cure if it were in their power—but they failed. South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended—to-day my six years of pain seem as a dream. Two bottles cured me.—106

ON THE CONTRARY.

"Is he resting quietly?" asked the physician.

"No," said the watcher. "He's snoring to beat the band."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

CHEEKS TELL CHARACTER.

Hollows and depressions in the face are signs of weakness, and no exception is to be made in reading the character indications of the cheeks. The mature woman with youthful, round cheeks is usually of a cheerful, happy nature. She may not always be deeply intellectual, but she is never mean, and is not afflicted with nerves. On the other hand, the long, narrow, thin cheek is often a marked characteristic of the man or woman who is always looking for the worst. Very full cheeks, that owe their roundness to a development of the bony structure, indicate long life. The hospitable cheek is round and full in the lower part. The subject is always a most charming hostess, and is never so happy as when entertaining her friends. High cheek-bones do not of necessity betoken a wicked and avaricious nature, though there is almost a universal superstition to this effect.

FOR SALE—LARGE ENGLISH BERE—sires, sows bred to my imp. boar, sows ready to breed, one boar fit for service. Prices right. Sam. Snowden, Box 33, Bowmanville.

PROPERTY BEGETS HAPPINESS, happiness begets health. Buy a farm in the celebrated Meese Mountain District where everyone is prosperous, and crop failures unknown. Carlyle is four years old; has five elevators, with capacity of 200,000 bushels. The men who built them knew their business. They are filled every season. The D. C. McFee Land Co. of Carlyle, Assiniboia, have 200,000 acres of improved and unimproved farm lands for sale in this district. They solicit your correspondence. Further information and particulars cheerfully given.

\$4.20 FREE TO AGENTS

Your address sent to us will bring you full information as to how you can obtain a \$4.20 bonus free; besides easily make \$5.00 per day selling our goods. Experience unnecessary; anyone can sell them. Address, Canadian Branch, Box 67, Stirling, Ont.

CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 165, Montreal.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE FOR SALE

20 Ayrshire Bulls—four to twenty months old; Ayrshire Females all ages; also improved Yorkshire pigs. Apply to HON. W. OWENS, Monte Bello, Que.

Protect Your Property

—WITH—
THE DIAMOND FIRE EXTINGUISHER

A dry powder put up in metal tubes, 25 inches long. It will instantly extinguish the most furious flames of wood or oil. Price \$2.00 each, \$30.00 doz. Write for a descriptive circular. The Diamond Dry Powder Fire EXTINGUISHER CO., TORONTO, ONT. WANTED

Conceited Young Man—"I wonder why that young lady over there looks at me so much?" Sarcastic Young Lady—"She has weak eyes, and the doctor told her to relieve them by looking at something green."

Something That Should be Rubbed In.—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand, and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

TRUE!

"If you go any deeper," said the patient bald-headed man to the mosquito, "I'll smash you." "If you do," sang the tormentor warningly, "your blood will be on your head."

It Cures all Colds.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all it claims. Bishop Sweetman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist); and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50 cents.—105

Lady—"But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience." Servant—"Well, mum, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?"

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

"The difference between a woman and a glass," said the funny fellow, "is that the glass reflects without speaking, while a woman speaks without reflecting." "And the difference between you and a glass," said the sharp girl, "is that the glass is polished!"

Coughing is an outward sign of inward disease. Cure the disease with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

and the cough will stop. Try it to-night. If it doesn't benefit you, we'll give your money back.

Prices: S. C. WELLS & Co. 207 25c. 50c. \$1 LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

His Favorite Niece;

—OR— A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XLV.

As he passed quickly through one of the side-halls of Brentwood, Sir Basil caught a glimpse of his face in a mirror, and started back, almost frightened, by his own reflection. Was that haggard face his? He stood still for a few minutes before he went to the library, to endeavor to collect himself, to drive the weird shadows from his face and eyes, to clear his brain. Then, when he was in some measure himself, he went at once to the room where the general awaited him.

Sir Arthur was alone, and so pre-occupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice the pallor and agitation of Leah's lover. He shook hands with him, and welcomed him home most heartily.

"I am glad to see you, Basil," he said. "I assure you that some of us have found the past ten days very long ones. We have had a very unpleasant, anxious time of it since we parted. I am thankful it is over. There remains a duty perhaps even more disagreeable, and that is to tell you a story which I would fain have buried in oblivion."

"A story!" repeated Sir Basil. This, then, was what Hettie meant when she said "they" had something to tell him.

"You will always remember, Basil, that it is I who have kept this secret from you. It was by my desire, my wish that nothing was said. Leah would have had it otherwise, if I had let her have her own way. The fault, if there be any fault, lies with me. You can judge when I have told you. Let me add this—if anything which I tell you should be adverse to your tastes and opinions, you are as free as air. Leah would not bind you. You have but to say the word."

"Nothing can free me from Leah," he said; and, Sir Arthur, in his satisfaction at the words, did not notice the tone of the speaker's voice.

"Thank Heaven for that! Now listen to my story, Basil. I will begin from my earliest recollection of the one being I loved then better than the whole world—my little sister."

He did not think it strange that Sir Basil turned his face to the window, so that no change passing over it could be seen.

At first Sir Basil seemed hardly to realize the words he heard—they passed over him as it were; then they began to strike on his brain. Some faint glimmer of the truth came to him when the name of Martin Ray—enough to turn him faint and dizzy, to make his heart beat wildly.

He never forgot that hour. From the window he saw the sunshine on the distant hills and woods, on the bare branches of the trees, on the white stone terraces and the evergreens; a little robin redbreast flew up and down; the wind blew the brown branches of a dead guelder-rose against the window-panes. He never forgot one detail.

The general's voice went on in dull monotone; and presently Sir Basil's attention was caught and riveted by the names of Leah and Hettie, the two fair sisters. He listened intently as the general told him, with some dramatic skill, the story of the choice they made. He was back again with Martin Ray in fancy, listening to this same relation, but told in so different a fashion; and he remembered with a bitter pang that when Martin Ray recited the story he (Sir Basil) had condemned Leah—he had judged her cold and selfish; he had admired Hettie, the daughter who clung to her father, a thousand times more than her who had left him. And now the girl whom in his own mind he had considered selfish and heartless was she whom he was to make his wife. He blamed himself that he had not discovered the truth; it all seemed now so easy to understand. He could not even imagine how he had been so blind, save that it had never occurred to him to connect Martin Ray and his family with the general's household.

While these thoughts ran riot through his brain, the general went on with his story, and Sir Basil listened in silence to the end.

It was true then; he the most unfortunate of men, stood between these two loving sisters. He loved one with his whole heart, and he was bound in honor to marry the other, and both loved him. Was there ever such a misfortune, such a fate? He was silent from sheer excess of despair. Who could have thought that the beautiful, queenly woman and the fair, winsome girl were sisters—one the very queen of beauty and fashion, the other earning her living and supporting her father by teaching? Fate must have been laughing at them when it led him to Southwood.

The general wondered at his silence and, when he had finished his story, waited for his young companion to

speak. Still, Sir Basil sat with his face to the window, silent and still. "You will understand," said Sir Arthur, "that it was no question of social inequality. If my sister had married one greatly her inferior in rank, and he had been a loyal honest man, I should have respected him; but a man like Martin Ray I could not tolerate. There is no use in speaking ill of the dead; but my sister would never have written to me without due reason to ask me to save her children. However it may be, whether I did right or wrong, it cannot be altered now. If you find any reason, Basil, in what I have told you for bringing your engagement to an end, you will be justified in doing so."

The general was struck by the pain and the pallor of the face turned to him.

"I do not complain," said Sir Basil, "though I wish—that I had known the truth from the first. I understand your motives and respect them. I, in your place, should probably have done the same thing; but I think better of Martin Ray than you do; and the fact that he was the father of the girl I loved would never have made the slightest difference to me. I hope you will not be annoyed when I say that Martin Ray's daughters would have been the same to me as daughters of your own."

"I am delighted to hear it," returned Sir Arthur. "Affairs have changed considerably of late years. Martin has been like a lion with his teeth drawn; but, when my poor sister ran away with him, he was a power in the land."

Sir Basil was thinking deeply. He decided that it would be much better for him not to mention that he had ever seen or known Martin Ray—much better that the whole sad story should be buried and done with forever. Yet, as he framed these thoughts, he was dazed and blind with his great misery. What manner of life lay before him—loving one sister, marrying the other, and the one he loved always near him?

CHAPTER XLVI.

Leah had been terribly shocked at finding Hettie lying unconscious on the ground. While she had been talking to Sir Arthur in the library, one of the men-servants, who had been told to watch for Sir Basil's arrival, had come to say that he had arrived, and the general had at once sent for him.

"I will leave you, uncle," she said. "You will be more at ease if I am not here."

She went up to him before she quitted the room, and put one arm round his neck, half hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Uncle," she whispered, "you do not really think that what you have to say will make any difference as regards Basil, do you?"

With one hand she clutched the lace on her bosom, and he saw that her very soul was on her lips. How well she loved Sir Basil, this beautiful niece of his!

"I am quite sure not," he replied. "You may rest happy, content, and assured. I know him so well. I think myself that he rather believes a rabid politician to be a great patriot. You need not have the shadow of a fear, Leah."

"I shall know," said the girl, "by my first glance at his face whether the story has vexed him or not. If I thought that it would, or that his love for me would grow less, I should die now and here."

"Have no fear, Leah; trust to me."

She quitted the room, and went back to the terrace where she had left Hettie. No tall figure stood by the balustrade; but she saw an inanimate form stretched on the ground. Full of alarm she hastened to the spot. It was Hettie, white, cold, senseless, her golden hair lying like a veil over her shoulders—Hettie, whom she had left so short a time before well and smiling! What was wrong? She raised the golden head and looked into the white face. Was it death? Was it sudden illness? In a paroxysm of terror she kissed the sweet face. "Some one has broken her heart," thought Leah. She remembered the pathetic little love-story her sister had told her. It was that had caused her to faint. Finding it impossible to restore her to consciousness Leah summoned aid, and Hettie was carried to her room.

There was a look of intense pain in the blue eyes when they unclosed at last, and when they rested on Leah a cry escaped her. She opened her arms and folded her in them. "Leah! Leah!" she cried; and then she checked herself. She must not betray her secret. Leah must not know that her lover had sworn, even though unconsciously. She must not stand like a shadow between Leah and the full sunshine and gladness of her love.

gave one great bound of relief, which was quickly followed by a smart of pain. There was no trace of anger or annoyance on the face she loved so well, but there was unutterable pain.

"Basil," she said, "my uncle has told you all. Has it vexed or grieved you?"

He gazed at her with a vacant wonder in his eyes, and then came a gleam of recollection.

"It can never be," she thought, "that he has forgotten so momentous a conversation."

"Grieved me? No, Leah, not in the least." The pathos of her face troubled him. "It has neither grieved nor vexed me in the least. I assure you honestly that I shall not be ashamed of the whole world's knowing that I married the daughter of Martin Ray. After all, though some of his ideas were strangely mistaken, he was a patriot at heart, was he not, Leah?"

"Do not ask me," she cried, with a shudder. Even to her lover she could not speak of her father. "My uncle has told you the whole story, and you say that it has not vexed or grieved you, that you do not love me one whit the less for it. Now, grant me one favor, Basil; promise me that you will never speak of my past life to me. It was horrible. I had not, as I grew older, one thought or idea in common with my poor father. I wake now sometimes, heart-sick with horrible dreams, fancying myself once more listening with a rebellious heart to doctrines and teachings I hated. I say no word against my poor father; but I can never bear to think of the past, dream of it, recall it. You know that I am Martin Ray's daughter; you love me none the less for that; I am content. You are very good to me, Basil," she said; "I will try to repay you. My uncle felt sure of your good faith; he understands you well. He told you all about my dear sister."

Her face was transfigured in its tenderness as she spoke of Hettie. "You will love her, Basil. I know; she is so fair, so sweet and good. I think her most beautiful, too. But you love dark-haired women best, do you not?"

"I love one dark-haired woman," said Sir Basil. "I shall not plead guilty to more than that."

She laughed the happy, quiet laugh he was not often to hear again, and looked at him with brightening eyes.

"How happy we shall be together!" she said. "I could not have believed that so much happiness existed on earth. Ah! Basil, how much I missed my sister I could never tell you! In spite of all the luxury and magnificence that surrounded me, I was desolate in heart until you came. I have known no desolation since."

He would have given worlds to return her kind, loving words, but he could not. His lips trembled, his voice faltered, as he tried to frame some question about Hettie.

"I was sorry to hear," he said, "that your sister is ill. Is it true?"

"She fainted. I was talking to her on the terrace when my uncle came for me; he wanted to speak to me. I left her well enough. When I went back, she was lying with her face to the ground."

He struggled the bitter cry that rose to his lips.

"She has had a great trouble in her life," said unconscious Leah. "and I am afraid it will be some time before she will get over it."

The words smote him like a blow. It was impossible that she could have told Leah. Yet what did this mean?

"Trouble?" he said. "I am sorry to hear it. What trouble is it?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied, gravely. "I do not know much about it; but it is a sorrow that has spoiled her life, and we must be doubly kind and gentle to her because of it. Out of the greatness of our own happiness we must be most loving to her."

"Heaven be merciful to me!" he cried to himself. "I am sorely tried!"

"I know you will be like a kind elder brother to Hettie; will you not, Basil? And in time I hope she will forget this trouble and love some one very much—some one who will marry her, she is so sweet and beautiful. I look forward to such a happy future, Basil."

"And she shall have one," he vowed to himself. "I would rather die than see her made wretched!"

He could not by word or look de-leah was very loving to her.

"Close your eyes and sleep; you will be better then," she said. "And I want you to come down to dinner; I have a surprise for you."

She little dreamed that it was the "surprise" which had almost killed her sister.

Leah stole away gently then. Her lover would be waiting for her—the lover who now knew her story, and from whose face she would learn at the first glance whether he cared less for her. She went to the library, but it was empty, and a deadly chill made her tremble. Had he resented the disclosure and gone away? She went to the drawing-room. He was not there; but from the window she saw him walking slowly up and down the terrace, his face pale and agitated. Better to know her fate at once. She hastened out to him and touched his arm gently with her hand.

"Basil," she said—and there was a world of piteous entreaty in her voice—"let me see your face."

He turned to her, and her heart

stroy the happiness that shone in Leah's face; yet the other face, more loving, if less fair, was a thousand times dearer to him.

"Hettie will be down to dinner," continued the unconscious girl, "and then I shall introduce the two people I love best to each other. You will be all that is most kind and loving to her, Basil, will you not, for my sake?"

"I will do everything you wish," he replied.

He knew how well she loved him, and he knew also that, if ever she guessed at the truth, her life would end with her happiness. She was looking up at him with glad eyes in which tears were shining.

"I will be so good," she said. "Those whom Heaven blesses should always be good—and Heaven has blessed me. Sometimes I think I might have been selfish had I been less happy."

He could not help thinking how, without knowing that it was her story he had heard, he had judged her selfish.

Strangely enough her thoughts went in the same direction.

"Basil," she said, gently, "there is one more question I should like to ask you—only one. When you heard my story—when you were told of my choice—did you think me selfish? It was as though I had to choose between poverty and wealth, between my love and duty to my father and the luxury of a fashionable life. It was not so. Had my uncle been poor and my father rich, I should have done the same. It was the life sketched out for me that frightened me. Did you think me selfish? Tell me."

He was silent for some minutes. He could not say "No," for had he not already condemned her? He could not say "Yes," because he could not wound her.

"I think," he replied, "that the circumstances were unusual, and that no person but yourself can comprehend them."

"Thank you," she said gently. "I wish it were in my power to prove to you now that I am not selfish. I wish there were some grand sacrifice I could make for your sake; you would see that I should embrace it as some would a gain or a pleasure. You would say to yourself then that I was not to be judged by this one action of my life."

"I do not think so now, Leah," he remarked.

"But you would know it then, Basil"—and the light of heroism was on her face as she spoke. "I wish I could prove it. If any one attempted your life, I would cast myself before you and receive the death blow instead."

"No one is likely to put you to the test, dear," he said with a faint laugh.

(To be Continued.)

CHANCES OF MARRYING.

A woman's chance to marry at from fifteen to twenty years of age is said to be 14 per cent. From twenty to twenty-five the chance is increased to 52 per cent.; from twenty-five to thirty it diminishes to 18 per cent.; from thirty to thirty-five it diminishes to 15 per cent. From thirty-five to forty the chances of an unmarried woman sink 3 per cent.; from forty to forty-five a still further diminution is seen, her chance being but 2 per cent. From forty-five to fifty the old maid's chance of getting a husband is but three eighths of 1 per cent.; while from fifty to fifty-five she is supposed to have but one-quarter of 1 per cent. of a chance. It should, however, be added that the table of averages does not apply to widows. Accurate statisticians, who would not be caught in a mistake for the world, affirm that a widow of any age has at least seventy-six-spinner drawing power, and "one place her figure up to eighty-two. The widow's chances at any age are therefore seventy-six to eighty-two times better than that of a spinster.

IN DOUBT.

"Is your son getting on nicely in college?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Thoreau Bredd. "He stands so well in his studies that I am afraid he is neglecting his athletics."

MANCHURIA



LINEVITCH HAS OYAMA ON THE RUN.

KODAMA.

The Power Behind the Japanese Throne.

If one asks who Kodama is, there are two answers: one, that he is chief of the general staff in the Japanese army, the other that he is, besides, a poor, unlettered man who, at fifty-two years of age, rules Japan and guides her armies. Richard Barry, the war correspondent, says, in "Port Arthur," that this man thinks while others sleep, and works while others eat. He is the power behind the throne, the adviser at the general's ear.

Many public men in Japan believe Kodama to be an unsafe person of second-rate capacity. He had been sent to Formosa, to "get rid of him." There he raised the place from savagery to a commercial prosperity. He could have been prime minister. "No," said he. "I would rather pull strings than be one of the strings to be pulled. Russia is peeping up over the border. Let us prepare. Give me a desk in the war-office."

So the critics were glad to get the upstart out of the way. But when the war came, one man had his finger on things, and knew when and where to strike. He knew the points in the Korean coast where an army could be landed. He knew how soon it could be transported there; where all the merchant steamers were, and how long it would take to turn them into transports; and he had the audacity of genius.

