

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 1, 1905.

NO. 32

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.

Much talk has been going round regarding the financial failure of the Dominion Cartridge Company Employees Picnic which was held in Brownsburg on the 19th. We understand from the committee that the rumor is not correct and that the picnic was in every way a grand success.

A number of the young people of North River along with some guests from Buckingham, drove to the Methodist Social held at the Parsonage, Grenville, on Thursday, August 24th, and report a very pleasant time. The weather and roads were all that could be desired, and the sunset was super. The social was very enjoyable; the pretty lawn well lighted, and the Grenville friends entertained in their usual happy manner.

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

W. BANFORD

Buy at low prices Asphalt Roofing Sheet Iron, "Adamant" hard finish Plaster, and other building supplies from

C. T. WALES & SON, St. Andrews.

LOST.—On the street in Lachute on Wednesday night, a Lady's red ribbon bow with small brooch attached. Will finder kindly return to H. SCOTT LOUNDES, and receive \$1 reward.

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

W. BANFORD.

Farmers' Wives.—What about a new Cook Stove or Steel Range before moving in from the summer kitchen. Can you not arrange to have hubby arrange to buy a Range being a fair exchange for the part you played, in feeding him and his men while storing away the abundant harvest. Now is the time to strike. Prices for farm produce were never better. Stick to him. Never let up until he presents you with one of our Famous Kootenay Steel Ranges or up-to-date Steel Oven Cook Stoves.

T. McQUAT & SON.

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

W. BANFORD.

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

Dr. H. McConnell is expected home about the 7th of September.

Mr. G. J. Walker spent the early part of this week in Montreal.

Mrs. Burwash and Mrs. Whites spent the early part of the week in the city.

Miss Edith Smith left on Wednesday for a visit with friends in Hamilton.

Miss Paton who has been visiting at Highland Springs, has returned home.

Mr. Ery. Montando and family have removed here from Watertown, N.Y.

Mr. Hubert Kearns spent Saturday and Sunday with his family in Montreal.

Miss Jessie Christie has left for a months visit with friends in London, Ont.

Mr. C. A. Badley of Ottawa, is spending a short visit with friends in town and vicinity.

Miss Ida Prouse and Mr. J. H. Lunn of Montreal, are the guests of Mrs. A. G. McArthur.

The Misses Piche & Cote returned on Monday from a pleasant trip to Shawinigan Falls.

Mr. Alex McAllister left on Wednesday morning to spend a week with friends in Montreal.

Mr. And. Todd of Nevada, is home on a visit to his parents after an absence of over thirty years.

Hon. W. A. Weir will be in town on Saturday next and will be pleased to meet any of his constituents.

The Misses Dobbie of Harrington, left on Monday for a visit to friends in Portland & Vancouver.

Mr. Edward Christie has left for Ottawa, where he has accepted a position in the Custom House.

Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Hamilton of Brownsburg, left on Monday morning last for Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Julia Whiteside is spending a few days this week in Thomas' Gore, the guest of Mrs. James Patton.

Mrs. N. C. Holland of Montreal was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carpenter for a few days last week.

Mrs. Jno. Burnett and Mrs. R. Gordon of Casades, are visiting friends and acquaintances in town and vicinity.

Mr. Thos. McQuat is spending the week at 16 Island Lake with his family who expect to return to town next week.

Miss Ruby Rowe has returned to Montreal after spending a few pleasant weeks with Mrs. Wm. Vietch of Centreville.

Miss Bessie Stewart of Montreal, and the Misses Marjorie and Winsome Christie of Chicago, are the guests of Mrs. T. Christie.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Green of Montreal, were guests of Mr. Jas. McNeill over Sunday.

Mrs. Marshall returned on Wednesday from a pleasant visit with friends in Harrington.

Mr. W. Burpe, of the Bank of Ottawa, has returned from a pleasant holiday spent with friends in Sydenham, Ont.

Mrs. H. E. Higgins accompanied by her two sons, Master Charles & Lionel of St. Paul, Que., are guests of Mrs. Jas. McFaul.

Master Willie and Helen G. Stewart of Ottawa have returned home after spending several weeks here the guests of Mrs. Dr. Paterson.

Mr. Foote conducted both services in the Presbyterian Church, Sunday last, the Rev. Jas. McLaren being away on a holiday tour.

Miss Riddeil who has been spending a few weeks in town the guest of Miss Eva Fraser, returned to High River, Alberta, on Wednesday.

Miss Ella Gordon, accompanied by her sister Mrs. Walker, and son, returned home on Monday, after spending a few days at Vankleek Hill.

Miss B. Armstrong of Lachute Road is leaving on Saturday to again take up her duties as teacher in the Quyon Model School for the current term.

Mrs. Fessenden and daughter of Montreal, who have been guests of Mrs. (Dr.) A. Stachhouse for the past few weeks, returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, and Mrs. C. Shantley of Hull, returned home on Monday, after spending a pleasant visit in town, guests of Mrs. Jas. T. Griffith.

The many friends of Mrs. Thomas Christie, who has been ill for some time, will be pleased to learn that she has sufficiently recovered to return to Montreal.

While at work in the Shuttle Factory on Saturday morning last, Mr. Felix Paquette had the misfortune to receive a severe wound over the right eye, which may yet have serious results.

An examination of witnesses in the case before the Superior Court of Montreal of Palliser vs. the Consumers Cordage Company will take place in Lachute shortly before Mr. Thomas Barron.

Among those taking part in Prof. Hume's concert on the two nights of the Agricultural Exhibition. The entertainments this year will be superior to those previously given and a greater array of talent. Keep the concerts in mind.

Prof. Hume is announcing his annual concert on the two nights of the Agricultural Exhibition. The entertainments this year will be superior to those previously given and a greater array of talent. Keep the concerts in mind.

Mrs. T. Jonsie returned home on Wednesday from Vankleek Hill, where she has been nursing her son through a severe attack of typhoid fever and pneumonia. We are pleased to report that he is now out of danger and doing well.

Mr. Edwin F. Howard after a weeks visit with his parents, Mr. & Mrs. W. Howard, returned yesterday to his home in Yonkers, N.Y., accompanied by his daughter Miss Llewellyn A., who has been spending the summer with her grand parents.

Upon the marriage of Miss Christena McElbion to Mr. John Drysdale which occurred last week, the Ladies of the Lachute Hockey Club presented Miss McElbion with a very handsome silver tea service, in securing which they were greatly assisted by the donation of Messrs J. & S. McKimble, Proprietors of the skating rink.

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.

Buy 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

His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Sir Basil's thoughts were gloomy ones as he walked home to Glen. What was he to do? This state of things could not last. Even if he could control himself, Leah was so quick that she would soon perceive what it was that was amiss with Hettie and then—Well he thought it would be far easier to meet death in any shape than to meet Leah after she knew his secret. He would not witness Hettie's suffering, nor could he bear to think of Leah's despair. He could not understand the difficulties by which he was encompassed; he was like one groping in the dark. He determined that he would rest his brain and his thoughts, and then decide.

No rest, no sleep came to him that night. The sisters seemed to stand on either side of his pillow—Hettie whom he worshipped, Leah who loved him.

The morning brought him sad intelligence—a note from Leah saying that Hettie was ill, and that the doctor, for whom they had sent in all haste pronounced it a dangerous case of brain fever.

"Come over as soon as you can and comfort me, Basil. I cannot endure to think that I have found my sister only to lose her."

"If she dies, I have murdered her," he said to himself bitterly.

He went over at once and found the whole household in despair. The general met him with outstretched hand and grave face.

"Brain-fever!" he said, "Basil, what can have caused brain-fever? I cannot understand it. And she is in danger—really in danger? Poor pretty Hettie! What is to be done?"

There was no need for Sir Basil to express his sympathy. If anything could have comforted Sir Arthur in this hour of his distress, it would have been the hearty, honest, evident grief of his young companion.

"I have seen and known very little of illness," continued the general. "I can tell a case of jungle-fever, and I understand ague; but brain-fever—it is positively awful, Basil! I thought brain-fever was the result of trouble, worry, sorrow, or some great mental anxiety."

"So I have always understood," said Sir Basil; "but then you tell me she has had a troubled life."

"So she has, poor child; I am sure of that. This is one of the evils of life that we must bear with patience. We have done all that is possible. I have telegraphed to London for two experienced nurses—I cannot have Leah always in the sick room—and now we must await the result."

"Does the doctor think there is danger?" asked Sir Basil, with white lips.

"Yes the fever runs high, and she is very weak. I hope for Leah's sake, you will spend as much time here as possible. The days will be dreadfully depressing for her, poor child."

"You may rely upon me," said Sir Basil. "Indeed, the difficulty would be for me to keep away. My world is here."

It was indeed a melancholy time. For many days the shadow of death lay over the household. Everything that skill and love could suggest was done, but for many days the issue was doubtful. It was Leah's first experience of illness or physical suffering and it impressed her greatly.

During those long weeks of weary suffering no man could have been more miserable than Sir Basil. He wandered round the house like a shadow. He could not bear to leave it, nor could he bear to be left alone. He seemed to spend the greater part of the day in asking but one question from different people: "How is she now?" He grew thin, pale and haggard, years seemed to have fallen on him.

One day, while the general and Sir Basil were walking along the high-road that led to Arley, they met a huge lumbering wagon on its way to the hall. When they drew near to it, they found that it was from the railway. The driver stopped when he saw Sir Arthur, and asked if he was to drive through the park.

"What have you there?" asked the general, in wonder.

"Ten packages," answered the burly driver. "Would you like to see the book, Sir Arthur?"

The general looked at it, and found that there were ten packages from Southwood. Then he remembered that, when leaving there, several things in the cottage were packed up, and left at the railway-station to be forwarded to Brentwood—Martin Ray's writing-desk, his favorite books, one or two things that the girls prized, Hettie's music, and what few mementoes remained of the dear dead mother. It occurred to Sir Arthur that any knowledge of

the arrival of these things would be hurtful to Hettie; so he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and on it wrote a note to Leah, telling her that the packages were from Southwood and that they had better be put away in some remote corner of the house until Hettie had quite recovered, and the sight of them would not hurt her. He gave directions that the wagon should not go near the hall.

"No one can tell," he said, "what harm the sound might do to Hettie;" and Basil was struck by his kindly consideration.

Leah read the note and hastened to give the necessary orders. The packages were stowed away in one of the unused rooms of the western wing. One of them, a square packet, attracted Leah's attention. She unfastened the canvas in which it was folded, and found that it was her father's writing-case. If Leah could but have known what the desk contained, she would not have looked at it with such careless eyes.

She forgot all about the packages. Hettie, though weak as a little child, hardly able to see or hear, was out of danger, and the doctors agreed that she had taken the critical turn which leads to health. The terrible strain of anxiety was ended, the great mental stress over. Every one in the house breathed more freely. During her illness Hettie had endeared herself to all.

Once more the cheerful sound of merry voices was heard. Hettie, half amused, half alarmed at her own feebleness, slowly traced the path that leads from sickness to health. It would be some weeks yet, the doctor said, before she could be taken downstairs or allowed to see any one—even the general. It was five weeks since the evening when she had cried out to Sir Basil that she could not bear her pain, and the overwrought brain had suddenly given way, it would be some weeks more before she saw him again. When she was strong, when her brain was clear and she could think without a hundred fancies weaving themselves in her thoughts, she would make up her mind with regard to her future.

Once or twice, when she had so far recovered as to be able to take notice of what was passing around her, Sir Basil had sent her, by Leah, a few flowers. She took them without a word, and laid them down languidly. She did not show the least desire to take care of them, and made no remonstrance when they were removed.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"What shall I do to rouse her?" said Leah to herself, one morning, after her usual conversation with the doctor. "She is sweet-tempered, loving, and grateful; but she seems to have lost all desire to live."

Suddenly Leah bethought herself of the packages from Southwood.

Leah went to the unused room in the western wing where the packages lay, and the writing-case was the first thing that caught her attention. She opened the case and found it filled with documents. Martin Ray had evidently arranged it before death. There, all yellow with age, the thin edges all worn with folding, were her mother's love-letters, written many years before! They were tied with blue ribbon, and with them were fastened flowers that had soon died. He had loved her fair young mother well to have preserved these with such loving care. She found certificates of her parent's marriage, of her mother's death and of her birth and Hettie's. She found a life insurance policy for one hundred pounds, which had evidently been intended for Hettie. There were account books showing how Martin Ray had spent the people's money; she turned from them with loathing. Ah, what was this? A letter in a square envelope, on which was written, "For my daughter Leah, written now that I know I am dying, to be sent or given to her after my death." She looked at it again, mistrusting her eyes while she read the words.

A letter from her father, written when he knew that he was dying! How was it that it had never been given to her? Plainly no one had known anything about it. She never doubted but that it would be a loving letter, written to take from her the horrible curse which had preyed so heavily on her mind. She put it into the pocket of her dress; she would read it when she had finished her search.

A few minutes later she had gone back to Hettie's room, with many little mementoes of home that she thought would interest her. Then a visitor arrived, one of the ladies of the neighborhood, to make special inquiries after Hettie. Leah went to the drawing-room to receive her, and found that the general and the young baronet had driven over to

Glen. She was slightly disappointed. She entertained her visitor, Lady Drake, with all the charm of manner natural to her. Then, when she left, more charmed than ever with the beautiful chatelaine of Brentwood, Leah remembered the letter.

It was rather early to have the lamps lighted, though the rooms were gloomy with a miserable yellow light. The drawing-room was bright and gay with flowers. A fire burned in the grate; the vivid flames rose and fell with a dazzling light.

She opened the envelope; it was a long letter, and she half wondered what her father had to say to her. She was lost to everything when she had read a few lines. Her letter ran as follows—

My dear Leah—I had sworn an oath that I would never look at you or address you again. I cursed you—you, the child of my heart, whom I loved better than all the world. You disappointed me in my dearest hopes. The refusal to fulfill the mission for which I had always intended you, has been the bane and the blight of my life. In my rage and anger I cursed you. I give you the opportunity of evading that curse by the noblest act of self-denial any woman can perform. Years ago, when the choice was given you between a wealthy stranger and your poor father, you gave up father, sister, home, and clung to the stranger. It was a selfish and mercenary proceeding. I will give you a chance of redeeming it by an heroic act of self-sacrifice. You left your young sister in a desolate home; you left her motherless, friendless, almost helpless; you went to a brilliant, luxurious life. You can atone for it now by giving up for her sake that which you value most in the wide world.

"I have a story to tell you, Leah one that no one in the world knows but myself, one that gives you a chance to redeem yourself, to return sacrifice for sacrifice. I do not demand it, I do not even ask it. When you have read what I have to write, the issue must lie in your hands entirely."

"In the summer-time I was standing before the cottage, looking over the wall at the sea which washes the foot of the green hill. There came upon me, quite suddenly and silently, the handsomest young man I had ever beheld in my life. Handsome is not the word; he had a grand, noble beauty, the like of which I had never seen. He came to me and said that he was looking for the house of Martin Ray. He was a frank, princely young fellow, and he spoke as though he rather admired Martin Ray. I talked to him. It was infinite pleasure to converse once more with one who believed in me. I spent a pleasant hour with him. He told me that he had been educated abroad, and had but just returned to England, where he was anxiously studying politics, and that he wanted to understand my political views."

"If you desire it," he said to him, "I will expound them to you. If you are an aristocrat, do not say so, for I should hate you;" and he never told me his name.

"He came once when I was out, and I, returning home, found him talking to Hettie. He said that he was waiting for me; but, if ever I read passionate love in a man's face, it was in his. And then only did I begin to care about who he was, for Hettie was changed, and I knew that her heart had gone out to the stranger. I made inquiries, silently, cleverly, and I soon knew all. I found that his name was Sir Basil Carlton, and that he was staying at Dene Abbey with my foe, the Duke of Rosedene. I found that my mortal enemy, Sir Arthur Hatton, with the girl who had disowned me, was with him; and once, in all your magnificence, I saw you, Leah. You passed me on the high-road; you were in a carriage with the duke and duchess, smiling, proud, beautiful. I was on foot, and you did not know that you whirled past your father, without sign of recognition, without even the paling of your face or the trembling of your lips. I heard, too, that Sir Basil was your lover; it was whispered to me, whether truly or falsely I could not tell, that you cared much more for the young baronet than he did for you, my proud, disdainful child. I decided that I would watch events and see for myself if that were true."

"One day, when we were talking—I was growing languid and feeble then—I told Sir Basil the outlines of our history—how the aristocrat, boasting of his birth and his wealth, had come to take my child from me. I told him of the choice which the two sisters made—how one had gone to the stranger, giving up home, sister, me—her father, how the other, loving and faithful, had clung to me. I uttered no name, I said no word which could lead him to think of you. Then I asked him frankly what he thought of the daughter who had deserted me and given up her sister. He did not know of whom I was speaking, he had no clue; he simply heard the story, and he judged you from his own heart. He said the daughter who had so deserted me, who had abandoned her sister, was 'selfish'; that was his word—'selfish.' Is it true, Leah? If it be so, I give you an opportunity of retrieving yourself, of making a sacrifice that will prove you are not selfish."

Suddenly the blaze of the fire seem-

ed to die out, and the light faded. Leah could not see the letters; they swam in a mist before her eyes. She rose mechanically and went to the fire; she stirred it again. The flames flickered this time on a face white as the face of the dead; and she sat down again where, when she raised her eyes, they must fall on the dreary desolation and beauty of Oenone.

(To be Continued.)

BUYING A HORSE.

It behooves a farmer to have his eyes open and clear when he goes to buy a new horse or team that will give him good service and good value for the price paid.

There are said to be tricks in the horse-dealing business, but whether that be true or not, it is certainly important for the would-be purchaser to understand what he wants, what the work to be done requires, and what constitutes a sound serviceable horse for the place to be filled. It is also absolutely necessary to consider every horse unsound, until proved the contrary, no matter from whom he is to be purchased. Friends and relatives, when it comes to a horse deal, are to be considered the same as strangers until the business has been completed. Even the deacon is not to be given any credit unless the horse he has to sell corroborates in appearance and performance the qualities he claims for him. There is to be no sentiment in the matter—simply business sense.

For the above reasons, when the neighbor has a horse for sale, and our reader goes to inspect the animal, he should go unawares, if possible, and see the horse, first in the stall, and afterwards in action. This is necessary for the reason that when a horse is at rest in his stall, some things will show up that would disappear when he is trotted, or he overlooked were he first seen out of doors. For instance, when looking at a horse in his stall, the flanks should be watched for abdominal breathing, indicating "heaves"—a trouble often temporarily alleviated by drugs when the visit of the intending purchaser has been anticipated, and at the same time a glance will show whether a strap is buckled tightly around the neck back of the ears, indicating that the horse is

A "WIND SUCKER."

We next step up beside the horse and examine the manger, which is always chewed a great deal if the animal is a "cribber," and, finding such evidences, it is but a moment's work to open the mouth and find if the incisor teeth corroborate the suspicion. Next the horse is made "stand over" in his stall. If he has a spavin and is lame from it, he will jerk the affected leg as he steps, and this may also be done as an evidence of "chorea" (shivers or crampiness). The latter disease, which is incurable is still better seen as the animal is made to back out of the stall. For the first few steps the hind legs will be jerked higher than the normal, but when he is trotted, or even walked, there may not be a trace of this unsoundness to be seen, except, possibly, when he is suddenly turned.

After the "at rest" examination he should be placed on a level floor. Watch him for a few minutes, and if he is sore-footed, the foot that causes pain will be stuck out in front of him, or the hind feet will be eased turn about persistently. Walk around him and form a general idea of his shape and quality and suitability in size, weight and bone. If all of these things are satisfactory, next have him walked and trotted, and note his gait, with any departures from normal, free open or sound action.

If he stands these tests, the serious examination commences, and this must be a most critical one if

the price asked indicated a valuable animal and absolutely sound. If a cheap horse, and only sold "serviceably sound," the examination need only be for wind and lameness, and then a search for anything that will be likely to make him useless, either temporarily, during busy seasons, or permanently, at once, or in the near future.

COMMENCE AT THE HEAD.

and examine the teeth for age; parrot mouth, which makes a horse unable to graze; diseased molars, which are indicated by foul odor; discharge from the nostrils or a wad of food in the cheek; injured bare where the bit presses on the floor of the mouth; lacerated tongue or ulcerated tongue and gums. Glance at the nostrils for discharge, red spots, ulcers or tumors in the false nostril. Now test the sight by slightly lifting the hand as if to strike the eye, which will make him wink if he can see. Look at the eye and the lids. Where a horse has had several attacks of periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness), the lids will be wrinkled and a bluish tinge appear over the eye, or irregularity of the contour of the cornea, while white spots may tell of cataract or merely of injuries that have not affected the eye-sight. Examine the bones of the lower jaw for departures from normal, also those of the face under the eyes for enlargements, possibly showing disease of molar teeth or chronic catarrh.

Abscesses under the jaw will be easily found if present, and indicate "strangles" in quite young horses, but are suspicious in old ones, indicating diseased molar teeth, and possibly something worse. The hand is run over, the poll, where "poll evil" is located under the mane for skin disease, along the jugular groove and at the throat-latch for abnormalities. Then the withers are examined for "fistula" or sores, and the shoulder for sweaty, collar boils or fibroid tumors, and the elbow for "shoe boils." The fore limb is next examined carefully for broken knees, splints, bowed tendons, grease or scratches, and any other things that depart from sound condition. The foot has to be examined very carefully for departures from good shape, founder, thrush, corns, quarter cracks, quittor, sand crack, ringbone, sidebones and nail prick.

OR STONE BRUISE.

Never accept a horse with leather sole on foot. Have him unshod before deciding that there is nothing wrong. This applies to fore and hind feet, and, as a general rule, it is safest to have the shoes removed where the horse is valuable. The body is next looked at carefully for ruptures, sore back, weak back, sagged back, and washy coupling. The state of the scrotum is to be looked to in geldings, and the udder in mares. Lift the tail to see if it is strong, no false, and not newly docked or affected with melanosis tumors in white animals. At the same time the anus is inspected and the vulva in mares. Paralysis of the anus is not uncommon, and lacerations of the perineum in mares constitutes a "gill flirt." The hind limb is next to be gone over for unsoundness similar to those in the fore limb, including spavin, ringbone, thoroughpin, etc., while the stifle will come in for a careful look, and the contour of the hips be noted for injury to the points of the ilium caused by running in at a narrow door.

Next test the animal thoroughly for wind, and the work will be fairly complete. In conclusion, it may be added that each limb must be examined in succession as above advised.

FOR THE DESCENT.

A man should always equip himself with a parachute before he builds his hopes too high.



RUSSIA ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

MANITOULIN CAN DO HER PART

SHOWING THE GOOD WORK
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
ARE DOING.

Mrs. Thomas Rumley One of the
Many Who Found Health in the
Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Silver Water, Manitoulin Island,
Aug. 7—(Special).—Every part of
Canada seems to be testifying to the
good work Dodd's Kidney Pills are
doing and there is no reason why
Manitoulin Island should not do her
part. Many a man and woman here
blesses them for aches relieved and
health restored. Take for instance
the case of Mrs. Thomas Rumley.
She says:—

"I doctored for years and did not
seem to get any better. It seemed
to be my kidneys that was the trouble
so I thought I would try Dodd's
Kidney Pills and they helped me
very much.

"I cannot say how many I have
taken for my house is never without
them and whenever I don't feel right
I take a few. My husband also takes
them once in a while. I find them
a splendid medicine to have handy."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the great-
est family medicine of the age. They
can be taken by young or old with
perfect safety. They cure all kidney
ailments, and nine-tenths of the
sickness of the present day springs
from bad kidneys.

ARABIAN NIGHTS PALACE.

Gorgeous Splendors of an Eastern
Potentate.

There is now in the North-West
Punjab a royal palace, which for
beauty and splendor will eclipse any
similar building in India, the country
already so rich in monumental
treasures, says the London Daily
Mail.

It is the new winter palace of his
Highness the Maharajah of Kapur-
thala, and its total cost, it is antici-
pated, will not be far short of
\$1,000,000.

"It will be a dream in blue and
white marble," was the terse but pic-
turesque description given of the
building yesterday by a gentleman
intimately connected with its con-
struction, "and the designers," he
added, "might well have based their
plans upon the gorgeous palaces
which appear only in the pages of
the 'Arabian Nights.'"

Despite the famous speech of Lord
Curzon in which he deplored the fact
that Tottenham Court road art was
ousting native art in the palaces of
Indian rulers, the new building will
almost throughout be decorated in
European style.

All round this vast palace of de-
light will run a spacious verandah
with marble floors, supported by blue
Canadian marble columns, and the
entrance hall will be paved with blue
and white marble, the colors of the
Maharajah. There will be fourteen
state rooms, many of them over-
looking a beautiful courtyard and
gardens, where fountains will play
among the foliage.

The durbar hall alone of all the
chambers will be decorated in Indian
style. Adjoining it will be the state
salon, in the style of Louis XIV.,
and the English dining-room of
Charles II. period. The many other
rooms in the palaces will exemplify
the best representative periods of
English and French art. The erec-
tion and decoration is being carried
out by Messrs. Waring and Gillow,
Limited, and will occupy about two
years more.

So far as sanitary arrangements,
ventilation, and lighting are con-
cerned it will be equal to any build-
ing in the world. All fittings, fur-
niture, carpets, wall papers, cur-
tains, panels, tiles, marble, etc., ev-
erything of the finest procurable will
be taken from this country, and the
kitchens, the fitting of which will
cost \$25,000, will, it is stated, be
second to none in the world.

BABY'S INSTINCT.

Shows He Knew What Food to
Stick To.

Forwarding a photo of a splendidly
handsome and healthy young boy, a
happy mother writes from an Ohio
town:

"The enclosed picture shows my 4
year old Grape-Nuts boy.

"Since he was 2 years old he has
eaten nothing but Grape-Nuts. He
demands and gets this food three
times a day. This may seem rather
unusual, but he does not care for
anything else after he has eaten his
Grape-Nuts, which he uses with milk
or cream, and then he is through
with his meal. Even on Thanksgiving
Day he refused turkey and all
the good things that make up that
great dinner, and ate his dish of
Grape-Nuts and cream with the best
results and none of the evils that
the other foolish members of the
family experienced.

"He is never sick, has a beautiful
complexion, and is considered a very
handsome boy. May the Postum
Company prosper and long continue
to furnish their wholesome food!"
Name given by Postum Co., Battle
Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little
book, "The Road to Wellville," in
every bag.

THE FIGHTING SWORDFISH

MONSTER WITH THE HORNY
WEAPON ATTACKS SHIPS.

And In Some Cases He Comes Off
Quite as Well as the
Vessel.

Along the north Atlantic coast just
now the fishermen are having many
a tussle with the fighting swordfish,
that remarkable denizen of the deep,
whose head bears a long horny mass
with saw-like edges. Armed with
such a terrible weapon as this
"sword" and gifted with amazing
powers of speed, the animal has no
enemy to fear but man. It has a
habit of lying quietly near the sur-
face, with its big, black dorsal fin
waving gracefully to and fro in the
air, and often the tail is almost as
conspicuous. A man stationed on
the lookout platform at the mast-
head is watching for the appearance
of the fin, and when it is discovered
the steersman is warned and sends
the vessel in the direction indicated.
Care must be exercised by the look-
out not to lose sight of the small
speck just visible to his practised
eye, as it would not be easy to pick
it up again when once lost. As
quietly as possible the vessel is run
close

BEHIND THE FISH.

Sometimes the fish sees her and
quickly sinks himself out of sight.
When the bowsprit is within twenty
or thirty feet of it the harpooner
hurts his weapon with a skillful and
powerful hand into the fish's back.
The dart dislodges itself from the
shaft, which is hauled back to the
vessel by means of the line attached
to it, and the stricken fish goes off
at a tremendous rate of speed. As
soon as the fish is struck the buoy
tied to the rope which is attached
to the dart is thrown overboard.
Then away it sails, sometimes out of
sight and at other times skimming
the water and making the foam fly
as it dashes along. In the course of
time the fish tires himself so that a
sailor puts out in a dory and picks
up the cask. Then he hauls slowly
on the rope and gently brings his
catch to the top. If the fish is ugly
there is opportunity for a lot of
trouble. When brought near enough
he is lanced until dead. The vessel
is then run alongside, the tackle at-
tached to its mouth and the fish
hoisted aboard.

When angered, the swordfish, owing
to its great strength and terrible
weapon, is able and anxious to in-
flict serious damage upon its per-
secutors. Many instances have been
reported where it has attacked ves-
sels and boats. In 1871 the English
ship *Queensberry* was struck by a
swordfish, the sword penetrating to
a depth of thirty inches, causing a
leak which made necessary the

DISCHARGE OF THE CARGO.