He was not a very presentable man. He had never travelled, and spoke nothing but Japanese. He would laugh like a boy at what he liked, and frown over what displeased him. And he scorned a frock coat and stuck to a kimono. But the emperor and the wisest heads about him knew what Kodama was, and although they could not, for pride's sake, give him the command of the army, they crowned him with power.

When the war correspondents were for months storming the war-office in Tokio, with London, Washington and Berlin to back them, the question of the rights of the press came straight to Kodama. Even the ministers pleaded that correspondents had some rights. Kodama said, "They have no rights; only privileges." One day a grave-faced official made the statement: "I am very sorry, gentlemen, but you will have to wait the pleasure of General Kodama. We have done all we could for you. The question is, Shall the ministers or Kodama run the war? I much fear that Kodama is the man of the hour."

It was Kodama who for six months controlled the news market of the world, so that not a single authentic account came from the field except such as was issued in the official reports of his own generals. Like the Duke of Wellington, he announced his victories first, his reverses afterward; and only when the campaign was outlined, and his plans could be seen, did he open his lips in speech.

DIVORCE IN BURMA.

Divorce procedure in Burma is simple. If a husband and wife decide that life together is an impossibility, she goes out and buys two candles of equal size, made specially for the use of the unhappily wedded. The candles are lighted at the same moment, and one represents the husband, the other the wife. The pair watch the burning tapers anxiously, for custom decrees that the owner of the one which goes out first is at once to leave the house with nothing but the clothes worn at the moment. The other party remains in possession.

HUDDERSFIELD'S HOBBY.

One of the most popular hobbies of Huddersfield, England, people is the promotion of lark-singing, for which competitions are yearly arranged, the object being to find which bird can sing the longest without ceasing. As each bird comes to its turn it is placed in front of a mirror and seeing itself there seems to have the effect of spurring it on to greater effort in order to beat its supposed rival. Last year three birds sang for about ten minutes uninterruptedly, thus winning the championship.

HIS GRAVEL WAS SURELY CURED

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS REMOVED THE STONES.

And now Reuben Draper is Well and Strong After His Long Suffering.

Wistol, Que., July 24.—(Special)—Reuben Draper, a well-known resident here, keeps the proof right with him that Dodd's Kidney Pills will surely cure the much dreaded Gravel. The proof consists of two stones, one the size of a small bean and the other as big as a grain of barley. He passed these stones and was relieved of all the terrible pains they caused after using Dodd's Kidney Pills for a short time.

Mr. Draper is confident that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else caused his cure, as he tried two doctors without getting help, and was fast getting weak and despondent when he stopped all other treatment and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. In a week he passed the large stone and four days later the smaller one. This cure causes a feeling of relief over people in these parts as it shows those terrible operations, long thought to be unavoidable in case of Gravel, are no longer necessary.

A GYMNASTIC MARVEL.

There are optical illusions of all varieties. Some are due to mirage, and some are not. A little boy who was drilling a squad of classmates at recess found difficulty in getting them to march properly.

"Lift your right leg!" he called. "Lift your right leg!"

Things went very well until Patsy Hennessy forgot and lifted his left leg, which happened to be clad in trousers exactly like those of the boy next him, who was obedient in holding up his right leg.

The drillmaster stopped aghast. "You can't do that, Pat Hennessy!" he called. "You're holding up both legs!"

SANK HIS FORTUNE.

John Graham, who left Chicago in 1897, to seek his fortune in the Klondike gold fields, succeeded in amassing \$100,000 after eight years' hardship and adventure. On his way home his boat upset while shooting the rapids on the Silok river, Alaska, and he lost all except \$2,500.

CAUSE LOOKED GOOD.

"Ma, what are the folks in our church getting up a subscription for?" asked a small boy of Holton of his mother.

"To send our minister on a vacation to Europe this summer."

"An' won't there be no church while he's gone?"

"No preaching service, I guess."

"Ma, I got \$1.23 saved up in my bank—can I give that?"

BREVITIES.

It doesn't take a particularly sharp fellow to cut up capers.

It is human nature to swallow flattery and gag over the truth.

It sometimes happens that the bone of contention isn't worth picking.

Some fellows do a lot of running around without making much progress.

Some people get religious with as little forethought as a child gets measles.

A girl may be called an angel in spite of the fact that she wears her wings on her hat instead of her shoulders.

WRONG SORT.

Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread May be Against You For a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welles III, says:

"Last Spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach trouble accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried every kind. I had become completely discouraged, had given up all hope and thought I was doomed to starve to death, till one day my husband trying to find something I could retain brought home some Grape-Nuts.

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and gained strength at once, my flesh (which had been flabby) grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight. I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for 4 months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet.

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a god-send to my family; it surely saved my life and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

SOME STRANGE CHARMS

OLD BELIEFS IN THE MOTHER-LAND DIE HARD.

The Devonshire Whooping Cough Cure Is Highly Original.

The other day an aged dame appeared at a London Police Court in great distress. She had, she wailed, "lost a 'sacrament shilling.'"

The Magistrate was puzzled. "In what respect," he asked, "did a sacrament shilling differ from any other shilling?"

Whereupon, says Pearson's Weekly, the applicant explained that the coin in question was a certain cure for fits. It had been given her by her mother, who had it in turn from her mother, who had got it over 100 years ago from the clergyman of her parish in exchange for an ordinary shilling, which had already been first exchanged for twelve pennies collected from twelve maidens.

The coin, it appeared, to be efficacious, had to be worn in a bag hung round the patient's neck for seven times seven days.

Similar strange beliefs linger in many out-of-the-way corners of Great Britain.

In Devonshire, for instance, the country folk still make "cramp rings" out of

OLD COFFIN HANDLES;

and bracelets forged out of nails on which suicides have hanged themselves are worn by gouty people and deemed singularly efficacious.

Chopped belts are commonly worn in Lancashire for the cure of rheumatism, in Durham a cord round the loins is supposed to ward off toothache.

Among the peasantry of Roxburghshire women who are nursing babies wear around their necks small cords of blue wool. These are never removed, day or night, until the child is weaned. By taking this precaution they imagine that they insure good health both to themselves and their offspring during that critical period. The cords are handed down from mother to daughter, and are esteemed in proportion to their antiquity.

In Suffolk to prevent nose-bleeding people wear a skein of scarlet thread around the neck, tied with nine knots down the front. If the patient is a man, it is essential that the thread be put on and the knots tied by a woman, while if the patient is a woman, then these services must be rendered by a man.

Many curious prescriptions common in folk medicine have for their object the transference of the disease from the patient to one of

THE LOWER ANIMALS.

For example, in Devonshire and in Scotland alike, when a child has whooping cough, some hair is cut from its head, put between slices of bread and butter and given to a dog. Then if the latter in eating it should cough—as naturally he will—the complaint will be transferred to the animal and the child will recover.

In Cheshire it is by no means uncommon for a young frog to be held for a few moments with its head inside the mouth of a sufferer from thrush. In Cumberland and throughout the north of England generally a live fish is substituted for the frog.

Sometimes trees take the place of animals. Thus a certain old oak at Berkhamstead was long famous for the cure of ague. The transference was simple, but painful. A lock of hair was pegged into the wood, and then by a sudden wrench transferred from the head of the patient to the tree.

The Welsh peasantry cure toothache by scarifying the gums with an iron nail, which is then driven up to the head in an elm tree and there left. They also profess to believe that a shrew mouse, touched by a sick person and then pegged up alive in a hole previously bored in an alder tree, will carry off the disease from the patient.

IT DOESN'T PAY.

My young friend, there are many things in this world that it doesn't pay to do.

It doesn't pay to try to pass yourself off for more than you are worth; it tends to depress your market quotation.

It doesn't pay to lie, for your lies must all be kept on file mentally, and in the course of time some of them are pretty certain to get on the wrong hook. A liar needs a better memory than any one is apt to possess.

It doesn't pay to try to get a living without work. You will work harder and get a poorer living than if you did honest work.

It doesn't pay to be a practical joker, unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim.

It doesn't pay to rest when you ought to be at work; if you do, you are apt to have to work when you ought to be resting.

It doesn't pay to cry over spilt milk, neither does it pay to spill the milk.

NOT SACRED.

"Wealth should be regarded as a sacred trust."

"I have tried that," answered Mr. Ursus, indignantly, "but I couldn't get the public to take any stock whatever in the theory of my divine right to put up prices."

What shrunk your woollens? Why did holes wear so soon? You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCE EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Brand.

NEW YORK AND RETURN \$9.00.

Fifteen-day sea-shore excursion goes to New York via Lackawanna August 5, \$9.00 round trip. Make reservations now. 289 Main Street, Buffalo.

He—"I told your father that I just dote on you." She—"And what did he say?" He—"That I had better find an antidote."

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Paramelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficiency in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. It affects the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

"Does her husband know much of music?" "Yes; as soon as she is going to play he goes out."

Lever's V-Z (Wine Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight. "What are you doing there?" asked a friend. "Oh!" was the reply, "just airing my views."

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Paramelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Tommy—"How does Jimmy like his job?" Johnnie—"Oh, he says there's nothin' the matter with it except the pay, an' the hours, an' the work!"

"They Sell Well" says Druggist O'Dell of Truro, N.S. Want any better evidence of the real merit of Dr. Vich's Pineapple Tablets as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble than that they're in such great demand? Not a nauseous dose that makes one's very insides rebel—but pleasant, quick and harmless—a tiny tablet to carry in your pocket. 35 cents.—104

"Do you take an interest in scooty?" "No," answered Mr. Goldbags, "I make the investments, but mother and the girls take all the interest."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

"So she rejected you, did she? Your proposal didn't please her." "Well, I can hardly say it didn't please her. I thought she'd never stop laughing."

Dropsy and Heart Disease.—"For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease. Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells made my life a torment. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave great relief, one bottle cured me completely."—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N.Y.—107

WHAT TO READ.

If you have the blues, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If your pocketbook is empty, read the thirty-seventh.

If people seem unkind, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians.

If you are discouraged about your work, read the 126 Psalm.

If you find the world growing small and yourself great, read the nineteenth Psalm.

If you cannot have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

If you are all out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.



If By This Time You Are Not Convinced That

Blue Ribbon

TEA is the BEST on the MARKET

it must be the fault of the advertising, not the fault of the TEA, so you can't have tried it.

BLUE RIBBON IS, AND ALWAYS WILL BE, THE BEST



FOR LAMP OIL ECONOMY

Sarnia Prime Oil White

No real need to buy the more expensive oils if GOOD BURNER is used and KEPT CLEAN.

If you want a BIG LIGHT—THREE OR FOUR GAS JETS IN ONE—

Queen City Oil Lamp

TRY A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT

The Choicest Oil Made is PRATT'S ASTRAL For Sale by Dealers. THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., LIMITED Toronto.

PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.

During June, July, August and September the Chicago and North Western Ry. will sell from Chicago, round trip excursion tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Ore. (Lewis & Clarke Excursion), Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver at very low rates. Correspondingly cheap fares from all points in Canada. Choice of routes, best of train service, favorable stopovers and liberal return limits. Rates, folders and full information can be obtained from H. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont. 31

"Haven't you any ambition to work as your father did at your age?" "Certainly not!" answered the gilded youth. "If I were to work what would have been the use of father's working?"

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

"Oh—er—pardon me, Miss Maudie, but at what age do you think women should marry? You know, the newspapers are discussing the question." "At about my age, I think, Mr. Timid," she replied sweetly.

Nurse's Good Words.—"I am a professional nurse," writes Mrs. Eisner, Halifax, N.S. "I was a great sufferer from rheumatism—almost constant association with best physicians I had every chance of a cure if it were in their power—but they failed. South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended—to-day my six years of pain seem as a dream. Two bottle cured me.—106

ON THE CONTRARY.

"Is he resting quietly?" asked the physician. "No," said the watcher. "He's snoring to beat the band."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

CHEEKS TELL CHARACTER.

Hollows and depressions in the face are signs of weakness, and no exception is to be made in reading the character indications of the cheeks. The mature woman with youthful, round cheeks is usually of a cheerful, happy nature. She may not always be deeply intellectual, but she is never mean, and is not afflicted with nerves. On the other hand, the long, narrow, thin cheek is often a marked characteristic of the man or woman who is always looking for the worst. Very full cheeks, that owe their roundness to a development of the bony structure, indicate long life. The hospitable cheek is round and full in the lower part. The subject is always a most charming hostess, and is never so happy as when entertaining her friends. High cheek-bones do not of necessity betoken a wicked and avaricious nature, though there is almost a universal superstition to this effect.

FOR SALE—LARGE ENGLISH BERRIES, sows bred to my imp. boar, sows ready to breed, one boar fit for service. Prices right. Sam. Snowden, Box 33, Bowmanville.

PROPERTY BEGETS HAPPINESS. Happiness begets health. Buy a farm in the celebrated Meane Mountains District where everyone is prosperous, and crop failures unknown. Carlyle is four years old; has five elevators, with capacity of 200,000 bushels. The men who built them know their business. They are filled every season. The D. C. McFee Land Co. of Carlyle, Assiniboia, have 200,000 acres of improved and unimproved farm lands for sale in this district. They solicit your correspondence. Further information and particulars cheerfully given.

\$4.20 FREE TO AGENTS

Your address sent to us will bring you full information as to how you can obtain a \$4.20 bonus free; besides easily make \$5.00 per day selling our goods. Experience unnecessary; anyone can sell them. Address, Canadian Branch, Box 67, Stirling, Ont.

CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 105, Montreal.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE FOR SALE

20 Ayrshire Bulls—four to twenty months old; Ayrshire Females all ages; also improved Yorkshire pigs. Apply to HON. W. OWENS, Monte Bello, Que.



Conceited Young Man—"I wonder why that young lady over there looks at me so much?" Sarcastic Young Lady—"She has weak eyes, and the doctor told her to relieve them by looking at something green."

Something That Should be Rubbed In.—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand, and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

TRUE!

"If you go any deeper," said the patient bald-headed man to the mosquito, "I'll smash you." "If you do," sang the tormentor warningly, "your blood will be on your head."

It Cures All Greeds.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all it claims. Bishop Sweetman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chambers (Methodist); and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50 cents.—105

Lady—"But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience." Servant—"Well, mum, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?"

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

"The difference between a woman and a glass," said the funny fellow, "is that the glass reflects without speaking, while a woman speaks without reflecting." "And the difference between you and a glass," said the sharp girl, "is that the glass is polished!"

Coughing is an outward sign of inward disease. Cure the disease with Shiloh's Consumption Cure. The Lung Tonic and the cough will stop. Try it to-night. If it doesn't benefit you, we'll give your money back. Prices: B. C. Wells & Co., 307 25c, 50c, \$1. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

Ladies' Waists

Just received, new lot of White Silk Waists all sizes, White Lustre Waists sizes from 34 to 42, also some new Black Silk Waists for Ladies sizes from 34 to 42.

We have also replenished our stock with some new Straw Hats for Men and Boys.

We have still a good stock of Balbriggan Summer Underwear, for Men and Boys sizes 30 to 44.

Also Summer underwear for Ladies in abundance.

White Front,

G. L. Meikle & Co.

OUR NEW

SPRING STOCK

Is daily arriving and we are replenishing our store with a more replete stock than ever. Talk a-out variety. We have it in every line and in large quantity.

EVERY DEPT. IS FULL

Do you want Bargains? If so then come along to our store. We treat you right and give you good goods at low prices. Try us and be satisfied.

J. N. A. CARRIERE

St. Philippe

Pump Time
Coming

See Our New
STABLE PUMP
Solid Brass Cylinder

T. McQuat & Sons.
HARDWARE MERCHANTS
LACHUTE MILLS - QUE

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

A deposit of \$1.00 or upwards will open an account.

This Bank affords to the public every banking facility.

The BANK of OTTAWA

Capital paid up \$2,500,000 Rest \$2,500,000

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

IF YOU WANT

A Wholesome, Delicious,
Wonderfully Fine

BREAD

The First Prize Winner
at Lachute Exhibition, a
real Twentieth Century
Article, then call at the

Riverside Bakery

While there, leave your
order for any kind of
CAKE. See our line kept
Stock.
All kinds of BREAD,
BUNS, CAKE, and a
choice lot of fine CANDIES
always on hand.
P.S.—These goods are all
fresh. Remember the
place.

RIVERSIDE

BAKERY

W. G. Stanforth, Prop

STONEFIELD HEIGHTS.

Most of our farmers have finished hay-making and are enjoying a short rest before harvest commences.

The Misses Jean & Violet Deace of Montreal, are guests of Miss Bella McMeekin.

Mrs. G. Nicholls, after a short visit to friends here, returned to her home in Lachute.

Mr. C. Dawson left on Monday for Hawkesbury where he intends remaining for a few weeks.

Miss Minnie Fitzgerald is the guest of Miss C. Moran.

Mr. W. Lennon of Ottawa was the guest of Mr. W. Moran on Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Gray of Montreal, and Miss Phemie Gray of Grenville, were guests at "The Pines" on Wednesday last.

Mr. A. Dawson left on Tuesday for North Bay, Ont., after a few days spent with his parents.

On Wednesday last Mr. Briddle and Miss Bella McMeekin treated their friends to a wagon drive to the mountain, returning in the evening tired, but happy to dream of blue-berried pies in the distance.

Miss Elvira Canning is spending the summer months with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Weldon and Miss Nove were the guests of Mrs. E. Dawson on Monday evening.

Mrs. N. McMeekin after an absence of twenty years in the States, has returned accompanied by her son to visit there many friends here.

Mr. Nat. Gowing of the G.N.R., is home on a short visit to his mother.

WOOL! : : WOOL!

Balance of our Muslins
and Gingham to clear
at 5c. and 10c. per yd.

A few white muslin
blouses while they last
at half price.

W. BANFORD.

P.S.—Men's and Boy's Odd Pants.

JULY CASH CLEARING SALE

— IN SUMMER GOODS —

20 per cent off Muslins, Blouses, Dress Goods
Roots and Shoes.

Large lot of Haying Tools and Horse Forks at very low prices. We are also sole agents for the "Wilkinson" Plow and Endless Apron Manure Spreader.

Chas. E. Ladouceur,
ST. ANDREWS, QUE.

DALESVILLE.

—:O:—

Mr. B. Carey has left Dalesville for a short time.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Mr. Jno. McGibbon.

Mr. John Tomalty spent Sunday with his parents in Edina.

Mr. W. J. Morrow was at 'Fairdale Cottage' on Monday last.

The Misses E. & K. Murdoch visited in Mt. Maple on Thursday.