One of the Gloucester fishing schoon-
ers, while on a trip to Georges
Banks in 1875, was attacked by a
swordfish in the night time. He as-
sailed the vessel with great force,
and succeeded in putting his sword
through one of the planks some two
feet, and, after making fearful strug-
gles to extricate himself, broke the
sword off, leaving it hard and fast
in the plank, and made a speedy de-
parture. Even with the sword in, the
vessel leaked badly, requiring pretty
lively pumping to keep her free. The
brig *P. M. Tinker* in 1876 was struck
by a swordfish. The sword pene-
trated the copper sheathing, a four-
inch birch plank, and through the
timbers about six inches—in all
about ten inches. The crew had to
pump steadily until port was
reached.

IF YOU WOULD BE POPULAR.

Be sociable.
Be unselfish.
Be generous.
Be a good listener.
Never worry or whine.
Study the art of pleasing.
Be frank, open, and truthful.
Always be ready to lend a hand.
Be kind and polite to everybody.
Be self-confident but not conceited.
Never monopolize the conversation.
Take a genuine interest in other
people.

Always look on the bright side of
things.
Take pains to remember names and
faces.

Never criticise or say unkind things
of others.

Look for the good in others, not
for their faults.

Forgive and forget injuries, but
never forget benefits.

Cultivate health, and thus radiate
strength and courage.

Always be considerate of the rights
and feelings of others.

Have a good time, but never let
fun degenerate into license.

Have a kind word and a cheery,
encouraging smile for everyone.

Learn to control yourself under the
most trying circumstances.

Be respectful to women, and chiv-
alrous in your attitude toward them.

Meet trouble like a man, and cheer-
fully endure what you can't cure.

Believe in the brotherhood of man,
and recognize no class distinctions.

Do not be self-opinionated, but lis-
ten with deference to the opinions of
others.

Never utter witticisms at the risk
of giving pain or hurting someone's
feelings.

Be ambitious and energetic, but
never benefit yourself at the expense
of another.

Be as courteous and agreeable to

"Pure soap!" You've heard
the words. In Sunlight
Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES
EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

your inferiors as you are to your
equals and superiors.

Do not bore people by telling them
long, tedious stories, or by contin-
ually dilating on your own affairs.—
Orison Swett Marden in "Success
Magazine."

WHEN PRINCE WILL SAIL.

Will Leave London for India
on October 18th.

It has now been definitely arranged
for the Prince and Princess of Wales
to leave London for their tour in
India on Wednesday, October 18, and
to join H.M.S. *Renown* at Genoa
two days later. Their suite will
leave Portsmouth in the battleship
on October 10, their Royal High-
nesses being accompanied on their de-
parture from London only by an
equerry and the Prince's private sec-
retary.

It is expected that the Prince and
Princess will witness some evolutions
by the Mediterranean fleets under
Lord Charles Beresford before con-
tinuing their voyage to the East.
The landing should take place on
Thursday, November 9, the King's
birthday, and also the date of his
Majesty's landing in India thirty
years ago. Two or three officers of
the Indian army will be attached to
the Prince's staff throughout the
tour.

Do Not Delay.—When, through debili-
tated digestive organs, poison finds its
way into the blood, the prime consid-
eration is to get the poison out as rap-
idly and as thoroughly as possible. De-
lay may mean disaster. Parmelee's
Vegetable Pills will be found a most
valuable and effective medicine to as-
sail the intruder with. They never
fail. They go at once to the seat of
the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Bobby—"Is every word in this dic-
tionary, pa?" Peckley—"Oh, no my
child. Every little while a new word
comes into the language." Bobby—
"What's the latest word, pa?" Peck-
ley—"Your ma will tell you." 6She
always has the last word."

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

"I am proud to say that my
grandfather made his mark in the
world," observed Mrs. Newrich.
"Well, I suppose he wasn't the only
man in those days who couldn't
write his name," replied Mrs. Upp-
ish.

Prevent disorder.—At the first sym-
ptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's
Vegetable Pills should be resorted to
immediately. Two or three of these
salutary pellets, taken before going to
bed, followed by doses of one or two
pills for two or three nights in suc-
cession, will serve as a preventive of at-
tacks of dyspepsia and all the discom-
forts which follow in the train of that
fell disorder. The means are simple
when the way is known.

JANET'S GOOD REASON.

A Scotch divine, who was a bachel-
or, and whose manse was in the
keeping of an old housekeeper called
Janet, was constantly annoyed by
the fact that the good dame always
fell fast asleep as soon as he entered
the pulpit, whereas she kept wide
awake whenever a stranger was the
preacher. One day he summoned his
courage to the sticking point, and
tackled the old lady on the subject.
"Janet," said he, "ye ken when I
preach ye're almost always fast
asleep before I've well given out my
text; but when any of these young
men from St. Andrew's preach for
me, I see you never sleep a wink.
Now, that's what I call not using
me as you should do."

"Hoot, sir," was the reply; "is
that a' I'll soon tell ye the reason
of that. When you preach, we a'
ken the word of God is safe in your
hands; but when these young 'birkie's
tak' it in hand—me certie! but it
ta's us a' to look after them."

"Why do you tip the waiter?" asked
the man with the nine-fifty-five
suit and the rotund front. "He's
better off than you are. He owns an
automobile." "If he does," replied
the man with a comfortable lay-
down collar, "he needs the money."



THE WORKINGMAN'S TEA

Should be Rich, Strong and Full Flavored.
More than medicine is a steaming cup of
Fragrant

Blue Ribbon

TEA. FOR SALE BY ALL LIVE GROCERS

TELEGRAPHY

A telegrapher earns from
\$540.00 to \$1800.00 a
year. Do you? If not, let
us qualify you to do so.
Our free telegraph book
explains everything. Write
for it to-day.

B. W. SOMERS,

Principal.

DOMINION SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY
3 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

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), Se-
attle, Victoria, Vancouver at very
low rates. Correspondingly cheap
fares from all points in Canada.
Choice of routes, best of train ser-
vice, 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

THE RESULT.

Mr. Tawxem, the orator of the
evening, exhausted his topic, no
doubt.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne,
"only his audience."

Some persons have periodical attacks
of Canadian cholera, dysentery or dia-
rrhoea, and have to use great precau-
tions to avoid the disease. Change of
water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure
to bring on the attacks. To such per-
sons we would recommend Dr. J. D.
Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being
the best medicine in the market for all
summer complaints. If a few drops are
taken in water when the symptoms are
noticed no further trouble will be ex-
perienced.

PROPER CARE OF BOOKS.

These rules should be framed and
hung up in the library:—

Never hold a book near a fire.

Never drop a book on the floor.

Never turn leaves with the thumb.

Never lean or rest upon an open
book.

Never touch a book with damp or
soiled hands.

Always keep your place with a thin
bookmark.

Never pull a book from the shelf by
the binding at the top, but by the
back.

Never touch a book with a damp
cloth nor with a sponge in any
form.

Never place another book, or any-
thing else, upon the leaves of an
open book.

Never rub dust from books, but
brush it off with a soft dry cloth or
duster.

Never close a book with a pencil,
a pad of paper or anything else be-
tween the leaves.

Never open a book further than to
bring both sides of the cover in the
same plane.

Always keep books of value out of
the reach of children and in a clean
dry place.

Always keep a borrowed book cov-
ered with a paper cover while in your
possession.

Never cut the leaves of a book or
magazine with a sharp knife, as the
edge is sure to run into the print.

A Good Name is to be Prized.—There
have been imitations of Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil which may have been in-
jurious to its good name, but if so,
the injury has only been temporary.
Goodness must always come to the
front and throw into the shadow that
which is worthless. So it has been
with Electric Oil; no imitation can
maintain itself against the genuine ar-
ticle.

THE GREAT TROUBLE.

All things may come
To those who wait.

But when they do
They're out of date.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator
has no equal for destroying worms in
children and adults. See that you get
the genuine when purchasing.

REMARKABLE SUNDIAL.

At the Eutaw entrance to Druid
Hill Park, Baltimore, stands one of
the most remarkable sundials in the
world. The time in many parts of
the world is shown wherever the sun
is shining. It is easily possible al-
most at first glance to read the time
within two or three minutes, while
closer acquaintance with the dial
enabled the correct time to be read
to the minute. The base is of carved
bronze. The instrument was pre-
sented to the park by Peter Hamil-
ton, who designed and made it en-
tirely with his own hands.

PROCRASTINATES.

Procrastination may be the thief of
time, but every man puts off dying
until the very last moment.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed

While traveling in Mexico I discov-
ered a drug which removes hair from
face, arms, neck, or any part of the
body instantly and permanently, so
will send to any one afflicted without
any expense but a postage stamp.
Don't judge my treatment by unsuccess-
ful attempts; others have suffered
for years with this affliction and now
my life's work is to help others from
this humiliating trouble. My treat-
ment is easy and accomplished at home,
and I will forfeit \$500 if it fails to
remove hair. Don't suffer longer. Re-
lief is now yours for the asking. Write
now lest you forget my address.
DOROTHY BLACK, 1815 North Six-
teenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM AT AIRDRIE, ALBERTA—
2598 acres—2 1/2 miles north of
Calgary; 8 miles from Airdrie railway
depot; convenient to church, schools,
stores, etc.; splendidly situated; magni-
ficent view; first-class soil; good water
supply; up-to-date improvements; well-
built house of eight rooms, fitted with
all modern conveniences and drainage
system; stable, cattle sheds, busy
shed, workshop, corrals, etc.; good
fences, all new and substantial; will be
sold as a going concern, with stock,
crops, machinery, tools and house fur-
nishings; this farm is all plowable, and
is especially adapted for growing hard
fall wheat and for mixed farming. Full
particulars on application to Gray
Bros., Airdrie, Alta.

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. McFee Land Co. of Carlyle, Assin-
boia, have 200,000 acres of improved
and unimproved farm lands for sale in
this district. They seek your corre-
spondence. Further information and
particulars cheerfully given.

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Dyeing and Kid Gloves cleaned. These
can be sent by post, in post, in the best place in

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL.

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 \$1.00
each, \$50.00 doz. Write for descriptive circular.
The Diamond Dry Powder Fire
Extinguisher Co., Toronto, Ont. AGENTS
WANTED



Mistress (to cook).—"Your name,
Mary, and my daughter's being the
same makes matters somewhat con-
fusing. How do you like, say, the
name of Bridget?" Cook—"Shure,
mum, an' it's not meself that's par-
ticular. Of'm willun to call the
young leddy anythin' yez loike."

Thos. Sabin of Eglington, says: "I
have removed ten corns from my feet
with Halloway's Corn Cure." Reader
go thou and do likewise.

GREATEST BRIDGE SPAN.

The longest span of any bridge yet
erected will be placed in the cantile-
ver bridge now under construction
across the St. Lawrence River at
Quebec. This bridge is being con-
structed with two approach spans of
210 feet each, two shore arms 500
feet in length, and a great central
span of 1,800 feet, which is the long-
est yet built by 90 feet.

Summer Croup

A croupy cough is a dangerous thing
for the little folk in summer time. The
fever that accompanies it is liable to
cause serious illness. Give them

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung
Tonic

It is pleasant to take, will cure them
quickly and has no unpleasant after
effects.

At all drug stores, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1, 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

OPENING OF LACHUTE ACADEMY.

The annual opening of our School takes place at ten o'clock on Monday morning, Sept. 4th. The classes will meet their teachers at 9 a.m.

Unusual interest is attached this year to the event owing to the extraordinary high standing taken by our pupils in the A.A. Examination. It is already well known that Master B. I. Mabon took 2nd place in the Province, having taken full marks (100) in three subjects. Besides this 2 other candidates, Miss K. Campbell, & Miss Irene Caron came well to the front, and ahead of any other candidates outside the city of Montreal. In fact Lachute Academy passed eight candidates for the A.A., of whom three were ahead of any others from schools outside of the city of Montreal.

Moreover, the most distinguished honor of having taken the highest marks in Latin in the whole Province of Quebec, comes to a pupil of Lachute Academy, Miss Irene Caron, she having taken 190 marks out of 200.

It is hoped that all parents and ratepayers will attend this opening, and thus encourage the teachers, children and School Board.

PEACE.

After many doubts and fears the conference at Portsmouth has resulted in peace, and in this as on the field of blood, the honors have gone to Japan. Friends of Russia may claim the issue as a victory for the Czar; but consenting to forego her demand for an indemnity, Japan has made a sacrifice in the interests of peace that will entitle her to take rank among the greatest of the Christian nations.

The Japanese have established upon enduring foundations their fame as a brave and dauntless foe, courageous in battle and generous in victory. From the first blow to the last, it was a victorious progress unbroken by a serious reverse on either sea or land. The struggle has revealed the resources of the nation, the capacity of her governing class, the genius of her generals and admirals, and the peace has shown her capacity to use victory for the world's benediction.

The peace conditions have secured to Japan everything for which she drew the sword. True, certain of Japan's demands submitted at the opening of the peace conference have been dropped. Russia will not surrender the internships, those which found refuge in Chinese or American ports, and will not oblige herself not to rebuild her navy in the Far East. These are small matters and could easily be abandoned by Japan. On the most serious questions of surrendering territory and paying indemnity which Russia said her honor would not tolerate, Japan for the sake of peace has waived the demand for indemnity, and Russia has consented to a division of the island of Sakhalin "upon terms mutually satisfactory." Just what the terms are has not yet been made clear. It is possible that Russia has consented to pay Japan for the cession of the northern half of the island, a sum to be determined by an independent board such as dealt with the crisis precipitated by the Russian fleet firing upon the North Sea fishermen. The details will doubtless be announced in a few days. Meanwhile it is with a feeling of relief and gratitude that the world has learned that peace has been attained.

A GOOD LAND.

Canada was discovered by Jacques Cartier many years ago we are told, but the real Canada is only now being discovered. It is not so long since the people in the older provinces of Ontario and Quebec were wont to think and speak of that portion of

the continent lying north of the Great Lakes and the 49th parallel of latitude and now forming the larger part of the Greater Canada, as an inhospitable land, valuable chiefly for the fur-bearing animals to be found there. Indeed so little was its true worth known less than forty years ago that the Hudson's Bay Company sold its rights therein to Canada for \$1500 000. From but the fringe of that great wheat producing area are now being harvested fifty million bushels of the finest wheat in the world—a crop fully one-third greater than last year and which will be surpassed an hundred fold in years to come. The imagination has not pictured anything more surprising than what is being realized in Western Canada to-day.

In the old province of Upper Canada, in New Ontario deposits of mineral wealth, in their way as astonishing as the western grain harvests, are being discovered that province to make Canada the world's chief source of supply of nickel steel. "The ores of the Temiskaming district," say the Toronto Mail and Empire, "are said to be no less extraordinary as nickel-bearers than as silver bearers. In the former respect, it appears, they grade much higher than the famous ores of the Sudbury area. Closer than we suppose may be the day when Ontario will be the world's chief source of nickel steel. When we have refineries of our own which leave nothing to be done outside, their nickel output of steel hearths like those at Sault Ste. Marie for the production of the various qualities of nickel-steel required for the making of tools, utensils, castings armor-plate and rails. For electrolytic refining no country in the world has better advantages than Ontario, for none of its rich ore deposits is far from a natural water-power center."

These are samples of recent discoveries never dreamed of by our forefathers and they suggest that in other directions it may yet be disclosed that a kind Providence has preserved for the Canadian people the best gifts, speaking in a material sense. He ever conferred on any nation, thereby has placed them under responsibilities greater than those borne by others.

OFFICE OF THE
INSPECTOR OF SUPERIOR SCHOOLS,
QUEBEC, P.Q.
Quebec, P.Q., July 21st, '05.
To the Chairman and Members of the
School Board, Lachute, P.Q.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to submit to you, herewith, a Schedule showing the results of the recent June Examinations, held in connection with the Superior School in your Municipality. Kindly forward the Certificates which I enclose to you—under a separate cover—to the successful candidates.

The papers from Grade II Academy were very satisfactory; Grade I Academy, satisfactory. There were two failures in this Grade. High marks were taken in Latin and French by the pupils in these Grades: Milks Walker, egoert McQuat, Jenie Arthurs, and Clara Banford are worthy of special commendation on account of the excellence of their papers. In Grade III Model the papers were very satisfactory, as there was only one failure. In Grade II Model the papers were satisfactory, although there were a few failures. Mental Arithmetic accounted for the failures in this Grade. Altogether the school passed a very successful examination, creditable alike to pupils and teachers, who did faithful and efficient work during the session.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,
JOHN PARKER.

CUSHING.

The Misses May Pinkerton and Edna Noyes are spending a few weeks with friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. Watson who has been away for several weeks on a visit to her daughter Mrs. E. Keatley in Montreal, returned home on Saturday last.

Messrs J. A. Dunn and J. Pickering of Montreal spent a few days here recently the guests of Mr. E. Wheelahan.

Mr. Roy Cooke is spending a couple of weeks at his home here.

Rev. Mr. Fraser received the news on Saturday last of the death of his brother-in-law Mr. Duncan Laurie of Quebec City and left immediately for the ancient capital in order to be present at the funeral which occurred on Monday.

Miss M. R. Saltmarsh who has been visiting here left for her home in Concord, N.H. on Thursday last. Miss Wheelahan accompanied her niece as far as Montreal, returning on Saturday.

Miss Derrick of Stonefield left on Monday on a visit to her niece Mrs. A. J. Kahala, at Ekerman, Ont.

Mrs. Kyle of Montreal, was visiting friends at Greece's Point & Stonefield for a few days this week.

A number of Ladies spent Monday afternoon at St. Mungo's Manse sewing for the missionary box which the Ladies' Auxiliary are preparing to send out to the North-West.

Mrs. Wm. Kerr and her daughter, Mrs. J. Weidon, of Stonefield, intend leaving on Friday on a trip through Ontario, taking in the Toronto Fair, and visiting Niagara Falls.

Though somewhat late in the day, we must not omit a report of the lawn and parlor social held at St. Mungo's Manse on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 16th, and which was one of the most enjoyable events of the kind to take place for some time. The evening was fine but somewhat chilly consequently the larger part of the crowd assembled in the house and filled the spacious rooms to overflowing. The programme was contributed entirely by local talent except for a couple of selections on the piano by Mr. J. Dunn of Montreal. The violin performances of the little Misses McAllister and Nicholl were greatly enjoyed. The candy-table was well patronized and it goes without saying that the refreshment table also came in for a large share of attention. The amount taken in was in the neighborhood of \$40.00.

CASTORIA.
Parte la
Signature de
La Société Que Vous Avez Toujours Achetée
Chas. H. Fletcher.

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 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 Michauville 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 Doncaster, on the official Plan and in the Book of Reference of the Parish of Ste. Agathe des Monts, with buildings, a three acre tract.

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 Ste. Agathe des Monts, 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 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 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 Deschamps, 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 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 representatives, to the East by said Frederic David or representatives, to the South by the School Commissioners, by one Hoolahan and Clotie Beaulieu or representatives, that is to numbers seventy-seven and seventy-eight of the cadastre for the village of Ste. 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.

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 and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

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

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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.

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Summer Underwear, Hosiery, Etc.

Men's Underwear in Cashmere, Union, Balbriggan and Cotton from sizes 36 in. to 44 in. Men's 1/2 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.
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

Crude 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.

BY THE GATE.

In a robe of lace and satin,
With a wash of palest blue,
With a picture hat and roses—
Roses red and wet with dew;
In the freshness of the morning
I have often seen her wait,
Drumming with her dainty fingers
On the pillar by the gate.

All in white and crown'd with blossoms
By the gate she stood one day,
And she held her sweetest roses
That her hand could tear away.
From that cool and fragrant garden
Where the sunlight kissed the lawn,
Fragrant with the breath of heaven
On that happy bridal morn.

Still it seems I see her standing,
Sweet of form and fair of face;
Weds have overgrown the garden
That her presence used to grace.
By the gate which is forsaken,
Clings the ivy to the wall,
And the roses there are fading—
Those she loved the best of all.

THE majority of women do not require extravagant pleasures to keep them happy. All they want is a little attention and considerable thought.

SCOLDING is mostly a habit. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of the mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding, always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they begin scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is a contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to effect all the members.

THE REAL HOME.

Home is not a place simply to hang your hat in. Neither is it true that home must be a stately mansion, furnished with luxurious hangings where the inmates are waited upon by a retinue of servants in gorgeous livery. Home can be a mansion or a hall bedroom, but the real home is where love is, and love may be a family; father, mother, children, never simply bare or richly furnished walls. Home is where peace is where you are contented and at rest with the world.

Those who appreciate home the most are those who have to struggle to possess it. Where do our patriots spring from? Those who love home are those who love country and will fight and die if necessary, to maintain such havens of rest. The boy or girl who has wandered from the farm to the city will find no home like the rude farm house, with weather-beaten outside, but with cozy fire and quiet interiors. The walls may be bare of "masterpieces" from the brush of masters but the portraits of the family, the framed and unframed works of art of those lesser note have a greater value in their mind's eyes than would the most pretentious picture of modern times. The carpet may be a little shabby, but softer, brighter than the brightest Wilton or Brussels which decorate the rooms of a flat or mansion.

The home they dream of shows mother busy at her work; father coatless and hairless, reading or resting in the old-fashioned chair in the corner after a hard day's work in the field, and the children (themselves) busy with their lessons or with their evening chores. All may be tired, but there is an atmosphere of contentment there which will live as long as life, whose taste is as sweet as the purest honey. That is the home they expect to build for themselves.

The chief attraction in a home is a good woman. To man it is his wife. To children it is a mother. Weary and worn with strife, the husband seeks home for consolation. The minute the door opens care is banished from his brow and life takes on a brighter hue. No matter how hard the struggle, hope enters with him here and like the white dove of peace nestles in his bosom. What a rare combination of virtue must wife and mother possess? How loving, how tender, how resourceful she must be! Home is where mother is.

"All grief and doubt and unbelief
Flee where mother is.
Hope and faith, and sweet relief
Come where mother is."

And so we say home is where love is, where peace is found. It may be a mansion or a hovel, a country home or a city flat. In such a place it is impossible to be unhappy. That country is the greatest which has the largest number of homes, in which the greatest number possess in their own right the place they live in. No country was ever great which supported a thousand mansions at the expense of a million hovels. Home-seekers, own your own home.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.
SUPERIOR COURT
Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 121
District of Terrebonne
In Re-Cote & fils,
N^{rs}. 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 p.m.

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 made and 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 depot, there may be from the King's highway to the "Lac des Sables" bounded on one side by Pierre Cardinal 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 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. 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 representatives.

3 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 Euclide Cote, thence North-Easterly along the division line between the land to be sold and that of P. C. Bohemier or representatives 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. Bohemier or representatives, said David Street and on the North-East by the land of Isaac Deschamps or representatives.

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, Montreale

STONEFIELD HEIGHTS.

—: O:—

The Misses Steen are guests of Miss M. Byrne.

Mr. C. Dawson spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Quite a number of our young people took in the picnic at Brownsburg on Saturday.

Mr. Jack Keatley of Hawkesbury, was the guest of Mr. Guy Keatley on Sunday.

Mrs. A. C. Asch of Grenville, and Rev. Gordon Asch of Valleyfield, were guests of Mrs. E. Dawson on Monday last.

Mrs. and Miss Ethel Lunan of Montreal, and Mrs. W. Heatlie of Ogdensburg, were guests at "The Pines" on Wednesday last.

Miss Maud Cleishue of Montreal, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Mary Canning is home on a visit to her parents.

Miss A. McFaul returned home on Saturday after a pleasant visit the guest of Miss S. Canning.

Miss Clara Lunan is the guest of Miss P. Dawson at "The Pines."

Miss B. Halsey of Cushing, was the guest of Mrs. K. C. Brown a few days last week.

ST. PHILIPPE.

—: O:—

Miss Lizzie Tomalty of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. Archie Graham last week.

Rev. Mr. George Schagel of Montreal, paid a visit to St. Philippe on day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Candlish of Montreal, and little daughter Helen, accompanied by Miss Maggie Sheep, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Graham for sometime.

Mr. J. M. Stewart of Mount Maple, was the welcome guest of Mr. John Donaldson on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Graham of North River, spent Sunday visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. John Cafferty of Smith Falls, is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Donaldson.

Quite a number of our young people visited Miss Grace Fraser at the Manse on Monday afternoon. Reports of having a very enjoyable time.

Miss Emma Candlish and Mrs. Archibald Graham, sr., are spending a few days with Mrs. David Black of Lachute.

Miss Emma Candlish of Montreal, is the guest of Miss Christie Graham.

Miss Maggie Pollock of Lachute, is at present visiting friends in this vicinity and also in Cushing.

The Misses Alice and Edith Davidson were the guests of Miss Mabel Davidson on Sunday.

Miss M. A. Chambers spent Tuesday the guest of Miss Effie Chambers.

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—

Hardies' Bakery,
BROWNSBURG.

1905 SCHOOL OPENING 1905

JUST RECEIVED A FULL STOCK OF SCHOOL BOOKS & OTHER REQUISITES NECESSARY FOR THE SCHOOL OPENING OF 1905.

WE ARE CLEARING OUT THE BALANCE OF OUR SUMMER GOODS REGARDLESS OF COST

NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

J. R. McOUAT

Bargains !



Now is the time to buy a Thrashing Mill. The J. B. Dore is the best make. We are offering large gains in all other machinery and supplies, 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, 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

JEAN LORILLARD

Pierre Fevrol was just cooking a midday meal in his cabin on the hill overlooking Dawson when Jean Lorillard tapped at his door and entered. At first Pierre did not recognize his old friend and former classmate for he was covered with snow, heavy icicles clung to his moustache and beard, and the greater part of his face was concealed by his furry Yukon cap.

But when Jean had greeted him the two men embraced, after the manner of good Frenchmen in the Klondyke, and then the new arrival stood near the stove, allowing himself to thaw out, while Pierre put an extra couple of slices of bacon into the frypan and added some water to his teapot.

"What's the news from the claim, Jean?" he asked.

"The water came in on us, Pierre, and now our best hole is full." Jean answered quietly, as he dried his face with a soiled red handkerchief.

Pierre almost dropped the bacon he was holding in his hand and for a few moments the two men just looked at one another.

"Yes," Jean continued, "after we cleaned the fire out three days ago, we tried some of the dirt and found it ran over five dollars to the pan. We felt pretty good and Henri lit a big fire that night; but the next morning the hole was half full of water and before I left it was almost to the top. I could have cried, Pierre."

Jean sat down on the edge of a bunk and Pierre said nothing. He knew that the two men had worked like beavers for three months, rising at 3 o'clock every morning and braving the pitiless cold for 13 long hours every day, Sundays excepted; that they had taken out a large dump of only fair pay dirt and that it would be impossible ever to empty the hole when once the water had started in it.

"It's too bad, Jean," he said at last, "and I'm sorry for you both. How about the other hole?"

"We are still working in it," Jean answered, "but the pay is not so good there and I doubt if we shall clean up more than our expenses now."

"Well, it may turn out better than you expect, Jean," Pierre replied. "Now you'd better sit up and have a bite of dinner. A 25-mile walk on an empty stomach ought to have given you an appetite."

Jean moved a stool, roughly made out of a block of spruce, up to the table and the two men faced one another. For the first time the light fell on Jean's face and Pierre asked him if he felt sick.

"I am pretty tired, Pierre," he replied. "I am not much used to walking, and it was last October since I came to Dawson."

"Take some bacon, Jean," Pierre said, "and you'll find the beans just to your liking. They've been boiling nearly three days now and we've got to empty the pot so that I can put a fresh mess on. How do you stand the work, Jean?"

Jean helped himself sparingly to the victuals and shook his head. "I can't stand it much longer, Pierre," he said, and Pierre noticed how weak his voice was, his breath seeming to be forced with difficulty from the very pit of his stomach. "My right arm has almost given out and I can barely lift this cup of tea. The windlass is too much for me, I'm afraid."

"You overdo it, Jean," Pierre answered, shaking his head. Those buckets of yours must hold eight good pans, and that's too much for any fellow to hoist and keep it up without a rest. You should not let Henri fill the buckets so full, Jean."

"Well, we want to get out a big dump, Pierre," Jean answered, "and then Marchant is always on the claim, urging us on to do more." "That's the worst of having the claim owner live with you, Jean," said Pierre. "You would accomplish more in the end, by hoisting lighter buckets and you would not wear yourself out."

When the meal was over and the dishes were washed and the bean pot had been refilled and placed on the stove, the two men lit their pipes, each being occupied with his own thoughts. Jean was the first to break the silence.

"I don't think I'll go back to-morrow, Pierre," he said. "I told Henri I might stay in town for a week so as to get rested, and that if I did not return by to-morrow night he was to take someone on in my place. I am not feeling like the man I used to be, Pierre," and he shook his head sadly.

"Oh, come," Pierre replied, "you are tired out from your long walk and you'll feel all right after a week's rest. I'm glad you told Henri to take a man on in your place. Francois has gone down the river on a stampede with Nigger Jim and he won't be back for ten days, so you can stay up here with me and I'll look after you."

Jean passed his hand across his forehead. "You are very kind, Pierre," he said, "and I shall be glad

to stay with you for a week if you will let me bring my share of grub over. But it is hard having to hire a man to do my work and have to pay out \$60 or \$70 in the spring. There won't be so very much coming to us now. I'm afraid, although we did hope to make \$5,000 apiece. But that was before the water broke in on us."

"It's better than leaving your bones here, Jean," Pierre answered. "You'll make enough to take you home and have a nice little stake besides. There is good pay in your dump and you can still drift for six weeks."

"If I can only hold out for six weeks longer, Pierre, I think I will get through all right," Jean said, as he relit his pipe. "We've got to make a dam then and whipsaw lumber for 12 sluice boxes. It's going to be hard work, but I won't mind that so much. The sun will be shining then, too, and we'll be able to keep easier hours."

"That's it, man," said Pierre, cheerfully. "The sun is getting higher every day and you'll get it on the creek pretty soon. You'll feel much better by that time, Jean." "And it won't take long for us to get through with the wash up," Jean continued, as if to himself, "and then I'll take the first boat up the river and get home as quickly as I can. It's these six weeks that I fear most, Pierre."

"You'll get over them all right, Jean," said Pierre, and then the two men smoked in silence for some time.

"Has any new mail come in lately, Pierre?" Jean asked, and a ray of hope seemed to light his wan face.

"Yes, Jean," his friend replied. "Two days ago 30 sacks came in and now the police have taken charge again we can expect letters twice a month regularly."

"Did you get any, Pierre?" Jean asked.

"Two old letters," Pierre answered. "Lucille is well and little Jacques wears long trousers now. How proud he must be!"

Jean smiled. "Yes, he must be proud, Pierre," he said. "I think I will go down town and see if there are any letters for me. The last time I heard from Julie she was ill and I have been worrying about her for seven months. My God, how I have been worrying!"

Pierre was on his feet in a moment. "Stay where you are, Jean," he said. "I have to go down town to see Father Judge and I will ask at the postoffice if there is anything for you. You keep the stove going and rest yourself. I will be back in half an hour or so."

"Thank you, Pierre," said Jean. "I am tired. I hope you will bring me a letter."

As Pierre Fevrol walked down the A C trail his face was wreathed in smiles, for he knew that there was a letter for his friend and that it was a late one and came from Julie. He wanted to take the letter to the cabin so that Jean might read it comfortably instead of doing so in the crowded postoffice, his fingers and feet growing cold while he did so.

In the cabin, Jean sat dejectedly, looking out of the little window upon the desolate hills, the frozen Yukon and the snow-covered cabins of Dawson. He knew that he and his partner would barely make wages out of their dump and he feared that he might never see his little home and his loved ones again. He thought of his dear wife, of his romping boys, of blue skies, rich green grasses and flowers and fruits. And Jean was very depressed.

Presently he heard footsteps on the snow outside the cabin, and Pierre entered.

"Here's a letter for you, Jean," he said, before his friend could speak. "I will light the candle and you can read it while I fix up supper."

Jean took the letter and kissed the handwriting on the envelope reverently. Then he opened it and Pierre busied himself with the stove. It took Jean a long time to read that letter, and then he re-read it and re-read parts again.

"Good news?" Pierre asked presently, as he turned over a flapjack.

"Yes, Pierre," Jean answered, faintly. "Julie is well, and the children are well, and an old relative has left the wife a large legacy and she wants me to come home as soon as possible." Then Jean Lorillard hid his face in his hands and wept.

"God is very good, Jean," said Pierre, gently after a pause.

"Yes, Pierre, God is very good," Jean answered, as he lifted up his face and smiled.

HOW TO SEAL LETTERS.

It is often very desirable to know how to seal a letter so that it cannot be opened without betraying the fact. Steam or hot water will open envelopes closed with mastic and even a wafer. A hot iron or a spirit lamp dissolves sealing-wax, an impression in plaster having been taken of the seal. By the combined use of wafer and sealing-wax, however, all attempts to open the letter otherwise than by force can be frustrated. All that is necessary is to close the letter first with a small moist wafer and to pierce the latter with a coarse needle (the same applies to mastic), whereupon sealing-wax may be used in the usual manner. This seal can neither be opened by dry heat nor by moisture.

SNAKES LIKE CHILDREN

THEY RESPECT THE CONFIDENCE OF LITTLE FOLKS.

Instances of This Characteristic Taken From Life in the Australian Bush.

I have found that children in the bush show very little fear of snakes. The bigger the snake the greater the joy of getting near it and the stronger the desire to play with it. The snake's bright eyes and sinuous motion probably charm. And snakes even the most vicious, respect the confidence, says Chamber's Journal. I have known numbers of cases in which they return it with what must be called affection. A snake that will wiggle away from an adult will placidly survey a child and wait for encouragement to approach.

Here is an instance to my hand. We all knew there was a snake in the house. Glimpses of it had been caught on three separate occasions, but it was too swift in getting under cover. Bush houses in Australia are roughly put together, and odds and ends of various sorts are littered about, with occasional heavy articles against the walls. To move the heavy things is somewhat dangerous unless the light is good and an experienced bushman be of the party. The usual plan is to watch and wait. The sides of the cottage were built of round timber, and there was a likelihood on each occasion that this particular snake had wriggled through and out.

Minnie, a child of three, was more vivacious than usual next morning. She sat on an opossum rug on the floor of the room adjoining the breakfast room, where most of the family were collected. Her chattering excited comment. "Stay," whispered her father, "something strikes me. She's talking to something, and I bet it's the snake."

With his riding whip in his hand he stepped softly to the open door and peeped in. The snake had its head in Minnie's lap and was being fed with little snips of a

SQUARE OF LUMP SUGAR.

It was a black snake of a dangerous size, and the father was doubtful how to act. If alarmed it might viciously attack the child. He surveyed the possible means of escape, and whispered to his wife to call Minnie. The child moved at the call and the snake drew back and made a sudden dive toward a chest of drawers at the opposite wall. That was what was wanted, and the riding whip did the rest.

A friend of mine tells of an incident of a similar kind. At Koon-drook, a little settlement in Victoria, a woman heard her child, 18 months old, laughing as if she were having great fun. The child was supposed to be asleep in bed. The mother went to the room and found the child scrambling over the bed after something she could not see.

That happened several times. Once, however, the mother went in suddenly and heard something drop off the bed. Looking hurriedly under the bed, she distinctly saw a large snake that turned upon her with evident intention to fight. When the husband came home he pulled up the boards of the floor, but there was no sign of the snake. Next day, however, snake and child were discovered lying together on the floor, the child asleep, and the snake apparently so. That night the husband tried a plan. He placed a candle on the floor alongside of the child, and asked the wife to play a slow air on the harmonium. Movements of the snake could be heard, but the rustle was all he vouchsafed.

Next night the child was similarly posted, and the mother tried the effect of working her sewing machine. The sound was too tempting. The snake wriggled to the child with alacrity, and was promptly despatched by the father.

IT WAS A TIGER SNAKE, nearly five feet in length, and when killed was found by the child as an old pet.

We never hear in the bush of a snake biting a young child. On the other hand, numbers of cases are recounted in which mothers have laid infants on the bed in dark rooms and discovered a second later that a snake was underneath the child. The snatching up of the child released the snake, and invariably the trouble ended there.

A governess in charge of a child was fond of sitting among the rocks at the seashore. She read a good deal, and was contented so long as the child played about without making noise. At last, perhaps she had finished her book, it struck her as strange that at that particular place among the rocks the child was always preternaturally quiet. She rose slowly and gilded to a projecting boulder, behind which she knew the child had crawled. The child was motionless on hands and knees, and was staring at some small object beside a tuft of withered grass.

The governess watched intently for several seconds. Gradually she made out two beadlike eyes, like little points of fire, and with further inspection was able to define the small head of a snake, similar in color to the withered grass. A hole ran under the rock, and the snake's head alone protruded. The pupils of the child's eyes were dilated, but in other

respects it was half asleep. This would help the claims of those who endow snakes with power to fascinate birds. But there is nothing to indicate that the snake in question meant injury to the child.

A bush clergyman visited me on one occasion, and, dismounting, threw his saddle-bag on the veranda. The flap fell open and a green whip snake popped out. It happened that there was no weapon handy, and the snake disappeared under the house. The clergyman was

GREATLY FRIGHTENED.

He calculated that the snake must have been in his bag during his last ten mile ride, and reflected that he had put his hand in several times for one article or another. He carefully examined his right hand for marks of fangs, and became reassured when not a single scratch could be discovered.

We kept a sharp lookout for some days for the snake, and renewed acquaintance with it under singular circumstances. Minnie, the child previously alluded to, was overheard giving something like words of command near the stump of an old iron-bark tree a little way from the end of the house. On stealthily approaching I was thunder-struck. I beckoned to other members of the family to tip-toe to me. It was no optical illusion. There, in real fact, was a green whip snake dancing before the child.

The inference was, of course, that it was the clergyman's whip snake. Its motions were most grotesque, its head rolling from side to side and occasionally shooting straight up. It evidently danced for the entertainment of the child, and responded with alacrity to her words. The spell was broken by the incautious movement of one of our party; but though the snake made off it was pursued and despatched.

It is right I should complete this somewhat astounding narrative by adding that the clergyman on his next visit complained of having been made the victim of a practical joke on the previous occasion. The hotel people had placed in his saddle bag a showman's performing snake, not at all dangerous, and altogether too valuable for the fate that befell it.

But when a snake is pleased or desires to please it displays, even in its wild state, gyrations which may be described as dancing. I have seen them, semi-erect, bobbing heads and moving protruding tongues with a near approach to waltz time. They are very fond of going partners with infants in the contents of feeding bottles. While snake and infant take turn about at the bottle the former will bob and curtsy as assiduously as

A POUTING PIGEON.

A storekeeper who had a private cottage adjoining his store closed his garden gate about 11 o'clock at night and returned to the sitting room. It had been burning hot all day and every one was exhausted. He says he was aware of some weight pressing on his shoulders, but was too tired to think about it. On a sofa under the window lay a child with the tube of a feeding bottle between its lips.

The storekeeper soon realized what weighed upon him. A tiger snake leaped from his shoulders to the sofa and went straight for the feeding bottle. At the close of an exciting couple of minutes the members of the household had forgotten their exhaustion and the snake was killed. The storekeeper, in his alarm, made the leap much greater than it really was. It is likely indeed that he stooped toward the sofa. When his senses were so dulled that he did not feel the reptile crawling on him from the gatepost he was not likely to be much of a judge as to how it got off. Snakes do not—in fact, cannot—execute the prodigious jumps with which they are often credited.

But while it can be held that snakes are friendly to young children, on occasions showing what may be called affection for them, they can be charged with harboring unextinguishable enmity for boys and girls of from 8 to 10 years up. The antipathy appears to be mutual. The bush chronicles an endless war between them. Numbers of boys die of snakebite year by year. When the bite is on finger or toe the average bush boy chops the member off. It is quite a common thing to find two or three of a selector's family short of a finger or toe on this account. It happens that devoted friends of childhood become implacable enemies later on.

BRACKEN AS FOOD.

The Japanese have worthily demonstrated that they are well versed in the art of warfare; now they seek to instruct us in the art of eating. At the Japan Club, in Covent Garden, London, Baron Suyematsu gave a demonstration of the uses to which bracken—the ordinary common fern—may be put in gastronomy. The Baron explained that in Japan and in China the plant is in universal use as an article of food, and seeing that it grew so plentifully in England he considered it his duty to bring the suggestion forward. Dainty samples of the "delicacy" were handed round, and pronounced to be good eating; and those present were much interested by the Baron's description of the methods followed in cooking it.

He—"I would lay the world at your feet." She (haughtily)—"My dear sir, it is there already. Don't assume credit for the law of gravitation."

CURSED TREE SHUNNED

MEXICAN PEONS AVOID SHADE OF BRANCHES.

Said to Have Been Planted by a Man in League With Satan.

Because of the many fatal accidents that have occurred under a huge tree that grows in the Hacienda ranch, in the Zamora district, Michoacan, Mexico, peasants of the region are growing more and more superstitious about its supposed fatal omen and they begin to call it "arbol maldito" (cursed tree).

The tree is supposed to be over 75 years old, and is said to have been planted by a man who, because of his enormous crimes and his forgetfulness of the divine law, was swallowed up by the earth. The man never went to mass, never confessed, did not have the image of a saint in his house, did not carry a rosary around his neck, and never made the sign of the cross. There was not a beggar in the town who had ever received a "tlaco chiquito" (old coins equivalent to 1 1/2 cents) from him. He never gave anything for the church and never took off his hat when he met a padrecito on the street.

It was rumored that he was responsible for many murders and other atrocious crimes, but he was never in jail, neither could he be incarcerated because he had a

COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL.

and whenever he invoked his satanic majesty the latter rendered him either invisible to human eyes or smaller than an ant, so that he could easily escape danger. He had no friends nor relatives, because he was shunned by all.

Two things he loved—birds and trees. He planted numerous trees and fed big flocks of birds that knew him and came to his home every morning to pick the crumbs of bread which he threw in the patio.

Many years ago, and this is well remembered by the peasants, it was Good Friday. Everybody in town had attended the religious services of the morning and they were going to their homes, when a terrific noise was heard. They rushed to the street where it came from to find out what it was, and saw how the earth had opened under the cursed man's feet. He was enveloped by thick flames and smoke and disappeared beneath the surface of the earth. This was considered a most deserved punishment.

While the faithful were in church the cursed man was loafing around, and, having seen a big crucifix upon an altar erected on the street, as was done in those days, he placed a burning cigarette in the lips of the image. Scarcely had he made eight or ten steps when he was engulfed by the inferno.

That day all the trees he planted, except the cursed one, dried up, and all the birds he had fed died.

An attempt was made to cut down the tree that had not dried up, but the man who made the attempt dropped dead upon stepping upon the shadow of its foliage. The man's body had to be left there to be

EATEN UP BY THE CROWS.

because nobody had the courage to approach and remove it.

Since that day numerous persons have met a tragic death under that tree. A pedestrian who went under it for shade on a hot summer day was bitten by a snake and died in two hours. Three men, on different occasions, sought shelter from rain under its branches, and were struck by lightning. A woman who was hanging some clothes to dry from the trunk of the tree was attacked and killed by a billygoat that came from nobody knows where and that was never seen again. Two years ago a little boy who was riding a burro innocently led his animal to the tree. The burro threw him off and kicked him to death. The last victim of this fatal tree was a man named Melquiades Arevalo who, three of four days ago, during a heavy rainstorm, ran under the tree for shelter; like his predecessors on such occasions, he was struck by lightning.

The horror that peasants have for this tree is so great that peons refuse to work on the fields half a mile around it. Prospero Garcia, the owner of the ranch where that tree grows, is said to have made up his mind to have it blown up with dynamite, but he has been unable to find a man who is willing to do the work, so it seems probable that he will have to do it himself.

FRUIT TREES ON HIGHWAYS.

One of the ways for beautifying the country in the Grand Duchy of Baden without any ultimate expense to the taxpayer is the planting of fruit trees along the Government highways. These are cherry, apple, pear, and in some places walnut trees. The trees are planted 32 ft. apart along each side of the road, and when the fruit is ready for market it is sold at public auction on the trees, the purchaser being obliged to harvest it at his own expense.

Bore—"Halloa, old man, what are you going to do?" Glum Friend—"Nothing." Bore—"How about a walk? I think it would do us both good." Glum Friend—"So do I. Good-bye!"

About the ...House

HOW TO MAKE FRUIT SYRUPS.

No home-made beverage is at once so beautiful and delicious as those made with fruit syrups and shrubs, and every housewife should provide a few jars of each in the season of small fruits. Properly made and stored, they keep as well as canned fruits, and are fine for flavoring ices, creams, custards and various kinds of puddings and other desserts. They require more sugar than jellies, and unlike that consist should be made of perfectly ripe fruit. Use granulated sugar, earthen or granite-ware vessels, and wooden or silver spoons in all the various operations. When done they can be bottled, but are more convenient when kept in pint-size fruit jars.

Currant Syrup.—Wash, drain on a cloth, and stem red currants; place in an earthen or granite-ware vessel, mash thoroughly with a wooden masher, and set in a warm place for twenty-four hours, or until fermentation begins. (This destroys the pectin contained in the fruit and prevents the syrup from jellifying.) Drain the juice through a cheese-cloth bag that has been wrung out of hot water, by suspending the latter over a deep bowl and occasionally pressing against the sides with two wooden ladles or spoons. Wringing or squeezing is sure to make the syrup cloudy. Measure, allow two pounds of sugar for each pint of juice, set over a slow fire, and stir constantly until every particle of sugar is dissolved. As soon as it is boiling hot, take from the fire, skim as often as any scum rises, and when cold, pour into jars and seal. Wrap in heavy brown paper and store in a cool, dry place. Make cherry, raspberry, or a combination of raspberry and currant syrup, in the same way.

Spiced Blackberry Syrup.—Blackberry cordial, an old and effective remedy for summer bowel complaint, is objectionable to many mothers because it contains brandy. Used plentifully to flavor drinking water, the syrup here given is an excellent preventive and remedy for such illness, and contains no spirits whatever. Mash the fruit, bring slowly to a boil and strain; measure, and allow one heaping cupful of sugar for every pint of juice, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and half as much cloves and ginger. Tie the spices in a piece of muslin; put all over a slow fire; stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved; let boil two minutes, skim, take out the spices, and seal at once.

Spiced Elderberry Syrup.—Has the same properties as the above. Make in the same manner, using ginger and nutmeg, with mace and cloves.

Lemon Syrup.—This syrup makes a delicious lemonade. Grate the yellow rind from six fresh lemons and stir it with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Squeeze the juice from one dozen lemons and strain out the seeds; remove the pulp from the skins, boil it five minutes in two cupfuls of water, adding the sugar; strain, add the juice, measure, allow one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar for every cupful of the liquid, put over the fire; stir until dissolved, boil five minutes, skim and seal hot.

TOMATO TIDBITS.

Tomato Jelly and asparagus Salad.—Have charlotte russe molds standing in ice water. Crumble the yolk of a hard cooked egg and chop the white fine. Put the yolk into the bottom of the molds, add a few spoonfuls of tomato mixture to each mold, and, when set, fill the molds nearly to the top with the mixture. When this is set dispose the chopped white against the inner and upper edges of the molds, and fill to the top with the tomato. When firm unmold, put a rounded teaspoon of mayonnaise dressing in each cup, and with this set asparagus tips, dressed lightly with French dressing. Garnish the dish with lettuce.

Tomato Jelly.—Pass the contents of a can of tomatoes through a sieve rejecting nothing but seeds and coarse fibres, if any. Put two cups of this puree over the fire with two slices of onion, two cloves, a sprig of parsley, a piece of bay leaf, four pepper-corns, or a bit of green pepper, and two teaspoons tarragon vinegar. Let simmer fifteen minutes then skim out the vegetables, etc., add half a teaspoon of salt and half of a two-ounce package of gelatine, softened by standing some time

in three-quarter cup of cold water. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved, then use as above.

With Asparagus.—Mold tomato jelly in a shallow dish, having the jelly half an inch thick. Turn on to a clean sheet of paper, and, with a knife dipped in hot water, cut the jelly in cubes. Pour over the cubes enough French dressing to moisten the jelly and dispose these on a bed of lettuce leaves that have been carefully dipped into French dressing. Above these dispose cooked asparagus tips, dressed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper. Finish with a large spoonful of mayonnaise and two or more lengthwise quarters of hard boiled eggs.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

Lamb should be well basted when cooking. Mint sauce should stand two hours before being used.

To keep meat fresh, as soon as you get it cover it with a clean muslin cloth wrung tightly through vinegar and set in a cool place.

When making fruit pies damp the edges of the pastry with milk instead of water. The juice is not so liable to boil over when this is done.

Don't scrape a burnt saucepan. Fill it with cold water, put in a bit of soda, heat slowly, and let boil gently for some time. Then scrub with a saucepan brush.

When steaming potatoes, put a cloth over them before putting the lid on. They will take less time to cook and be more mealy than when done in the ordinary way.

For most cakes it is not absolutely essential that eggs and each ingredient as added be beaten separately, but the materials can be put into a dish at once, and one long drawn-out stirring will satisfactorily blend the whole.

If you are afraid of lightning, here is a very simple safeguard to remember. Simply put on your gum shoes or rubbers, and then stand up so that your clothes won't touch anything. Whether you are in doors or out of doors you are perfectly safe, for rubber is a non-conductor, and you are perfectly insulated.

Gooseberry fool requires two pounds of gooseberries, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and one gill of water. When the gooseberries are cooked soft rub them through a wire sieve. To each pint of gooseberry pulp allow half a pint of boiled custard. Sweeten and serve in a glass dish.

The care of sponges—If 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 a habit of putting their sponges outside the window after using them in order that they may air and dry in readiness for the next time of using.

Temperature in Sickness.—The ordinary temperature of an adult when the thermometer is placed in the armpit is 98.4 deg., in the mouth, 99.5 deg.; the blood is about 100 deg. Fahr. In fevers this is much exceeded, and the heat of the patient may rise to 105 deg. A higher temperature than this will generally prove fatal unless it descend very quickly. The highest temperature recorded have been in some cases of rheumatic fever, when that of the body rose to 109 deg. and even to 111 deg.

Kitchen Necessities.—In every kitchen there should be a very high chair or stool, and also a very low chair. Plain ironing and much other work can be done as well seated on a high stool as standing, and at a great saving of strength to the worker. The low chair is useful for resting, or for sitting to shell peas or sorting currants, when it is convenient to have the bowl on one's lap into which to put either one or the other when separated from shells or stalks.

Sultana pudding is appreciated at this time of the year if nicely boiled in a cloth for three hours. Rub three ounces of finely chopped suet into six ounces of flour, add one teaspoonful of baking powder, one ounce of sugar, and three ounces of sultanas. Make all into a light dough with one egg beaten up in a little milk.

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.

TWO TABLETS.

Johnny—Paw, did Moses have the dyspepsia, like what you've got? Father—How on earth do I know? What makes you ask such a question?

Johnny—Why, our Sunday school teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets.

READY FOR ANYTHING.

Doctor—(making diagnosis)—Now, as to drink; what do you take? Patient (cheerfully)—Oh, thanks. You are very kind. I don't care if I do. Leave it to you, sir. It is all the same to me.

LIVINGSTON'S TREE.

Where the Heart of the Great Explorer Was Buried.

Mr. Weatherby, the explorer, has just returned from Africa, where he has been for eleven years, the only white man among hosts of blacks. In that long period he has had many thrilling adventures, says the London Daily News. He has succeeded in making corrections on the map of the interior of the Dark Continent and in discovering the spot where the heart of the great Livingstone was buried, the locality of which has been instrumental in raising a permanent memorial to the famous missionary in place of the decayed tree which marked the site, and he has brought back to the British Museum that part of the tree which bore the original inscription, cut by the natives, who loved and mourned their white chief.

My object says Mr. Weatherby, was to circumnavigate Bangweolo Lake and to find the spot where Livingstone's heart was buried. Glave, the American who died while attempting to find the tree, was the last man who had any accurate idea where it was. I accomplished both tasks. Old Mshaotha, the chief who helped me find the Livingstone tree, told me a strange story. He remembered Livingstone, who, he averred, was shot. Everybody, he said, knew that it was so.

One of my greatest friends was Mowenge, a chief, but it was some time before we understood each other. He had never seen white men, but had heard of them, and when I sent word I was coming, he grew much alarmed. When I went to his tent he rushed out, and seizing me by the arm, slashed his ax over my head into a tree behind me. The next minute he pulled up my shirt-sleeve to see if my arm was white. That gave me time to tell him he might kill me if he wanted to, but that it would be more interesting not to.

I also had a "scary" greeting from Kasoma, a much-dreaded chief. I set out by boat to visit him, with nine men. When we neared the village, and two thousand armed men rushed to the edge of the lake, I found we had left our rifles behind us. With my heart in my mouth, I jumped ashore alone. As I stood before the chief I could see his heart throbbing in his naked chest, and I knew he was in as bad a way as I myself.

"Good morning! How do you do?" I shouted.

The chief gave a signal, and I put my hands in my pockets to meet the end calmly. The same moment the chief and every man clapped their hands in unison, knelt down and bowed their heads.

After all, a little bluff is a great help in dealing with natives. I stood once surrounded by four hundred men who had rifles, each waiting either for me to move or for his neighbor to begin the firing. I got one of the men to bring me a shot-cartridge, and opening it, I sent the handful of shot to the chief, with the message that he would be more likely to hit me if he used that instead of a bullet. The joke set the whole lot laughing.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

The best medicine in the world to ward off summer complaints is Baby's Own Tablets, and it is the best medicine to cure them if they attack little ones unexpectedly. At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the child Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. These Tablets cure all stomach troubles, diarrhoea and cholera infantum, and if occasionally given to the well child will prevent them. Mrs. Edward Clark, McGregor, Ont., says: "I used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl who suffered from colic and bowel troubles and I found them the most satisfactory medicine I ever tried." This is the experience of all mothers who have used this medicine. Keep the Tablets in the home during the hot weather months and you can feel that your children are safe. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ECONOMY OF HEAT.

The average humidity in artificially-heated houses is about thirty degrees; the average temperature, seventy to seventy-four degrees. It has been found by conclusive tests that a room with a humidity of sixty degrees and a temperature of sixty-five degrees seems warmer and more comfortable than a room of seventy-two degrees of heat and humidity of thirty degrees. Dr. Henry M. Smith says that if a room of sixty-eight degrees is not warm enough for any healthy person it is because the humidity is too low, and water should be evaporated to bring the moisture up to the right degree. In other words, water instead of coal should be used to make rooms comfortable when the temperature has reached sixty-eight degrees. As water is cheaper than coal the rule should become a popular one.

Mrs. McBride—"John, I'm simply disgusted! While I was out this morning the cat got into the pantry and ate every single thing except a cake I had just baked!" Mr. McBride—"What a wonderful thing animal instinct is, to be sure!"

TASTE "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea and you will then understand why its sale is so enormous.

13 Million Packets Annually
Sold only in 1000s of packets. 40c, 50c, 60c per lb
BY ALL GROCERS.

STRANGE JEWS OF CHINA

A WONDERFUL REMNANT IN THAT COUNTRY.

A Colony Which Has Kept Its Jewish Ideals for Many Centuries.

There seems every probability of that valuable human relic of antiquity—the Jewish settlements of inland China—being lost without any further effort on the part of the scientists to trace out the information and determine the character of the evidence afforded by these vanishing communities and their ruined temples, says the London Standard.

To one or two Oriental scholars—Dr. Dyer Bull, Mr. Colquhoun, Dr. Griffiths John, and perhaps a few other writers, together with two or three Roman Catholic missionaries of the past—we owe most of the little knowledge we do possess, rather than to antiquarians or research experts, although there can be no doubt that the subject is full of interest, both human and theological.

It is now some years since the inquiries of a Jewish society elicited the statement—whether correct or not it is hard to say—that only one Jewish settlement remained in the heart of China, and that it was not only decreasing rapidly in numbers, but also losing its characteristic features and worship on account of the death of all the rabbis. Further examination should not, therefore, be indefinitely postponed.

KEPT THEIR FAITH.

Three and a half centuries ago, when the Jesuit Fathers first discovered Jewish settlements, they were in a flourishing condition, with synagogues such as that whose ruins still remain at Kai-fong-fu, and, though living peaceably among other natives, carefully observing those sharp dividing lines which differentiate the Jew from all other races. Thus they neither made proselytes from among, nor inter-married with, the alien people. They kept the Sabbath, Passover, Tabernacles, and the Day of Atonement, together with the ceremonial of the synagogue service, wherein the reader of the law was veiled after the example of Moses, and the males of the congregation covered their heads and put off their shoes on entering the building. These Chinese Jews prayed towards Jerusalem, of whose destruction by the Romans they had never heard, while the name of Jesus Christ conveyed nothing to their minds. These facts, of course placed the arrival of the original colonists as prior to the Christian era and certain other data suggests more exactly the probable period.

WHEN THEY CAME.

The Chinese Jews knew nothing of what is called in the Gospels "the tradition of the elders," which, in fact, was no more than the crystallization or detailed summing-up of the oral teaching of the past, with various ceremonial accretions of the ecclesiastically dark ages which followed the time of the last of the prophets. This gathering together and promulgation of the "tradition" took place during the Maccabean period, so that the date of the settlements is thus again put back. The time of Alexander the Great and his immediate successors seems, indeed, the most probable era for the foundation of the Chinese Jewish colonies, not only because that century was marked by a very considerable Jewish colonization movement—of which the Alexandria settlement was the most noteworthy and best chronicled example—but also because the vocabulary of the Chinese Jews when discovered by the Jesuits included a large number of Persian words and derivatives, indicating contact with that empire, across which the route from Palestine then lay. Moreover, at that period of their history Jews were familiar with Persian rule and custom, which at an earlier time they were not.

AN EARLIER PERIOD.