Mr. Stuart Campbell spent Sunday the guest of his parents.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. H. Morrow has lost a valuable horse.

Mr. P. McGibbon of Lachute, spent Sunday at "Maple Grove Cottage."

Most of the farmers in this vicinity have finished haying and commenced harvesting.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy of Grenville spent Sunday at 'Riverside Cottage.'

Mr. George Marshall was the guest of Mr. George Kennedy in Edina on Sunday.

Rev. J. R. Creswell and son spent a short time at Rocky Power on Sunday en route to Edina.

Mr. George Neil who was working at Valleyfield Farm returned to his home in Louisa.

Mr. W. Broad and Miss Alice Kennedy were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murdock and family of Mabel, spent Sunday at "Mountain View Cottage."

Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Graham have returned home.

Mrs. John Dixon, sr., gave a small party on Thursday night in honor of Mr. Jas. Marshall, who, after a pleasant visit with friends here, returned to Xainstique, Mich., on Saturday.

Considerable damage was caused in this vicinity by the thunder storm on Saturday; two valuable cows of Mr. T. Marshall's, and a colt of Mr. J. Boyd's being killed by the lightning.

LOUISA.

—:O:—

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Drennan returned to Montreal on Monday after spending two weeks the guest of Mr. Drennan's parents Mr. and Mrs. B. Rowe.

Mr. & Mrs. J. Matthews entertained a few of their young friends on Saturday evening.

Miss M. E. Seale and Miss Maisie Abbott were in Dalesville on Montreal.

Mr. C. M. and Miss J. Walker were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gair, Dunsmuir on Sunday last.

Lake Louisa and its immediate environment reached the zenith of its summer social life last week, the usual number of summer residents being augmented by a number of visitors from Montreal.

The leading function of the week was an informal hop and musicale on Thursday night given by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Seale, when a most delightful evening was spent in playing games and in vocal and instrumental music. Then the room was cleared for dancing and the city visitors were treated to a delightful novelty in the form of a real country dance in which all participated with great vigor.

LAKEFIELD.

—:O:—

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the Methodist Social, which took place last Friday evening at the Parsonage and was very largely attended.

Miss Lizzie Sutton of Montreal is spending her holidays with her mother Mrs. Jas. Sutton.

Mrs. Thomas Murray of Montreal, is spending a week with her parents, Mr. & Mrs. James Armstrong.

Mrs. Schaeffer paid a short visit to her family who are staying at Peachville Farm.

Miss Clara Parker of Montreal, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

A number of our young people went blueberry picking on Wednesday afternoon, it is reported that they got a large number of berries, it is also hoped that the drivers will bring a stronger vehicle next time as they nearly collapsed.

A social will be held at Mr. James Armstrong's in connection with the Methodist Church, on Tuesday evening, August 22nd. A good time is expected. All are cordially invited.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Farm Laborers'
Excursions.

2nd Class

To Manitoba & Assiniboia
\$12.00

Sept. 8th From Stations in
Province Quebec.

Toronto Exhibition
August 28th to Sept. 11th.

Lowest one way First-Class fare Sept. 1st
3rd, 5th 6th and 7th 1905
also Special excursion rates on
Sept. 2nd and 4th.

All tickets good to return until Sept. 12th.

The Watchman,

And Mawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1905.

NO. 31

OIL CAKE MEAL
Feed Flour
Very Lowest Prices.

Buy Walsh's Imperial
— Patent —
and get Canada's Best
— Flour —

H. WALSH
St. Andrews Flour Mills.

WANTED.—Situation as teamster in a shanty, good saddler and teamster, apply at WATCHMAN OFFICE.

We are paying 22cts per pound for wool in exchange for goods, which we are selling at prices away down.

McFAUL BROS.

We want eggs, 1000 dozen a week if we can get them. Highest prices.

W. BANFORD.

Pure Manila Rope.—The very best Manila Hay Fork Rope kept in stock in Lachute.

T. McOUAT & SON.

Our carpeting and carpet squares are new patterns and very beautiful. Call and see them anyhow.

W. BANFORD

Just received another consignment of the H. Walb chocolate. These goods are known to be the finest and only procurable at

JNO. HOPES.

Those who have tasted the ice cream and fruit at the Sundry picnics at which Mr. Creswell has been present, evidence its quality by their attendance at his store on Main Street, whenever they come to Lachute.

Dress goods in great variety for Spring and Summer, as well as pile of prints and other wash goods.

W. BANFORD.

Builders.—We have always on hand a large stock of Felt, Locks, Hinges, Paint Oil, Varnishes, White Lead, etc., at prices to suit you.

T. McOUAT & SON.

We are buying wool now, and paying 22cts. per lb. clean washed wool—until further notice.

W. BANFORD.

Blue Ribbon Binder Twine, & Cow Easo to the front for the next 15 days. Get your supply at

T. McOUAT & SON.

WANTED.—To purchase some live Lynx Otters, & White Snow Owls. Must be perfect. Address

R. C. WILLS, 109 Henry St., Montreal.

WANTED.—A smart girl to go to Montreal in September for house-work. Small family. Apply to

MRS. ROUTH, Lachute.

CRESWELL'S

OUR MOTTO,
QUALITY

That's Why We Lead

In Fruit, Confectionery, Ice Cream, Etc. Gurd's Lowney's, Aird's, Christie's and Creswells.

The Envy of Competitors.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES

50 pairs Boots and Shoes at **25 p.c. Discount.**

Come early as they will not last long at the price.

Carpenter Bros.

The Popular Priced Store.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. W. M. Hills of Montreal spent Sunday in town.

Miss May Cruise is spending a short visit with friends in the city.

Miss Janet McDougall was in Montreal over Wednesday.

Mr. G. E. Bampton spent the early part of this week in the city.

Miss Helen Hildreth of Montreal, is the guest of the Misses Raitt.

Mr. A. A. Dunn of the Consumers Cordage Co'y, Montreal, was in town this week.

Mrs. Jno. A. Perkins of Salem, N.Y. is the guest of her brother Mr. J. C. Hutchins.

Miss Moreau of Montreal, was the guest of Miss Jeanne Lavigne a few days this week.

Mrs. and Miss Merchard of Montreal, spent Saturday the guest of Mrs. J. C. Hutchins.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Buchan of Montreal spent Sunday in town, guests of Mrs. Wm. Buchan.

Mr. Watson Rogers of Montreal, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Wm. Berry over Sunday.

A meeting of the Civilian Rifle Association is being held over H. Blair's store this evening.

Miss Annie Lawson of Montreal, is the guest of her sister Mrs. G. E. Bampton this week.

Mr. Dan Dewar and family who have been summering at 16 Island Lake have returned home.

Dr. Allen of Sherbrooke, but formerly of this town, has been elected Grand Master of the L.U.O.F.

The Rev. H. Charters has returned home after visiting his numerous friends in Cacouna and Buckingham.

Mrs. Paisley of Dundas, Ont., has returned home after a pleasant visit as the guest of Mrs. A. E. Morrison, Brownsburg.

Mrs. John B. Tombs of Montreal, is visiting her friends in Lachute, at present the guest of her sister at Mrs. James C. James.

Mr. George Hunter of Lachute Mills has just completed a centre table, put together by hand in two colors of wood and contains 7,280 pieces.

Mr. James C. James who has been visiting friends in Michigan and Rutherglen returned home on Saturday night after having spent a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Jas. Lyster, who has been out as far as Boissevain, Man., returned home last Wednesday, and reports big things in the West, and lots of work and big pay for their labor.

The party who borrowed the wheel standing at Mr. Banford's store door on Monday night, is requested to return it at once, or send word where it may be found.

HAROLD G. BANFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Haggart of B'enheim Ont., who have been visiting the Rev. Jas. M. McLaren since Saturday have returned home. Mr. Haggart is known throughout Western Ontario as the Bean King.

The farmers are coming along freely to the new grist and saw mill of Mr. Jas. D. Campbell, which he has just completed on Clyde St. Mr. Campbell has things running in good order and the upper part of the town are delighted with this lively stir it is creating.

Lachute Academy will re-open on the 4th of September and the usual distribution of prizes will then take place. The public are requested to be present on this occasion. Addresses will be given by the resident clergy and prominent educationalists. Exercises will commence at 9 o'clock.

The members and friends of Laurentian Lodge, Independent Order of Oddfellows held a most enjoyable social time last Thursday with their brethren at Brownsburg. The Good Times Club hall had been prettily decorated for the occasion refreshments, singing and recitations were the order of the day and heartily enjoyed.

Those who had the pleasure of listening to the musical concert given by the Fanfare d'Argenteuil, Thursday last are loud in their praises of the excellence of the programme. Unfortunately several other outings took place that evening and thereby prevented many from attending, who would otherwise gladly have been present.

A large number of friends gathered on Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. David Stalker for the funeral of his daughter Annie. The interest and sympathy of the neighbors were indicated by the beautifully arranged flowers in the midst of which the silent body lay. The deceased had been stricken suddenly just 4 weeks before with a serious hemorrhage which led to a gradual exhaustion, and just as she was entering at her womanhood, her life was cut short. She was a simple and modest member of her church, and the funeral was conducted by her pastor.

EDINA.

The Annual Tea-meeting of the Methodist Church at Edina, came off most successfully on Friday last. It was a glorious evening and brought out the friends in large numbers so that the church was packed to overflowing. The tea was speedily served after which a very interesting programme was proceeded with. The "Holy City" as sung by Mrs. White of Grenville, was much appreciated, as was also the effective recitation given by Miss Marion Cameron of Grenville. A duet by Miss Kennedy and Mr. Jas. Gaulby was well received, and little Alice Tomalty, recited very prettily. Mrs. Earnest Thomas charmingly told in realistic manner how "The babies were put to sleep," and then came the inimitable J. John, who held the audience in roars of laughter as he told how The Bootblack blacked the boot of the other bootblack, etc. A short spicy address from the Rev. E. Thomas, and musical selections from Mrs. J. S. Giles, the Misses May and Lilly Hyde and Mrs. Ghat har, and a splendid recitation from Miss Kennedy, brought to a close one of the most pleasant evenings in the history of the church. Mr. Argue was chairman of the evening and thanked all who had kindly assisted in making the tea-meeting such a marked success.

We have a large
And well assorted Stock o

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
EVANS BROS.

PIANOS

DOHERTY & CO.
SHERLOCK MANNING

ORGANS

And the unequalled New Williams Sewing Machine.

As we contract largely for all our Instruments we can sell you cheaper than any one else.

By from us and save the middle men's profit. We can make terms and prices to suit you.

J. A. BEDARD & SON
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

THE ELITE.

We do the Souvenir Trade.

New Post Cards, Bark Canoes, Snow Shoes, Toboggans, Paddles, Pencil Cases, Match Safes, Soap Boxes, Stick Pins, etc., with handsome views of Lachute. Special in Japanese Silk Blouses, white and black, new Belt Buckles, Waist Sets, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery for women and children. Endless variety of Millinery always on hand. Keep us in mind when nice goods are wanted.

H. E. BURWASH.

Eye Strain

. . . . Causes Headaches

By Removing the cause : The proof of the fit-
We effect a permanent cure, : ting is the seeing.

Our Glasses Give Perfect Vision.

Cut out this ad.
It is worth 25 cts. on each \$2.00 purchase until further notice.

W. H. GARRETSEE,
GRADUATE OPTICIAN, LACHUTE.

Kennedy Advertisement.

Always
Nobby
Goods.

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

HE CAN SLEEP IN PEACE NOW

WM. TAGGART'S KIDNEY DISEASE CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Well-known Tilbury East Farmer Tells How Easily He Got Rid of His Trouble.

Tilbury, Ont., July 31.—(Special).—Mr. Wm. Taggart, a well-known and highly esteemed farmer of Tilbury East, tells of his remarkable cure of long standing Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For about four or five years," says Mr. Taggart, "I was a sufferer from Kidney Trouble, and the scores of medicines I used gave me no relief. I was forced to get up three or four times every night and my life was simply miserable."

"At last I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I get relief from the first. After using two boxes I was completely cured, and you can bet I was a happy man. I cannot speak too highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

All urinary complaints are caused by diseased kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys and therefore always cure urinary complaints.

AN ANSWER READY.

Even a severe criticism may be disarmed of its severity by a happy answer that changes its meaning, and it is often no less fortunate to be able to turn a good-natured one. Sir John Watson Gordon, who ultimately became President of the Royal Scottish Academy, used to tell this story of Lord Palmerston:

"I had exhibited for several years, but without any particular success. One year, however, Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and bought it at a high price. His lordship at the same time made inquiries after the artist, and invited me to call upon him, I waited upon him accordingly. He complimented me upon the picture, but said there was one thing about it he could not understand."

"What is that, my lord?" I asked. "That there should be such long grass in a field where there are so many sheep," said his lordship, promptly, and with a merry twinkle of the eye. It was a decided hit, and, having bought the picture and paid for it, he was entitled to his joke. "How do you account for it?" he went on, smiling, and looking first at the picture and then at me.

"Those sheep, my lord," I replied, "were only turned into that field the night before I finished the picture."

"His lordship laughed heartily, and said 'Bravo!' at my reply, and gave me a commission for two more pictures, and I have cashed since then some very notable cheques of his, dear old boy!"

PROGRESS.

"People that live in glass houses needn't have any fear nowadays," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "There are plate-glass insurance companies."

ALL ALONE.

"Ah!" said Bragg with a view to making Miss Brightly jealous, "I was alone for quite awhile last evening with one whom I admire very much."

"Ah!" replied Miss Brightly, "alone, were you?"

EVER TREAT YOU SO?

Coffee Acts the Jonah and Will Come Up.

A clergyman who pursues his noble calling in a country parish in Iowa, tells of his coffee experience.

"My wife and I used coffee regularly for breakfast, frequently for dinner and occasionally for supper—always the very best quality—package coffee could never find a place on our table."

"In the spring of 1896 my wife was taken with violent vomiting which we had great difficulty in stopping."

"It seemed to come from coffee drinking but we could not decide. In the following July, however, she was attacked a second time by the vomiting. I was away from home filling an appointment, at the time, and on my return I found her very low; she had literally vomited herself almost to death, and it took some days to quiet the trouble and restore her stomach."

"I had also experienced the same trouble, but not so violently, and had relieved it, each time, by a resort to medicine."

"But my wife's second attack satisfied me that the use of coffee was at the bottom of our troubles, and so we stopped it forthwith and took on Postum Food Coffee. The old symptoms of disease disappeared and during the 9 years that we have been using Postum instead of coffee we have never had a recurrence of the vomiting. We never weary of Postum, to which we know we owe our good health. This is a simple statement of facts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

There is a singular coincidence about the two English Royal Princesses named Louise. They are both the daughters of British monarchs, they are of very fair complexion, and both married out of the blood Royal. Each also selected Scottish peers—the Dukes of Argyll and Fife—both of whom are as fair-skinned as their wives. Still further goes the coincidence, for neither of the Royal duchesses has presented her husband with a male heir.

One of the most picturesque characters in Europe is the Countess Schimmelmarmann of Denmark. She devotes her life to missionary work. For eight years she has travelled extensively in heathen lands. She sold nearly all her property, and out of the proceeds bought the Pigeon, a vessel with which she visited fifty-seven cities in fifteen countries, preaching the Gospel to sailors and the poor. She has founded religious journals in England and America. This method of spending money does not appeal to her relatives, who do not share her views. She has adopted three children and given them her name.

The Empress of Russia spends \$10,000 a year on perfumes, pastes, soaps, and toilet waters, which she has sent to her exclusively from the French capital. Violet is Her Majesty's favorite scent, but her taste in perfumes is so catholic and general that every day she vaporizes the Royal apartments with the concentrated essences of lilac, jasmine, narcissus, jonquil, tuberose, and white violets. The Empress's toilet water is perfumed with violets, which are gathered specially at Grasse between five and seven o'clock in the evening—the time when, according to Her Majesty, their perfume is the most delicate.

Some time ago, when King Oscar of Sweden was on his way to Norrland, the Royal train stopped at Solleftea Station. The platform was deserted by all save two bowing officials, the stationmaster and the captain of police. "Where are my people?" the King sternly inquired. "Your most gracious Majesty," the stationmaster humbly replied, "I have excluded everybody from the station while your Majesty is here." There was a look of annoyance on the King's face as he said: "Then I will go out to greet my people." And so he did, and was rewarded by the hearty welcome which he received from the crowd outside the station.

The Japanese Emperor's yearly expenses of living are limited. For this purpose he draws \$3,000,000 from the national treasury. His personal wealth is not to be spent on his own living, so that \$3,000,000 is really his salary as manager of the country. He is required to pay out of it a good many employees. The Emperor's daily fare is Japanese. He is perfectly satisfied for breakfast with a bowl of bean soup and a few other dishes, but his dinner usually appears in splendid style, in some twenty courses, although he always denounces it as a useless extravagance. When any official feast is held—the cherry-blossom viewing party at the Kioshikawa Botanical Garden or the chrysanthemum party at the Akasaka Palace, for instance—he will not spare any expense in preparing an elegant European banquet.

Princess Irene, the wife of Prince Henry of Prussia, enjoys the unique distinction of having more godfathers than any other woman in the world—namely, 4,000. Born in the course of the war of 1866, her father, Prince Henry of Hesse, requested the officers and men of the Hessian regiments forming part of the cavalry brigade under his command to stand sponsors to his baby-girl, and at the christening, which took place on the termination of hostilities, deputations of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men from each regiment were present in order to express in the names of their respective corps the readiness of the latter to assume the customary spiritual, moral, and material obligations towards their god-child. The name Irene—which means peace—was given to the little Princess, whose christening was coincident with the end of the war.

CHINESE DOCTORS CONSULT.

The Richer the Patient the Larger the Number of Doctors.

A physician has just returned from China, heavily laden with stories of Chinese medicine.

"Medical consultations are carried to their extreme limit in China," he said. "There, when anyone becomes seriously ill, a consultation of fifteen or twenty doctors is held. The doctors fill the house with their arguments. They make as much noise as a political convention. But such a consultation as that would be considered small and futile if a great man—a mandarin, say, of the third class—were to be ill. To consult on his case at least 100 doctors would gather together."

"A member of the royal family was taken sick while I was in China, and my Chinese host told me with a good deal of pride that the largest consultation known to history had been held over the sick man. No less than 316 physicians, he said, had come from every part of the kingdom to study and discuss the case."

"The royal patient, I heard afterward, died. This mammoth consultation had been held in vain."