Nevertheless, some believe the migration took place eleven centuries ago, roughly, about the time of the priesthood and the Exile. Expert investigations in the future ought to be of definite value in proving or disproving the later period. The synagogues, however, were not discovered until recently.

also in use. According to Mr. Dyer Bull, this copy of the Law corresponds very exactly with the ordinary Hebrew versions familiar to scripturists, although there are a few "character" variations not affecting the text.

VALUABLE DOCUMENTS.

The synagogue at Kai-fong-fu, now in ruins, bore inscriptions which prove it to have been erected in the twelfth century, and probably several older foundations exist if proper search were made. Should it prove true that, as separate entities, the Jewish colonies of China, after these hundreds of years, are now lingering in the throes of final disappearance, it will indeed be a loss to ourselves and to posterity if immediate steps are not taken by skilled investigators to acquire all the evidence which they may afford to historical and critical research.

WOOLING IN GREECE.

Young Aspasia Had a Great Many Suitors.

Some travellers in Greece who stayed at a poor little inn, not much more than a hut, found there a beautiful young girl, whose name proved to be Aspasia, sitting at her loom at work. Bread and wine were brought out, with raw beans and leeks, and the travellers sat down to wait until a gathering storm should pass. Then, says Temple Bar, the Englishwoman of the party began to talk to the girl, Aspasia.

"Are you making a carpet for yourself, or is it to sell?" she asked.

Aspasia smiled. "It is for my dowry," said she. "But I can't get on very fast; my shuttle is broken."

"I will send you one from Athens,"

"One of my suitors has already promised to send me one."

"But you are only a child. You are too young to have suitors."

"Oh, no, I am not a child! I am a grown woman. Why, I am fifteen, and I have many suitors. All the young men about here are my suitors."

"There are no young men about here. It is such a lonely place, you can hardly see any one."

The storm had increased, and the shepherds from the hills had been driven in to shelter. They stood about, leaning on their crooks, and when a tall muleteer gave the logs in the fireplace a kick with his boot, and the flames flashed up, the picture was a vivid one. The girl waved a little wine-dipper she was holding and took in the group.

"These," she said, "are my suitors."

They smiled, some of them bashfully, and all delightedly, and seemed to accept the statement as a commonplace.

Later, when the men were talking together, the Englishwoman caught Aspasia's eye.

"Which will you have?" asked the lady, slyly.

The girl shook her head. "None of these," she said. As she spoke, another figure, dripping with rain, glided in at the door. He was a tall Albanian, with flashing eyes.

"Is it he?" asked the Englishwoman.

Aspasia meditated a little. "I don't think so. But there is one up in the mountains, where you are going. Take him a greeting from me."

"What is his name?"

"Oh, no matter! From far as you will see him digging in the den, in the first village, as you go to the mountains. Greeting from me!"

School Books 1905.

READERS: Royal Crown and Chambers,
 SPELLER: Gage's Practical
 WRITING: Gage's Vertical.
 ARITHMETIC: Grafton's Graded Pts I, 2, 3, & 4.
 GRAMMAR: West's English, (G. H. M. & I. A.)
 ENGLISH: Renouf'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 (Sankcy) " I Ac. my.
 Tennyson Pt. 1 " II "
 Sykes Elementary Composition " "
 Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice " III "
 GEOGRAPHY: New Canadian, & Calkins.
 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
 Faciles, Caesar Books IV & V., Ovid (Gleason.)
 Nepos Lives of Themistocles & Aristedes, 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.
 Graftons Arith. Ex-book, by H. Silver, 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5

White Front,

G. L. Meikle & Co.

OUR NEW

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

A Few Pointers.

By selling goods
 To you, the BEST.
 Bought all for cash
 In lots to suit
 With extra DISCOUNT
 to boot.
 Mark you this
 As you all
 It to
 Who call.
 HARDWARE
 and fuss.

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

B R E A D

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 us, the
place.

RIVERSIDE

BAKERY

W. G. Staniforth, Prop.

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	105 88
Monthly fees for current year	147 46
Special tax for repairs, Dist. 7, 8 & 9	203 39
	\$ 646 18
Amt. of current yrs assessment col.	\$1157 69
Amt. of arrears collected	75 45
Amt. of current yrs monthly fees col.	132 81
Amt. of special tax collected	2 2 19
Remaining uncollected June 30, 1905	67 67
	\$1625 66

ABSTRACT OF RECEIPTS & DISBURSE- MENTS OF THE SCHOY-TREAS. FROM JULY 1st, 1904, To JUNE 30th, 1905.

DR.	
Amt. of current yrs assessment col.	\$1157 69
Amt. of arrears collected	75 45
Amt. of current yrs monthly fees col.	132 81
Amt. of special tax collected	202 19
Govt. grant received from July 1st,	
1904, to June 30th, 1905	192 26
Miscellaneous Collection	49 90
Cash on hand July 1st, 1904	4 3 90
	\$2255 07

CR.	
Paid to Teacher, July 1st, '04 to June	
30th, 1905	\$1044 00
Paid for fuel	118 88
Paid for repairs and apparatus	239 26
Paid Sec'y-Treas Salary	120 00
Miscellaneous Payments	73 34
Cash Balance on hand June 30, 1905	639 59
	\$2255 07

A. R. ROBINSON, Sec'y-Treas.

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.

WEDDING BELLS

A very pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 23rd, at half past two o'clock at the residence of Mr. J. R. McAdam, when his youngest daughter, Miriam Louisa was united in marriage to Mr. William Black of Casper, Cal. The bride was gown in white Crepe de Chine with trimming of lace and chiffon. She was attended by her cousin Miss Liz-zie Muir. The groom was supported by Mr. Richard McAdam. The cere-mony was performed by the Rev. Jas. McLaren.

The bride's going away gown was pearl gray Albatross cloth with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Black left for their home in Casper, Cal., amid showers of rice, and the hearty con-gratulations and good wishes for a happy future.

The wedding gifts were numerous and costly, testifying to the esteem in which both bride and groom are held in this community.

BIRTH.

STANFORTH.—At Lachute, Friday, Aug. 24th, a son to Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Staniforth of Arundel, Que.

WILSON.—At Montreal, Thursday, Aug. 24th, the wife of Thos. Wilson, of a daughter.

ARMSTRONG.—At Lachute Road, on Wednesday, August 30th, '05, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Armstrong.

DEATH.

MIDDLETON.—At Morin Flats, Que. on Aug. 22, 1905, Kenneth Archibald twin son of Jno F. Middleton, aged six weeks.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving memory of James Beatty, who was accidentally killed at Scot-tia, Humboldt Co., California, on August 29th, 1904, aged 42 yrs, gone but not forgotten.

FARM TO RENT.

A good farm containing two hundred acres, first class on buildings, all modern conveniences, with or without stock. Three miles from Lachute. For particulars apply to this office.

50 h Annual

Caledonia Games

M. A. A. GROUNDS,
Monday 4th September.

Admission 25c. Reserved 50c.
Jubilee Banquet in the Queen's Hotel same evening, at 8.30.

Tickets may be secured from
W. C. McALLISTER, Sec'y.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Labor Day

Excursions.

Sept. 4th.

Reduced fares to all points in Canada and lowest one-way first class fare for the round trip.

Going dates, Sept. 2, 3, and 4.
Return Limit, Sept. 5.

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

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.

Labor Day Excur's.
Lowest one-way first class fare.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1905.

NO. 33

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 always follow the market, Flour at our store in Main Street, for \$2.50 per bag.
J. D. CAMPBELL, & Co.

Well, and sister Pumps with pipe, also Stoves and Ranges, in variety. Prices low.
C. I. WALES, & SON.

Try our new mill, for good feed, of all kinds.
J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Messrs. O. & J. B. Brisson have entered partnership and have opened up their photographic studio on Foundry St., where they will execute all orders promptly and guarantee satisfaction to the general public. We solicit a share of your patronage.
O. & J. B. BRISSON,

Prices right. Give us a call.

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

W. BANFORD

Buy at low prices Asphalt Roofing Sheet Iron, "Adament" hard finish Plaster, and other building supplies from
C. T. WALES & SON, St. Andrews.

LOST.—On the street in Lachute on Wednesday night, a Lady's red ribbon bow with small brooch attached. Will under kindly return to H. SCOTT LOUNDES, and receive \$1 reward.

We are buying wool now, and paying 25c. per lb. clean washed wool—until further notice.
W. BANFORD.

Farmers' Wives.—What about a new Cook Stove or Steel Range before moving in from the summer kitchen. Can you not arrange to have hubby arrange to buy a Range being a fair exchange for the part you played, in feeding him and his men while storing away the abundant harvest. Now is the time to strike. Prices for farm produce were never better. Stick to him. Never let up until he presents you with one of our Famous Kootenay Steel Ranges or up-to-date Steel Oven Cook Stoves.

T. McQUAT & SON.

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

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.

LOCAL NEWS

Don't forget the Agricultural Exhibition on the 19th and 20th. Bear the dates in mind.

Mrs. O. Paquette visited friends in Ottawa this week.

Dr. McConnell will be in his office as usual next week.

Miss Johnston of Hespler is a guest of the Misses McConnell.

Mr. S. B. Steele of Montreal, spent the early part of the week in town.

Miss Jessie Raitt is spending a few weeks holiday with friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Caldwell of Ottawa were guests of Rev. & Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. W. Caldwell of Shawville is the guest of Mrs. R. McArthur for a few days.

Mr. Horace Styan of Magog was the guest of his father the Rev. M. Styan this week.

Miss Dorah Griffith of Montreal, is here on a short visit the guest of Mrs. John Barley, sr.

Mr. Donald Beers & Mr. Donaldson of Montreal spent the early part of the week in town.

Mrs. (Dr.) McIntyre of Hespler, Ont., has returned home after spending a pleasant visit.

Mr. Albt Saunders of Montreal, is spending a few days in town the guest of Mrs. John Barley.

Mrs. Mackie left on Tuesday for Montreal and will remain in the city during the winter months.

Quite a number of our townsfolk attended the Caledonia sports held in Trenton on Monday last.

Mr. Geo. Shepherd of Westmount was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Blair the early part of this week.

Miss Bella M. James left for Montreal on Monday, where she intends taking a course in the Mount Royal College.

Mr. Gordon McLeod of Three Rivers and Dr. Edmund Christie of Chicago are guests of Mrs. T. Christie this week.

Mr. Dan. McArthur, after spending two weeks with Mr. Jno. Campbell of Dalesville, has returned to his home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Larus and Mr. and H. M. Paquette of Montreal were guests of Mrs. O. Paquette for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Parris left on Monday evening for two weeks holiday. Mr. Kavanaugh is in charge of the Bank during his absence.

Mr. Chas. Calder spent Wednesday in Montebello adjusting a loss by fire which occurred on Friday last to the Town Hall in that place.

Mr. Wm. Manning is now in Syracuse, N.Y., and expects to remove his family shortly.

Lachute Academy opened on Monday with its full staff of teachers and a very large attendance of pupils.

The residence of Dr. G. H. Christie has been much improved by a pretty half circle addition to their verandah.

Miss McAllister who has been spending the summer with her sister Mrs. J. McAllister, returned to Montreal on Monday.

Mrs. McArthur and son of Montreal who have been the guests of Mrs. P. K. McAllister during the past few weeks returned home on Monday.

Messrs. Jas. T. Griffith, E. F. Ayers, Wm. Howard, Jno. Hope, H. Banford and G. J. Walker, jr., attended the Toronto Exhibition this week.

Mrs. Harper, who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. Jno. Hope for the summer, returned to Edinburg yesterday by the S.S. Pretorian.

The many friends of the Rev. Mr. McKerracher of Lost River will be sorry to learn that he is down with pneumonia and very little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The many friends of Mr. Hugh Fraser, jr., who has been summering at Bath, were pleased to welcome his return home much improved in health. Mr. Fraser was also accompanied by his son Carl.

Among those taking part in Prof. Hume's concert on Exhibition Days in Lachute, are K. McLachlin, humorist; Miss Helen Easton, soprano; and Miss Bessie Bureau, Lady Trombone soloist of Montreal.

Dr. Jas. Mason, who is spending a short visit in town, has resigned his position in the Montreal General Hospital and intends shortly to take up practice, in which we are assured he will meet with deserved success.

Prof. Hume is announcing his annual concert on the two nights of the Agricultural Exhibition. The entertainments this year will be superior to those previously given and a greater array of talent. Keep the concert in mind.

Mrs. D. Blackie and wife of Toronto who have been spending a month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lucas have returned to Toronto. Mr. Blackie is a fishing enthusiast and had the pleasure of returning home from one of our lakes recently with 50 lbs of nice salmon trout.

The many patrons in this district of the Central Canada Fair will be pleased to learn that the management of the Exhibition has secured the famous Royal Canadian Dragoons for the fair, which will be held at Ottawa, Sept. 8th to 15th. The Dragoons have entertained thousands with their beautiful musical ride and will please every visitor to Ottawa's great fair. Special excursions will be run on all the railways to the fair at Ottawa. Particulars will gladly be furnished by station agents.

DEATHS.

FRASER.—At Brownsburg, on Sept. 1st, 1905, Goldworthy Gale, infant son of (Dr.) and Mrs. H. B. Fraser, aged 11 months and 12 days.

FORBES.—At Lachute, on Friday, Sept. 1st, 1905, William Alexander, son of William G. Forbes, aged 5 months and 4 days.

CASTORIA.

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

We have a large
And well assorted Stock of

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
EVANS BROS.

DOHERTY & CO.
SHERLOCK MANNING

PIANOS

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
Coods.

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

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.

His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER L.

The firelight fell on the passage of the letter when Leah opened it again and it seemed to her as though the words were written in blood, the scarlet flames leaping and playing in mockery over it. It was a death-warrant that she held in her hands. She went on reading:

"I cannot tell what steps I should have taken or what I should have done, but that I was seized then with a serious illness. Hettie was most devoted to me; she nursed me by day and night. No man had ever a more devoted child. I contrasted my two daughters—the one living at the great house away over the green hill, in the midst of luxury and magnificence, beautiful, dainty, and proud, ignoring my existence, not knowing, caring or inquiring whether I was living or dead, the other working for me by day and by night, devoting her whole life to me. The contrast was not in your favor, Leah. I was ill for many days, but I know that he came. I slept in the front of the cottage; and during the summer nights, when the murmur was open, I could hear the whir of their voices, and I knew by the sound of his, musical with love, how matters stood.

"Sometimes Hettie would tell me that the 'strange gentleman' had been, and that he had left a message for me. She always turned from me, lest I should read the secret of her face. She never knew his real name; if ever we called him by name, we spoke of 'Glen,' which I knew to be the title of his place. I was very ill during those few days, my thoughts were not clear. But there came a summer night when I felt better and stronger. I told Hettie that I should get up and go down to the garden in the cool of the evening. She objected very strongly.

"It would do me great harm," she said. And she seemed so miserable about it that I lay still; but afterward, when she had gone downstairs, believing that I might sleep for hours, I could not bear it.

"The summer wind came in at the open window, the birds were singing their even-song, the low chanting of the waves sounded musical in the distance. I could not rest. I rose, dressed myself, and stole quietly down the stairs and out into the garden and round among the trees, where I should be hidden from sight and could enjoy the sweet evening air at my will. I was very weak, very ill. The fresh-scented air, for which I had longed so intensely, sent me to sleep. I do not know how long I slept there; but when I awoke the sound was whining, and I heard the moan of a woman's voice sobbing in great distress. I raised my head, and I saw a scene that has haunted me until the memory of it has driven me to write this. I did not listen purposely but I could not get away; it was to me as though I were present at a death-bed. The sobs were Hettie's and she was bidding farewell to your lover, Leah—Basil Carlton. She loved him—ah, me, how well! And he spoke up like the honest, frank, noble young fellow he is. He told her how he had drifted unconsciously into love for her, that he was bound in honor to marry some one else, and therefore he must go.

"Leah, give heed to my words. I do not know why Sir Basil asked you to marry him. I am sure that it was not because he loved you. I am sure, too, that he acted in all loyalty. He came down to Southwood and saw your sister quite accidentally; he fell in love with her without knowing it. Hettie loves him with her whole heart, and will love no one else while she lives. They parted in sorrow and tears, both loyal, both honest, both true. Whether they will meet again I know not—I leave that with you. The doctor has told me to-day that I have not many weeks to live, and that nothing can change my fate. Leah, I cursed you; do this which I ask, and that curse will fall harmless to the ground. When I am dying, I shall send for you, and may be able to tell you this. When I am dead, ask Sir Arthur Hatton to take Hettie home; it will be safer, far better for her; I can see it now. And, Leah, if you would be truly noble, truly generous, if you would make a glorious atonement for your selfish choice, if you would rise far above the level of ordinary womanhood, if you would change a curse into a blessing, if you would do that which will bring music, and beauty, and brightness into two lives, give up your lover to Hettie, and let her wed him.

"Do not think I am heartless; but, when I look at Hettie, when I think of her devotion and love, when I think of her tenderness, and remember that those are qualities you can live without, I urge upon you to re-

sign your lover, and let him marry Hettie.

"If—and my heart does not deceive me as to what you will do—if you decide upon this, you must act wisely; for, if either of them suspect, the suspecting one will not accept the sacrifice, however much you may desire to make it. Your desire in this world is to shine; you prefer brilliancy to love. Love counted as nothing to you when a stranger offered you wealth. Hettie would shun the brilliant glare of your life, and would care only for love. You will wonder, Leah, when you have read this, whether I have written it from motives of love or hate. From love! I always thought you had something of the heroine in your nature—now I give you a chance of revealing it. If I may map out your life, I should say, 'Marry for wealth and position, where your beauty and grace will be appreciated, where your pride will be looked on as an additional ornament. Do not even seek the sweeter, softer consolations of life; they will be of no use to you.'

She had reached the end of the letter, but her senses were confused. Her brain was dazed; she could not think or realize her position. Her whole soul was steeped in the horror of dull despair. Slowly she again turned to the letter and re-read it line by line, word by word. The firelight, with its red, flickering flame fell on the white pages as she did so, and on the desolate face of Aenone.

It was her sentence of death; it was the warrant that cut her off from all that was bright and beautiful in life. The two whom she had loved and trusted had betrayed her. Granted that Basil's betrayal had been unconscious—that he had fallen in love without knowing it—he should have told her. He should have trusted her, and have let her decide.

"I should have given him his freedom," she said, with a great fearless sob. "I should have set him free."

And Hettie, the fair young sister whom she had nursed back from the very arms of death? Ah, well, she could not say that Hettie had betrayed her, for she had learned to love him without the faintest suspicion as to who he was; but, when she saw him there, when she knew that it was Leah's lover for whom she had learned to care, she might surely have trusted her then! Lover and sister had betrayed her; lover and sister were both untrue to her. Her head drooped; the fire-flame faded; the desolate face of Aenone faded. It seemed to Leah as though her soul was leaving her body; a cold chill and sense of darkness came over her.

"If it be death, welcome death!" she said as the shadows closed around her.

CHAPTER LI.

It was not death that came to Leah Hatton, only a merciful insensibility. She woke to find all her nerves tingling with pain, to find the crushed pages of her father's letter in her hand, the firelight shining on her, and the face in the picture looking down upon her in its calm, grand despair. She woke with a pain worse than the thrust of a sharp dagger, with a low moan on her lips.

A faint glimpse of hope came to her. The story might not be true. Her father did not like her, and he had perhaps taken this method of punishing her. The very hope, faint as it was, seemed to gladden her and startle her into sudden brightness. The story might not be true. Let her think, let her go back in mind to the past, and see if anything in it bore out or contradicted it. She thought of Dene Abbey first, and she remembered the great green hill that rose between the estate and the town of Southwood. It was on the other side of the hill that her father and sister had lived. She could not find that the faintest notion of being near them had ever dawned upon her. No one had spoken in her presence of a worn-out political agitator who had come to Southwood to rest and die; but she remembered that Sir Basil had been very strange when at Dene. She thought of the long rambles, when, without seeming reason, he had left her alone. They had puzzled her at the time; she understood them now. He had spent those hours at the cottage with Hettie or with Martin Ray. She remembered, his abstraction, his gloom, and her anxiety about him.

It seemed to her as though her brain were reeling. Strange words rang through it. Strange sounds came to her, and a voice deeper and sweeter than any she had known sang:

"Sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow. And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go."

There would be no sweet release of death for her. She would have to suffer through the long years alone. The firelight played on the beautiful face of Aenone, whose sorrows she had sympathized with only yesterday. Now a whole age seemed to part her from that time. She tried to rise from the chair that she had drawn near the picture, but there was no strength in her limbs. She could not stand; she must wait until the first shock of her pain had passed. It seemed to her almost as though Aenone were living and was the only one who understood her trouble. Great Heaven, how hard it was to bear!

So, through all this time, Basil had never loved her! Why had he asked her to marry him? He had probably mistaken fancy for love, and only when he met Hettie knew what love was. She (Leah) had worshipped him; had made no secret of it; she had told him often, with kisses and tears, that life held nothing for her but his love! Oh, bitter sorrow, bitter shame! He had kissed her, listened to her loving words, spoken to her of the future they should pass together. He had prepared his house to be her home; he had given her a wedding-ring; he had discussed his future with her; she had thought of herself as his wife. He had allowed her to tell him the deepest secrets of her heart; to make her life one with his; he had let her believe in his truth and his affection—and all this time he had no love for herself!

Hettie had won him—Hettie, with her fair face and wealth of golden hair, Hettie, whom years ago she had forsaken! It was Hettie whom he had loved, and not herself!

"I will judge him myself," she said; and then slowly in her own mind she went over the past, beginning with the first hour that she had met him and ending with the previous evening, when he had parted from her with a pale, worn face, as though life had little worth for him. Not one circumstance escaped her memory. She recalled the little incident at the Royal Academy, when, referring to the face that she had thought like Hettie's, he had said, "It has the tenderness that yours lacks." Time went by unheeded. She forgot everything in the world but the task she had set herself; and each fact, each memory, as it came home to her, brought with it confirmation of the truth.

At last, with white, tearless face and with clinched hands, she fell upon her knees with a bitter cry. "It is all true," she moaned; "every word is true!"

How long she knelt in the glow of the firelight she never knew; but it was the sound of the dressing-bell that at length aroused her. She stood up then, with a scared look on her face.

"I must live through it!" she said. "I must meet my uncle, and smile as though nothing were wrong; I must dress, talk, meet him who was my lover; I must go to see Hettie, with this sharp, bitter pain at my heart."

(To be Continued.)

Suitor—"Darling, I offer you my hand and fortune!" The Lady—"So sorry I can't accept. The former is too large and the latter too small!"

Nell—"I've decided to marry your cousin Jack." Belle—"The ideal! Why, Jack never said a word to me about—"

Life Insurance Agent—"My dear sir, have you made any provision for those who come after you?" Hard-up—"Yes; I put the dog at the door, and told the servant to say I'm out of town."

Young Husband—"I shall be away two whole days, and really, Isabelle, you seem to be rather glad I'm going." Young Wife—"How can I help it, Jack? This is the first chance I've had to get a letter from you since we've been married."

The Farm

THE PROFITABLE PORKER.

The cost of the pig in growing it successfully into a matured porker is the topic of interest to the hog raiser. This involves the question of when the pig should be farrowed to most profitably meet this end.

The summer pig, the fall pig and the winter pig all have their drawbacks and hindrances in hog development at one end or the other of their existence. The American Swineherd in discussing this subject, refers to the claim that pigs farrowed in March, April and May are best for profitably converting into pork. It is late enough to usually avoid the severe weather of the season and enables them to be grown during the summer season and fattened before winter sets in.

It offers an opportunity to have the pigs do their growing during that season of the year when grass or pasture is in condition to be used. They can actually be reared at less cost than during any other period of the year.

It is possible to plant green spring crops that will furnish cheap feed for the litters and sows and do much toward promoting the development of bone and flesh.

From experience of feeders at the experiment stations the pig increases with great profit until six or seven months old, when it has reached the maximum. After that the pigs require a larger amount of grain to produce a given amount of pork, and they should be fattened and disposed of.

One bushel of corn made 13 1-3 pounds of pork at six months old; at seven months old, one bushel made 13.2 pounds, and eight months old one bushel made 12.6 pounds.

While there are varying conditions that have their influence upon the amount of gain made, it is a general principle that after six or seven months the amount of gain from a bushel of corn is on a decreasing scale.

These gains do not come up to the ones that have been secured by individuals. It may have been partially in the quality of the pigs, as there is a great deal of characteristics of certain animals. We have farmers who have sows and boars that they can scarcely feed little enough to keep them from getting too fat, they have such a propensity of assimilation, which is out of all proportion compared with others.

SHEEP NOTES.

Breeds of Sheep.—The question of breed should be largely one of fancy and environment. All breeds have merit when kept in the right place. If the fancier has a poor, rough, rugged farm some of the smaller breeds would be better than the heavier breeds. It would be too much to expect the Lincoln, for instance, the product of low, fertile lands, to do well on the bleak sparsely-grassed highlands of Scotland.

Points on Feeding.—It seems to be pretty generally understood that stock will not eat tomatoes, but in discussion it was given as the experience of many growers for the cannery that the pulp from the factory, consisting of peelings, cores, etc., is a very good feed for both hogs and cattle, writes an Indiana farmer in Rural New Yorker. In many instances farmers have hauled this pulp some distance and fed it to hogs with very good results, claiming that they grew and fattened with a very small amount of grain added. Sometimes the hogs would not eat it when first offered to them, but if a little salt was scattered over it they soon learned to eat it greedily. Cattle seems to have a

better liking for the tomatoes than hogs.

Best Ration for Sheep.—Grass is the best ration for sheep. No scientist or skilled shepherd can beat it as a balance ration.

Money in Sheep.—It seems strange that while the supply of cattle and hogs is on the increase in this country the number of sheep is decreasing. This seems more strange when one stops to consider how prolific sheep are and how quickly the supply might be doubled if stockmen would turn their attention to it. It is stranger still when figures show that sheep are the most profitable animals the farmer can raise. Year in and year out there is positively more money in sheep than anything else the farmer can produce. Mr. Farmer, if you don't raise sheep you are overlooking an opportunity.

Wool and Mutton.—Good wool as well as good mutton depends largely upon the quality of the food. Succulent food makes the best wool, the cleanest, brightest, softest and strongest. As a rule, the wool of young sheep is stronger and has more elasticity than that of aged ones, which, for want of youth, has less strength and fibrous body.

NEW AND STRANGE.

Interesting Items on Discovery and Invention.

A new alcoholic beverage is being distilled from bananas in conjunction with the milk of the cocoanut.

A black lily has been discovered in the Philippine Islands. It is really a compound of several flowers living as one.

Radiations from diamonds form the basis of a new cure for paralysis, blindness, and many complaints that arise from disordered nerves.

The newest idea in schools for teaching children to read is to make them tap a typewriter. The novelty of the work makes the scholars take the greatest interest in thus learning the rudiments of education.

An improved oil-can for lubricating machinery has been made the subject of a patent. The flow of the oil can be regulated at any moment and to any degree by means of an ingenious piece of mechanism.

An explanation of the reason why paint and varnish look white after a heavy rainstorm has just been furnished. The moisture has inserted itself in the minute divisions of the paint, and thus gives rise to the whitish appearance.

Wood is now stained before it is seasoned, instead of making the artificial coloration the last process. The sap is driven out of the wood under pressure, and it is forthwith transformed into mahogany, rosewood, and walnut before it dries.

Radium rays, X-rays, and similar emanations are to be mixed with medicines, and when you swallow a tablet you will absorb them. They are to make the action of the drug more speedy and effective. That is the newest thing in the medical world.

Aluminum cake tins, which render the usual "greasing" quite unnecessary, are now being placed on the market. It is also claimed for these tins that the cakes escape that burnt smell which often accompanies them when made in ordinary tins.

Radiant is the invention of two engineers, and serves the same purpose for gas fires as incandescent mantles do for gas lighting. It is made from the refuse of chemical works, and replaces the asbestos balls; it trebles the heat and costs no more than fire clay.

A new machine for making glassware with handles, such as jugs, is being tried in Indiana, and is the invention of a mould maker named Hoffmann. It makes a handled article in one piece and at one operation it will displace thousands of hand workers, and reduce the cost to one-quarter, probably less.

A real everlasting flower has been evolved from a hardy annual found in Western Australia. The new plant is about a foot high, and its flowers are rosy crimson. There is one specimen on show which has retained its blossom without change for twelve months. These flowers, which have a delicate scent, will be an important feature in the feminine hat of the future.

FARM NOTES.

Common salt, applied at the rate of about fifteen pounds to the square rod, will kill and prevent the growth of weeds in walks and drives.

The dry time will give you a chance to put down drains through the places on your farm which are wet in the late fall and spring.

Get ready to brag up your big pumpkins and squashes at the fair this fall. The first thing is to have some to brag about. If you have, it is all right to let folks know it.

Who can tell us anything, from practical experience, about frost farming? We shall be glad to publish a nice little article on that subject, if any of our readers can supply it.