Mr. Robinson—"What a singular girl you are, Miss Jones!" Miss Jones (coolly)—"Well, that can be altered, you know."



More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best.

MAKING THE PANAMA HAT.

Material is Costly and they Are Woven by Hand.

Much misconception exists as to the construction of the Panama hat. Many are under the impression that they are made in Panama and are woven under water. The latter belief is entirely wrong, though it is true that the majority of Panamas are made in South America. A large number now, however, are made in London and also on the continent.

The hats, of course, are made of grass. It is very scarce, and can only be obtained from Ecuador, Colombia, and Guayaquil in South America. It costs about \$1.25 per pound wholesale price. It is very fine material, about 18 inches to 24 inches in length. It takes a woman from seven to ten days to weave a hat, working eight hours a day. It is then bleached a pure white, and after being thoroughly seasoned by giving them a sun-bath they are passed to the pressing department for the final touches.

The cheapest Panama made costs about \$4.00 wholesale. The reason why they are so dear is because they are made by hand. The finer the straw or grass the dearer the hat. Probably the highest price ever given for a Panama was \$700, which was the sum paid only two summers ago for one of these wonderful creations.

SOLDIERS' TEETH.

One of the Points of the Reform in British Army.

According to the new instructions, British army officers commanding are to see that the medical officers report upon the physique of all men under their command, with a view to seeing if they are fit to remain in the regiment, and elaborate directions are given as to what constitutes fitness.

Great stress is laid upon the state of the teeth. The volunteer, if he is to remain on the force, must have sufficient sound teeth for proper mastication, while he must be free from all organic disease, and have a first-class constitution. Any defects which would prevent a man marching well or going on active service will also be fatal. Generally he must come up to the physical equivalent of nineteen years, and not be over 45. But even if a man passes these tests satisfactorily, before he is to be counted as fit for active service he must be counted as a first-class shot.

Reports on these points having been completed, officers commanding are to inform the War Office of the number of fit and unfit under their command, in the latter case specifying the causes of unfitness. The duty is also cast on officers commanding of stating whether in their judgment unfit units should be disbanded or amalgamated with more efficient corps.

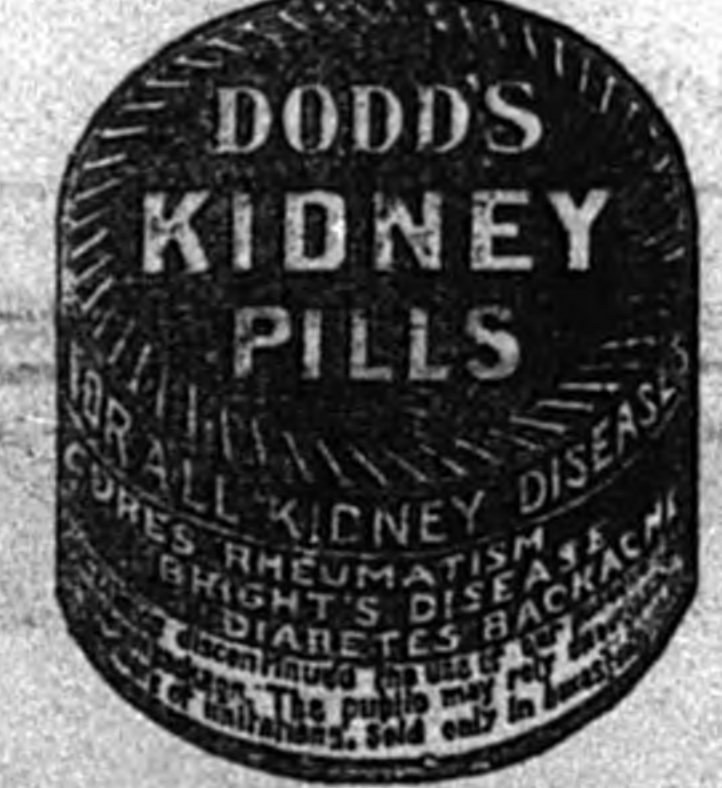
A Clear Healthy Skin.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmenter's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

Caller—"Mrs. de Style is not in, you say? Why, I saw her through the window as I came up the steps." Servant (blandly)—"Shure, mum, that was only her shadow you saw."

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

QUAINT WEDDING CUSTOM.

At Eglington, Northumberland, England, a quaint wedding custom, which has been in existence for hundreds of years, still prevails. There was a wedding in the parish church the other day, and after the ceremony the newly-married couple found that a bench had been drawn across the doorway. Over this bench the bride and bridegroom were compelled to jump before they could leave the sacred building.



A Sure Cure for the Blues

Brew one cup of FRAGRANT, DELICIOUS

Blue Ribbon

TEA in freshly boiled water, add sugar and cream to taste and Drink Slowly. In bad cases Take Another. That's all.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA—BLUE RIBBON



When you are at a loss to know what to serve for luncheon, dinner or supper—when you crave something both appetizing and satisfying—try

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

Once tried, you will always have a supply on hand

Ox Tongues Chili Con Carne
Veal Loaf Ham Loaf Brisket Beef
Soups

Your Grocer has them

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS.

During June, July, August and September the Chicago and North Western Ry. will sell from Chicago, round trip excursion tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Ore. (Lewis & Clarke Excursion), Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver at very low rates. Correspondingly cheap fares from all points in Canada. Choice of routes, best of train service, favorable stopovers and liberal return limits. Rates, folders and full information can be obtained from B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont. 31

Nell—"Last night was the happiest in my life. It brought me one round of pleasure." Bell—"What do you consider one round of pleasure?" Nell—"An engagement ring."

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

One of the ways of beautifying the country in the Grand Duchy of Baden without any ultimate expense to the taxpayer, is the planting of fruit-trees along the highways.

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

China has ten railways in operation, with a total mileage of 2,235, or about one-tenth that of the United Kingdom.

Be There a Will Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmenter's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

WISE SAYINGS.

The best kind of luck is the luck of saving money.

Your dictionary should not contain the word "fall."

Quick sales and low prices are the Siamese twins of business. Money has wings which should be clipped by judicious economy.

If you'll keep working, and thinking, and hustling, all year around, you won't have to flash your record on the boss in order to get a raise. He'll talk to you before the first of January.

High-sounding phrases and impossible promises do not satisfy the customers.

The only business so far discovered, that is not helped by printer's ink is that of the bank robber. Economy goes hand in hand with wise spending, and takes opportunity at the right moment.

Dyeing! Cleaning!

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

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

PROPERTY BEGETS HAPPINESS. Happiness begets health. Buy a farm in the celebrated Moose Mountain District, where everyone is prosperous, and crop failures unknown. Carlyle is four years old; has five elevators, with capacity of 200,000 bushels. The men who built them knew their business. They are filled every season. The D. C. McFee Land Co. of Carlyle, Assiniboia, have 200,000 acres of improved and unimproved farm lands for sale in this district. They solicit your correspondence. Further information and particulars cheerfully given.

Protect Your Property

—WITH—

THE DIAMOND FIRE EXTINGUISHER

A dry powder put up in metal tubes, 22 inches long. It will instantly extinguish the most furious flames of wood or oil. Price \$3.00 each, \$20.00 doz. Write for descriptive circular. The Diamond Fire Extinguisher Co., Toronto, Ont. WANTED

"What did that man do to make himself so famous?" asked the inquirer, gazing curiously at an individual who formed the centre of a social group. "To the best of my knowledge," replied the cynic, "he did the public."

Externally or internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

Water freezes every night throughout the year at Alto Cruceiro, in Bolivia, while at noonday the sun is hot enough to cause actual suffering.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarrd from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. B. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

Some recent experiments have been made in Bavaria in regard to preparing artificial cotton from pine wood, and it is said that the new process allows it to be made cheaply enough so that the artificial cotton may compete with the natural product.

A Summer Cough

Is the hardest kind to get rid of and the most dangerous kind to neglect.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

will cure you quickly and surely—stop the fever, strengthen the lungs and make you well again.

At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

THE CRIMSON SLEEP....

I.

High above the hum and roar of the City came the boom from the great clock-tower as Basil Vyner stepped into the hall at Chesterfield Mansions, where he and Eric Jermyn shared a flat together.

Twelve times the boom thundered through the night, like a salvo of cannon. It echoed and vibrated in the hall, as Vyner closed the door behind him.

Emmeline was waiting up for him, as usual, pretending to be busy. Whatever time he came home, he found her waiting.

"Not in bed yet?" he questioned. "You really should not stay up so late. Now, off you trot, you—you vixen. Good-night!"

The girl was the daughter of his dead clerk. He had taken her into his service when her father died. There were times when her gratitude oppressed him. He did not know that often when he had walked in his sleep to the head of the staircase, the girl, ever watchful, had led him back to the door of his room and saved him from harm. She had often longed to warn him. Yet, somehow, when he came in at night, he always froze her courage.

"I like to know you're in, sir," she ventured tremblingly. As she spoke her eyes grew luminous. They had a look of sadness and pity. She looked up into his face mutely, as dogs sometimes look up into the faces of those they love. "Good-night, sir," she added. And she dragged her weary body slowly up the stairs.

Vyner had been hard at work in the courts all day. After seven years of waiting at the Bar briefs had come. He worked at them early and late. They were a fever in his brain. His keen, strong face was becoming thin and haggard. His eyes shone like lights in deep, dark caverns. The great god Success had the grip of him. And it was making him pay. Success has no mercy when it grips a man as it gripped Basil Vyner.

He made his way upstairs to the room of his friend. Jermyn glared up from his book at Vyner's white face.

"Hallo, Basil!" he cried. "Where did you see the ghost?"

"What do you mean, Eric?"

"Look in the mirror, my friend."

"Oh, bother the mirror!" exclaimed Vyner, as he sank into a chair wearily.

Jermyn's answer was to ring the bell. Alba, the valet, came in. He had served the two friends for six years, and had received many kindnesses from them.

"A short cross-examination, Alba, if you please," said Jermyn shortly. "Where did you see Mr. Vyner at four o'clock this morning?"

"On the landing, sir."

"How was he dressed?"

"In his night things, sir."

"What was he doing?"

"Looking over the rails of the landing, sir."

"Where have you seen him every morning about the same time for a month past?"

"On the landing, sir."

"Same attire?"

"Yes, sir; always."

"Looking over the rails?"

"Sometimes Mr. Vyner looks over the rails, sometimes he tries to undo the catch of the street window."

"That will do, Alba." And the valet went out.

Vyner had listened, grey-hued. The grey had slowly crept over the white of his face. Now he sat with his head bent down. His fingers were interlocked between his knees.

Jermyn went to him, and laid a strong hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Now, then, Basil," he said earnestly "you have heard. Get this present case off your hands, and come and have a holiday with me. I'll make a man of you again. Promise me?"

"All right, Eric," Vyner said languidly; "when I get through with this case. I own it has got on my nerves. Leclerc admits that the revolver found on him after the murder was his. But he says he bought it years ago, second-hand, and that it won't go off. I've been experimenting with the thing at Scotland Yard to-night. Either the bullets jam, or leave the muzzle erratically. Firing at an object, it is twenty chances against one that the bullets do not leave the barrel. On the other hand, there is that one chance in the twenty. Now, supposing—"

Jermyn stopped his friend abruptly. "Let the suppositions of prosecuting counsel wait till his mind is fresh enough to tackle them!" exclaimed Jermyn. "I'm tired, whether you are or not. Get off to bed like a sensible fellow. Good-night!"

The hands of the two men met in a firm clasp, and a few moments later Basil was crossing the corridor to his own room. He undressed rapidly in the dark. Would Nature grant him a little sleep out of mercy? he asked himself. Was it worth while to fight the monster Night again—to fight again only to fail again? His teeth gritted together. His mouth set hard. He

would fight. Yet he did not sleep for many hours. Try as he would, the Leclerc case and the problem of the revolver kept his brain awake.

II.

About nine o'clock Vyner went into the breakfast-room, where he expected to find Jermyn. He was surprised to see the table set only for one.

"Mr. Jermyn begged I would ask you to excuse him this morning," said Alba. "He has had a bad night, sir."

As soon as Vyner's footsteps had ceased to sound on the staircase, Alba unlocked the door of Jermyn's bedroom and entered. He had been in previously, unknown to anyone. He walked towards the bed.

Jermyn lay quiet, his face looking up from under his brows like fixed glass. A thin red stream had trickled from a wound in his forehead down the side of his face, but had now almost ceased to do so. Under his neck was a little pool of darkening red. There was a bullet hole in the ceiling, another in the wall, another in a picture, another in a chair-back.

Jermyn lay quiet, because he was dead.

His features showed no trace of pain. He had died without a struggle.

Alba left the bedside and went to the dressing-table. From a small drawer in it he took a new revolver, which his master had never touched since he bought it. It was loaded in six chambers. Carefully, one by one, Alba withdrew the bullets. Then he went to the bed again, and placed the revolver in the dead man's right hand. Presently, having looked carefully round the room, he locked the door, and went into the breakfast-room.

He started when he saw Emmeline there. A scared look was on her face. For a moment the two faced each other without speaking. Emmeline was the first to break the silence.

"Is not Mr.—Mr. Jermyn taking—taking breakfast this morning?" she questioned him nervously.

Alba stood deep in thought for a while, with his eyes turned to the floor. When he raised them, it was to see tears streaming down the girl's cheeks.

"I went into his room a little after five this morning," he answered, "and—and I found Mr. Jermyn dead. He has killed himself with a revolver. Come and look."

Shrinking from knowledge of the worst, yet anxious to know it, the girl followed Alba into the room. She glanced at the dead man's face, and a poignant cry came to her lips as she looked. She crushed a corner of her apron into her mouth. The cry broke as a pitiful moan.

"I've no doubt he killed himself," Alba repeated quietly. "It's very shocking." And he led the weeping girl back into the breakfast-room.

"What are you going to do?" Emmeline was faltering presently. She was consumed by alarm and perplexity.

"Do, Em'line?" answered Alba. "I shall fetch the police, now that Mr. Vyner has gone. I'm all of a shake and a shiver, but there's nothing else for it. It's awful-awful!"

Some confusion in the answers Alba gave to the officers when they came in, turned their suspicion towards him. Besides, there were several spots of blood on his clothes. Almost before he knew what was happening, a pair of handcuffs snapped on his wrists.

III.

Vyner was racked with grief. Though he was all but convinced of Alba's guilt, he sent a solicitor to him to give him a white man's chance in a white man's country.

On the day when Vyner entered the coroner's court as an ordinary witness, he was a mere wreck of his old self. He reeled into his seat like a man drunken.

After one of the police had described the condition of the room, the appearance of the body when found, and had exhibited Alba's jacket with the bloodstains upon it, Vyner was called. He could only say that he had left Jermyn well on the previous evening, and that when he entered the breakfast-room the next morning, Alba had told him that Jermyn was asleep, and did not wish to be disturbed. It was negative evidence but it was the first link in the circumstantial chain against Alba.

Emmeline entered the box next. She swayed from side to side as she stood. She said Alba had only ordered breakfast for one, and she had not seen Mr. Jermyn since the previous night, when he was in his usual health. That was all she knew.

Alba elected to give evidence on his own behalf. He repeated his story. With the revolver found in Jermyn's hand on the desk in front of him, the coroner commenced to put his questions.

"You quite understand what you're saying, Alba?" he commenced.

"Yes, sir."

"This was the revolver you found in the dead man's hand?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say he must have shot himself with it?"

"It must be so, sir."

"Then the bullets found must necessarily have fitted that revolver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Alba," said the coroner

quietly, but with the confident air of a man who has knocked the bottom out of a trumped-up story, "I have to tell you that they don't—not one of them. They are all too large."

Alba glared round the court helplessly, wildly. His native wit had not been clever enough. When he put the revolver in Jermyn's hand, he had not asked himself whether the bullets would fit the weapon.

He tried to speak. His voice cracked at the back of his throat. He could not argue. He could not contest the evidence. He was dumb.

The coroner summed up dead against him. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against him.

The police again closed round their prisoner. The coroner rose from his seat. The jury commenced to leave the box.

Then a piteous wail came from a woman sitting next to Vyner. It came from Emmeline. The exodus ceased. Coroner, jurors, the police, the public, Alba himself, stared in astonishment.

Vyner gazed at the girl by his side, as amazed as the rest. Being nearest to her, her cry had struck through his nervous frame like a sudden stab.

"He isn't guilty! He isn't guilty!" cried Emmeline wildly, her arms flung out in distracted supplication. "He didn't do it. I know he didn't." Then she fell back against her seat, and buried her face against Vyner's shoulder.

"So far as this court is concerned," said the coroner, "the verdict is given."

"Oh, but he didn't do it," wailed the distracted girl.

"Then who did?" asked Vyner.

"Tell me the truth—for that man's sake. Tell me the whole truth."

"It was you! It was you!" she cried, sobbing against his shoulder.

Vyner jumped to his feet. Her words smote him like a paralysis. His face was like white marble, with the veins in a quiver. Staring terror was in every line of it.

"Is it?" he gasped.

"Yes, yes," sobbed Emmeline.

"You—you did it in your sleep, with—with this." And she thrust into his hands the old revolver with which he had been experimenting at Scotland Yard. "I saw you go into his room. I saw you come out. You dropped the revolver on the landing as you walked back to your room. Alba saw you come out, too. He came out on the corridor, though he did not see me. I was too late to save you—oh, too late—too late! But they can't harm you. You didn't know. I wouldn't have spoken if they hadn't said he did it. Forgive me, master, forgive me!"

Emmeline cowered against him, rocked by her anguish.

Vyner stood rigid, like a pillar of marble. One question only came from his palid lips. It was addressed to Alba.

"Did—you—see—me, Alba?" he gasped.

"I can say nothing against Mr. Vyner," said Alba stolidly. "Mr. Vyner has always been good to me. He and Mr. Jermyn were like brothers."

For a moment Vyner remained motionless. Then a perceptible shiver shook that human pillar, and it began to totter; tottered and fell heavily upon the seat.

For a few moments Vyner writhed in his despair. He did not think of himself. He had ceased to care for himself. He was dust and ashes. He has killed his friend—killed the friend whom he loved, and who loved him. This was his life's real catastrophe, as he saw it. This was the agony which wrung the sobs from him.

A police-officer touched him on the shoulder.

"I am sorry, Mr. Vyner," he said, in a sympathetic voice, "but I must arrest you."

"I am ready to answer," said Vyner brokenly. And he was led away.

IV.