A nice, neat and thrifty looking dooryard may not be the source of a great deal of money, but nevertheless it does bring a great deal of comfort, enjoyment and appreciation from others.

We wish we could have a law regulating the temper of tools. Now often our garden rakes, hoes, scythes and many other tools, show bad temper; and that at the most important place.



MYSTERIOUS MR. MACK

The men on the chess-board stood at mate, and, with one hand shading his eyes from the lamplight, Mr. Mack stared at them gloomily and tried to trace the movements back to the point where he had erred and enabled Burton to bring forward his all-important knight.

The younger man sat with one elbow on the table, nervously stroking the back of his head and turning his eyes restlessly at the different objects in the cosy little parlor.

"I am glad I spoke to you first," he said, thoughtfully, after a long silence.

"Yes," Mr. Mack pushed the board away, and turning round in his chair crossed his legs. The movement was vigorous and suggested he was out of patience with something. "I am glad, too, George, for if she had said 'yes,' as she might have done, and I had had to say 'no' to both of you, I should have liked it even less than I like having to say it to you alone." He paused, and threw at Burton one of his nervous side-looks. I like you and she likes you, and I don't know a single thing against you. We'd both be very sorry if you withdrew your friendship, and I won't say it is utterly impossible you should ever marry her. But—he looked at the nail of his little finger and bit it absently—"there are reasons, cogent, solid reasons, why she shouldn't wed while I am above-ground. You may put it down to my selfishness if you like; so much the better if you do, my boy. But, no, I don't want you to think that. I couldn't bear to lose her; my life wouldn't be worth breath without her. But it isn't that, for I love her above selfishness, and her happiness has been my single aim since her mother died fifteen years ago."

"Oh, I'm quite sure that in refusing me you appreciate that—that well, it's a bit of a blow to me," said Burton, nervously filling his pipe from the tobacco-jar on the table. "I mean, loving her as you do, you can understand it is a bit degrading to lose her; for I have become pretty confident that she cares for me; and you—Oh, Mr. Mack, come! What is there to keep us apart if she loves me? Money? I am a fairly prosperous farmer with many a pound put by. Reputation? You won't hear a word against me, I'm glad to say."

"Oh, you're all right," answered Mack, with a deprecating look. "It's like this—like well, perhaps the boot is on the other foot! Sometimes the villagers about here refer to me as 'mysterious Mr. Mack'; they got the idea by thinking it was queer a man of comfortable means, with a pretty daughter, should settle down here without friends, business, or ill-health to influence him; and the fact that we didn't exactly fall weeping on the neck of the first person who called aggravated their suspicions. And though we've lived down all that nonsense, I am still regarded with a sort of suspicion, because my name's un-English, my appearance somewhat Teutonic, and because I don't publish particulars as to how I made my fortune, what it amounts to, what takes me away at times, and whether Rosalie's mother brushed her hair back or wore a fringe." He paused, and when he resumed he spoke in a lower voice. "I tell you what I tell you because I feel sure, since you love Rosalie, you will repeat nothing, and because I don't want you to think I said 'no' from selfish motives. They say I am a bit of a mystery! I am."

He mixed a drink for himself from the bottle and the siphon and sipped it. "Well, George, the truth is—well, the truth is I am so situated that I cannot let Rosalie marry before I am dead and—respectably buried, or her life might be ruined, for something—something might come out which would turn her husband against her and break her dear heart. Perhaps it is just as likely to come out while she is single, but that wouldn't be so bad as the other way. If she had a lover he would be free to leave her or to marry her, knowing everything she knew; he wouldn't marry her in the dark, to recoil later."

He glanced up and saw a suspicious look of inquiry in Burton's eyes, which was not unnatural or inexcusable on the young man's part, but which convinced Mack he had said enough.

"Well, I can't say more without saying too much. Rosalie doesn't dream I have a secret, and you must never let her think you do. I—I have been everything in the world to her, and she is more to me! She is sensitive—highly sensitive. If she were married and the truth came out, even if her husband stood by her, she would always feel that he did so against his inclinations; and the thought would be poison to her."

He stopped and rose abruptly, and moving to the mantelpiece stared down into the fire.

"I think I understand your motives Mr. Mack," said Burton, rising too, and speaking in a dull tone. "Of course, you are the best judge—the only judge of the situation; but I cannot conceive what can be the nature of your secret that it can keep Rosalie and me apart, and yet you

can ask me to hide it from her, if ever I should know."

"Well, there it is, George, and you must take my word for it. My judgment may be wrong, but it is the only thing I can rely on. Don't ever refer to the subject again—please don't. Come here as often as you can; you will always be heartily welcome. And if you can remain faithful to an undeclared love until I and my secret are buried my bones will lie easy, for my girl will have a worthy husband."

Burton did not reply, but simply held out his hand. Mack took it, and looked covertly at his half-averted face.

"George," he said, gently, "if—Quick, if you are going now. I hear her on the stairs, and she will notice the change in you."

He hurried his visitor into the little hall, where the light was bad, and they met Rosalie.

"Not going?" she said.

"Yes, I must go now, Miss Mack; it is later than you think."

Mack relieved the farmer's embarrassment by pressing him to come again the following day.

"Father, what have you been saying to him?" said Rosalie, as Mack, having shut the front door, put his arm around her and led her back to the parlor.

"Nothing, my child—nothing."

She sat down and looked into the fire, while he filled his pipe.

"I don't expect you to tell me even white fibs, daddy," she said, tenderly, going to him as he sank into his chair and kneeling by him. "His manner and his voice changed utterly while I was upstairs."

"You attach too much importance to trifles."

"They are not trifles, daddy," she said, very gently. "Or, if they are, life is made up of trifles. Tell me truly, did he ask you for me, and did you say 'no'?"

"What makes you think such strange things, Rosalie, darling?" he asked, glancing at her keenly.

"You must not say 'no,' daddy," she said, waving his question away and pursuing her own ideas. "If he hasn't asked you yet, he will one day; and you must say 'yes,' daddy—you must say 'yes.'"

"Tut, tut, Rosalie! You are only a child; there is plenty of time for you to think of marriage."

"The only time for me to think of it is when he asks me—only then."

"And since he hasn't asked you, the time has not arrived," he said, rather gruffly.

"But has he asked for your consent?" she inquired, not to be deceived. "Daddy, don't try to deceive me, for I love him and I feel that he loves me!"

"Can you think why I should withhold my consent—what objections I could raise to him?" he said, reaching out for the matches. "Of course not! I like him, and I know him to be straight. When the time comes for me to consent, I shall not refuse. Now, go to bed, Rosalie, for it is getting late."

She rose from her knees slowly with a thoughtful air, and, kissing him, went away.

Mack finished his whisky and soda at a gulp, and, rising, began to walk round the room.

Rosalie's words had gone right to the core of his heart. He had known that she liked Burton, but never suspected that she loved him so deeply as she had implied. It hurt him to have deceived her in her love; it distressed him to realize that he stood between her and her life's happiness, and might stand there so long as to divide her from it for ever; and it terrified him to think that any day a blow might fall to crush her, to drive the man she loved out of her life, and—

The next day Mack went on one of his frequent journeys to London, and as usual, he returned the day following. No one knew why he took such journeys, but they were quite a regular feature of his life, occurring about twice a month. Burton, however, had noticed that Mack was subject to periods of nervousness, extending sometimes over days together and always ending in a journey to London, from which Mack almost invariably returned within forty-eight hours quite himself again. He always brought Rosalie a present, and latterly he had generally had a box of cigars or a case of good wine for Burton.

He returned from this particular journey with a beautiful set of furs for Rosalie and a handsome case of cutlery for Burton.

"It's awfully good of you, Mr. Mack," said Burton, in accepting the gift, "but what'll I do with two dozen knives and forks, when my table is never laid for more than one person? Do you mean it—you don't mean it ironically?"

"No, George, I don't," answered Mack, slowly.

"It would make a capital wedding-present," suggested Burton. "I can't hope to use 'em all myself."

"Well," said Mack, thoughtfully, "Rosalie and I will come across tomorrow night and christen two cheese-knives for you."

"Do!" cried the farmer. "Do!"

It was Rosalie's first visit to Burton's farm, and she straightway fell in love with the old homestead, which so delighted Burton that he became quite eloquent in extolling the comforts of the house.

Mack sat in an arm-chair with a cigar between his teeth, while Rosalie played the piano and accompanied Burton in a couple of songs. He was passionately fond of music, but somehow it jarred on him that evening, though Rosalie played better and Burton sang better than he re-

membered. A feeling of loneliness stole over him—a sub-consciousness that he was a very small contributor, if a contributor at all, to their evident happiness. When they spoke to him, what they said was so flagrantly "by the way" as to suggest a sense of guilt of having forgotten him in the pleasure of remembering only each other.

It dawned slowly on Mack's mind that he was no longer necessary—his love-task was done and another man was ready to step into his place—to oust him into the limbo of byways, and himself lead Rosalie along the broad, sunny highway of life.

That night he sat up late at home concocting a letter. He re-wrote it again and again, weighing each word and when he had addressed it—he gathered all the other copies together and, with the blotting-paper he had used, burnt them, raking the ashes into dust afterwards.

The next day he went to London and posted the letter at the General Post Office. He returned in the evening with a handsome silver coffee-set for Rosalie and a smoker's cabinet for Burton.

He took the cabinet over to Burton's farm the following morning, receiving with astonishing dulness Rosalie's many hints that she would like to accompany him.

"You can call it a wedding-present in advance, if you like, George," he said, as the farmer led the way into the house. "And if you've got a minute or two to spare I'd like to speak to you."

Burton thanked him heartily, but failed to fully appreciate his significant words in striving to guess the meaning of his strange manner.

"You have told me that your family has been here, in this very house, for five generations?" said Mack, leaning on the table between them.

"Yes, five generations."

"And the Burtons have always been above suspicion?"

"That is always said about here, and I've done my best to live up to it."

"Do you love Rosalie better than your honor?"

The farmer started. That's a difficult question, Mr. Mack," he said, gravely.

"I hoped you would say 'yes,'" said Mack, after a brief pause, "but I am glad you have said 'no'; it's the answer of an honest man—the sort of man I'd like my Rosalie to marry."

He spoke as if a great weight had been lifted off his mind, and held out his hand.

"Will you take that?—it has another man's blood on it!"

"Good heavens, you are mad!" cried Burton, starting up.

"You don't believe it?" Mack smiled, faintly.

"No!" Burton laughed. It was a harsh laugh, for he had not recovered from the shock of Mack's strange words.

"Would you still love Rosalie and cleave to her if you did believe it?"

"Why, yes! Would the stain be on her innocent hand?" Burton answered instantly, a touch of tenderness in his tone.

"I'm satisfied," said Mack, squaring his shoulders and the eager look fading from his face. "Don't ask any questions now; I'll tell you in my own time." He made a move as if to leave, but stopped, and a peculiar smile crept over his face as he said: "If you can come over this evening and make Rosalie say 'yes,' I won't say 'no' again."

"Daddy!"

Mack looked up slowly at the opening door. He knew whom he would see; he knew what they would say.

They came and stood before him, Burton flushed and nervous, Rosalie rather pale, her wonderful eyes shining down at him.

He looked up at them dully.

"Daddy, whispered Rosalie, "he is going now."

Still Mack neither spoke nor showed he understood. He was fighting a battle against enormous odds, and it was not for the lovers, fresh from their first vows, to see the carnage.

"Daddy, dear daddy, George has asked me to marry him. May I?"

Mack nodded. "And may Heaven bless you both," he murmured.

Burton saw something in the father's face, Rosalie heard it in his voice; and they slipped out together, closing the door behind them.

A little later Rosalie peeped into the room and saw her father sitting at the table, with his face buried in his arms. She stole up to him and fell on her knees beside him.

"Dear daddy, I shall be very sorry to leave you," she said, in a sweet soft voice, "but I do love him so."

He turned to her quickly and kissed her, but still he did not speak.

It was noon the following Tuesday. Mack went to London, where he did as he had always done on such occasions—drive to a Continental newspaper's and consult a file of Antwerp papers, turning straight to the issue of the previous Saturday. He found what he sought. It was something he had searched for in vain a score of times and more, and the vainness of his searches had engendered in him a fierce sensation of gratitude. But now that he found it he experienced only a dull feeling of resignation.

By daybreak next morning he was in Antwerp, whence he telegraphed to Burton to come secretly to him at once, at a small hotel.

Burton could have lost no time, for he arrived in the evening.

"We won't talk here, George," said

Mack, as they met. "Let us go into the street. You did not tell Rosalie? That's right. Well, when you go back to her, you will break it to her gently that I have met with an accident—I am dead. For her life's sake you must lie to her. I surrender her to you, and rely on you to protect her from all knowledge of what I tell you. I must be brief, for I have allowed myself too little time, and I have an appointment in a quarter of an hour."

"George!" Mack's lips were white and dry, his voice hollow and cold. "I am going to take the blow at my own time, so that it will fall only on me, and so that the loss of me shall be minimized to Rosalie by the gain of yourself. Be good to her as all I ask, and never let a hint of what I tell you reach her! It won't be difficult for I have carefully arranged everything. No! don't speak Time is pressing."

"I was in business in this city, years ago, with a man named Hartz. When my wife fell ill I sent her and Rosalie to the South of France. Rosalie was about five then. I used to go to see them from time to time. My wife died, and I left Rosalie with some good people for a time, and returned to Antwerp to find that very day Hartz had robbed me of every penny I possessed and had absconded. He had not gone far, however. I found him three days later, and tracked him to a wood which lies a mile or two to the south of this city. He had buried my money, there, and had gone to draw on it. I told you I had a man's blood on my hands. I have never attempted to deceive myself that I killed him without murderous intent. I don't deceive myself now, nor you. And I buried him in the spot where he had buried my hard-earned fortune. Then I fled with Rosalie, living quietly in remote villages under the name of Mack—my name's Mackinon."

"A few years back somebody bought the wood and, felling the trees, began building there. You understand! The disappearance of Hartz and Mackinon had excited comment, but no suspicion; but there were things on Hartz—imperishable things—which must have brought about identification. And—and there was Rosalie. Twice a month I went to London simply to see if the Antwerp papers recorded the finding of the body, for I knew I should be wanted at once."

"I am taking the blow now, George and Rosalie must never know. I wrote to the police here a few days back saying where the body would be found, and making an appointment with the police for eight o'clock tonight. They have found the body. Time flies. Don't speak! It is justice—justice tempered with mercy, since Rosalie need never know! I have ten minutes to get to the rendezvous, and I don't want you to be seen with me. I know what the end will be—I am prepared for it; and I go forward firmly. Be good to my little girl, and if it seems difficult to you to keep the truth from her, remember that it is not easy for me, but I go forward confident you'll do it. Take my watch back to her—it will seem quite natural." He held his watch and chain out separately, and dropped the chain as Burton blindly made to take them.

Burton stooped unsteadily, and groped about the wet pavement for the chain, with unseeing eyes. When he found the chain and looked up he was alone.—London Tit-Bits.

WELL INSTRUCTED.

Her head rested on his shoulder and her little hand lay confidently in his. "Tell me, Alfred," said the happy maiden, "how you ever came to pick me out as the girl you wanted to marry?"

"Well, Dora," replied the ecstatic young man, in a gush of confidence, "it was mother that put me up to it."

DEAR TO HIS HEART.

"Will you have another helping?" asked the neighbor. "You seem very fond of our chicken."

"And why shouldn't I be?" responded Suburban, who had been invited to dinner, "when I can detect the flavor of our flowers in every morsel?"

THE OPERATOR'S REBUFF.

"Have you a telegram for me?" asked a pompous railway official, stepping from his private car and accosting the agent at a small station.

"I'm blessed if I know," said the operator, eyeing him critically. "Would your photograph be on it?"

"Pretty? No, I won't say baby is pretty," declared a young mother, "for I can speak of him impartially, even though he is my own, and that's more than most mothers can do. He has lovely blue eyes, perfect in shape, hair like the morning sunshine; mouth—well, no rosebud could be sweeter; complexion divinely fair; nose just too charming for anything; in fact, he's faultless; but I won't say he's pretty."

Brannigan—"Come home and take supper with me, Flannigan." Flannigan—"Shure, it's past yer supper-time now; yer wife'll be as mad as a hatter." Brannigan—"That's jist it; but she can't lick the two of us."

The immigration authorities at New York estimate that 1,000,000 aliens will land in the United States during this year. Last year the country received 812,870 immigrants.

APPENDICITIS PROBLEM

IS IT OVER WHEN THE APPENDIX IS REMOVED?

A French Surgeon's Views—Even Sir Frederick Treves Has Doubts.

Consul-General Guenther reports to the U. S. State Department, from statements contained in German papers, that appendicitis, or inflammation of the vermiform appendix, has assumed the character of becoming more and more a fashionable disease. Surgery has achieved great triumphs in this sphere, and has cured innumerable cases of the disease. The French surgeon, Roux, however, has asked the question, "Is appendicitis over if one carries his appendix in his pocket?" and his answer was not entirely affirmative.

From the statements of Sir Frederick Treves, one of the foremost authorities and physician of King Edward, similar doubts appear. According to the experience of this great expert,

FAILURES MAY OCCUR.

which he treats in two groups. On the one hand, the operation may result only in relief or an incomplete cure; on the other hand, complications are to be feared which do not depend upon the surgical intervention. Only the surgeon is concerned to study the details of the deductions of Sir Frederick in order to more fully learn of the eventual dangers which may follow an operation. For the patients, it must be stated that an operation remains the pre-eminent remedy, if not the only one, from which a complete cure is to be expected.

Dr. Pond of Liverpool has advanced a new theory with reference to the origin of appendicitis and other disturbance of the digestive organs, in *The Lancet*. He calls attention to the fact that such ailments can often be attributed to antimonial poisoning, and the source of the antimony taken up by man is said to be the rubber rings which are frequently used to close

ALL SORTS OF BOTTLES.

Dr. Pond has established the fact that such rings consist of almost one-third their weight of antimony. The antimony is not only dissolved by the mineral waters, containing alkalies and organic acids, but these rubber rings, as daily observation shows, soon become brittle, and some of the compound falls into the contents of the vessels.

Dr. Pond claims to have found that a frequently repeated introduction of antimony can become the source of a series of disturbances of the nutritive and digestive system, especially through continued weakening of the muscles of the stomach and intestines. In case his statement as to the contents of antimony in rubber rings is correct, his deductions seem plausible, but with reference to appendicitis a confirmation of such connection must be awaited.

A SLIDING BOAT.

Skims Along Surface of the Water at a Good Speed.

The fact that a stone can skim the water if its flat surface strikes squarely has recently been put in practice in the construction of a sliding boat by a French inventor, M. de Lambert. The friction which is present when the de Lambert boat slides over the water is very slight, and the power which is necessary in order to make the boat glide is not high. When the boat is at rest it is supported by floats.

The boat constructed by M. de Lambert has a total length of 20 feet, with a width of 10 feet between the inclined planes upon which it slides. The boat has parallel floats resembling certain Asiatic canoes. The two floats are very narrow and are united by cross-pieces, partly of wood and partly of aluminum, a metal which has been used to a large extent in the construction of the boat because of its slight weight.

The motor used is a 12 horsepower, but the essential parts of the boat are fixed sliding planes, adjusted under the boat at carefully regulated distances from each other. These planes, which are made of wood, are immersed to a depth of several centimeters when the boat is at rest, and they are inclined at an angle which has been decided upon after wide experimentation. The total weight of the boat is about 1,200 pounds, but in order to move this weight it requires a motor of only 12 horse power, while in the case of automobile boats the motors required are 60, 80, and even 100 horse power.

M. Bellet says that M. de Lambert's boat has been timed by official chronometers, and that the results have been surprising. When the motor is started the boat commences to move with the planes still submerged, cutting the water horizontally. But this lasts only a short time; the planes show an instantaneous tendency to rise, and they are practically on the water at the end of a few meters. Then the speed quickly increases because of the immense diminution in resistance, and soon the boat is sliding on the water, or, more exactly, on a layer of air resting between the planes and the water, at a speed of fourteen, fifteen or twenty-five miles an hour.

The Watchman

AND

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LACHUTE. QUE

PEACE AND AFTER.

The war has ended and the treaty of peace was signed by the plenipotentiaries on Tuesday last. What follows? The more carefully the situation is studied the more complete appears the victory won by the Japanese and at the same time the more splendid their magnanimity to their late foes. "Of the physical prowess of the Japanese," says the New York World reviewing the situation, "of their marvellous efficiency in large and small things, the world had had abundant proof during the last eighteen months. At Portsmouth the Mikado has demonstrated that he knows the value of prudence and moderation. His armies and fleets have filled the nations of the world with admiration and even alarm. His magnanimity assures their esteem.

"Hereafter no nation will go to war with Japan light-heartedly or for trivial cause. Her ability to defend her rights is beyond question. She does not 'muddle through somehow' as Western nations have done in their recent wars. Neither has she shown herself boastful or arrogant in victory. The Mikado sent his envoys to the United States to secure peace. He compelled the Czar to grant every demand made upon him before the war, and more. He had made the security of Japan double secure. But when it came to imposing purely punitive conditions upon his enemy, he found that they required the indefinite continuation of the war and he made a generous compromise for peace. His glory will be none the less and his honor the greater."

"This peace treaty cannot alter the fact of the Czar's humiliation in the sight of the world, though it save him his millions. It has been Russia's pride that she was a military nation. To-day the Czar knows that all the world knows the hollowness of his pretensions. The Japanese have made junk of his vast fleets or refitted them to fight him again if ever he dares challenge them. All Asia has heard of his defeat by Asiatics. France, his ally, realizes that as a crutch to lean on he is an encumbrance. Germany, his neighbor, takes comfort in Russia's discomfiture. Worst of all, his most ignorant subjects realize that the Czar's power has been shaken by a despised people far away in the East and feel in their own breasts the stirrings of revolt against despotism."

Despatches from Japan represent a general feeling of regret that Russia was not obliged to pay a substantial indemnity; that is natural and it was to be expected, but it will be quickly succeeded by the realization that Japan has by her concession bought for itself a place in the good opinion of the world that will be worth more than any money consideration she could extort from Russia.

In peace, as in war, the triumphs are with Japan.

LACHUTE ACADEMY OPENED.

The Assembly Room of the Academy was packed by pupils, Teachers, Commissioners, the Clergy, Ladies, and a few parents to witness the distribution of prizes on Monday morning. The event passed off very smoothly. H. M. Gall, Esq., chairman of the School Board presided, and after prayer by the Rev. Dr. Paterson, ex Principal Mabon made his report of the work of the year, and expressed his regret at leaving the school and for the first time in 20 years meeting school not as a teacher. On behalf of the Commissioners, Mr. G. Calder extended to Mr. Mabon their high appreciation of the very excellent work done by him and his staff during the past year, and expressed their deepest regret, that by his appointment by the Provincial Government as Inspector of Schools they had been deprived of so excellent a head for the Academy. They extended to him their very best wishes for his future success in his new sphere. Then followed the distribution of certificates and prizes as below. After the prizes had been distributed Mr.

Raitt, Sec-Treas., announced the regrets of the Hon. W. A. Weir that a previous engagement prevented him from being present. He also read a letter from G. H. Perley M.P. tendering 12 Scholarships of free tuition to be awarded to the pupil from each Municipality in the county entering Lachute Academy, who takes the highest number of marks at the entrance examination to be held next June.

Inspector McQuat in moving a vote of thanks for this generous offer, remarked that no better method of aiding the elementary schools as well as Lachute Academy could be devised. In his inspectorate he knew of many bright little intellects that could not get the advantage of advanced education because of lack of means. This would be an opportunity to such and would also be an incentive to each individual school in the municipalities to contend for the honor of taking this prize. The motion was seconded by Rev. Mr. J. McLaren and Gavin J. Walker, Esq.

Addresses were also given by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Inspector McQuat, Wm. Banford, Esq., Rev. Mr. McLaren, and G. J. Walker, Esq. Mr. Banford remarked that in the Model and Academy Grades of the Academy, he had been persuaded to divide the prize he usually offered for punctuality among the five who had been perfect in attendance during the whole year, thus eliminating every other condition but punctuality. That there were five was very creditable, when it happened that three of these lived outside the Town.

The last item on the programme was the introduction of the new principal, Mr. Alexander. Naturally both parents and children were anxiously awaiting to see what manner of man this might be and Mr. Alexander certainly had a most attentive audience. He said in coming to Lachute, he felt a great responsibility upon him. The reputation of Lachute Academy was known throughout the Province and stood high. More especially he felt how difficult it would be to follow such a big man as Mr. Mabon. Mr. Mabon wore very large boots, educationally, and he knew he must work hard to fill them. Nevertheless he was going to try, and he counted upon the sympathy of parents, the assistance of pupils and staff in his endeavor to do so.

The following was the prize list:—

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

Grade III Academy.

Bertram J. Mabon, A.A. Certificate and J. C. Wilson prize of \$10 00; Mary C. Campbell, A.A. Certificate and Commissioners' prize of \$5 00; Irene Olive Caron, A.A. Certificate and John Meikle prize; Elinor Palliser, A.A. Certificate and John Meikle prize.

Grade II Academy.

Ettie Murdoch, Bellingham Scholarship of \$13 00 for highest proficiency in Grade; Pearl Pollock, Commissioners' Prize of \$5 00, Katie S. Anforth, John Meikle Prize; Della Dewar, John Meikle Prize.

Grade I Academy.

Miles Walker, Bellingham Scholarship of \$13 00; Egbert McQuat, Jno. Meikle prize, Jennie Arthurs, John Meikle prize, Katy McGibbon, John Meikle prize.

Egbert McQuat, J. C. Wilson special prize in Arithmetic of \$5 00; Katie McGibbon special prize in Geography of \$3 00 by H. G. Connolly, Esq.; Special prize of \$2 00 presented by G. F. Calder to Miss Irene Caron for having taken the highest number of marks in Latin in the Province of Quebec.

Grade III Model.

Alice Arthur, Bellingham Scholarship \$13 Gladys Tomalty, Lena Stewart, Dora Watt, and Effie Cook, each, John Meikle Prize; Melvin McGregor special prize by Mr. Mabon for Geography.

Grade II Model.

The Hon. W. A. Weir Silver Medal won by Violet Jones; Margaret Hay, Robina Ewan, Mamie Cottingham, Willie McKimie, & L. Eckhart Gall, each J. Meikle prize.

Grade I Model.

Lowell Banford, Edith Fraser, Harold McQuat and Hartley Thomas, each, John Meikle prize.

Elementary Grade III Sr.

Alex McGregor, George Mitchell, Irene Riddell, Chas. Palliser, John Calder, Walker McArthur.

For Map Drawing, 1st, Irene Riddell, 2, Karl St. Denis, 3, John Calder & Alex McGregor by Miss J. E. McLaren.

Elementary Grade III Jr.

Neriah Christie, Harry Hammond, Ruth Williams, Arthur Drennan, Lizzie Paul, & Beesie McGibbon.

Presentation of John Meikle Prizes in Grade II Elem. Jr. & Sr. and in Miss Paton's Classes.

Elementary Grade II Sr.

Amy Brown, Frances Jones, Vera McLaren, Willie Calder & Vern Riddell equal, Thayer Carpenter.

Elementary Grade II Jr.

Gracie McQuat, Catherine McGibbon, A.C. Patterson & Cameron Hay equal, Laura McLaren.

Elementary Grade I Sr.

Inez Giler, Effie Neil, Ruby McQuat.

Elementary Grade I Jr.

John Drennan, Roy McCrea, Maggie McKimmie, Gracie Marshall.

Elementary Grade I Primer.

Bob Cruise, Mary Hope, Leona Garretson, Gordon Fraser.

Prize in Punctuality by Wm. Banford, Esq., awarded jointly to Mamie Cottingham, Margaret Hay, Lena Stewart, Amy Copeland and Bertram Mabon.

Prize in punctuality by H. Slater, Esq., awarded to Amy Brown.

INDEPENDENCE IN JOURNALISM

Thoughtful and pious persons are constantly insisting on the high importance of an absolutely independent newspaper press. Nothing is more desirable in a democracy. But sometimes there are drawbacks from the publishers point of view. An editor, for instance, or a local paper, dealing with a matter in which he cannot be suspected of having any private interest to bias his judgment, utters a mild remonstrance against what he believes to be an unwise course of action. The article has no conceivable end other than the maintenance of a proper public opinion and taste. But a gentleman writes to correct what he regards as a misrepresentation and of course his letter is published, with a short editorial note pointing out the real nature of the criticism. Then the gentleman desires a most unreasonable amount of space to discuss at length a question on which all that is necessary has been said. Quite properly, the editor having regard to the interests of his whole constituents, declines to prolong the discussion for ever. Forth's protection of general interest he is encouraged by the withdrawal of the gentleman's subscription. Of course this annual loss does not seriously affect the newspaper, but as an attempt at preventing real independence of utterance it is significant. We wish our readers to understand that the moment a discussion becomes of more interest to a group of individuals than to the community at large, we propose to set the limit. We believe that our readers will approve this principle and will recognize that the utterances of the "Watchman" have been conceived in the interests of the public good rather than with a view to any truckling to what is deemed evil policy, whatever the position of the parties concerned.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the above Council was held on Wednesday last there being present Mayor J. E. Valois and Councillors Lapointe, Tessier, Ayers, Lafleur, Hay and Lister.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Moved by Coun. Lister, seconded by Coun. Lapointe, that the finance committee's report be adopted and accounts paid with exception of the bill presented by the Lachute Electric Light Co., whose account came in for considerable discussion.