A few days afterwards, he was brought before the magistrate with Alba. Alba elected to give evidence for his master. Emmeline followed. Vyner went into the witness-box, too. The case for the defence was really the case for the prosecution; it could be no other. The story elicited the sympathy of all who heard it. Strong men heard it with quivering lips. Women were seen to weep. The voice of the magistrate trembled as he spoke.

"Mr. Vyner, and you, Alba," he said, addressing the prisoners, "it has been difficult for me to discharge my duty for pity and sorrow. I feel that no jury would convict on the evidence before me. Your place at the Bar, Mr. Vyner, is an honored one. Do not let what has happened wreck your career. You have not lost a single friend. You have not lost anyone's sympathy or good wishes. You are discharged, both of you."

A wild huzza broke out of the hush before the last words were spoken. Never have such cheers been heard in a court of law. Alba's face was wreathed in smiles. Vyner drew himself up. As the sunlight streamed in through the window it seemed to him that he stood at the wide-open gates of a new world.

"I knew they wouldn't harm you!" cried Emmeline, laughing and crying by turns.

Vyner turned to her, with a sad

smile. Then he gripped Alba's hand, in sight of the court.

"Alba," he said fervently, "we are more than servant and master now. We are friends—while life lasts."—London Answers.

JAPANESE DISCIPLINE.

How It Is Conducted in the Schools of the Empire.

Not merely up to the age of school life, supposed to begin at six years, but considerably beyond it, a Japanese child enjoys a degree of liberty far greater than is allowed to Occidental children. The general rule, says Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in "Japan," is that the child be permitted to do as he pleases, providing that his conduct can cause no injury to himself or others. He is guarded, but not constrained; admonished, but rarely compelled. In short, he is allowed to be so mischievous that, as a Japanese proverb says, "Even the holes by the roadside hate a boy of seven or eight years old."

Punishment is administered only when absolutely necessary, and on such occasions, by ancient custom, the entire household—servants and all—intercedes for the offender, the little brothers and sisters begging in turn to bear the penalty instead. To frighten a child by loud, harsh words or angry looks is condemned by general opinion. All punishment ought to be inflicted as calmly as possible, the punisher gently admonishing the while. To slap a child about the head for any reason is a proof of vulgarity and ignorance.

It is not customary to punish by restraining from play or by a change of diet or by any denial of accustomed pleasures. To be perfectly patient with children is the ethical law.

At school discipline begins, but it at first so very light that it can hardly be called discipline. The teacher does not act as a master, but rather as an elder brother, and there is no punishment beyond a public admonition. Whatever restraint exists is chiefly exerted on the child by the common opinion of his class, and a skilful teacher is able to direct that opinion.

Each class is nominally governed by one or two little captains, selected for character and intelligence, and when a disagreeable order has to be given, it is the child-captain, the *kyucho*, who is commissioned with the duty of giving it. In higher classes the pressure slightly increases, and in higher schools it is very much stronger, the ruling power always being class sentiment, not the individual will of the teacher.

It is never the domination of the one over the many that regulates class life. It is always the rule of the many over the one, and the power is formidable. The student who offends class sentiment will suddenly find himself isolated, condemned to absolute solitude. No one will speak to him or notice him even outside the school until such time as he decides to make a public apology, when his pardon will depend upon a majority vote.

SHE WASN'T QUITE READY.

Why It Takes a Woman so Long to Dress Herself.

"It's just 7 o'clock," said Squibbob, "and so you have plenty of time to dress yourself carefully for the concert. With this margin of time, Henriette, you can surely have no excuse for being unprepared at the last moment, a trait wholly confined to your sex."

"Yes, dear, I'll start dressing right now," said his helpmate dutifully.

"And I myself will show you a good example in promptness," said Squibbob kindly. "I'll start right in now myself. By the way, where are my shirts?"

"Here they are."

"Put the shirt studs in it, will you? And, er—by the way, this dress suit is rather rumpled. I must have tossed it around in the drawer. You are rather handy at those things. Henriette—can't you press it into some sort of shape?"

"All right, dear."

"And, while you are at it, fix the pearls in my shirt front. Ginger! I wish you'd chase up my cuff buttons."

Mrs. Squibbob flew around with deft and willing hands, gathering the masculine apparel together, while Squibbob calmly dressed himself in the intervals of his rapid-fire directions. "Got my top hat?" he asked. "Good. Now please fix my necktie and—why—er—"

Squibbob gasped in surprise, looked at the clock hands, which pointed to 8, and then surveyed the flurried little woman.

"Ginger!" he said in fine scorn. "aren't you dressed yet? Well, if that isn't just like a woman!"

A schoolboy recently wrote the following essay on "Friendship": "A friend is one who knows all about you, and likes you all the same." If there is anything more to be said on the subject, we can't imagine what it may be.

Brown—"Did the tailor take your measure?" Jones—"I should think he did. He said I'd have to pay in advance."

Lottie—"I have such a dread of growing old!" Dottie—"Pshaw! I haven't!" Lottie—"No; I suppose you've got past that."

SCHOOL SMOKING ROOM

TEACHER WHO ALLOWS OLDER BOYS PIPES.

In Return They Prevent Surprising Smokes Among Juniors.

The evil effects of smoking among very young boys have been so often discussed that it comes as something of a shock to learn that the principals of certain schools are advocating the adoption of smoking rooms for the pupils, hoping that thereby they will, at least, be able to control the habit.

Many Italian schools have long enjoyed the luxury of smoking rooms, where the scholars can retire during off hours and indulge in a peaceful pipe or a soothing cigar, and it is declared by the principals in these colleges that recognition in this way goes far towards lessening the evil. The idea has also been followed in foreign countries where Italian schools have been founded, and in one of these in New York the smoking room is very popular.

The writer recently paid a visit to this juvenile smoking room and had a short conversation with a gentleman connected with the school, who stated that the "smoking salon," as the boys called it, had been in existence nearly a year, and had answered admirably the purpose for which it was intended, viz., the prevention of boys smoking on the sly.

MAKES THEM COMFORTABLE.

The room was comfortably and even tastefully furnished with easy chairs, couches, small tables, and bookcases, containing good literature in English and French, as well as Italian. There were pipe racks, tobacco jars, ash trays, etc., and the room was kept at an even temperature by means of an easily adjusted radiator. Two or three boys were seated there reading, pipes in their mouths, and a look of quiet delight on their southern features.

I was then introduced to the principal, who stated that the room was much appreciated by the boys. "For years," said this gentleman, "I had constantly been coming across our boys smoking on the sly in the play grounds and even behind their desks, and though I punished them it seemed to do no good. The younger boys are not permitted the use of the smoking room—only those of seventeen and upwards."

"No smoking to excess, of course, is permitted, the room being open at certain hours only. Our great object is not so much to lessen the habit of smoking among youths as to stamp out excessive cigarette smoking, which to my mind is answerable for many evil effects when indulged in by young boys."

OVER SEVENTEEN ONLY.

"As I have mentioned already, no boy under seventeen is allowed the use of the smoking room, and as soon as he has reached that age and expresses a desire to avail himself of its privileges he is expected to give the principals every assistance in stamping out smoking among the very young. He is supposed to report any case of juvenile smoking which may come under his notice, and I find that, as a rule, he does not shirk this duty."

"I believe this plan of having a smoking room for the elder boys is an excellent one, and should be adopted in every school where the cigarette habit among very young boys has taken firm root. The plan has the sanction of the Children's Aid Society, who now thoroughly believe in its efficacy, and who are advocating its adoption in other schools and colleges. Perhaps you are not aware that in some girls' schools in America and in Europe the habit of cigarette smoking is almost as rampant as it is among the boys, but I confess that I am at a loss to evolve a means by which this evil can be grappled with."

RAILWAYS IN CANADA.

In 1904, 9,611 Miles of Road Were Operated.

The official report of the Minister of Railways of Canada for 1904 shows that the number of steam railways in actual operation in Canada at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1904, was 191, including the two Government roads, the Intercolonial and the Prince Edward Island railways. As some of the roads are amalgamated or leased, the total number of controlling companies was 85, not including the Government railways. The number of companies absorbed by amalgamation was 54, and the number of leased lines was 38. The number of miles of completed railway was 19,611, an increase of 584 miles, besides 3,327 miles of sidings. The number of miles laid with steel rails was 19,545, of which 763 miles were double track. The number of miles in operation was 19,481. The paid-up capital amounted to \$1,186,546,918, an increase of \$39,996,149 over the previous year. The gross earnings of the year amounted to \$100,219,436, an increase of \$4,154,909, and the working expenses aggregated \$74,563,162, in increase of \$7,081,678, leaving the net earnings \$25,656,274, a decrease of \$2,926,729. The number of passengers carried was 28,640,765, an increase of 92,023.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 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, nonpareil measurement.

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE, QUE.

THE LATE SENATOR WARK.

By the death of Senator David Wark on Sunday morning last at his home in Fredericton, N.B., when death came to him as painlessly as sleep, the Senate of Canada was bereaved of its Nestor; the people of the Dominion of an honored citizen distinguished for his unflinching fidelity, good common sense, unswerving devotion to his King and Country and sincere devotion to duty and every righteous cause, and the world of its most venerable legislator.

Senator Wark had attained the ripe age of 101 years and six months, having been born near Londonderry, Ireland, Feb. 19th, 1804. He emigrated to Canada and settled in New Brunswick in 1825. He was a merchant of standing when in 1843 he was elected to represent Kent county in the legislative assembly. After serving eight years as member he was appointed to the legislative council of New Brunswick. From 1858 to 1852 he was a member of the government of New Brunswick without portfolio and was subsequently receiver-general. In 1867 he was called to the senate. The late Senator was a Liberal in politics but an ardent advocate of imperial federation, and was the mover in the senate of the resolution in favor of closer union between Great Britain and her colonies which passed both houses in 1894.

An unprecedented scene was enacted in the Parliament of Canada when both Houses united in presenting Senator Wark, on April 28, 1904, with a testimonial of congratulation upon having completed his hundredth year.

There was an impressiveness about the whole proceeding, without counterpart in any ceremony ever held within the halls of parliament said the Citizen in reporting it at the time. Those who took part in it or who were privileged to be present as spectators and auditors, will never forget the spontaneous solemnity it evoked—a feeling that had its climax in the sensation produced within the assemblage when the venerable legislator pronounced what seemed a patriarchal benediction in these his closing words:

"I join with you most cordially in the belief that God exercises a wise providence over the affairs of this world, and especially over the affairs of this empire; that he intends to make it a powerful, populous and prosperous empire, united under our gracious Sovereign in a policy of peace, and that it will be greatly blessed under his guidance in bringing about the happy time when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

BROWNSBURG PICNIC.

The Ninth Annual Picnic of the Dominion Cartridge Co's Employees was held on Saturday last, and it proved an easy winner over the preceding years. The day was exceedingly fine, and brought out a crowd that bid fair to rival the turn out at the Agricultural Exhibition. Talk about fun,—there was barrels of it. Everybody seemed to be bent on making the most of the day. The programme was run off without a single hitch and all the events were well contested, especially in the Pie-eating contest, which caused no end of merriment. Five blueberry pies were ranged on the band stand, and the participants ranged, one to each pie, with hands behind the back. The word given to "fall in" was promptly obeyed and the delicate hue of the blue berry was speedily beamed over the smiling countenances of the "hungry five." Then the African coon attracted much attention, and the way he had to duck for some of the sharp shooters was immense. The dancing platform was never free and the folks tripped the light fantastic to their hearts content. The Fanfare d'Argenteuil were on hand & played throughout the afternoon. Owing to the big turn out, the booths were soon relieved of their contents. In the evening a very fine display of fireworks was given, and drew to a close a most pleasant outing. Beside the following programme, a football match between Hawkesbury and Brownsburg resulted in a victory of 2-0 for Hawkesbury, and the Baseball match between Brownsburg and the Montrealers gave the home team a victory in the score of 9-7.

The success of the field sports was doubtless due to Mr. E. Hazen who was the right man in the right place. Mr. E. Smith and J. S. Giles officiated as judges over the following events:

Shooting Match, (100 yds off hand.) R. Whyte, 23, Oil Painting & Easel; S. Wilson, 21, \$4.00 pair of pants to order; G. Green, 20, Bridle; W. Wilson, 19, Box Cigars.

Boys under 7 years, (50 yards.)—R. Therrien, Ham; Wm. McAllister, bag of Bran; L. Gallery, Pickle d.i.h.

Boys under 17 years, (100 yds.)—T. White, Umbrella; B. Raymond, Cuff Buttons; J. Graves, Dinner bell.

Girls under 12 years, (50 yards.)—A. Martin, Bottle of Perfume; A. Raymond, Glassware Set; M. Therrien, Flower Vase.

220 yds., (open.)—E. Decarie, Gold Watch Chain; L. McCluskey, Umbrella; J. Donaldson, Pipe in Case.

100 yds. dash, (open.)—E. Decarie, Silver Inkstand; J. Guitard, Pair of Gents' Gloves; G. Carpenter, Roast of Meat.

Pie Eating Contest.—G. Carpenter, 10 lbs. Tea; C. Barker, Bag of Bran; W. McCluskey, Box Cigars.

Fat Men's Race, (over 200 lbs.)—N. Bunker, bag of Flour; E. Therrien, Bag of Moolie; J. Noyes, Tobacco Pouch.

Married Men's Race, (200 yds.)—J. Guitard, Bag of Flour; A. Vaillancourt, \$1. worth of Tea; W. Cooper, Roast of Meat.

Shot Guess, (instead of bean guess) 2972.—A. H. Smith, 2970, 10 lbs. Tea; R. Crompton, 2998, Paper Rack; W. Cameron, 3000, Berry Set; F. Hallford, 3050, Fruit Dish.

Much disgust was felt over the Lacrosse Match not being played, but it was entirely due to the team in Hawkesbury who backed out at last minute and gave our boys no chance of looking up another team.

DALESVILLE.

—:o:—

Many of the young folk of this vicinity attended the Brownsburg picnic on Saturday and spent a very enjoyable day.

The Misses Myrtle and Maggie Campbell of Papineauville spent a few days at Millbrook Cottage.

We are sorry to learn that a valuable horse of Mr. J. Calder's broke its leg and had to be shot.

Mrs. Woodhall and family who have been spending the summer at Mountain View Cottage intend returning to the city on Saturday.

Misses Grace and Jennie McGibbon spent Monday in Lachute.

Mr. W. Watchorn spent Sunday at Riverside Cottage.

A party of young folk visited at Mabel last Friday evening.

Miss E. Morrow, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. D. McQuat of Brownsburg, was a guest of the Misses Campbell over Sunday.

Mr. F. Coombes is spending his holidays here, the guest of his uncle Mr. C. Vary.

Mr. A. Kennedy finished haying in Edina and returned to Dalesville on Saturday.

We are glad to know that Mr. Jno. McGibbon has recovered from his recent illness.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL.

Again the good people of this county, from near and far, took advantage of the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hestlie who had thrown open their commodious home in Ogdensburg on Wednesday evening for the purpose of a social to aid on the good work of the Home and Foreign Missions which the Ladies Aid of the Grenville Church are seeking to accomplish. To say that a really good time was enjoyed by all present is putting it in mild form.

THE OLD STONE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the WATCHMAN

SIR,—A paragraph in the editorial columns of the Watchman of July 28th, reflecting on some persons (that article does not venture to say who they are) who for the love of money are causing the removal of one of the old landmarks. Perhaps an explanation from your correspondent may help to solve that mystery. In the first place if it is the love of money on the part of the church authorities that was meant, that article was misleading, because the church managers do not get one cent of the money obtained from the sale of the stones or the timber that has been taken from the walls or the roof as the person doing the work gets the proceeds for his pay. If it is contended that he is doing that work for the love of money then you might also be accused of printing the Watchman for the love of money. To attempt to keep the old church standing and in repair would only be a waste of energy and money, and I would only be a temptation to fire bugs who seem to have a mania for setting fire to unoccupied buildings. If the love of money has not destroyed all the finer feelings of this generation as that paragraph suggested, then they have a more excellent way of spending their money than trying to maintain a target for the accommodation of fire-bugs. The fund that was raised ten years ago for the cleaning of the old burying ground has become exhausted and those wishing to contribute to that fund can do so by sending their contribution to the treasurer Mr. H. M. Gall. If sufficient funds are forthcoming your correspondent will attend to the cleaning of the ground as he has done in the past, without charge as far as his services are concerned. WALTER MCOUAT.

We gladly print our correspondent's letter but wish to point out that he evades the point at issue. The Watchman did not state that the stones and timber were sold for the love of money, but that an old church building, regarded affectionately by many still living, is being removed for love of money. The above letter does not touch the fact that by the removal of the building—free of cost to the church managers—a large plot of ground is thrown into the market and that by the sale of it the managers expect to receive many hundreds of dollars.

Nor is the parallel to the sale of the Watchman a good one. This is the second letter received during the last half year in which the work of the church is regarded as on a commercial and competitive basis. Traffic in goods in commerce is as essential to human welfare as is the work of the church. But when the church sacrifices spiritual interests, religious memories, tender imagination and holy association for the gain of money the traffic is no longer in goods which can be valued in money equivalents. But it is not for the Watchman to tell church managers whether their work is to be on a commercial basis or not. It was enough to point out the principle involved and the letter of our correspondent shows we were not mistaken.

The most conspicuous lack in the spiritual life of our country is its lack of background. In other countries the work of the pioneers and the monuments to their devotion are cherished. A public building becomes in time something more than the private property of a corporation. It fares it with a community which too lightly severs its present life from the best work of its past. Circumstances undoubtedly may exist warranting the removal of buildings sacred with associations, but it is difficult to discover those circumstances at this particular time in the life of our people. In other lands wealthy churches delight to maintain these spiritual links to their own past. A wealthy congregation like the one in question could have respected the feelings of many citizens and kept the old church building in order for some years to come.

MABEL.

—:o:—

Most of the farmers around have finished their harvest.

Miss Katie M. Beers has returned home after a short visit with friends here.

Mr. G. Tomalty accompanied by Miss Lilly Burns, of Arundel, spent Monday evening last with Mr. A. Warwick.

Miss S. McAllister is the guest of her sister Mrs. J. Clarke.

Quite a contingent from this place attended the D. O. picnic and report a very good time.

Master R. Gibson of Ottawa, spent a few days the guest of Master John Warwick.

DEATH.

STALKER.—Died at Lachute, Que., on Thursday, Aug. 17, 1905, Annie, second and dearly beloved daughter of David and Maria Stalker, aged 29 years, 2 months and 5 days.