Reasons given by the Committee for not recommending the payment of this account went to show that the Company were not supplying the Town with the requisite light. Coun. McGibbon asked if the lights used on the streets were of 50 candle power as that was what the town were paying for.

Coun. Tessier said that some were 32 and some 50, but they were all mixed up and there was no perceptible difference.

Coun. Lister, Hay and Lapointe wanted an explanation but as no one was then in a position to throw any light on the subject, Coun. Hay moved, seconded by Coun. Lister that the matter be left in the hands of the light committee to make the necessary enquiries and report at next meeting.

Coun. Lister moved, seconded by Coun. Lafleur, that the secretary notify all persons in arrears of taxes that accounts must be settled by the 1st of October or legal proceedings would follow.

The Council then adjourned to the 18th at the usual hour.

CARILLON.

—:o:—

Miss Mary Fagan is in Montreal.

Mr. Gordon Halsey spent Sunday at home.

Miss Stella Lannon went to Montreal, on Monday.

Mr. Geo. Leroux of Montreal, visited here last Sunday.

Mr. H. D. Johnston of Montreal, visited friends here on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Morgan of Prescott, Ont., spent last week here visiting her numerous friends.

Miss E. M. Bryerton returned home from Ste. Agathe des Monts, on Saturday and is much improved in general health.

The Misses M. Hodgson M. Bryerton and J. Sittlington, resumed their studies in St. Andrews Model School on Tuesday.

Mr. McCoy removed his family to Lachute on Saturday last. During their short stay here they made many friends who shall be pleased to welcome them back next summer.

To Builders.

Are you in need of building material, such as Fire Bricks, Fire Clay, Drain Pipe, 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

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

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Is the Company to place your Fire Insurance with.

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Charles Calder,

Agent for County of Argenteuil, LACHUTE, QUE.

J. D. CAMPBELL & CO.,

CALL AT OUR UP-TOWN 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 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.

Crude 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.

THERE are many sad wives all over the land who could be made happy by knowing that one evening each week was certain to bring them companionship of their husbands, and some little pleasant outing.

THE highest need of human society today is a bold and fearless spirit of individuality. A thousand years ago one could be conservative and not fall behind the race. But now, while humanity rides on steam and lightning one cannot afford to imitate the clumsy gait of those who went through life on foot.

A MAN may be rich in this world's goods, influential through worldly power, great in the world's magnificence; but there is no possession which anyone can call "my own" which can compare with that priceless of all precious possessions, "my mother."

A MAN thinks he loves his wife and children, and because he works hard for their support he needs no other evidence that he loves them. Perhaps he does, but when he constantly reminds them of the expense they are to him and seems to begrudge every dollar paid out to maintain the home and support the family, he spoils the happiness of that family circle by selfish thoughtfulness.

NEXT to religion, the home sentiment is the strongest in the human heart. The mere mention of home awakens all the better impulses of the heart. Many a darkened mind is dead to every appeal save that magic word "home." The lives of scores of hundreds who have been snatched as brands from the fires of temptations can testify to the magic power of a sister's early love while the sudden remembrance of a mother's "good night kiss," has stayed the assassin's dagger. In our most degraded dens of vice could an unseen hand write the name of "mother" lips would quiver, and eyes would moisten with tears from those whose every impulse had seemed dead for years.

NATURE'S WORK.
Nature is a great economist. She makes the most of every opportunity, she works up all odds and ends. After you are wrecked & useless she leaves the wreck upon the rocks or reef on which you were stranded, and holds her signal of danger, as a warning to others. You lose your life, but nature wants to use you for a warning. You lose your health, but the tell-tales are left in your face to show the world how it went. If by drink, nature hangs out as her sign a red distress it may be, on your nose, in front of your eyes, where you can't escape it, and where everybody you meet reads the terrible warning. Though your life is a failure, and you have become useless, nature can still afford to keep you as an object-lesson to warn your fellows.

TRUE MANLINESS.
Every boy belongs to a man. It may not be amiss to study the character of a true gentleman. What is a true gentleman? Manliness is a true virtue, virtue means purity, purity means power. Never imagine that the swaggering braggart is a powerful man or that such characters as Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan or their tribe are ideal American citizens. The braggart and bully is always a weak character. The true gentleman is strong. The man who endures and overcomes and lives to bless other lives is the true gentleman. The true gentleman is not made out of clothes. Fine feathers do not make fine birds. So no art of the tailor can make a man out of a tough by dressing him in a fine suit. Some of the men with the roughest exterior possess the truest and tenderest spirits, while some dressed in the height of fashion are demons incarnate. We like the man with a sunny smile and a loving heart, an honest voice, and a firm grip of the hand, a clear eye, keen witted with boundless energy and a never failing smile, a man sincere, sublimely unselfish, inspired by a true warmth of heart.
Give us such, a man obedient to the claims of others, rather than the prim and pompous man whose heart has the frigidity of an iceberg. We believe what we need today in the home and in the church and in business is not an austere and unbending Puritanism, but a large hearted cheerful spirited Christian brotherliness, inspired not by dollars, and acres, but by obedience to our highest and best nature. The man who encases his life in business claims or wraps his being in a mantle woven out of selfish acts can never save the world. What we want is sympathy. There are many who have fallen in the tragedy of life; they are bleeding from some wound; what they need is a brother's hearty hand shake, a loving voice saying, "God bless you, my boy, all is not lost; your life is not gone; there are yet unwasted days in which you can win back a good name and an honorable place in society. Be a man I'll stand by you; you can count on me."

MOUNT MAPLE.
—:o:—
Miss K. McKenzie of Brownsburg, spent Sunday at her home here.
Miss M. Giroux who has been the guest of her cousin Miss Martha Stewart for the past few weeks, has returned home to Ottawa.
The Misses Florence and Amy Mardock, and Miss Hazel Adams visited friends in Dalesville on Sunday last.
Messrs. R. and J. Gibson who have been spending the past few weeks the guest of Mr. Arthur T. Malty, have returned home to Ottawa.
Miss Jean Campbell of Dalesville, paid a flying visit to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clark on Sunday last.
Mrs. C. Adams spent last week visiting friends in Mabel.
Miss Jessie McKenzie spent Sunday in Edina.
Mr. J. A. Green and Miss M. Gilmour of Brownsburg visited Mr. A. T. Malty, Wednesday last.
Mr. George Clark, Sr. has added a galvanized iron roof to his already attractive dwelling which lends greatly to the beauty of the place.

STONEFIELD HEIGHTS.
—:o:—
Wedding bells are expected to ring in our midst in the near future.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown of Lachute, were guests of Mr. Robt. Brown on Monday last.
Most of the visitors who have spent the past month in this vicinity have returned to their respective homes.
Mr. Edward Dawson was in Ottawa, on Tuesday.
Miss Caroline Moran spent the latter end of last week in Hawkesbury.
Miss Eva Conway of Stonefield, was a guest at "The Pines" on Thursday last.
Messrs. Peter and Norman and Miss Bertha Moran have returned home having spent the summer in L'Assomption.
Miss Bella McMeekin and Vollet Deace were guests of Miss P. Dawson on Monday.
Miss Maggie Canning of Stonefield, is visiting her uncle Mr. T. Canning in Parry Sound, Ont.
Mrs. John Nicholls and family visited friends in Cushing, on Thursday last.
Mr. Clarence Dawson was in Hawkesbury, on Tuesday.
Miss Mabel Pridham of Grenville, called on friends here one day last week.
Miss Mary Canning was the guest of her sister Mrs. Dawson on Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Watson and family are guests of Mrs. Moran.

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.

FARM FOR SALE.
FOR SALE.—The farm of W. S. Armstrong, formerly owned by the late Charles Miller, within a few acres of St. Herma's Station. Good brick house and outbuildings (new), well watered, good sugar bush. Will sell farm stock, machinery, etc., or will sell farm alone, will sell farm with or without crop. Terms made known upon application to
W. S. Armstrong, St. Herma's Station.
A good farm containing 100 acres on the 10th concession of Chatham, 100 acres on 9th concession opposite, part in good timber and part under cultivation. Good house and out-buildings, well fenced and water brought into yard by p.p.s. Cheese factory on corner of the farm. Convenient to store, post-office, blacksmith shop, grist and saw mill. Parties purchasing may have the privilege of buying present crops and stock. Further particulars apply to.
JAMES A. MCGIBBON, Dalesville.

1905 SCHOOL OPENING 1905

JUST RECEIVED A FULL STOCK OF SCHOOL BOOKS & OTHER REQUISITES NECESSARY FOR THE SCHOOL OPENING OF 1905.

WE ARE CLEARING OUT THE BALANCE OF OUR SUMMER GOODS REGARDLESS OF COST

NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

J. R. McOUAT

Exhibition Week, Lachute,
Special Great Attractions
Professor Hume's
GRAND CONCERTS
with the best array of talent ever
— given in Lachute, including —
Misses H. Etouh & H. Thomas, Soloists
Miss Bessie Kenread, Trombone Soloist,
Miss Eva May Allen, Fancy Dancer,
R. McLaughlin, Humirist
Victoria Hall, Sept. 19 and 20
Popular Prices.
Admission 25c. Reserved Seat 35c.
Tickets may be secured in advance from J. D. Campbell & Co's Store, Main St. Lachute and H. Kearns, West End, Lachute.
—:o:—
Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8 p.m.

Ottawa's Great Fair
—:o:—
The Central Canada
EXHIBITION
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
For prize lists, entry forms and all information, write
E. McMAHON, Secretary,
26 Sparks St., Ottawa.

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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.

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 supplies, 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, 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

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Mustard relish is made by mixing smoothly half a teaspoonful of made mustard with a dessertspoonful of sugar and 1/2 tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir till all is smooth, and serve with steak, bloater, etc.

A Dainty Dish of Peas.—Stew the green peas with a little butter and no water in a covered pot till tender, the time varying according to the age of the peas. If the peas are at all old add a little sugar in the cooking.

For Fruit Ices.—Take a pint of ripe fruit, six ounces of caster sugar and, if the fruit is very sweet, the juice of a lemon. Pound the fruit with the sugar, rub through a fine sieve; mix gradually with one pint of custard or cream, and freeze.

Make peppermint water thus: Take the dried herb of peppermint, three-quarters of a pound, and as much water as will prevent it from burning. After seething over the fire, distil off two quarts and bottle for use.

Make sweet spice for flavoring cakes as follows: Two ounces each of cloves, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, one ounce of ginger, and three ounces of sugar. These ingredients should be all finely powdered, mixed well, and passed three times through a fine wire sieve. Store in small airtight tins for use.

Raspberry Jelly and Custard.—Stew three pounds of raspberries in half a pint of cold water till tender; sweeten to taste, strain the juice and put it in the saucepan again, bring it to boiling point, and then stir in two ounces of cornflour, previously made into a smooth paste with cold water. Boil while stirring for two or three minutes, and then pour into a wet mould. When cold turn out and serve with custard.

On Custard Making.—Beat the eggs thoroughly with a fork, and strain them into the hot milk, cook in a double saucepan, or a jug set in a pan of boiling water. Watch for the formation of the thickening on the spoon and saucepan, then remove instantly. Pour the custard into a cold basin, stir one way round till nearly cold and thickened. If these directions are followed custards will easily be made of first-rate quality.

An Elegant Fruit Tart.—Bake an ordinary fruit tart, and when it is cold cut a large piece out of the top crust, leaving little more than the outer edge. Whip till very stiff, cream slightly colored with cochineal (or make a thick custard), and place it in its stead. Garnish with squares of the top crust, and in the centre of each place a small clot of the cream. This is an easily-made and dainty-looking luncheon dish.

Milk Rolls.—Rub one ounce of butter into four ounces of flour with the tips of the fingers. Add half a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Gradually stir in sufficient milk to make it a stiff dough. Take rough lumps and place them on a flat floured tin. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes; place on a sieve to cool. This quantity makes four or five rolls. If preferred the dough may be rolled into small oval shapes and brushed with milk or beaten egg to give a glazed appearance.

To prevent jam crystallizing procure the best sugar and put three-quarters of a pound to every pound of sound, ripe fruit. Scatter the sugar over the fruit on big dishes twelve hours before the jam is to be made. Stir constantly while the fruit boils, and directly the syrup jellies on a cold plate place jam in pots. Store in an airy cupboard in a dry place. A teaspoonful of cream of tartar may be added to every gallon of jam while still hot to prevent the preserve from graining.

Green Tomato Preserve.—Wash and slice the tomatoes; it is a good plan to press them in a sieve for a few hours. Cover them with a plate and place a weight on plate. Do not use the water pressed from them. To 1 pound tomato add 1 pound white sugar and as little water as will melt the sugar. Grate the yellow peel from lemons, 1 to each quart preserve. Add this and the sliced pulp, after removing the white part, and boil slowly together 2 or 3 hours.

Green Pea Salad—Arrange lettuce leaves in bowl, large dark leaves outside, white small ones toward

centre. Use 1 head lettuce and a pint of cold, seasoned, cooked peas. Bits of cold lamb or chicken scattered between the leaves is an appetizing addition. Place the peas in the centre of the lettuce and pour salad dressing over. Serve cold.

Beet and Carrot Salad—Chop 5 medium-sized beets fine. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon mustard and a pinch of pepper. Stir in 1 tablespoon sugar. Cover with vinegar and let stand over night. Drain and place on lettuce leaves. Add small cubes of boiled carrot, using 1 large or 2 small ones. Pour salad dressing over and serve cold.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Stand charcoal in the larder: you will find that it enables you to keep meat sweet and wholesome for a considerable time.

To soften hard water for washing purposes add a teaspoonful of borax to a quart. The borax is quite harmless even to a very delicate skin.

Ink spilt on a carpet may be taken up without leaving any stain if dried salt be applied immediately. As the salt becomes discolored brush it off and apply more. Wet slightly; continue till the ink has disappeared.

How to Remove Paper Labels from old bottles.—Wet the face of the label with water and hold it an instant over any convenient flame. The steam formed penetrates the label at once and softens the paste.

If jam is put into open tarts before they are baked the jam is often burned. To prevent this place a small piece of bread in each, that the tarts may not rise out of shape; when done take out bread and replace with jam.

How to keep a piano.—In damp weather the piano should be closed when not in use, as dampness is its worst enemy. In dry weather open the piano so that the dry air may get to it and keep the keys from sticking, and the ivory from turning yellow.

When making jam pour a few drops of the best salad oil into the preserving pan, and then with a piece of soft paper rub the oil all over the bottom. This will prevent the jam from sticking to the pan, if the stirring be not quite as constant as it ought to be.

Clean the coat collar by rubbing thoroughly with a flannel dipped into ammonia and boiling water in equal quantities. As the surface of the flannel becomes dirty apply a fresh side. If this does not answer, I should send the coat to the cleaners.

Whitewash.—Stir six pounds of whiting into cold water, avoiding all lumps. Steep three ounces of glue for twelve hours in cold water, then heat it, until it is dissolved, and pour into the whiting while hot. The wash must be of a consistency to be applied with a whitewash brush.

A hint to those who dislike sunburn.—Nothing is pleasanter to use as a cure for rough sunburnt skins than plain slices of cucumber. The way to use it is to cut off a thin slice, rub the skin well with it, drying afterwards with a soft towel. This remedy is said to be as efficacious as any of the compounds sold now-a-days to whiten the skin, and is far cheaper.

An Elderdown Quilt is often difficult to store in summer, and so it is kept on the bed and gets dirty. Where space is cramped I always fold my elderdown into a nice square and sew it up in a thin linen cover. Prettily covered with fancy muslin, this makes a most useful sofa cushion for the summer.

Try This—Always rub a little soft butter or lard over the top of bread dough when set to rise and also after being molded into loaves. This prevents the forming of a hard crust.

HINTS ON JELLY MAKING.

Jellies are all made alike after the juice is obtained. This is boiled 20 minutes, the sugar is then added, and as soon as it is entirely dissolved the juice may be poured into the glasses. The following points, if carefully observed will do much to prevent possible failure:

The sugar should be heated before being added to the juice.

The "20 minutes" should be counted after the boiling begins.

The boiling should be brisk, but not violent.

There is no need of skimming until just before pouring the jelly; it is wasteful.

Cook about 1 1/2 pints of juice at a time; never more than 2 pints.

Nearly all jellies are improved in flavor by the juice of a lemon to each pint.

Crab apples, which should be cut up, wild plums and the dry fruit and the parings, cores and seeds from quinces and apples must be almost covered with water and boiled until soft to obtain the juices. Berries need no water, but should be slowly heated until all their juice is freed.

Grapes just turning are better than ripe ones for jelly.

Jelly bags for straining the cooked fruit must always be scrupulously clean.

POOR FELLOW!

Hicks—For goodness' sake! look at Salladay shoveling in his dinner. I thought he was a dyspeptic. Wicks—So he is; the worst sort. He's hardened with an optimistic appetite and a pessimistic digestion.

CONFLICTS IN WAITING WARS THAT MAY BE WAGED IN THE FUTURE.

The Cessation of the War in the Far East May Bring On Others.

It is pleasant, certainly, to think that Togo won the battle of Tsushima in the centenary year of Trafalgar. We should, however, hope that history will not repeat itself too much, for if the twentieth century's opening years are to be anything like those of the nineteenth, we have a sanguinary time in store for us.

Trafalgar took place while Napoleon was in the thick of his European campaign, and ten years elapsed before that terrible war was brought to a close by Wellington at Waterloo. Is there to be another ten years of terror for us now?

Events do rather suggest it. Japan's signal victory not only does not bring instant peace with it; it threatens further wars. As paramount power in the Far East, is she not likely to turn her attention to her neighbors as soon as the mood seizes her? And her neighbors comprise half the civilized world.

Supposing Russia to be entirely ejected from the Pacific shores, Japan will find herself gazing, not very pleasantly, straight into the not very beautiful eyes of Germany, who holds Kiaochow and the Shan-fung peninsula, which lies right on Japan's seapath to Tien-Tsin and the Chinese capital.

A war we may confidently await, therefore, is one between Japan and Germany, unless, of course, the latter shows more than her usual affability.

WHAT THE JAPS WOULD LIKE.

Fortunately, Britain has no territory—save the unimportant Wei-Hai-Wai—near to Japan than Hong-Kong, so serious complications are scarcely likely to arise so far as China is concerned. But it is a notorious fact that Japan would very much like an outlet for her surplus population in northern Australia.

Nearer to Japan than that, however, lie the Philippine Islands, which seem almost destined to be joined to the Japanese group.

Possibly Uncle Sam may, at some not very distant date, become embroiled with Japan, and then—well, we all remember how war began with Russia. Japan, again, is supposed to have rather an envious eye on the Hawaiian Islands, in the Mid-Pacific, which just now are American.

France, as we know, has already had a little private view of Japanese teeth over the prolonged stay of "Roj" in Saigon waters. It should not be forgotten that Annam and French Cochinchina are not so very far from Japan, and, taken together with Siam, which adjoins, would form a nice little mouthful should the Island Empire develop a land-grabbing appetite. And that would bring Japan next door to Burma, which is British.

EUROPEANS MAY WAR SOON.

Another neighbor of Japan is Holland, who with Java, Sumatra, and other East Indian islands, possesses some attractive morsels for the Japanese palate.

But it is to be hoped and expected that Japan will not prove so aggressive a neighbor as this, for, after all she is not quite so bad as a European Power.

If we want to find good war scenes for future news-bills, it is not necessary to look so far away as the Pacific for material. Europe has, in her own circle, sufficiently troublesome problems, and not in those regions to which we give most attention.

The recent rupture between Norway and Sweden reminds us that we have an awkward political problem.

The Norwegians view the Swedes much as the Irish at one time viewed the English—only a little more so. A war between the two countries might involve Russia and Germany.

Russia, seeking "revenge" for her defeat in the East, might try it on the Scandinavians, as she has already on the Finns; and Germany, stronger in the Baltic than Russia, might object. So there you have material for a fine Baltic "bust up."

GERMAN AMBITIONS.

Another possible war would be the Dutch-German conflict. It is known that the relations between Queen Wilhelmina and her German Consort, Prince Henry, have not been ideal. Rumors of an approaching separation are current, and, should this take place, there is no knowing but that Germany might seek to effect her dream of many years to overwhelm Holland, reduce it to the same position as Bavaria and Saxony, as a Federal State of the German Empire, and gain possession of the splendid Dutch harbors.

She would also assume possession of the Dutch colonies in the East, which would at once give her a new colonial empire, and enable her to think seriously of a conflict with Japan on her own grounds.

We must not forget that Germany has dreams of world-empire, and Holland is an easier prey for her than Britain. Besides, Germany in the past has always used one war as a stepping-stone to another; and the Dutch war would get her into trim for the British-provided, of course,

The Most for Your Money and the Best for Your Health

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea. Positively the purest and most delicious tea in the world.

Sold only in sealed lead packets, 40c, 50c, 60c. By all Grocers.
Highest Award, St. Louis, 1904.

that Britain did not first stop the little game by wiping out the German fleet.

A war between two allied Powers seems absurd, yet that is exactly what is threatened yearly between

ITALY AND AUSTRIA.

Though united by the Triple Alliance, those two States "enjoy" a lasting enmity which equals any other.

Italy cherishes a life-long grudge against Austria by remembering that Austria was once her overlord and oppressor. Italy also is distinctly "nervous" at the increase of Austrian naval power in the Adriatic, and her possession of the opposite coasts of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Italy would, also, value the possession of such seaports as Trieste and Fiume, which are already more Italian in population than Austrian. Italy also is supposed to have ambitions in the division of Macedonia, which are not the same as those of Austria.

A war which may come at any moment is the Greco-Bulgarian. Though those two countries are separated by the country of Macedonia, their rivalry and mutual hatred is so great that they are longing to get to death-beds.

The dispute is for the ultimate possession of Macedonia, and Bulgaria is intriguing in the north and Greece in the south for the supremacy. The hatred of the two nations for each other is so great that the very existence of the Turk is almost overlooked.

Occasionally, however, that amiable gentleman reminds them of his existence by the impartial and extensive massacre of both.—Pearson's Weekly.

IN A CANNIBAL COUNTRY.

An Explorer's Experience on An Island on the Pacific.

One of the wildest and most savage regions yet left among the cannibal countries of the Pacific, says Every-body's Magazine, is the great island continent of New Guinea; yet even there among the most brutal and warlike of the natives are to be found the workers of the American Bible Society, fearlessly carrying on their work. How great are the perils they meet and the courage with which they meet them can be gathered from the note-book of an explorer:

For three days after the hideous fate that had befallen my companions up the Fly River, I made my way alone through the dense jungle, carefully avoiding all beaten tracks, in the direction of Port Moresby, where safety awaited me.

On the morning of the fourth day the forest suddenly opened before me, and I perceived to my terror that I had stumbled upon a Papuan village. Close together stood some hundred conical, grass-roofed huts, held high off the ground by slender bamboo piles, which gave them for all the world the aspect of houses perched on stilts.

In the center of the village was one hut, larger than the rest, whose pointed thatch rose into the air like a steeple—evidently the home of a chief. On the side of the clearing remote from me I noticed the watchmen's lookouts, small thatched shelters, stuck like nests among the upper branches of trees. I had clearly lost my way, and struck a populated district.

Convinced from recent experiences that all the natives were unfriendly, I gazed with horror on the house-holders lazily sunning themselves on the high platforms of their huts. A warning from a watchman would be all that was necessary to turn each of them into an active and relentless enemy. I should be seized, tortured, and finally clubbed to death, to figure later as the chief piece at a feast of victory.

And then before my despairing eyes a miracle happened. The door of the large hut opened and a white man emerged, followed by a troop of more or less clothed savages bearing businesslike bundles on their heads. Who these men were, what was their business I did not stop to think. One of them was white; the others were evidently under his control. I cleared the ground between us, and casting myself before him, demanded protection.

Later, fed, bathed and rested, I asked my rescuer who and what he was, what had brought him to the interior of New Guinea, and how he had been able to establish friendly relations with the villagers.

"I am the principal Bible collector of the American Society on this island," he replied, "and the chief of this village is as much a supporter

and well-wisher of ours as any Papuan can be."

"But surely," said I, "all missionary work here was given over since the Rev. Mr. Chalmers and his companions were clubbed to death by the cannibals?"

"Episodes like that never stop us," he replied, calmly. "It was the same thing in China during the Boxer massacres, and in a dozen remote regions where the blood of martyrs has been sown."

And then, sitting there in the chief's hut, which was decorated with strings of human skulls, with fetich and devil huts on each side of us and the great jungle all about, I learned more of the romance of sowing the Bible in foreign lands than I had ever dreamed of.

CHILDREN ARE UNDERFED.

So a Committee of London County Council Reports.

The Education Committee of the London County Council has presented a report to the Council with regard to underfed and improperly fed children in the London schools. The Council, with a view of checking the physical deterioration existing among the London population, and securing the best results from the expenditure on education, asked the Education Committee, to consider and report as to the necessary Parliamentary power being obtained for the provision of food where necessary for the children attending rate supported school in London, and as to obtaining powers to recover the cost of such food from the parents or guardians in cases where the need arises through causes other than poverty. Following closely on this instruction an order was issued by the Local Government Board upon the same question, and the committee report the following conclusion:

First, the children do come to school underfed.

Second, that others, and probably a larger number, are ill-fed.

Third, that it is impossible to secure the best results in the case of either underfed or ill-fed children.

Fourth, that the order of the Local Government Board is not likely to produce good results, because it provides for a division of authority.

Fifth, that although the Council should assist in carrying out the order where local authorities desire it, it is not for the Council to initiate proceedings thereunder.

Sixth, that while the necessity for feeding children as the last resort out of public funds is a proposition endorsed by the whole spirit of the poor law, there are strong arguments against seeking new legislative powers at the present moment. Seventh, that the non-efficiency of present voluntary agencies to meet the demands of money of the case does not yet appear to be proved.

The report of the joint committee on underfed children seems to point to the fact that although in some few places there has been difficulty experienced in coping with all of the needs, the difficulty has arisen from want of complete organization rather than from a deficiency of funds. And the joint committee apparently are of the opinion that private benevolence is not by any means yet exhausted.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

If you want to keep your children hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather months, give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will prevent all forms of stomach and bowel troubles which carry off so many little ones during the hot summer months, or it will cure these troubles if they come on unexpectedly. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles, because it always does good, and can never do harm, as it is guaranteed free from opiates and harmful drugs. It is good for children at every stage from birth onward, and will promptly cure all their minor ailments. Mrs. J. J. McFarlane, Aubrey, Que., says: "My baby was troubled with colic until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and they promptly cured him. Now when he is a little out of sorts, I give him a dose of Tablets, and they promptly bring him back to his usual health." You can get the Tablets from your druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The most elevated river in the world is the Desaguadero, in Bolivia. The average elevation above the level of the sea is about 13,000 feet.

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

HE TELLS THEM TO ASK THE I.O.F.

JOHN J. BURNS CURED BY
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Had Chronic Inflammation of
the Kidneys—Says His Brother
Foresters Can Tell all About it.

Darnley, P.E.I., Aug. 14 (Special).—John J. Burns, a prominent member of the I.O.F., here, whose cure of Chronic Inflammation of the Loins and Kidneys caused a sensation some time ago, reports that he is still in splendid health. "Yes," says Mr. Burns, "my cure is entirely satisfactory. I have had no trouble since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They drove away the disease from which I suffered for eight years. "No, I'll never forget Dodd's Kidney Pills. The doctor could not help me. I got so bad I could scarcely walk, sit or sleep. I was about to give up entirely when an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now I am in good health. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life." If any one doubts Mr. Burns' story he simply refers them to his brother Foresters. They all know how he suffered and that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

EFFECTIVE IRONY.

Like ridicule, irony is often more effective than argument, and may convey suggestions and ideas in a terse and pithy manner, as when one says, "You can't always judge by appearances; the man who wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy."

A gentleman, it was once said, never inflicts pain. On which a wit remarks, "This is hard on the dentists."

Not a bad story is told of an aged clergyman who met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions. "Why," asked the objector, "doesn't the Church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman, quietly, and gave the man a tract.

"So far as you saw," said counsel to a witness, "she was doing her ordinary household duty?"

"I should say so—she was talking," was the ironical reply.

"He never had but one genuine case in his life," said a lawyer of a rival, "and that was when he prosecuted his studies."