We desire to express our heartfelt gratitude to the many kind friends and acquaintances who showed their extreme kindness in many ways during the sickness and death of our dear daughter, and sister Annie. Mr. & Mrs. D. STALKER & FAMILY.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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

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Chas. H. Fletcher

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Are you in need of building material, such as Fire Bricks, Fire Clay, Drain Pipes, Farm Tiles, Brick, Portland Cement, Plaster Board, Chimney Linings, Laths, Plaster Paris, Asbestos, Etc., Etc.

Ring up Telephone 29, for whatever you may require.

J. W. Cottingham

Store & Farm For Sale.

—:o:—

Farm comprises 150 acres, 90 of which is under cultivation and 60 in valuable timber land. Sugar bush of about 1000 trees, convenient to residence and well equipped. Good new house, well finished and heated by furnace, and water in the house and barn. The general Store and Post Office adjoin the house. There is also a fine orchard with about 100 trees bearing. Churches, blacksmith shop and schoolhouse all in sight. The country round admits of a fine growing business. For further particulars apply to

JOHN WESTGATE, Mille Isle, P.Q.

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J. D. CAMPBELL & CO.,

CALL AT OUR UPTOWN STORE FOR YOUR GROCERIES

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

Flour and Feed Merchants LACHUTE, QUE.

Summer Underwear, Hosiery, Etc.

Men's Underwear in Cashmere, Union, Balbriggan and Cotton from sizes 36 in. to 44 in. Men's ½ hose in Wool, Cashmere and Cotton. White and Colored Shirts soft and stiff bosoms, Collars, Ties, etc., (Tooke's make.)

Ladies, Misses and Childs' Cotton Vests with Straps, Sleeves, Short Sleeves, etc., Bleached and white.

Ladies, Misses & Childs' Hose in Little Thread, Cashmere and Cotton, plain and ribs, all prices.

H. J. Giles & Bro.

Crude
Thoughts
As They
Fall
From the
Editorial
Pen :—
Pleasant
Evening
Reveries.

Home Circle Depart- ment.

A Column
Dedicated
to Tired
Mothers
As They
Join the
Home
Circle at
Evening
Tide.

BE AS HAPPY AS YOU CAN.
This life is not all sunshine
Nor is it yet all showers;
But storms and calms alternate
As thorns among the flowers.
And while we seek for the roses,
The thorns fall off we scan.
Still let us though they wound us
Be as happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments,
Which you and I must bear.
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

THE real business of life is the
making of a happy home. When you
come to sift the whole chaff of exist-
ence, everything goes to the wind but
the happiness we have had at home.

ALL about us are beautiful homes
which are mere pauper houses, so far
as happiness is concerned, because of
some one member of the family who
is a petty tyrant, a nagger, a peace
destroyer.

KEEP your head clear, your con-
science fair, your heart pure, young
woman and go out into the world and
make a life for yourself. It is your
right as well as your duty.

IN hours of exuberance and exulta-
tion or joyous merriment; in reflec-
tive moments when the soul is swept
with memories, pleasing or plaintive;
in the silence of religious meditations,
or in our little recesses from the home-
ly duties and commonplace labors of
the day, or week, they befriend us
with their delightful solace, these
thoughts of home and a happy family
circle.

"They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper. Yes or No,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight,
Without a woman in it."

THE home in some phase or attri-
bute has been a fruitful theme for lit-
erature through many centuries of
civilized life. The most volumi-
nous as well as the most varied treat-
ment of the home and its finer issues
has been at the hand of the poet.
This is due to the fact that domestic-
ity is closely bound up with our affec-
tional natures and touches themes of
utility, fancy, attachment or associa-
tion that have become part and par-
cel of our lives and cannot be detach-
ed from them, even through a long
stretch of years. Few writers could
find a topic were it not for the inno-
cence of children, the joys of youth,
the blush and bloom of maidenhood,
the wisdom and beauty of old age, or
the myriad other inspirations of the
home.

MOTHER.

ALAS! how little do we appreciate
our mother's tender love while she is
with us, though dutiful and devoted
to her. After her lips are closed for-
ever, and we know she will never
more lead us by her counsel, cheer us
along the pathway when thorns pierce
us, shadows gather over us, then we
turn memory's pages and feel that if
we only had mother back, how many
rays of sunshine we would bring into
her heart. So many kindnesses we
might have shown her if we had only
known she was going away so soon to
return no more. How often these
thoughts will pass through your mind
after your sweet old mother leaves;
you, if she has not even now passed
over the Dark River.

"Yet oft as I look backward o'er the
long, long waste of years,
My heart is filled with sudden pain,
My eyes grow dim with tears,
As I recall with vain regret and many
a secret smart;
How oft in times of waywardness I
grieved her tender heart."

While these thoughts come, our
mother's tender love comforts. We
feel that while we have grieved her
many times, her love wrapped this
"mantle of charity" about us. This
is comfort. To those who are blest
with a mother, let us beg that you
treat her with the tenderest care.
For no matter how you treat her
when she leaves, you will feel many
regrets.

If you ask a child where home is he
would say where mother is. Home of
our childhood, where mother reigns
queen, soothes our heartaches, min-
isters to our needs, protects us from
the blasts of life. This is home on
earth. But we must strive to secure
the home "where they know not the
sorrow of time." Home beyond the
dark river of death, where no
sweet ties are severed, no tears there
no farewells spoken, with God the
Father, God the son, our Saviour, our
mother and father, brothers and sis-
ters, all there in that beautiful home
of the soul.

Agricultural Societies List of Special Prizes.

By GEO. H. PERLEY Esq., M.P.—On
best dairy milch cow of any breed (pure or
grade) \$5. For best Clyde or Shire Stallion
\$5, on best pure bred dairy Bull on exhibi-
tion, 2 premiums, 1st \$5, 2nd \$3; for a 2nd
premium on Ayshire Herd, \$3; on best
grade Herd with thoroughbred bull \$4; on
best collection of Fancy work \$5; and \$20
to the annual ploughing match.

By Hon. W. A. WEIR, Esq., M.P.P.—
On 2 year old grade stud colts, 3 prizes, 1st
\$3, 2nd \$2, 3rd \$1; \$1 as a 4th premium on
thoroughbred Yorkshire & Berkshire Sows
and Grade Sows under 9 months, and for a
4th premium on old Ewes, Grade Shropshire
Oxford, or South Down sheep \$1 in each
class; as a 1st premium on best collection
garden Vegetables \$4 For best pure bred
Herd of Holstein to consist of 4 females and
1 male \$4.50; for a 2nd prize on best col-
lection of Fruit \$1.50; and \$4 to the annual
ploughing match.

By Hon. W. M. OWENS, Esq.—As an
addition to the Society's first prize on best
thoroughbred Ayshire Bull calf of year '03
\$10.

By J. C. WILSON & CO.—On nearest
single driving turn out, 3 premiums, 1st \$5
2nd \$3, 3rd \$1; on saddle horses, 3 prizes,
1st \$3, 2nd \$2, 3rd \$1; for a 2nd prize on
best collection of Fancy work \$1; for best
collection of flowers in pot, 2 premiums, 1st
\$3, 2nd \$1.50; for best collection of Fruit
\$2.50

By THOS. CHRISTIE Esq.—On best
single general purpose Horse harnessed to
vehicle and not to be exhibited in any other
class, 2 premiums, 1st \$3, 2nd \$2.

By Director FELIX HAMELIN, Esq.—
On best bushel of white Peas \$1; on best
bushel white Beans \$1; on best collection of
Home made Knitted work, 2 premiums, 1st
\$1, 2nd 50cts; as an additional to the first
and second premiums on Patched silk, satin
or plush Quilt, 1st \$3, 2nd \$2, and as an
additional to the 1st prize awarded on
patched cotton Quilts, \$1; and 50cts. to
the second prize on same.

By BANK OF OTTAWA.—For best
collection of Grain in bag \$2; for best col-
lection of Grain in sheaf, 2 premiums, 1st
\$1.50, 2nd \$1; for best bouquet Cut Flowers,
2 premiums, 1st \$1, 2nd 50c; and as an ad-
ditional prize on 1st and 2nd premiums on
Roadsters \$4.

By J. R. PARRIS, Esq., Man. Bank of
Ottawa, Lachute.—As additional premium
to the first 10 premiums awarded on following
classes of Poultry viz: Minorcas and Andalusians
50c in each class; and \$1 to be given
for a third prize on General Purpose Horse
harnessed to Vehicle.

By R. P. DE LARONDE, Esq.—Best
thoroughbred Ayshire Herd to consist of
4 females and 1 male \$5.

By J. G. LACROIX, Esq.—(Argenteuil
Hotel.) for the best Lady Driver, 2 prizes,
1st \$3, 2nd \$2.

By H. A. BLAIR, Esq.—For best thor-
oughbred Holstein Bull on Exhibition ground
2 premiums, 1st \$3, 2nd \$2.

By J. S. GILES, Esq., Watchman Print,
—Best of Photographs by Amateurs, 3 pre-
miums, 1st \$2.50, 2nd 1.50, 3rd \$1.

By GEO. F. CALDER, Esq.—On best
Puncheon Pie, 2 premiums, 1st \$1.25 2nd,
75c.

By T. H. AYERS, Esq.—For best po-
tato Digger on Exhibition \$5.

By J. JOHN, Esq.—On best exhibit of
Tinware, 2 premiums, 1st 10 lbs of tea, 2nd
5 lbs of tea; and 5 lbs tea on best exhibit
of Butter in roll, (1 lb in each roll.)

By Director C. A. RODGER, Esq.—For
a 1st prize on best exhibit of Herd of Horn
Cattle on Parade in show ring, \$2.

By Director JOHN CRUISE, Esq.—For
a 2nd prize on best exhibit of Herd of Horn
Cattle on Parade in show ring \$2.

By JOHN BLACK, Esq.—For best four
Animals (pure bred) get of one Ayshire
Bull, \$3.

By J. A. WOOD, Esq.—For best Ay-
shire or Grade Ayshire Cow, and two of
her progeny \$3.

By VICTOR LEFEBVRE, Esq., Lachute
Hotel.—On best collection Field Roots, 2
premiums, 1st \$3, 2nd \$2.

H. SLATER, Esq.—For 2nd best grad
Herd with thoroughbred Bull \$2.

By W. J. TODD, Esq.—On best Draught
Colts of year 1908 \$2.

By T. McOUAT & SON.—For a second
premium on best collection garden veget-
ables \$2.

By CARPENTES BROS., Lachute.—
For best Farmer's turn out team Double
Wagon & Harness (all to be the property
of Exhibitor, 2 premiums, 1st \$3, 2nd 2.

By M. MOODY & SON.—1 Root Cutter
to be awarded at the Annual Ploughing
Match.

By JOHN HAY, Esq., President.—For
the largest and best Exhibit of Horses all
owned by one exhibitor, Stallions over two
years (old barred,) 2 premiums, 1st \$3, 2nd
\$2.

By G. J. WALKER, Esq., Secretary.—
For best specimen of Hand writing by pu-
pils 14 years old and under attending any
of the schools in the County, 3 premiums
1st \$1.50, 2nd \$1, 3rd 50c.

To the Lady taking the largest number
of prizes in Exhibition building \$2.

By J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.—For best
herd, pure bred Holsteins: Cattle raised by
exhibitor consisting of 1 male and 4 females
\$2.50; best herd of pure bred Ayshire Cattle
raised by exhibitor to consist of 1 male,
and 4 females \$2.50; on best pair of general
purpose Horses raised by exhibitor not
more than 5 years old, \$2.50; on best loaf
of home-made bread made from flour purchased
from J. D. Campbell & Co's, 2 premiums,
1st \$1.50, 2nd \$1.00.

By O. B. B. LAFLEUR, Esq.—On best
Home-made Laundry (no professional) 2 pre-
miums, 1st \$2, 2nd \$1.

By DOMINION CARTRIDGE CO'Y.,
Brownburg.—To the exhibitor who prop-
erly harnesses his horse to carriage on Exhibi-
tion ring and goes around the exhibition
ring the quickest (no snags on harness to be
used, 3 premiums, 1st \$3, 2nd \$2, 3rd \$1;
to the Hurry Scurry Race on horse back, 3
times round the ring: walk once, trot once,
and run once, 1st \$3, 2nd \$2. The race to
take place 1st day of Exhibition.

ST. PHILIPPE.

—:O:—

Miss Alice Davidson is spending a
few weeks with friends in Montreal.

Miss Eunice Hodgson of Hudson, is
the guest of her sister Mrs. Frank
Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Grahm and family
spent Sunday with the latter's parents
Mr. and Mrs. James Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Nicholls of Car-
leton were visiting Mr. Wm. Davidson
recently.

Quite a number of our young people
who attended the Brownsburg picnic
Reported of having a very successful
time.

Miss Lizzie Chambers is spending a
few days, the guest of Miss Miriam
Tomalty Mount Maple.

Mr. Johial Cass visited friends in
Montreal, one day last week.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Jno.
Chambers is recovering after the
successful operation she has under-
gone in the Royal Victoria Hospital
Montreal.

CASTORIA.

Partis la
Signature
de *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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.

A Postal Card will fetch
us to you by address. ng—

Hardies' Bakery,
BROWNSBURG.

J. R. McOuat's Adv.

JUST RECEIVED A CAR OF COARSE SALT

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID
FOR WOOL

We have a full stock of Builders Supplies, Roofing Felt
Building Paper, Nails, Glass, Putty, Door Locks, Hinges,
Pure double boiled and raw linseed oil, Pure white lead,
Floor Paints. The Sherwin Williams Ready mixed Paints.

J. R. McOUAT

Bargains!



Now is the time to buy a Thrashing Mill. The J. B. Dore is the
best make. We are offering bargains in all other machinery and sup-
plies, so when you are needing anything in that line, just call on

H. A. Blair.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Now is Your Time

TO SECURE YOUR PICK FROM THE



LARGEST STOCK of CARPETS and LINOLIUMS
between Montreal and Ottawa. We are direct importers
from Great Britain and can give you real bargains in these
lines. We have them in Axminster, Brussels with borders
to match, Tapestry, Wool and Union.

Linoleums in 1, 2 and 4 yds. wide. Quality 1st, 2nd and
3rd. Remember these are not Canadian Goods, but are
well seasoned and will wear twice as long as other goods.

Ready-made Clothing for men and boys. Ladies' Ready-
to-wear goods, Suits, Skirts, Blouses, & Shirt Waist Suits.

Lachute's Bargain Centre.

Our Stock in Furniture

Was never as complete as it is now,
and our prices as low : : :

10, 15 and 20 p.c. discount on

Baby Carriages and Go-Carts,

We have a very large assortment of
Parlor Suites from \$20.00 to \$65.00
also Bed Room Suites, Dining Suites,
Sideboard, Extension Tables, Chairs
Parlor Tables, Oak Morris Chairs, La-
dies' Desks, & Secretaries, Roll Top
Desks, Springs & Mattresses, Pictures,
Paper Racks, etc. We also frame
pictures, and are agents for the fa-
mous Ostermoor Elastic Felt, Mattres-
ses, & Hercules Springs. We solicit a
call from you before buying elsewhere
and convince yourself.



Lachute Furniture Factory

About theHouse

THE PANTRY.

Care cannot be given the pantry, for it is here that many false movements may be made and many false steps be taken if the place be not convenient in every detail.

In most homes the baking is prepared here, for unless it is possible to prepare many dishes on a broad shelf in the pantry it means that all the ingredients used must be carried from the pantry out into the kitchen to the table and back again when the baking is finished. In a most convenient pantry there is a broad shelf sufficiently large to hold a wide bake board, this shelf being at right angles with the shelves where the supplies are placed, and it is possible to stand in one place while preparing a baking and at the most take but a step or two to the farthest end of the shelves.

In front of this shelf is a large window which gives perfect light by which to work without straining the eyes. All up and down the sides of this window small brass hooks are fastened into the woodwork, and on each of these hooks is placed one utensil used in cookery. When one is at work it is possible to lift any one article without disturbing the rest, and as each article is always kept on its own hook, it becomes almost a mechanical movement to reach for any utensil needed.

On the wall at the right of the bake board is a knife rack, and all around the wood-work of the door as well as on the back of the door more brass screws are fastened, and on these saucepans, baking pans, and larger utensils are hung, each one on a hook by itself.

Papers are kept at hand all the time to use in various ways, and on the upper part of the pantry door is fastened a receptacle for the papers. It is most simple in construction. An oblong piece of denim is turned in on all the edges, a selvage being used for the top of the bag. The denim is then laid against the back of the door and tacked into place with large headed tacks. Another line of tacks down the middle divides it into two compartments, and in one side newspapers are kept while in the other are placed paper bags of all sizes and pieces of clean wrapping paper. The linings of all cake and cracker boxes are saved, for these may be used underneath a flat iron as a lining for cake tins and for wrapping the various parts of a luncheon so that one article of food will not be contaminated by the rest. There are many other uses to which these box linings may be put.

A fine idea for pantry shelves is to use two coats of white paint and then a finishing coat of white enamel. Wash the shelves with cold water as soon as the enamel dries, and then it will harden quickly. Over this place no oilcloth or papers but leave the shelves bare and notice the improvement; since there are no covers under which crumbs can collect there is no encouragement for mice, the enamel is easily wiped off with a damp cloth, and with such a finish it is never necessary to clean the entire pantry at once. It keeps clean all the time.

CANNING PEACHES AND PEARS.

Fruit of medium size and high flavor is best for canning. It should be fully ripe, but firm and free from bruises or rotten specks. Clingstone peaches are much the best. Choose fruit from the nearest orchards—that which has been shipped a long distance seldom pays for canning. This is particularly true of pears, which are almost flavorless unless ripened on the tree. Fruit must be picked just as it begins to turn for long distance shipping, hence is always more or less insipid.

Wash and drain the fruit before beginning to pare it, if it is the least bit dusty or sticky. Pare as thin as possible—the finest fruit flavor lurks next the skin. Drop peaches as fast as pared into a deep jar half full of clear lime water. This prevents their turning brown, and in a measure hardens them. Leave them whole unless too big to go in the can. In that case halve, leaving the pit in one half. When all are pared, drain off the lime water, cover with fresh water, rinse well and weigh. Take half the weight of pared fruit in granulated sugar, put it over the fire in a preserving kettle, with half a pint of ginger tea, and the juice of a lemon to each pound prepared as follows: Pare off the yellow lemon rind before squeezing, and put it in with the fruit. Make the ginger tea by bruising half an ounce of ginger

for each pint wanted, covering it with boiling water, and letting it stand 15 minutes before straining.