Some lawyers have had curious experiences of ironical wills. There is the not unfamiliar case of the French merchant who left a handsome legacy to a lady who had refused to marry him twenty years before, in gratitude for her kindness in not taking him at his word.

There is a good deal of pointed satire in such ironical facetiae as the following: "We are reminded you can't buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar."

A resident in a suburban district was asked how his house had fared during a snowstorm. "Oh, badly," was the reply; "my cistern is the only dry place in it."

"What'll I do with this burglar alarm, Bill—take it along?" asks burglar number one. Second burglar: "Yes; slip it in the bag. We can get something for it."

TWO IN SUCCESSION.

Tess—Jack stole a kiss from me last night.

Jess—Gracious! What did you do about it?

Tess—Nothing. I didn't have time; he made restitution immediately.

HEART RIGHT

When He Quit Coffee.

Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble. The reason is obvious.

This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitous for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing and can be corrected if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes:

"I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my sufferings."

"I continued to drink coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till, on applying for life insurance I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I became alarmed. I found that leaving off coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum Food Coffee I began its use."

"The change in my condition was remarkable, and it was not long till I was completely cured. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart steadied down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the life insurance company. Quitting coffee and using Postum worked the cure." Name given by Postum Co., Patfile Creek, Mich.

There's a reason, and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville in each package."

POISON IN ICE CREAM

A BUSY DAY IN BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

The Hospitals Crowded With
Sufferers From Baleful
Penny Ices.

For four hours on a recent Sunday afternoon and evening the Birmingham, England, hospitals were fairly besieged. A constant stream of vehicles kept arriving and discharging sick children. The little ones came in cabs and trams, in perambulators and ambulances. Many of them were suffering from violent abdominal pains, and all were afflicted with alarming sickness. At first it was feared some new and deadly epidemic had broken out, but inquiries made proved that they were all patrons of an Italian ice-cream vendor on the Parade.

In all 45 cases were attended by the doctors. In many instances the work of the medical men had been made light by the intelligence of the police, who had promptly administered emetics, without waiting for the doctor.

Parents and friends of the sufferers became greatly excited, anticipating the worst consequences. There were some noisy scenes outside the hospital, and then an indignant crowd went off in search of the man who had sold the ice cream. He beat a hasty retreat, which was covered by the police. It was well that a good force of constables was on the scene, or the man would certainly have been handled roughly.

The remainder of the ice cream has been seized by the police. It is being kept in a frozen condition and was handed over to the analyst.

ICE CREAM FOR BABIES.
For a time the condition of some of the children was exceedingly critical and but for the prompt measures taken might have had fatal consequences.

All the sufferers were discharged from the hospital on Saturday night, though many remain under medical treatment at their homes.

A striking feature of the incident is the fact that some of the little sufferers were mites only two years old. At that age it might be thought, even the very best ice cream is liable to have an undesirable effect.

Apparently the Italian does not rely upon children for custom. One patient admitted to the hospital was a man 45 years of age, who has had to endure a fire of merciless chaff as a result of his amiable weakness for penny ices.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

RARE WOODS.

Various Kinds Which Are Very
Hard to Obtain.

Old and well-seasoned oak is hard to get and harder to work. There is no great quantity of old oak furniture in the market, and old pieces that would supply large enough lumber for important work are seldom found. New kiln-dried oak is uncertain, being liable to warp and crack.

Panicked articles can be made of such material with some safety, but large solid articles are likely to give a bad account of themselves at the end of a winter in a steam-heated house.

Rosewood also the best cabinetmakers distrust. This wood has a peculiar oily quality that makes it unsafe when glued. For this reason rosewood is used chiefly as a veneer. Thin sheets lose much of their oil and take glue satisfactorily.

Native walnut is no longer a favorite with the cabinetmakers. This wood was in effect exhausted a quarter of a century ago or more, and it is now as expensive as mahogany and by no means so beautiful.

Chestnut is a good deal prized, not for furniture, but for vainscotting and for doors. It is sometimes put up in the rough with good effect, and sometimes oiled and polished, when it is remarkably beautiful considering the cost.

Gulf cypress is used with great effect in like fashion, and when filled and oiled it makes one of the most beautiful woods for inexpensive interior decoration.

Cherry was the old substitute for mahogany, and is still a favorite wood with the furniture makers. It is, however, not easily obtained in a properly seasoned condition, for proper seasoning makes it expensive.

The fact is that with cherry, as with oak and mahogany, the seasoning is an important element of cost. The cabinetmaker who must sink his capital for two or three years in wood that is undergoing the process of seasoning finds it hard to compete with those who use kiln-dried material.

Mahogany is the favorite wood with the best cabinetmakers. There is a vast amount of seasoned mahogany to be had from ruinous old articles made in the last century when the rage for mahogany was well developed; and while the new mahogany is less beautiful than the old, purchasers of furniture seem to have learned that it is worth while to have the new wood well seasoned.

Floating islands, the largest being about three-quarters of a mile in area, form an interesting feature of a lake in Mindanao.



Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy.

HOW TO THROW A HORSE.

To Thoroughly Take the Conceit Out of Him.

To thoroughly take the conceit out of a horse, there is no better way than to throw him. It certainly requires pluck and determination to throw a horse single handed, but if done, your horse is virtually conquered for good and all. To do this put a good strong halter on your horse, take a strap with a ring in it and buckle it round the horse's off foreleg below the fetlock joint; take a rope eight feet long and tie it to this strap; place a surcingle round the horse's body; take up your position on the right side of the horse, bring the rope over the horse's back from the off side; take hold of the rope, and pull his foot to his body; take a firm hold of this foot, holding it in that position, then take hold of the horse's halter with the left hand, pull his head to you, and press against his body with your elbow, using the words "Lie down."

The majority of horses can be thrown in this way in less than a minute, while others, of course, might fight longer. As soon as the animal has been thrown, take the rope that is underneath him, bring it under the surcingle and pass it through the ring of the halter, and back under the surcingle again, and thus you have the rope in position to bring his head over his shoulder. Make him put his head on the ground, and if he makes any attempt to get up, pull his head up immediately, which will prevent him from rising. This will give him thoroughly to understand that you are master. Once a horse realizes your power over him, he will do almost anything a horse can do.

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any tedious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

Father—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dick; you are now in your twenty-fifth year, and you haven't earned a penny yet. At your age I had already married a woman with ten thousand dollars."

It is Known Everywhere.—There is not a city, town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is not known—wherever introduced it made a foothold for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Electric Oil, and that is Dr. Thomas' Take nothing else.

NOT DESIGNED FOR LOVERS.

He—"I am sure Cupid had nothing to do with the alphabet."

She—"What gives you that impression?"

He—"If he had been doing it he would have placed U and I much nearer each other."

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Ethel (to her dearest friend)—"I put my foot in it so dreadfully when Edwin proposed. I meant to say, 'This is so sudden!' you know, but I was so flustered that instead I exclaimed, 'At last!'"

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you any unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

NO WONDER.

"Julia!" yelled the poet, "why don't you keep that kid quiet? What's the matter with it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied his patient wife; "I'm singing one of your lullabies to the little darling."



We Could Talk to You All Day ON THE MERITS OF

Blue Ribbon

TEA, but we could not convince you as easily as a TRIAL would that BLUE RIBBON is the nearest to PERFECTION that any tea has reached.

TRY THE RED LABEL QUALITY.



Wise Housekeepers Always Have a Supply of

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

Veal Loaf, Melrose Pate, Deviled Ham,
Dried Beef, Ham Loaf, Vienna Sausage,
Baked Beans and Corned Beef Hash.

THEY ARE COOKED AND READY TO SERVE

The Booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free.

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A telegrapher earns from \$540.00 to \$1800.00 a year. Do you? If not, let us qualify you to do so. Our free telegraph book explains everything. Write for it to-day.

B. W. SOMERS,
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Mention this paper.

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. F. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont. 31

EXACT OBEDIENCE.

Native servants in India have the generally desirable though sometimes inconvenient virtue of the Chinese—doing exactly as they are told. The trouble is that they seldom use judgment.

Lord Roberts, during a campaign in India, had ordered his man to prepare his bath at a certain hour. One day a fierce engagement was going on, but the servant made his way through a storm of bullets, and appeared at the commander's side.

"Sahib," said he, "your bath is ready."

Even a better story comes from an unknown soldier, who was awakened, one morning, by feeling the servant of a brother officer pulling at his foot.

"Sahib," whispered the man, "sahib, what am I to do? My master told me to wake him at half past six, but he did not go to bed till seven."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

TWO FATHERS.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, whose speeches are often quoted, had the happy faculty of saying the right thing at all times.

On one occasion two young people whose father were famous for their diverse and peculiar views on Biblical subjects came to see the bishop.

"Ah," said he as he greeted one, "your father wrote a great work on the Apocalypse. I congratulate you on being the daughter of such a man."

Then, turning to his other guest, he said: "And your father forbore to write about the Apocalypse—a wise forbearance. You are to be congratulated on having so wise a father."

The Daughter—"I wonder if he will love me as much after we are married?" The Mother—"Never mind. You will not care then whether he does or not so long as you are married."

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed

While traveling in Mexico I discovered a drug which removes hair from face, arms, neck, or any part of the body instantly and permanently, so will send to any one afflicted without any expense but a postage stamp. Don't judge my treatment by unsuccessful attempts of others. I have suffered for years with this affliction and now my life's work is to help others from this humiliating trouble. My treatment is easy and accomplished at home, and I will forfeit \$500 if it fails to remove hair. Don't suffer longer. Relief is now yours for the asking. Write now lest you forget my address. DOROTHY BLACK, 1815 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM AT AIRDRIE, ALBERTA—2598 acres—22 miles north of Calgary; 3 miles from Airdrie railway depot; convenient to church, schools, stores, etc.; splendidly situated; magnificent view; first-class soil; good water supply; up-to-date improvements; well-built house of eight rooms, fitted with all modern conveniences and drainage system; stable, cattle sheds, buggy shed, workshop, corrals, etc.; good fences, all new and substantial; will be sold as a going concern, with stock, crops, machinery, tools and house furnishings; this farm is all plowable, and is especially adapted for growing hard fall wheat and for mixed farming. Full particulars on application to Gray Bros., Airdrie, Alta.

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of ours in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 113 BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. MONTREAL.



Ted (stammering)—"You remind me of an old friend of mine." Ethel (haughtily)—"Indeed! How old, please?"

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectively removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

A VARYING IMPRESSION.

"Do you believe in the theory that the earth is falling into the sun?" "Sometimes," answered the unscientific man. "I believe it in the summer. In the winter I forget about it."

Summer Colds

You should cure that cold at once. It is not only making you feel miserable, but it is doing you harm. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure you. Your money refunded if it doesn't. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

School Books 1905.

READERS : Royal Crown and Chambers,
SPELLER : Gage's Practical
WRITING : Gage's Vertical.
ARITHMETIC : Grafton's Graded Pts I, 2, 3, & 4.
GRAMMAR : West's English, (Gr. III. M. & I. A.)
ENGLISH : Renouf'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 (Sankey) " I Ac. my.
 Tennyson Pt. 1 " II "
 Sykes Elementary Composition " "
 Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice " III "

GEOGRAPHY : New Canadian, & Calkins.
HISTORY : Canadian (Weaver,) British (Gardiner's Outline,) Wrong's His. of British Nation, (new)
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 Progressive French Reader " 1, 2.
 Bertenshaw's French Grammar.

DRAWING : Prangs, Pts I. II & III.
ALGEBRA : Hall & Knight's Elementary.
GEOMETRY : Hall & Stevens.

LATIN : Shorter Latin Course Pts I & II., Fabulae Faciles, Caesar Books IV & V., Ovid (Gleason.)
 Nepos Lives of Themistocles & Aristedes, 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.
 Graftons Arith. Ex-book, by H. Silver, 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5

White Front,

G. L. Meikle & Co.

OUR NEW
 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

A Few Pointers.

My friends, one word
 Just look this way
 What are your
 HARDWARE needs to-day.
 Is it a SHOVEL,
 SPADE or SAW,
 A PICK, an AXE,
 OR CHAINS to draw,
 FORKS, NAILS, or LOCKS,
 HINGES OF PAINTS,
 No matter what
 HARDWARE COMPLAINTS,
 Bring them along
 Here, day by day
 And we will
 Help you on the way—
 The way to riches
 And to rest,

By selling GOODS
 To you, the BEST.
 Bought all for cash
 In lots to suit
 With extra DISCOUNT
 Given to boot.
 And mark you this
 Why bless you all
 We give it to
 All those who call.
 So buy your HARDWARE
 Here from us:
 We save you
 MONEY, HEALTH and FUSS.
 By giving all
 This without fail
 The best there is
 From SAW to NAIL.

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 Reserve \$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. Staniforth, Prop.

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	105 58
Monthly fees for current year	147 46
Special tax for repairs, Dist. 7, 8 & 9,	303 39
	\$626 68
Amt. of current year's assessment col.	\$1157 60
Amt. of arrears collected	75 45
Amt. of current year's monthly fees col.	132 81
Amt. of special tax collected	2 25
Remaining uncollected June 30, 1905	57 67
	\$1625 65

ABSTRACT OF RECEIPTS & DISBURSEMENTS OF THE SECTY-TREAS., FROM JULY 1st, 1904, TO JUNE 30th, 1905.

DR.	
Amt. of current year's assessment col.	\$1157 60
Amt. of arrears collected	75 45
Amt. of current year's monthly fees col.	132 81
Amt. of special tax collected	202 15
Govt. grant received from July 1st, 1904, to June 30th, 1905	192 26
Miscellaneous Collections	40 00
Cash on hand July 1st, 1904	4 30
	\$2225 07

CR.	
Paid to Teacher, July 1st, '04 to June 30th, 1905	\$1044 00
Paid for fuel	118 88
Paid for repairs and apparatus	239 20
Paid Sec'y-Treas Salary	120 00
Miscellaneous Payments	73 34
Cash Balance on hand June 30, 1905	689 89
	\$2225 07

A. R. ROBINSON, Sec'y-Treas.

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.

AUGUST 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.

Professional & Commercial.

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

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

DR. B. S. STACKHOUSE, S.A.,

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE,

SURGEON DENTIST

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

DR. E. LAURIN,

VETERINARY-SURGEON.

Bell Tel. No. 14

Ste. Scholastique.

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

ADVOCATE.

Office open daily (except Tuesdays and Saturday-) on 1st floor, Roby's Block, Opposite Kourigues' Hotel

LACHUTE

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.

ADVOCATE

ST. SCHOLASTIQUE

P.Q.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

MAIN STREET - LACHUTE, P.Q.

Keep Cool

Don't Worry

Go to Hope's if you want satisfaction in ice-cream made with pure fruit flavors.

We have some imitators but no equals in catering to the public in this one specialty.

Our Soda Fountain is now going. Delicious Beverages with pure Fruit Syrups of the very best. Our service is good and everything clean, cool and inviting

Jno. Hope,

Baker & Confectioner

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Labor Day

Excursions.

Sept. 4th.

Reduced fares to all points in Canada and lowest one-way first class fare for the round trip.

Going dates, Sept. 2, 3, and 4.

Return Limit, Sept. 5.

For further particulars apply to

J. M. Dorion, St. Philippe, or

W. H. Garretsee, Lachute.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS
TO THE CANADIAN
NORTH WEST.

— : —

RETURN FARES COLONIST CLASS.

Winnipeg	\$30 00
Brandon	\$31 55
Moosomin	\$32 20
Regina	\$33 75
Mooselaw	\$34 00
Prince Albert	\$36 00
MacLeod	\$38 00
Calgary	\$38 50
Strathcona	\$40 00

Proportionately low rates to other stations.
From all stations in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec on

SEPT. 12th 1905:

Good for return until Nov. 13th, 1905.

And SEPT. 26th, 1905.

Good for return until Nov. 27th, 1905.

For rates to other points and further particulars, apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1905.

NO. 54

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.

When in town don't fail to go home with our pur- h-ving some of the fine selection of souvenir postal cards from W. S. McBAIRD.

Try our new mill, for good feed, of all kinds.
J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.

Money in the wood business this year, make your first profit on your labor by getting, axes, cross-cut-saws, wedges, cant dogs, axe handles, & etc., at Two Hardware Head Quarters of
T. McQUAT & SON

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

W. BANFORD

Parties wanting good grinding done will bring their grain to J. D. CAMPBELL, & Co's new mill.

FOR SALE.—A lady's bicycle, 1 cooking stove, apply to
W. G. STANFORTH.

CASORIA.

Partis la
Signature de *Chas. H. H. H.*

LOST.—On the street in Lachute on Wednesday night, a Lady's red ribbon bow with small brooch attached. Will finder kindly return to H. SCOTT LOUNDES, and receive \$1 reward.

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

Between now and Fair Days Sept. 19th, and 20th, look up a list of your Hardware wants and bring with you. Remember we sell only **Hardware**. Don't forget the place.
T. McQUAT & SON

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

Exhibition Next Week, 19th and 20th.—When out be sure and give us a call. It will pay you if in need of anything in the line of hardware. We wish you to make a point of seeing our **New Well Pumps**, nothing in Canada to beat it. We will be open both days of the Fair and pleased to meet all our old customers and any amount of new customers.
T. McQUAT & SON

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Thos. Christie left on Tuesday for a visit to Montreal.

Mrs. P. Lane and Miss Hamilton are visiting friends in Stonefield.

Miss Christena Palliser returned on Saturday last from Montreal.

Dr. Hugh McConnell returned on Tuesday from a trip to Europe.

Miss Howard returned on Wednesday from a visit to Carmen, Man.

Mr. G. E. Bampton returned on Wednesday from a trip to Oacouna.

Mrs. Orr and son of New York, are guests of Mrs. Jos. Palliser this week.

Many from Lachute attended the Exhibition held in Ottawa this week.

The Misses Mary and Jessie Young of River Rouge, left on Tuesday last for Cypress River.

Mr. Samuel Smith of Thomas Gore, left Tuesday for a visit to his brother in Portland, Oregon.

The Rev. Jas McLaren will take for his subject next Sunday evening, "The Signing of Peace."

Mr. and Mrs. Crabb, of Nipissing, are guests of their daughter Mrs. G. H. Creswell this week.

Mrs. Ernest Thomas entertained the teachers and principal of the Academy on Friday evening last.

Messrs. R. McAdam and R. Muir left Monday to attend the exhibition in St. Martin, Chateaugay Co.

Miss Lavigne, who has been spending her holidays in Mattawa and Ottawa returned home on Monday.

Miss Lizzie B. Muir is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. K. McKay in St. Urbain, Co. Chateaugay.

The Messrs. Ralph & Campbell McQuat, Guy Smith, Robert and Willis Barrie, left Tuesday for Edmonton.

Miss Paterson and the Misses Symonds of Lebanon, N.H., are guests of Mrs. J. D. Campbell for a few days.

Mr. Robert Cottingham, of Texas, was the guest of his brother Mr. Jas. W. Cottingham the early part of this week.

Miss Piche has returned from Van- kleeck Hill, and expects to spend the winter months with her sister Mrs. T. Jousse.

Mrs. Jno. Burnett, of Cascades, Que., returned home on Tuesday last after a pleasant visit in town the guest of Mrs. Jno. H. McPaul.

Mr. W. J. Todd disposed of some twenty eight tickets on Friday last to parties from this section taking in the Manitoba Excursions.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hay and Miss Margaret are spending the week in Ottawa. Mr. Hay is one of the

Judges on Horses at the Ottawa Exhibition.

Keep in mind Professor Hume's grand concerts on Exhibition nights. See adv. elsewhere.

The Rev. Mr. Sheldon of Toronto, gave a most interesting address on Sunday School Work in the Baptist Church on Wednesday evening last, which was greatly appreciated.

The Ploughing Match will be held this year on Mrs. Jno. Hewitt's farm, Staynerville, on the 26th of October. It is earnestly requested that all entries be made with Secretary before Exhibition days.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Eva Sarah Elizabeth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Burwash, to Mr. David Black, Wednesday, 27th. 1905, at Christ Church, St. Andrews, Que.

Prof. Hume is announcing his annual concerts on the two nights of the Agricultural Exhibition. The entertainments this year will be superior to those previously given and a greater array of talent. Keep the concerts in mind.

The stores have now gone back to their usual routine and will, in all probability, resume their early closing after the New Year. There was a move on foot to continue the two-night-a-week early closing but it did not meet with the approval of all and consequently has fallen through.

Several of our townsfolk met in Raitt's Hall last week and considered the advisability of starting a Board of Trade, which it was hoped would prove to the advantage of the town. Mr. W. H. Garretsee was appointed President, and the matter was left over for general discussion at a meeting to be called shortly.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Agricultural Society was held on Saturday last in Rodrique's Hotel, Lachute, to make final arrangements for exhibition. The following members of the Board were present:—John Hay, Esq., President; and Directors William Nicholl, James Chambers, W. J. Burke, Andrew Doig, A. E. McGregor, Felix Hamelin, and C. R. Rodger.

The Annual Matches of the 11th Regiment and Argenteuil Rifle Association, will be held at the Ranges, Lachute, Sept. 27 and 28, 1905. Eight matches with long prize lists. Special encouragement to new shots. Matches—except military—open to all citizens of the County of Argenteuil, who become members of the Association by payment of \$1. Rifles for use in matches are supplied free, and ammunition at a low price. If you want two days good healthy sport, do not fail to attend. Shooting to begin at 9 a.m. sharp.

Next Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 19th and 20th are the days of the County Fair. Weather is the only requisite to make this year's exhibition the best in the history of the Society. The Secretary and Directors have been very successful in their canvass for subscriptions and have done everything in their power to make this year a record-breaker. Piper Mathewson will be present and also the Lachute Brass Band. This is the day when both young and old can turn out to an exhibition wherein are stock which are worthy, as was proven by some of our County boys who came out so successfully at the Ottawa Fair.

The following honors were won:—Geo. Hay, 1st prize and gold medal for his Hackney Stallion; T. Owens and Son, took 2nd on his French Canadian Stallion; Jno. Cruise, 1st on Holstein Bull, 1 year; W. A. Woods, 1st on Ayrshire Cow; Jno. Black, 2nd on Ayrshire bull, aged.

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, Alrd's, Christie's and Creswells.

The Envy of Competitors.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

EXHIBITION WEEK.

You are Coming to the Lachute Fair?

You are Planning to buy your Fall Goods?

You want to get all you can for your money?

Therefore You Want to Visit

Carpenter Bros.

The Popular Priced Store.

The Store where You can get full value for your money.

About the ...House

FOR THE COOK.

Pickled onions must be small, of even size and perfectly round. Peel them but do not cut the tops and roots close enough to break them apart. As fast as peeled drop into strong brine and let stand for twenty-four hours. Then drain in colander or on sieve and dry with a cloth. Drop into glass jars. Spice vinegar with whole cloves, cinnamon stick, mace, peppercorns, using about a tablespoonful of the mixed spices for each quart jar of onions. Heat the vinegar scalding hot and then cool it and pour into the jars over the onions. Cover jars to keep out the dust and let stand three days, on the second and third days pouring off the vinegar, scalding it and pouring it over the onions. On the third day seal them up. Some housekeepers boil the onions in equal proportions of sweet milk and water to keep them white. Others parboil them in salted water, blanch and cover with spiced white vinegar, adding a very little sugar.

For mustard pickle use about equal proportions of thin green cucumbers, large ones cut into dice, thinly sliced green tomatoes, cauliflower broken in small tufts, small string beans or large ones cut in small strips, green grapes, green radish pods, nasturtium seeds and very small white onions. Make a brine with a pint of salt to one and one-half gallon of cold water. Soak the vegetables over night in this. Drain off the brine in the morning, scald and pour over the vegetables again, and let get cold. Again drain. To each gallon of vinegar allow a pound each of mustard and curry powder, half cup of salt, one cup brown sugar and half a teaspoonful cayenne. Add salt and sugar to the vinegar while heating. Mix the mustard, curry powder and cayenne to a paste with a little of the vinegar and add to the rest, and when scalding hot pour over the vegetables. If you prefer a thick mustard dressing, mix a little flour with the mustard, etc.

To candy violets, get some fine double blossoms, break off the heads, dip them in water into which previously dissolve a little isinglass, and put them afterward into a little cooled spun sugar. Sprinkle the violets with the finest powdered sugar and lay them in sheets of white paper in the sun or some warm place, but on no account put them in an oven. Spun sugar is made by taking a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar to half a pint of water. Boil it until it forms strings on a spoon when dipped in it—hence the name. The violets may be gathered on a dry, sunny day, otherwise there is danger of their not keeping.

Queen Fritters.—Put one cup of water in a saucepan, place over the fire, and when boiling add two table-spoons of butter, then stir and cook until it forms a ball and leaves the sides of the pan. When cool beat into it, one at a time, four eggs. Dip out by spoonfuls and drop in hot fat. When done drain on brown paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve. They may also be split open, filled with fruit, and served with a sauce.

Fish salads are good supper dishes, and take the place of cold meat. Use any kind of good white fish, halibut, if possible, or salmon. Flake it with a silver fork, and mix with an equal quantity of chopped celery or white cabbage. Place on lettuce leaves and pour over it a thick mayonnaise. For salmon use a white mayonnaise, but for white fish, color slightly with green.

WASHING DISHES.

Ability to wash dishes can be taken as a sure test of a maid's neatness, carefulness, and adaptability, for it is not the simple process some would believe and not every one can wash them acceptably.

One of the primal virtues in a well ordered household is the duty of dish washing and if you are in doubt as to what you may expect from your new maid observe when and how she washes the dishes after the first meal she serves. Then you will know just what you may depend upon in everything else she does. If she tumbles all the dishes in at once or if she neglects to change the water when it has become cold and dirty she is not neat, and unless you wish to train her you will dispense with her services.

This is the science of good dish washing. First, do not allow any length of time to elapse after the meal before the soiled dishes are re-

moved. Have everything ready before the washing begins. Make a suds with soap and not too much soda. The soap must not be left in the water. Glass must always be washed first, next, the fine cups and saucers take their turn and any other pieces of fine china. Following these comes the silver. Then the things that are least greasy and finally the large meat dishes and the pots and kettles.

Everything, of course, has been made ready, plenty of drying towels, towels for the glassware, a wash cloth, mops for soap, the ammonia, and a knife cleaner. It is a good plan to put dishes of one kind in at one time and of another the next. Every glass should be emptied before it is placed in the pan, which is a rule that applies to other dishes. Any dishes that have had milk in should be rinsed before they go into the dish water.

After the dishes have drained awhile, hot water poured over them cleanses and renders them easier to dry. The silver should be placed in fresh suds and the different lines of dishes should be submitted to the same treatment. Dishes must never be left lying in the water and the pan should not be crowded. First it retards progress and renders breakage more imminent. Delicate china placed in hot water will surely crack.

If the day is exceedingly busy and something must be neglected do not allow that something to be the dishes.

ODORS IN THE HOUSE.

This question of odors is one over which the homemaker has to fight her hardest battles, even if she starts with a house properly equipped for the struggle. They say that animals have no discrimination in odors; that is, that their senses make no distinction between the pleasurable and unpleasurable. It often seems as if men were made on the same plan. Many a man will sit contentedly reading his paper in an atmosphere of cabbage or fresh soup that would set a woman's sense of smell on edge. The mother of a family has often to fight her family as well as the odors, the necessary, the inevitable airing of a house after meals being accomplished only against protests.

Food odors are not the only one she has to fight against. Many furnishings and floor coverings have odors, more or less unpleasant. This is an important objection to cheap materials, they are rarely odorless. You should select your furnishings with your nose. Even if the odor is not actually disagreeable, the presence of any odors that are not a distinct pleasure gives a second rate atmosphere to a house. I wonder if the sense is not deficient or lacking in a great many people; this seems sometimes the only possible solution of their indifference to the abominable odor in their houses. How people can, except under compulsion, endure houses pervaded with the smell of moth balls and gasoline, I cannot otherwise understand.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

To cut hot bread dip the knife in warm water.

Corks can be made sound and air tight by boiling.

Lettuce leaves strewn about the floor will attract and destroy beetles. New potatoes are given a delicate flavor if a few leaves of mint are placed in the water in which the potatoes are boiled.

Clean windows with a flannel dipped in paraffin, and polish with a clean duster. It imparts a fine polish, and warns off flies.

Lemon coffee is delicious. Rub each side of a lump of sugar on the rind of a lemon and pour on the coffee in the ordinary way.

Imitation frosted glass is made by dissolving in a little hot water as much epsom salts as it will absorb. Paint the glass with the water whilst it is warm.

When chopping suet sprinkle with a little ground rice; it will not then stick to the knife.

In turning steak do not use a fork, as the holes which it makes in the meat cause the blood to run out.

Old incandescent gas mantles make a splendid polish for silverware. Crush a little on a soft duster and rub on the silver.

Grease spots on silk can be removed by splitting a visiting card and rubbing the spots with the soft internal parts.