Boil the syrup five minutes, skimming it well at least twice, and when it boils hard, drop in all the peaches it will cover. Leave them in until the kettle again strikes a boil, then skim out with a perforated skimmer, and put into hot glass jars. Set the jars where they will keep hot, until all the fruit has been in the syrup. Add a pint of fresh syrup for each half gallon already used, bringing it to a quick boil, skim thoroughly and fill the cans with it, boiling hot. Scatter the lemon peel well through the fruit, when it is put in the jars. Seal after filling, and let stand where the cooling will be gradual.

In filling cans let them stand several minutes before sealing, so if the liquid falls below the fruit, more may be put in. Pears may be canned or branded in exactly the same way.

If a tart flavor is desired, use two lemons in place of one. The above recipe has been tested and found to be excellent.

THE PICNIC.

The wise organizer of a picnic chooses the picnic spot with reference to shade and accessibility. A day or two before the picnic the list of edibles to be taken should be written out, together with the necessary articles and utensils, so that when the luncheon is unpacked it will not be found that the salt was left at home nor that the forks are missing. As the package goes on each article is checked off the list.

A hamper will hold everything safely, but if the carrying is to be divided among the picknickers pack the sandwiches in a box, the cake in another, and so on, keeping each viand separate.

Broiled or fried chicken, a small baked ham, the best portion sliced and the rest minced for sandwiches, are satisfactory meats. A cold potato salad, tomatoes, olives, and salted almonds may be added. Cake of course, must be taken. Gold, silver, caramel, lady roll jelly, or warble cake, cookies, and jumbles, not to mention the ever popular chocolate, are all good picnic cakes.

Sponge cake cut in thin slices, and spread with orange, green gage, and pineapple marmelade, or with crystallized ginger chopped up and moistened with orange juice, and then rolled up in waxed paper, are found tasty bits of sweetness.

Fruit juice in the proportion of two oranges to one lemon is sweetened and poured in bottles, securely corked and put on ice over night, also a jar of mayonnaise dressing made with cream, and a jar of cream for the coffee if coffee is desired, are also put on ice. Just before starting take off the ice, wrap in several thicknesses of newspaper, and then in flannel. This keeps them cold for several hours.

This is a good list to follow: Chicken broiled or fried; baked ham, sliced ham sandwiches, biscuits, cake fruit, potato salad, salted nuts, olives, fruit juice, mayonnaise, cheese, fresh eggs, table cloth and paper napkins, wooden plates and tin cups, salt and pepper, corkscrew, comb and brush, towels and soap, ham-mock, two or three shawls, arnica, court plaster.

USEFUL HINTS.

If sponges are used for soap they should be rinsed out daily; otherwise they are sure to become slimy and most unpleasant. In any case they require periodical cleaning. Dissolve some borax or soda in warm water and let the sponge soak in it for an hour. Squeeze it well out and then rinse in clean warm water. Many people make it a habit to put their sponges outside the window after using them in order that they may air and dry in readiness for the next using.

When oilcloth loses its shiny surface it can be made to last longer and to look quite new again by varnishing it over with glue. Wash the oilcloth thoroughly and let it dry. Then at night, when the traffic of the day is over, go over it with a piece of flannel dipped in glue water. Choose a dry day for it, and in the morning the glue will be quite hard and the floorcloth new looking. The glue water must be prepared some time before it is needed, putting a small quantity of glue in a pint or so of water and letting it stand on the stove until dissolved.

Fruit stains may be removed from table linen by moistening the stain with milk and then covering with powdered common table salt. Afterwards wash in the ordinary manner.

If you want to break off a glass bottle quite evenly soak a piece of string in turpentine and tie it around the glass just where you wish the break to come. Then fill the glass to that point with cold water and set fire to the string. The glass will snap all along the heated line. By breaking off the top of a broken and battered decanter, if the base be intact, it may be converted into a useful bowl.

NOVEL BRIDECAKE.

At a Jewish wedding which took place recently in Calcutta the wedding cake was somewhat of a novelty. After the reception the bride proceeded to cut the cake, which was most beautifully got up and highly ornamented. Half-way embedded in the cake was a pistol, which was fired off. Then the bride, putting the knife into the cake set at liberty a number of live birds, which had been by some artistic arrangement caged in the cake.

GEMS WITHOUT NUMBER

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL TREASURY.

Marvellous Jewels Which Few Foreigners Are Permitted to See.

"Moscow is the heart of Russia and the Kremlin is the heart of Moscow," is an old Russian saying, and it is to the Kremlin we must go to see the truly Oriental opulence of the Russian Imperial House. Few Englishmen have been privileged to gaze on the magnificent Crown jewels of the Romanoffs safely housed in the Imperial Treasury adjoining the Great Palace of the Kremlin, says a writer in London Tit-Bits. The writer by special permission was recently allowed to examine the priceless treasures—jewels without number, wonderful specimens of the goldsmith's art, gems of fabulous value, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, clustered together in masses of most exquisite workmanship.

Let the incredulous should smile, it may be stated at the outset that the Russian State is one of the greatest economic units on the face of the earth; that it draws an annual net profit of \$25,000,000 from its forests, mines, and agricultural property; that it receives annually \$40,000,000 from its communities of ex-*serfs*; that it owns 24,000 miles of railway; that the Czar is certainly one of the richest men living, having an official annual income of nearly \$5,000,000 and a private annual income of from four to five times this amount.

On entering the Imperial Treasury the duly accredited visitor is received by Court officials of charming manners and dignified courtesy, whose grace and versatility at once reveal Russia's cultured nobility.

THE FIRST ROOM

contains all kinds of ancient and modern weapons, armor for men and horses, with explanatory notes and dates. Near by is the gorgeous baldachino under which the Emperor walked at his coronation. It is constructed of ebony and mother-of-pearl, covered with velvet and cloth of gold, surmounted by plumes of ostrich feathers, in three colors—black, white and yellow. An immense room full of thrones, each representing a fortune! Single thrones, double thrones, and even triple ones! Specially quaint is the double throne made for Ivan and Peter, with an opening behind, through which the young monarchs could be secretly advised by their sister Sophia. Here also is the throne of Alexis, studded with 1,223 rubies, 876 diamonds, and other precious stones; the throne of Boris, ornamented with hundreds of large pearls and turquoises; the magnificent ivory throne brought from Constantinople by Sophia on her marriage with Ivan the Great in 1472, and many others of imposing design and great historic associations.

THE ARRAY OF CROWNS

is bewildering in number and brilliancy. Among the fifty-two titles of the Czar of All the Russias are: Czar of Kazan, of Astrakan, of Poland, of Siberia, of Kherson; and the crowns of these once separate kingdoms now repose in the Russian Treasury.

The crown of the Crimea is a plain gold circlet—a modest violet among the sunflowers. The crown of Vladimir Monomachus is of special interest, as that monarch married the daughter of our own King Harold, succeeding to the throne of Kiev in 1113. It is of rare gold filigree work on sable, surmounted by a plain cross set with pearls. A topaz, a sapphire, and a ruby adorn the dome, and the lower part is encrusted with pearls, rubies, and diamonds. The crown of Peter the Great is adorned with 900 diamonds, surmounted by a diamond cross rising from the centre of an immense uncut ruby, while that of the Empress Catherine II. is bedizened by no fewer than 2,536 diamonds and an enormous ruby, producing a rainbow of color dazzling in its brilliancy. The crown of Michael Romanoff, the founder of the present Imperial House, is surrounded by 190 precious stones and surmounted by a gigantic emerald. The coronet of the present Empress is remarkable chiefly for the quality of its jewels, being bedecked with one hundred of the purest gems ever brought together in a single ornament, and is said to be UNEQUALLED IN THE WORLD.

The crown of the present Emperor is dome-shaped like a patriarchal mitre. Its chief gem is an immense ruby supporting a cross of five very large diamonds, while its base is ablaze with precious stones. It is strange that at the coronation of Nicholas II. the crown of Peter the Great was used, and when with great dignity and deliberation the Czar placed the crown on his head it tilted slightly and appeared too large, an omen readily seized upon by augurs of evil.

The Royal orb is decorated with diamonds, set in two bands, encircling it at right angles. On its upper surface is a large sapphire surmounted by a diamond cross, while to the orthodox Russian not the least precious of its materials is a piece of the true cross of Christ. The Imperial sceptre has for its chief ornament the magnificent gem known

"Blue Label"

40 cents per pound

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA. A 20th century luxury. Positively incomparable. Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all grocers. Steadfastly refuse all substitutes.

as the Orloff diamond, one of the largest and most valuable in existence; and the jewelled collars of the order of St. Andrew, the great Sword of State, the Imperial seal, and the insignias of innumerable orders blink their animation in varicolored lights.

The ancient practice of presenting bread and salt to the Czar as a sign of submission and fealty is still a ceremonious function at each Coronation. Envoys from Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand, and far-away Yakutsk have offered their allegiance to recent Czars.

ON PLATES OF PURE GOLD.

to which has sometimes been added, as a constituent part, a salt-cellar of rare design. At least 1,000 of these plates with their accompanying salt-cellars are arranged as plaques on the walls or hidden in recesses by priceless tapestry. Many of the plates are embossed with the Emperors' initials in gems.

The gold plate used at the Imperial banquets is truly regal. Its value is enormous owing to its abundance the elegance of its design, its choice workmanship, and the quality of its material.

The bejewelled dresses of former Empresses of Russia are carefully preserved, that of Catherine II. being so long and heavy with gems that it needed twelve chamberlains to support its train. The wedding dress of the present Empress is Imperial in texture and price, costing no less than \$200,000.

In another room is a huge goblet cut out of a single enormous amethyst, with a hunting scene chased over its entire surface, and Coronation presents of fabulous value from the East and West, from emperors, kings and princes, as well as from many municipalities and millionaires.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

The very best medicine in the world for summer complaints, such as cholera infantum, diarrhoea and dysentery is Baby's Own Tablets. During the hot weather months no wise mother should be without a box of Tablets in the house. These troubles come suddenly and unless promptly checked too often prove fatal. Baby's Own Tablets act almost like magic in these cases, and speedily remove all cause of danger. Mrs. Alex. Poulin, Caracquet, N.B., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for children. I have used them for cholera infantum, teething and other troubles, and it is astonishing how quickly they relieve and cure these ailments." An occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep the stomach and bowels right and prevent summer complaints. No mother need be afraid of this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. It always does good—it cannot possibly do harm. Be sure that every box bears the full name Baby's Own Tablets and picture of four-leaf clover on the wrapper around the box. Anything else is a dangerous substitute. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NOTABLE TEA TOPERS.

Men Who Drank the Stimulating Brew to Excess.

The most hardened tea drinker may admit that tea drinking can be, and often is, overdose, and yet the best known tea toppers do not appear to have suffered in consequence of their excessive indulgence in the cheering cup.

De Quincey was a notable tea toper. In his picture of a winter evening in his cottage among the Cumberland hills he mentions the tea equipage on a table beside the fire, and behind the table a fair tea maker, whose duty it was to fill an almost endless procession of cups. De Quincey declares that he drank tea from 8 o'clock at night to 4 in the morning, and claims the infusion as "the favorite beverage of the intellectual."

Another tea toper was Hazlitt, the essayist, who was not only very fond of the beverage, but seems to have drunk it of extraordinary strength. We are told on excellent authority that he used two ounces for his breakfast and two for his tea, with cream; and that for this tea—the finest Soochong—he paid at first four shillings and afterward twelve shillings per pound. Perhaps this extravagant and excessive consumption of tea may account for some of the essayist's quaternities.

Cowper, as we all know, appreciated to the full the charm of the

fragrant leaf, but there is hardly sufficient evidence to show that he was guilty of undue indulgence. The most famous tea toper was, of course, Dr. Johnson, whose feats with the cup which Mrs. Thrale filled so assiduously are too well known to need enlarging upon. His record appears to have been twenty-five cups, which he drank at a sitting, but in mitigation of judgment it should be remembered that in all probability the cups were much smaller than the teacups in use at the present time. Still, Johnson told Miss Reynolds in playful verse:

Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And he described himself as a "hardened and shameless tea drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight and with tea welcomes the morning." It is an amazing confession, but we are bound to remember that this intemperate tea bibber lived to the age of 75.

Johnson's record was equaled by Bishop Gilbert Burnet, the author of the well known "History of My Own Times," who is reported to have disposed of twenty-five cups in a morning. Another man of letters of a very different type, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who might have equaled the doctor, curbed his tea drinking propensities early. When he was a very young man Hawthorne was in the habit of visiting at a house where the hostess made excellent tea, and one evening when the visitor's cup was passed to be refilled she said: "Now, Mr. Hawthorne, I am going to play Mrs. Thrale to your Johnson. I know you are a slave to my tea." The young man made no reply, but he had no inclination to play the role assigned to him, and for five years from that night Hawthorne did not taste a cup of tea—a protest which seems as excessive in its way as the inclination which his hostess had attributed to him.

There have been other heroes of the teapot not a few—Hartley Coleridge may fairly claim a place among the tea toppers. Some one is said to have asked him once how many cups he usually drank and to have received the scornful reply: "Cups! I don't count by cups. I count by pots!" Then there have been others whom it would be hardly fair to rank as tea toppers, but who have shown marked devotion to the teapot. In recent days Mr. Gladstone and Dean Stanley would appear in this class, but indeed any list of enthusiastic lovers in recent times of what Waller called the "best of herbs" would be of most inordinate length.

MENU OF THE JUNGLE.

A Traveller Tells of the Bill of Fare.

"The bill of fare of the jungle is as extensive as it is unusual," said a well-known traveller, "and no one can form any idea of it unless necessity has compelled him to use it. In Bolivia, for example, the daily food consists of so-called 'chupe,' which is made of cooked Indian corn and chunes, or frozen potatoes. This remarkable dish is hardly inviting, as the potatoes are like stewed corks in flavor and consistency. 'My introduction to the jungle bill of fare was made by a black-and-yellow water-snake, about seven feet long, which I killed and cooked one day. It was of an extremely delicate flavor."

"After several attempts I have been obliged to give up all of the cat species as uneatable, for the flesh is far from palatable and remarkably tough. Almost all kinds of snakes may be eaten. They make splendid roasts and soups. The flesh of most varieties resembles in flavor and appearance that of our eels. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it is better than that of eels. I must make an exception of the boa constrictor, the flesh of which more resembles that of a rabbit. I find roast monkey an especially tempting delicacy."

"The most peculiar roast which I ever fell to my lot to eat was that of sea-cow, or manatee. The sea-like animal has four different kinds of meat, both in taste and appearance."

The man who learns by his mistakes soon discovers that there is no graduating from that school.

"A woman doesn't always have the last word, does she?" "Oh, no. Sometimes she is talking to another woman."

Disease takes no summer vacation.

If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont.
Per and 61000; all druggists.

His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Ten minutes more, and it will be over," said Sir Basil to himself—he was in the drawing-room alone, waiting for Sir Arthur and the ladies.

The room was brilliantly lighted, and he saw there for the first time a magnificent picture that Sir Arthur had purchased that year at the Royal Academy. It was called "Oenone." It was terribly, tragically beautiful.

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier Than all the valleys of Ionian hills."

Hither came the beautiful-browed Oenone, she whom Paris had worshipped so wildly, then deserted for golden-haired Aphrodite—Oenone, whose despairing cry will ring through all ages—

"Oh mother Ida, many-fountained Ida.

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die—I am the daughter of a river-god. Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all

My sorrow with my song."

The beautiful face, with its restless passion of misery, was turned to the fair valley where the cicada slept; "the purple flowers droop, the golden bee is lily-cradled." On her face was all the pathos of her words—

"My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love, My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim, And I am all a weary of my life."

The despair shown in her face, in the clasp of her folded hands, in the droop of the beautiful head, was grand in its tragedy. Oenone was leaning against a rock; the wind seemed to stir the white folds of her robe and the dark unbound masses of her hair. No one who saw the eyes in the picture could ever forget them—they were so dark and lustrous, so full of burning passion and despair.

Sir Basil was engrossed in it. He did not hear Sir Arthur enter the room, for he was in the land which human souls never reach. Sir Arthur laid his hand upon the young baronet's shoulder.

"You are absorbed in my new purchase," he said. "Was there ever anything finer than the tragic sorrow and desolation of that face? That long flowing black hair so beautifully painted that one can almost see the wind stirring it. I value that picture most highly."

"I have never seen such sorrow in any human face," said Sir Basil.

Before he had finished the words the door opened, and he knew that he was in the presence of both sisters. Never did man utter a more vehement, passionate prayer for strength and calmness than he. One terrible moment passed. He heard the rustle of soft silken robes as they crossed the room. Then, with a desperate effort, he raised his head, and looked at them—first at her whom he had loved and lost, her sweet face white as the leaf of a lily, her golden hair shining like an aureole round her head—the woman to whom his heart flew, at whose feet he would have laid his life, the only woman who had ever stirred his soul with the fire and fever and ecstasy of passionate love. Tall slender and graceful, her dark rich dress trailing, her rich laces "falling in a fairy shower," she seemed to float toward him. Her eyes did not meet his; and no gleam of recognition came into the sweet colorless face. He looked from her to the radiant girl by her side, "in whose dark eyes was the light of the setting sun," her face bright with beauty and love, her color vivid and exquisite as that of a wild rose, her every movement replete with grace and harmony. They differed as does a tall white lily from a queenly red rose; yet there was something of a resemblance—they were alike in grace and subtle elegance of figure, and in the queenly carriage of the head.

Leah led Hettie by the hand. She brought her to where Oenone, in her eternal sorrow, bewailed a faithless lover, where the exquisite tragic face looked out in its unchanging despair. Leah had never appeared nor felt so happy as when she laid Hettie's white hand in that of her lover. She did not notice that one was cold as death and the other burned like fire. She did notice that, when she, with happy eyes and smiling lips, went through the ceremony of introduction, those two shrank from each other as though the cold and darkness of a grave lay between them.

"Hettie is so shy," said the elder sister, looking with a smile at her lover. "She has been ill to-day; that makes her quiet. Hettie, look at the picture. I persuaded Sir Arthur to buy it. I think the last time is Tennyson's poem of 'Oenone'—

are the finest ever written, and they are expressed in her face—that beautiful young face which is never to smile again."

"I do not remember them. What are they?" said Hettie, more to gain time than anything else.

"A sound Rings ever in her ears of armed men. What this may be I know not, but I know

That, whosoever I am by night and day,

All earth and air seems only burning fire."

Hettie turned away with a shudder which she could not control.

"I can understand those words," Leah added, musingly; "a passionate misery must be a burning pain."

The dinner-bell rang, and the general offered his arm to Leah.

"We will leave these two to make friends," he said. And Basil in silence went to Hettie.

"We shall never be able to bear it," he thought. "I must retire, or she."

Hettie laid her hand timidly upon his arm. He seized it with a vehement, passionate grasp—his very heart was on fire—and then as suddenly let it go.

How many hours of this torture would there be to pass, he thought. The blood ran like fire through his veins; every nerve and pulse thrilled with the sense of her presence; yet he must sit there as the happy lover of Leah, smile and talk and laugh unconcernedly.

"What, in Heaven's name, shall I do with my life," he cried to himself, "if I find one day so hard to bear?"

Hettie was excused from all effort, and her pale face was accounted for by the fact that she had been ill.

The dinner passed, and Leah was dimly conscious of something being wrong, something she did not understand. She was just a little disappointed that Sir Basil was not warmer in his manner to Hettie. He spoke to her but seldom, and it was always with averted eyes. She wondered if it were his great love for her which made him so indifferent to the charms of his sister.

The ordeal was over at last. When the two girls had left the dining-room, Sir Arthur turned with a laughing face to his companion.

"It is not of much use for you to remain here," he said. "Your heart has gone into the drawing-room, and you may as well follow it."

"That is true," assented Sir Basil. "I told you," continued the general, "what a difference it makes to have two nieces instead of one, though Hettie looks ill. I suspect her life has been harder than we know."

"If ever a man felt inclined to cast himself headlong into a fathomless abyss, I am that man," said Sir Basil to himself, as he walked along the hall to the drawing-room. "There never was so cruel a fate. Why did not some good spirit warn me not to go near Southwood? I feel like a murderer when I think of those two girls."

He found them standing side by side before the new picture. Hettie did not look at him; but Leah, with a glance, invited him to join them.

"I am fascinated with Oenone," she said. "How well she loved Paris! Do you think he made the wisest choice in giving the golden apple to Aphrodite?"

"Not perhaps the wisest," he replied. "One goddess offered unlimited power, god like supremacy, rest in a happy place, and absolute sovereignty. The second offered him calmest wisdom, soundest judgment."

"Acting the law we live by without fear;

And, because right is right, to follow right

We see wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

The third, Italian Aphrodite, beautiful,

"Fresh as the foam, new bathed in Paphian wells.

offered him love. 'I promise thee,' she said, 'the fairest and most loving wife in Greece.' Love conquered."

"How could that be," said Leah, quickly, "when Paris loved Oenone first?"

Over Sir Basil's handsome face swept a great scorching blush. Ah! how indeed? How can a man understand his own heart, or the great mystery of love?

"I suppose," he said, "that the gods of old, like men of all time, have been inconstant in love. So all poetry and all mythology say."

"Oh, Basil, you do not mean it!"—and the light of Leah's eyes flashed

right into his. "Some men are surely faithful?"

Hettie moved away from the picture; she went to the other end of the room and took up a book. He looked after her with haggard, wistful eyes; every step of hers seemed to draw his heart with it; he did not know that life could hold such torture.

"Basil," said the musical voice, "you do not mean that! I thought constancy was the gift of the gods."

"I have read that inconstancy is the pleasure of the gods," he answered, laughing somewhat bitterly. "It may be the scourge of men."

There was a minute's silence, and then a warm, white hand stole into his, a dark head drooped near him, and a voice that was sweet as the cooing of a dove, said,—

"No matter who is false, you are true, Basil. You have truth in your eyes and on your lips. If all the world proved false, you would be the one true man in it." The dark eyes were full of love, the beautiful lips seemed to woo him. What could he do? "You will always be true to me, will you not, Basil? You will always love me, my love, better than all the world beside?"

On the other side of the room was the girl he loved, her fair face averted; near him was the despairing face of Oenone, nearer still the brilliant face of the girl who loved him with her whole heart. It was like a scene from a tragedy to him. He half wondered if the lights would go out and a curtain fall. If only the picture had been away, and the desolation of unhappy love out of his sight, he would have felt less distressed.

"Better than all the world!" continued Leah. "How weak and worthless a half-love is! I would sooner have hate. When Oenone's love was over, her life was ended. No half love is worth having—is it, Basil?"

"Heaven knows that it is not," he said, with a great sigh. He saw the golden head move with a gesture of weariness. "How hard it must be for her to bear this!" he thought; and his mind went back to that one hour by the sea, when mad hope, love and despair had mingled. He whispered some words that comforted Leah—she was so easily made happy by him—and then he said to her: "Let us do something to amuse your sister; she looks quite lonely there."

And Leah, full of regret for her momentary forgetfulness, hastened to her. The face that Hettie raised to her sister was ghastly in its pallor. "You are ill, Hettie!" said Leah. "Oh, my dear what is wrong? I will get a glass of water for you"—and she hastened away.

"I cannot bear it, Basil," said Hettie, looking at him with miserable eyes. "I have not strength."

"Oh, my darling, I would give my life to undo it, to save you from the consequences of my fault, my wretched, miserable fault!"

"What shall we do?" asked the girl despairingly. "What will become of us? Leah loves you so. Help me to be true to her and true to myself, Basil. How can I turn traitress to the sweetest of sisters, the kindest and the dearest? I must go away; I cannot stay here!"

Was it fancy? When Leah returned with the water in her hand, it seemed to her that Sir Basil suddenly drew back from Hettie. Was it fancy? And, as she opened the door she thought she heard the words, uttered in a soft, murmuring sigh, "I cannot bear it!" She must have been mistaken. She smiled as she thought what an absurd fancy it was.

(To be Continued.)

Customer—"Waiter, it is nearly half an hour since I ordered that turtle-soup." Waiter—"I'm sorry, sir; but you know how slow turtles are, sir."

The Farm

PREVENTING MILK FEVER.

The following from the London Dairy, written by Mr. John Gilbert, an experienced English Dairyman suggests a method for the prevention of milk fever that he says has been very effective with him:

"Milk Fever; Its Prevention and Cure," seems to be a continual topic in all the agricultural papers, and I notice two items on the subject in the April issue of the Dairy. Cures are always doubtful, though they may be more easily effected now than years ago; but prevention must be the better object to have in view. In the many articles I have read I have not come across a really clean bill of any considerable record.

"I will introduce my plan of prevention by stating that I have milked about eighty cows, and calved quite 100 a year (as I buy incalvers), and for the last twelve years without one single sign of a case, though previously I had lost many. I may say that I had the tip-quitte by accident from, in my opinion, without doubt, the very best dairy farmer in England. The plan is too simple for many to believe in its effectiveness, but I will wager everyone the odds of two to one annually that I do not have a single case. The plan is as follows:

"Every cow coming in with her third calf or over shall be liberally fed on usual keep, according to time of year; in winter she shall be kept in a box (loose) when expected to calve. She shall have one or two pints best linseed oil a day or so before calving, and again twelve hours after calving; bran mash an hour or so after calving, and bran mash, with chaff and hay, for two days. The cow and calf shall lay loose, but the cow shall not be milked for at least forty-eight hours, after calving. In the case of a dead or weakly calf, about a quart may be milked four times in twenty-four hours.

"And this is the whole secret. To many it may seem unnatural, but a heavy milking cow is an unnatural animal. And is it natural to take from a cow just calved what the calf would not take until a month old? The strain on the system in replenishing the milk supply is, I think the sole cause of milk fever, together with the neglected state of the bowels.

"If anyone will read this plan through very carefully, and then make up his mind to try it faithfully in every case, and immediately discharge even the best man in his employ who disobeys his instructions in the slightest degree, I honestly believe the odds of my wager given above may be doubled with safety. I think it is one of the saddest sights to see a really good, favorite cow writhing and delirious with this terrible malady."

We might add that many others have been following a similar plan, also with favorable results.

STUFFING FOWLS FOR WEIGHT.

It is not the man who keeps feed before his birds all the time that has heavy birds, as birds, like people, do not want to see what they are obliged to eat all the time. And, again, they soon tire of anything they are constantly nibbling all the time.

Have stated times to feed and let the fowls get hungry; then, by feeding the right feed in the right way, you can have your birds up to weight, and are liable to carry away the blue. Many a would-be winner loses the prize on account of its weight in the show-room.

Place not more than five birds in

a coop 4 by 5 feet, with floor covered six inches with straw, and change this straw three times a week. This will enable the birds to clean themselves nicely in this coop. Have a box of good grit, a watering dish, and keep these two dishes well filled all the time.

Now for the feed. Take equal parts of corn, wheat, oats and barley. Have them ground together. Mix with water or milk, and give the birds all they will eat up. In fifteen minutes take the dish away so they do not even see it. Then, at noon, give them another feed, and after fifteen minutes take the dish away. Follow this for ten days, giving them meat three times a week, if their combs are small. If too large do not feed meat or bone, as it will make their combs grow too large. This manner of feeding can be continued two weeks if necessary, but not longer. If a bird gets off his feed the "jig" is up with him, and it will be better to take him out of the pen.

SALTING THE STOCK.

The salting of cattle requires to be attended to with regularity at all seasons of the year; or better still, keep it where they can obtain it at will. Where this is done the stock make use of it in small quantities and thus are kept supplied with the required amount. When salt is supplied once a month or so large quantities are eagerly consumed which indicates that the system has been deprived to a certain extent of a necessity.

Salt supplies chlorine to make hydrochloric acid, a substance necessary to promote digestion. This acid is essential to the working of the gastric juice and is in part derived from salt. Salt also keeps the blood in the required degree of fluidity to make the circulation right. Too large quantities of it consumed or fed in the feed has the effect of abnormally increasing the circulation and stimulating the energy, while insufficient quantities or entire absence of it in the food tends to make an animal dull and sluggish, the blood becoming thick and circulation slow.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Hens will not lay neither will poultry fatten when covered with vermin. If success is to be made on poultry the houses and roosts must be kept clean.

No animals are more dependent on intelligent care than sheep. First-class sheep never come by chance; they are the result of skilled and intelligent care, and they give ample return for that care.

On Sundays and holidays the oats at noon are reduced to four pounds and in the evening the hay to ten or twelve pounds. The heavy feeding should come at night after the day's work is over and when the animal has time for masticating his food. Water always before feeding. If we water immediately after feeding, the food passes into the intestines before the juices necessary to digestion have acted upon it.

Feed a number of different kinds of small grain to pigeons. When they fly about they pick up seeds and grain and everything of this kind that they can find to eat. It is true that their main support should be good, sound, dry wheat and cracked corn. Some Canada peas can be added to this, and after that a very little hemp seed, some Kaffir corn, a little barley—not much of this, however, for all grain with husks is bad for feeding to young pigeons, but give them any kind of good solid grain without husks. A little bit of millet seed and some hulled oats is good, but do not give much of this. With this furnish plenty of fresh water for drinking, some crushed oyster shell, some grit and a little rock salt.

FARM NOTES.

Poor tools are a curse to the farmer, for no man can do a good job with poor tools, and the expense of using them with good men at \$1.50 to \$2 a day is a waste of time and patience.

To depend upon the use of purchased fertilizers to the neglect of such as can be produced on the farm for the production of each year's crop is a ruinous method, which, while it may not prove immediately disastrous, is sure to impoverish succeeding generations.

This is the season when farm, pastures and meadows are overrun with parties of town and city people looking for wild berries. This annual invasion has become so extension in the more thickly settled districts that owners show an increasing tendency to treat the berry crop as private property by setting up trespass signs. They are becoming rather tired of paying taxes on land which often produces almost nothing but a quantity of fruit to be gathered by strangers.

Reports invariably show the advantages of wide tires on good roads both in the less power required than with narrow tires and in the beneficial effect upon the road. As to the effect of the width of the tire where the diameter of the wheel remains the same the Seattle Post notes a trial where 40 per cent. more power was required to draw a load on a wagon having 11-inch tires than on a wagon having three-inch tires. Experiments in this matter have been especially prominent in the work of the Missouri experiment station and they indicate the same result from the use of different width tires on wagons carrying heavy loads.



HIS ANNUAL STRUGGLE.

School Books 1905.

READERS: Royal Crown and Chambers,
 SPELLER: Gage's Practical
 WRITING: Gage's Vertical.
 ARITHMETIC: Grafton's Guided Pts I, 2, 3, & 4.
 GRAMMAR: West's English, (Gr. III M. & I. A.)
 ENGLISH: Renou's easy exercises Gr. 1 & II Md.
 Lamb's Tales Pt. II " I Model.
 King Robert of Sicily " II "
 Scott's Ivanhoe " III "
 Vicar of Wakefield (Sank-y) " I Ac' my.
 Tennyson Pt. I " II "
 Sykes Elementary Composition " "
 Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice " III "

GEOGRAPHY: New Canadian, & Colkirs.

HISTORY: Canadian (Weaver.) British (Gardiner's Outline.) Wrong's His. of British Nation, (new)

FRENCH: Curtis Oral Exercises Pts. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
 Progressive French Reader " 1, 2.
 Bertenshaw's French Grammar.

DRAWING: Prange, Pts I, II & III.

ALGEBRA: Hall & Knight's Elementary.

GEOMETRY: Hall & Stevens

LATIN: Shorter Latin Course Pts I & II., Fabulae
 Floues, Caesar Books IV & V., Ovid (Gleason.)
 Nepos Lives of The mistocks & Aristides, Gram
 mar (Allan & Greenough) New edition.

CHEMISTRY: Remsen's Elements.

PHYSICS: Gage's Introduction to Physical Science
 1902 edition, (new,) Gregory & Summons stage
 I Grade I Academy.

Grafton's Arith. Ex-book, by H. Silver, 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5

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OFFICE OF THE SCHOOL MUNICIPALITY OF GRENVILLE No 1

Year 1904-1905

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Valuation of the school mun'pality,	\$1169 25
Arrears of taxes & etc. 30th June '04	145 54
Monthly fees for current year	147 46
Special tax for repairs, Dist. 7, 8 & 9,	203 31
	\$ 646 18
Amt. of current year assessment col.	\$1157 60
Amt. of arrears collected	75 46
Amt. of current year monthly fees col.	132 81
Amt. of special tax col. & led	2 21
Remaining uncollected June 30, 1905	57 67
	\$1625 65

ABSTRACT OF RECEIPTS & DISBURSE- MENTS OF THE SCHOY TREAS., FROM JULY 1st, 1904, TO JUNE 30th, 1905.

DR.	
Amt. of current year assessment col.	\$1157 60
Amt. of arrears collected	75 46
Amt. of current year monthly fees col.	132 81
Amt. of special tax collected	202 19
Govt. grant received from July 1st,	192 26
1904, to June 30th, 1905	49 90
Miscellaneous collections	4 3 90
Cash on hand July 1st, 1904	4 3 90
	\$2225 07

CR.	
Paid to Teacher, July 1st, '04 to June	
30th, 1905	\$1044 00
Paid for fuel	114 00
Paid for repairs and apparatus	539 20
Paid Sec'y-Treas Salary	123 00
Miscellaneous Payments	73 34
Cash Balance on hand June 30, 1905	639 57
	\$2225 07

A. R. ROBINSON, Sec'y-Treas.

WEDDING BELLS.

On Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 23, in St. Stephen's Church, Lachine, a simple, but pretty wedding was celebrated when Miss Lila Whyte daughter of Councillor Thomas and Mrs. Whyte of Lachine, was united in marriage to Mr. George Armstrong of Lachine. The church, a quaint edifice, over a century old, covered with ivy, was tastefully decorated for the occasion with a happy commingling of the flowers of the garden and field, chiefly the work of Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, members of the congregation, assisted by the members of the choir, to which Miss Whyte belonged for many years. The bride, in white silk, preceded by her two bridesmaids Miss Florence Cassburn and Miss Bessie Combes, and two little flower girls, Dorothy Eleanor Lutton and Ethel Whyte, entered the church escorted by her father. The groomsmen was Mr. J. Bar lay of Point Fortune. The marriage service of the Church of England was conducted with impressiveness by the Rev. C. Chambers and music was rendered by the choir during the service. A reception was held at the bride's residence, followed by a wedding collation, served at Leger's Hotel. The toast of the bride was proposed by Mr. William Lutton of Montreal, and happy little speeches were made by Mr. F. Whyte, Coun. Whyte, the father of the groom, Mr. J. Smith and others. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong took the evening train for Ottawa and the west. The bride was the recipient of many choice gifts, including a piano from her father. On Saturday the Presbyterian Church choir through Mr. McAllister, presented the groom with a very handsome clock.

A very pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock at the residence of Mr. Peter R. Macdonald, when his second daughter Christina May, was united in marriage to Mr. John Drysdale, of Westfield, Mass. The bride was beautifully gowned in white silk with trimming of eyelet embroidery and lace insertion, and carried a bouquet of white roses, lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern. She was attended by her sister Miss Laura as maid of honor, and Miss Hazel as flower girl. The groom was supported by Mr. A. D. Kennedy. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mark Styan, the ring service being used. The parlor and dining rooms were very prettily decorated with sweet peas, & maiden hair ferns. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl crescent brooch, and to the maid of honor and best man each a pearl pin. After the ceremony a dainty wedding luncheon was served. The bride's going away gown was navy blue taffeta with polka dot to match. Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale left for their home in Westfield, Mass., amid showers of rice and the hearty congratulations and good wishes of a host of friends.

The wedding gifts were numerous and costly, testifying to the esteem in which both bride and groom are held in this and other communities.

BEECH RIDGE.

Miss Candlish of Montreal, is at present the guest of Miss Lilly Cooke. Mr. Arthur D. Morrin left on Saturday to resume his studies at McGill College.

Mr. Donald H. Loynachan was the guest of his sister Mrs. R. C. Morrin over Sunday.

We are pleased to welcome again among us Mr. H. McCreo who was spending his vacation at his home in Summerstown.

Miss Nettie Morrin is at present visiting friends in Montreal, and vicinity.

Miss Nancy Middleton of Point Fortune, accompanied by Miss Maud Loynachan were visiting friends in Beech Ridge on Tuesday.

Mrs. T. Smith of Montreal, is the guest of her sister Mrs. M. Smith.

Mr. Earnest Cooke left on Friday for Winnipeg, and the West.

W. BANFORD.

P.S.—Men's and Boy's Odd Pants.

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