After washing hair brushes they can be quickly and thoroughly dried without injuring the bristles by brushing them briskly with a whisk broom, and there is no better way to dry the hair after it has been washed than to hold up a few strands at a time and with a small whisk broom fan it, letting the broom act at the same time as a comb, gently drawn through it. This method is a good substitute for sunlight, which can neither be had to order nor relied upon with certainty.

UMBRELLA WISDOM.

After coming in out of the rain, let the umbrella down and stand it on the handle that it may dry in this position; the water will thus drip from the edges of the frame and the cover dry uniformly. When placed with the handle upwards, as is frequently done, the water runs to the top of the umbrella, and the moisture is there retained in the lining underneath the ring for some length of time, causing the silk or fabric with which the frame is covered to become tender and soon rot. A silk umbrella is much injured by being left open to dry; the silk becomes

stretched and stiff, and will sooner split thus cared for.

ASTOR'S MARVELOUS PALACE

Spending Millions on His English Estate.

Amazing wonders are being wrought by William Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire and naturalized British subject, upon the historic Hever estate in Kent, which he recently purchased, says the London Daily Mirror. The artistic owner is spending money with a lavish hand in beautifying the expanse of two thousand acres that spread around the old moated castle. Though the cost of the undertaking is probably not definitely known to Mr. Astor himself, the popular estimate is that a million and a quarter pounds will be expended upon the improvements during the next two years.

There is no busier area in industrial England to-day. About a thousand men of all trades have taken up their residence in the neighborhood. Recently The Daily Mirror paid a visit to the place, which nestles at the foot of a hill. The road which hitherto led close to the castle has been diverted, and now passes some hundred yards further away. To make this new road it has been necessary to build two bridges over the River Eden, which winds through the estate.

Round the castle masons and carpenters are building a picturesque model village, toned to harmonize with the grey old walls of the castle. A bridge built across the moat joins the new buildings with the old. But the most gigantic part of the work is the making of a lake, where formerly green meadows stretched. This lake will cover an area of nearly fifty acres and will be sixteen feet in depth.

In its present topsy-turvy state the estate suggests Clapham Junction, for everywhere run railway lines and fussy little engines sport up and down. Each day seven hundred and fifty truckloads of soil are carried away to make a bed for the great lake. Round the outer edge of the estate runs a fine deer fence, and a pond is being dug. High up on the hill a model farm has been built, with every modern and most perfect appliance. Close behind the castle an Italian garden is being laid out, surrounded by high walls, with many niches and stone brackets for statues.

The utmost rigor is observed to keep the public from entering the estate and from taking photographs of the building as it rises. Workmen have been discharged at a moment's notice who have tried to snapshot the operations. Only a few days ago a well known member of the peerage motored over for the purpose of taking a snapshot or two of the place. No allowance was made for the distinguished visitor; he had to depart empty handed.

Mr. Astor himself takes the keenest interest in his great project, and is constantly down at Hever watching the working of the miracle. Hever Castle is of great antiquity and was built by Sir William Hever in the reign of Edward III. It was here that Henry VIII. domiciled Anne of Cleves.

SICKLY CHILDREN.

More children die during the hot weather months than at any other season of the year. Their vitality is then at its lowest ebb, and an attack of diarrhoea, cholera infantum or stomach trouble may prove fatal in a few hours. For this reason no home in which there are young children should be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles. If the Tablets are given to a well child they will prevent these ailments and keep the little one well and strong. Mrs. Joseph T. Pigeon, Bryson, Que., says: "My little one was attacked with colic and diarrhoea, and I found Baby's Own Tablets so satisfactory that I would not now be without them in the house. 'These Tablets not only cure summer troubles, but all the minor ailments that afflict infants and young children. They contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with equal safety to the new born baby or well grown child. There are imitations of this medicine and mothers should see that the words 'Baby's Own Tablets' and the four-leaf clover with child's head on each leaf is found on the wrapper around each box. As you value your child's life do not be persuaded to take a substitute for Baby's Own Tablets—the one medicine that makes children well and keeps them well. Sold by all druggists, or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

FLYING EXPERIMENT.

A flying experiment which carries with it a good deal of interest has been carried out at Billancourt, in France. The experimenter was M. Voisin, who seated himself ready for flight on a raft towed by an auto-boat. At a given signal the auto-boat put on full speed, the machine began to rise, and M. Voisin, cutting himself adrift from the auto-boat, maintained a steady flight for about 300 yards, at a height of about 80 feet. He then brought himself gently down to the surface of the water.

As a Thirst Quencher

There is no other beverage can compare with

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, which is absolutely the purest and most delicious tea the world produces.

Black, Mixed or Green. Lead Packets only. By all Grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

THE TELEGRAPHIC WIRE

TRAPEZE FOR MONKEYS NEAR VICTORIA NYANZA.

Object of Curiosity to the Giraffe—Hippopotami Drag Up the Poles.

The world is now so much covered with telegraph and telephone wires that civilized human beings scarcely notice them. They run alongside most of the highways in England, and the oft announced coming of an underground system seems to have no influence in the direction of reducing the number. There is good evidence, however, says the London Globe, for, supposing that the animal world has by no means grown as accustomed to the wires which swing above their heads.

Cows, for example, have been seen standing at the corner of fields listening in awe-struck fashion to the Aeolian strains which smite their ears as a high wind blows across the iron and copper strands. Birds like the topmost wire for a perch. It offers them apparently a finer view than the boughs of trees, which are understood generally as being nature's device for the purpose. Curiously enough, a bird will not sing from the wire; whether it is silenced by the Aeolian rivalry or whether, on the other hand, it has come to see the utilitarianism of the structure and to feel that song is incongruous cannot be explained with our present knowledge.

BEES HATE THE WIRES.

and there are well authenticated cases of a swarm of bees altering their flight to avoid adjacency to the lines. Rooks show the greatest partiality for them, a partiality which they hold with the sparrows, and in some of the older lines, where the wires are closer together than is now thought to be wise, nests are built, and the insulation of the lines damaged accordingly. It has been calculated by one of those statistical persons who had time for the enterprise that there is a bird swinging on the lines each mile of the distance, which when summed up gives us a total of some 500 birds amusing themselves in this fashion between London and Edinburgh.

In distant countries there are amusing instances of the use to which wild animals put the telegraph wires. A report has just reached England giving the details of the ideas of monkeys to telegraphy. These animals are convinced apparently that the wires are put up merely for the purpose of giving them a long trapeze for their performance. Near Victoria Nyanza there is a line of three wires, along which there may be seen hundreds of monkeys enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

The authorities have tried, by shooting them in considerable numbers, to remove this disposition, but the monkeys still run the risk, and travelers report that they often see them in dozens swinging by the tails and chuckling in their own chattering fashion with delight. This does not serve to improve the telegraphic service, for in the depths of the forest the monkeys' tricks

OFTEN TWIST THE WIRES.

and currents pass from one to another, giving a somewhat confusing result at the ends.

Oddly enough, it is stated by experts that the earlier ideas of the monkeys as to the pleasures of stealing the wire have passed away. Now-a-days it rarely happens that wire is stolen. The idea has spread that some kind persons, recognizing the needs of the monkey tribe, have put the wires up in such a secure way merely that the monkeys may have perfect swinging, and the monkeys are perfectly loyal to the idea and refuse to steal the wire apparently for this reason.

"The curiosity of the giraffe is another disturbing element. Cows here at home stare up at the lines when music is being emitted; horses rub themselves against the poles, but these two do but little damage. The giraffe, however, has the advantage of being able to stretch his long neck and to reach the wires themselves. He has a wonderful regard for the pottery insulator. He reaches up and seizes these not very succulent dainties, and pulls them down, drawing the strands with them. The arms of wood on which the insulators are placed also allure the giraffe, and when he gets fairly settled at the base of a pole he finds rich amusement for a couple of days dragging down the arms and pecking at the insulators. The influence

which this has upon the transmission of messages can be imagined.

It is as injurious as the influence of the hippopotamus, which creeps up to the poles, looks cautiously round to see if any one is watching his performance, and then, by a long pull and a strong pull, drags over pole, wires.

INSULTAORS AND ALL.

The comfort is that occasionally the hippopotamus gets entangled in his own devices. He is not a very dexterous animal, even at the best of times; but when he's wrapped round with some twenty feet of wire—and in some cases with twenty feet of three wires—he finds progression somewhat retarded. In time, no doubt, he will learn that it is as well to leave the wires untouched, but it seems as if it will take some years yet before the lesson has gone home.

What the denizens of the deep think of the great sea cables is as much a mystery as the others. In some places the deep cables swing from the ridge of one plateau to the ridge of another, and upon the bright all manner of sea animals find that they can disport themselves. One cable which was picked up recently was merely covered for a mile with all manner of barnacled creatures. They had encrusted one after another on the cable, until that which was only half a foot in diameter was to be measured in feet, the cable itself being hidden by the encrustations. Of course this did but little harm to the transmission of messages, except in a few cases where the cable shield was damaged, when, of course, there was a severance, with all the international trouble which this involved.

Rats are a similar nuisance in respect to cables hidden under the earth. A rat seems to think that everything which is enclosed in lead is a pipe conveying water, and with intent to get at the water he gnaws at the outer covering. Sooner or later the result is disastrous to the efficiency of the cable, and this must be written down as one of the difficulties in the way of underground telegraphy. On the whole, therefore, we are that animals have a bigger influence than is generally supposed. But what they think of it all is another matter. One would so like to discuss the matter with the monkey, the giraffe, and, not least in importance, with the rat.

MADE HER CHOICE.

"Choose between us!" Winkleton folded up his evening newspaper and savagely threw it on the floor.

"Yes, madam," he continued, "I tell you once for all that you can't have both of us. The last time that dressmaker was in the house for a week I vowed that I never would stand it again, and I won't. As for being under the same roof with two half-crazy and absorbed women, and requiring a rake every morning to get the odd pieces of cloth out of my clothes; to hear the rattle and whirr of that confounded sewing-machine; and to sit at my meals and listen to a lot of cut bias, ruffled and flounced, and plicated talk—I've had all I'm ever going to have. If I'm to be turned out of my own house, all right; but you can't have both of us. I leave the day she comes. You'll have to make your decision quick. Come, madam, which shall it be, the dressmaker or me?"

Mrs. Winkleton looked at her husband with a hopeless, half-despairing look, in which were discernible some traces of indignation and a sense of injustice.

"If you must go, dear," she said, softly, "why, I have nothing more to say!"

A Frenchman was boasting that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, when he was asked to write from dictation the following specimen of our choice eccentric vocabulary:—"As Hugh Hughes was hawking a Yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in garments of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said, 'Have you seen my ewes?' To which he replied, 'If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you to look for your ewes.'" After an attempt the Frenchman admitted his mistake. He used to imagine he was used to English speaking, but he would be more careful how he used the language in future.

"Now, boys, said the Sunday school teacher, addressing the juvenile class, 'can either of you tell me anything about Good Friday?' 'Ma'am, I can,'" replied the boy of the foot of the class. "He was fellow what done the housework Robinson Crusoe."

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His Favorite Niece;

OR

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER LII.

A month had elapsed since the fatal day on which Leah had read her father's letter. She had made up her mind now how to act. The doctors had agreed that Hettie would not recover until she had had change of air, and it was arranged that, when the first breath of warm weather came, the family were to go to the south of France. The Duke and Duchess of Rosedene were already settled there, so that there would be a "home party" after all. There had been some mention of the wedding. Leah's beautiful face had paled, and a wistful look had come into her eyes. She said that the wedding must be delayed; there could be no thought of marriage when Hettie was in such a fragile state of health. She spoke calmly, and smiled when she remembered how little any one knew of the pain at her heart.

The general had demurred slightly when she refused to hear of the marriage taking place, as had been settled, in the spring.

"Delayed marriages are always unlucky, Leah," he said to her.

"Mine will not be so," she replied; and he wondered at the strange smile on her face.

He had thought a great deal lately about his favorite niece—she was so terribly changed. He tried to believe that it was due to her anxiety concerning Hettie; but that was hardly possible. She had such a strange expression on her face. He could not understand it, though he watched her keenly. One thing in particular struck him. She never spoke of the future, and her interest in everything seemed dead. She laughed and talked; but, to his eyes, there was always more or less of effort when she did so. Her face would flush, and the light in her eyes was too bright.

Hettie noticed nothing; her one great relief and source of gratitude was that she would not have to go through the trial of seeing Sir Basil again. The doctor had said that she must go to Mentone as soon as possible, and that in the meantime she must be kept perfectly free from all excitement and must see no one.

Sir Basil and Hettie could never suspect that their secret was known to Martin Ray; much less could they imagine that it had been revealed to Leah by her father. Whatever she did, they must believe it to be the expression of her own feeling, the result of her own thoughts; they could not attribute it to any influence brought to bear upon her. Her life just then was very quiet, owing to Hettie's illness; there was neither visiting nor the receiving of visitors. Had it been otherwise, the strain upon her would have been too great, and she would have given way. She lived through it, longing at noon for night, longing at night for morning. Her heart was dead within her, she scarcely ate or slept. There were days when she scarcely left her room; when she sat there stunned, dazed, bewildered with the weight of her own sorrow, the grief piercing ever and ever deeper into her heart.

No one guessed her secret or imagined that, though heiress of the vast wealth of Sir Arthur Hatton, and acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful women in England, she was, nevertheless, one of the most miserable and desolate of human beings. There were times when she reflected that she had read of the agonies of death, of people lingering in torture, unable to die; but surely no agony had ever been so prolonged as hers. She saw every day the man whom she loved so well, yet who had preferred another to her. She had to meet him, to appear as usual with him, the horrible pain of wounded love and jealousy gnawing like a hidden cancer in her breast. And every day, she had to minister to the sister who had supplanted her, to cheer and soothe her. When she was consulted about the decorations and improvements at Glen, which she knew well she would never see, she gave her answer plainly and clearly. Without a break in her voice, she chose colors and ornaments, and talked of harmonious arrangements, and then went silently to her room to undergo the agonies of despair. And when Sir Arthur talked about the future, about next year, when she would be at Glen, she always replied to him with a smile—but that smile was sadder than any tears.

As the days passed, she grew thinner and paler, and her eyes brighter. She never sang. She had never touched her piano since the reading of the fatal letter. Her interest in everything was dead. She spent more time before the picture of Oenone than in any other place. The terrible repression told upon her. If she could have spoken of her loss, if she could have eased her heart by a

flow of passionate tears, it would have been better. But there was no such relief; it was all speechless, dark, unchanging sorrow. Great, silent woe looked out of the dark eyes.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if I have accurately measured my strength."

All the arrangements were made for the journey; the Duke and Duchess of Rosedene were awaiting anxiously the arrival of the sisters, when a complication arose. The member for the county had died suddenly, and this brought about the very opening for which Sir Basil had longed. He was determined to contest the election, to secure his seat in Parliament, and then to make for himself fame and the name of a statesman. He was born for it; politics were his vocation. This was an opportunity not to be lost. With some exertion, and the help of Sir Arthur Hatton, he felt sure of success. Of course he could not accompany the sisters, as had been arranged, to France, so it was decided that Sir Arthur should take them thither and remain for a day or two and then return at once to help with his canvass.

The news affected the sisters differently. Hettie had dreaded the journey with Sir Basil, yet had not liked to raise any objection. Leah had told herself that she should take her last look at her beloved face on English soil. She made no remark when Sir Arthur told her of the change in their plans; and he was blind enough to think that her silence arose from some little resentment against her lover—so little idea had any one of the true facts of the case. They thought Leah very quiet for some days after that. Who could guess that in her own mind she was bidding adieu to the place she loved so well?

Once she asked Sir Arthur to drive her over to Glen—Sir Basil had gone to London on business. The general was delighted at the request; he rejoiced to think that Leah took so great an interest in the improvements.

As he drove her along the road he jested with her and teased her, he did not notice that she sat by his side, cold and pale as a marble statue with such an expression of bitter pain on her face as would have startled even a stranger. She was going to say good-bye to the beautiful house that would never be her home now. She wanted to look once more on the lavish decorations, at the rooms prepared for her, which she would never use. She tried to picture Hettie there—Hettie with her sweet face and golden hair, who would be so well suited to this dainty, picturesque home; and she wondered as she went through the rooms, whether, when Basil was established there, with Hettie as his wife, he would think of her; whether he would remember her and her great love; whether any idea would come to him of her suffering or of her broken heart.

"You look very tired and ill, Leah," said the general, in deep concern.

He had caught a sight of her as she came from the room that was to have been her boudoir, and she was off her guard. He was shocked at the white face and the dark, haggard eyes. He kissed her lovingly.

"My dear Leah, what is the matter? Is there anything more than fatigue?"

She raised her brave face to his—she never forgot the look or the voice, and said—

"No, there is nothing wrong; and I have done nothing which could tire me."

She looked round for the last time upon a scene that she was never to see again; and, as she drove back, she felt that the pain at her heart could never be sharper.

CHAPTER LIII.

"There is something strange in Miss Hatton's face to-day," said Leah's maid to her confidante, the housekeeper. "No one seems to notice anything wrong about her; but I am very anxious. She is so thin that I can never make her dresses to fit her now; and she is often so colorless that I have to use poudre de rose to make her presentable—she who had the loveliest bloom in the world."

"I see the change," returned the housekeeper, gloomily. "She thinks too much of other people. There is nothing like taking care of one's self. She has studied everything for Miss Hettie's comfort, but I have never heard her speak of herself."

"I cannot make it out," said the maid. "I am sure she has not been to sleep all night; she has sat up. I saw death in her face when I went into the room."

"I should think there is nothing

wrong between her and Sir Basil," remarked the housekeeper.

"No, I am sure there is not," was the reply. "They are to be married when she comes back from France. Still I am unhappy about her; there is something the matter; I am quite sure. One night I had to go to her room, and she was moaning in her sleep like a dying child, and I have never seen such a face as she had when I went into her room this morning."

For the day and the hour were come. Sir Basil was to go with them as far as Dover, and see them safely on board. They were all four to start by the midday train from Arley to London.

Leah had measured her strength that morning and found it rapidly failing.

"I could not live through two more days of it," she said. "Thank Heaven, it is almost over!"

She was passive, while her maid took all the pains she could to hide the shrinking of the graceful figure, the pallor of the beautiful face. She must keep up appearances while she was in England, among those who knew her; but, when she was across the sea, she could give way, she could droop and die as she would—but not here.

She bade farewell to the grand old home where she had been so utterly but so falsely happy. She stood for some time on the terrace where the passion-flowers grew—the spot where she had seen her lover first, and where her heart had gone out to him. She kissed the bare brown branches. They would live again; they would be covered with green leaves and starry flowers when leaves and flowers should gladden her eyes no more. She kissed the pictured face of Oenone, recalling every word that had been spoken between Sir Basil and herself on that day when they had stood in front of it. It was like parting with a living friend. She stretched out her hands with a great cry when she took her last look round the room where she had spent such happy hours. All earth and air seemed burning fire. Oh for rest, for change for the coldness even of the grave?

Those who saw Miss Hatton's face when she left Brentwood never forgot it.

It was a strange journey to Dover. Sir Arthur was the only one who talked. Hettie avoided either looking at or speaking to Sir Basil, and Leah could have laughed in bitter amusement at the scene. Sir Arthur spoke of his niece's return, of the marriage, of Glen, of Basil in Parliament, and saw nothing wrong.

They stood together on deck at last, a blue sky above them, the sun shining on the white cliffs of Dover and on the sea, which was almost as smooth as a mirror.

Sir Arthur took Hettie to the other side of the vessel.

"They will have so much to say to each other, lovers always have. We will leave them alone, Hettie."

So they stood side by side, the deathly pallor of Leah's face hidden by her veil. A terrible calm had fallen over her. She loved Sir Basil still with her whole heart; she could have knelt down there, and have covered his hands with burning kisses and burning tears. She held them for a moment in a close grasp, while she looked in his face for the last time. The solemn shadow of eternity lay over her.

He was telling her something about Glen and about Parliament. She did not hear the words. To her the moment was solemn, as though her soul were on her lips, and her eyes were fixed on his with a strained, lingering gaze. How well she had loved him! And he had cared nothing for her; he had preferred some one else. He was asking her if she was sorry to leave him, and she was unable to answer him. The white lips were quite stiff and cold.

Then there came a shout from the sailors. All was in readiness; those who were for shore must leave. The moments were numbered; her eyes never left him, her hand still held his.

"I must go," he said. "Good-bye, Leah."

He bent down and kissed her lips. He started to find them so cold.

"Good-bye," he repeated. "A pleasant, prosperous journey, Leah, and a happy return."

"Good-bye, Basil; good-bye my love," she said, and the next moment she was looking over the waters alone.

The rest of the journey was like a dream to her, and she never awoke from it until she stood in the salon of the villa at Mentone, and saw the duchess regarding her with tearful eyes.

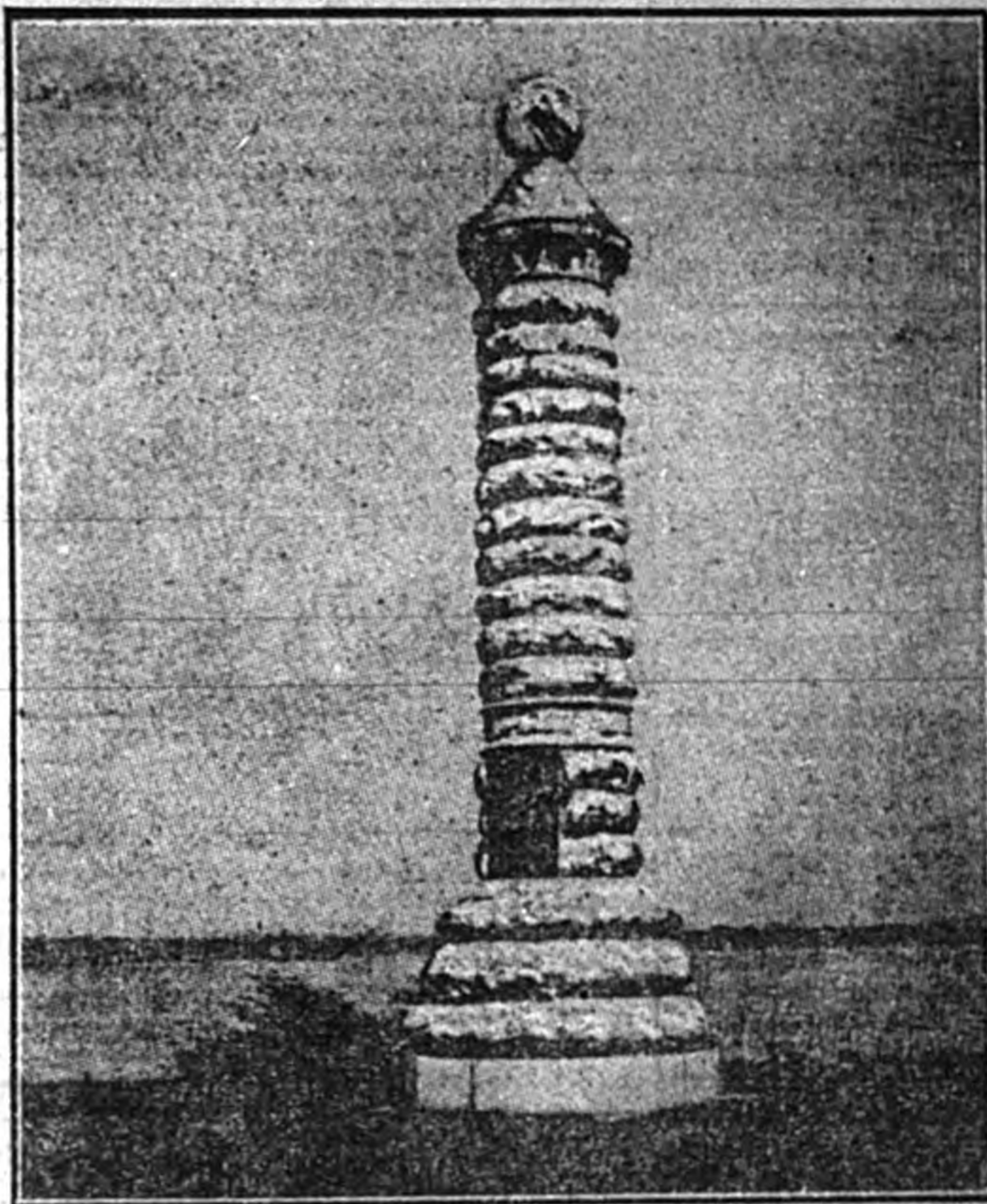
"Great Heaven," she cried, "this is not Leah; this is a shadow! I thought it was Hettie who had been ill!"

"So it was. I have not been ill," said a voice which the duchess hardly recognized as Leah's. "I am well, but my journey has tired me."

"What can be the matter? What has gone wrong in the girl's life?" thought the kindly woman. "The only thing that she reminds me of is a flower broken by a tempest."

When chance gave her a few minutes alone with the general, she turned to him with an anxious face. "Sir Arthur," she said, abruptly, "what has happened to Leah?"

"To Leah? Nothing," he replied. "Nothing!" said the duchess.



FORT ERIE MONUMENT TO THE DEAD OF 1812.

"Are you blind, that you cannot see? She has death in her face."

"My dear duchess, you exaggerate," answered Sir Arthur, laughing. "She has not been well lately; she has tired herself by nursing Hettie. Besides, the journey has been a trying one."

"Nonsense!" said the duchess. "That will not account for the change. Tell me—for I am her best friend—is all right between Leah and Sir Basil?"

"Yes. The wedding has been delayed on account of Hettie's illness, but Leah does not mind it. Basil would have been with us now but for the Parliamentary business."

"And you are quite certain that there has been no misunderstanding between them?" pursued the duchess. "Certain? Most assuredly! Basil came with us as far as Dover; and you should have seen the lovers parting! All is right there."

"Beautiful Leah Hatton is going to die," said the duchess to herself; "and nothing will persuade me that all is well between her and her lover."

The general did not feel quite so sure that all was right when he parted from his niece. She was not looking well, certainly, and the way in which she hung round his neck with kisses, and murmured words of gratitude struck him.

The duchess made one effort to win the girl's confidence. The family had been a week at Mentone, and Hettie was already much better.

"Leah," she said, gently, one day, taking her hand, "you know I have always been your best friend. I love you with a great affection, and I am more than distressed about you. You are not happy; will you tell me why?"

Leah bent her head and kissed the kindly hand that rested in her own. "I am as happy as it is my nature to be," she replied, gently.

"Tell me, Leah, is all well with you and Sir Basil?"

"All is well," she answered. "Dear duchess, I have nothing to tell. If I had, it would be told to you, my best friend."

Her Grace of Rosedene was not satisfied.

"If there is nothing to cause you any unhappiness then I am convinced that you are altogether out of health. No girl could look as you do without some reason for it. You have completely changed. Every one is asking me what is wrong with you."

After that Leah took a sudden resolution.

There was in Mentone a celebrated English physician, Dr. Evan Griffiths—a skillful, prosperous man, very popular among the invalids and the English at Mentone. He lived with his mother in a pretty little villa. Popular as he was, he had never married. It was said that he had no time for wooing.

One evening, as Dr. Griffiths sat alone in his study, the servant announced a young lady. She had sent no card and had given no name, but looked very ill.

At first the doctor felt annoyed. He had no liking for mysterious patients, and felt it hard that he could not have one cigar in peace over the Lancet.

"Show the lady in here," he said, impatiently.

But his impatience died away when a tall, closely veiled woman came in and stood silently before him.

She did not speak until the servant had closed the door, then she raised her veil so that he could see her face and he was startled by its delicacy and wonderful beauty. "I know that I am calling at an unusual time," she said. "I thank you much for seeing me. I have a question to ask—a question of life or death. Will you answer it?"

"If I can," said the doctor. "Does it concern yourself?"

"Yes," she replied.

And then she felt that death and not life would be the answer, if he could judge from her face.

(To be Continued.)

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Duty is a door to delight. Hidden sins cannot be healed. Worship is but the voices of love. Disinterested men get the greatest interest.

Nothing proves culture better than kindness.

You never find a beautiful life with boastful lips.

This world needs new impulses more than new ideas.

Some men would be most miserable without their miseries.

He who would do divine work must not be afraid of dirt.

You cannot advertise men into affection for the Almighty.

The Lord have mercy on the boy with a faultless father.

A good deal of piggishness goes under the name of principle.

He who loves men needs not to pray for power to love God.

It takes more milk and water to make the meekness of a Moses.

Warm friendships are not likely to be fused in heated arguments.

Most men imagine that a fizzle in business furnishes a fitting for the ministry.

Life is but our name for that which the great Master may call the first lesson.

No man is fitted to oversee any great work who cannot overlook some small things.

The world always wags on a religion made out of philosophies first petrified and then pulverized.

The judgement is more likely to ask "How many shoes did you wear out in works of love?" than "How many prayers did you offer?"

WAYSIDE OBSERVATIONS.

Sun spots—freckles.

Experience is the mother of wisdom.

It is more blessed to give than to beg.

The dove of peace flies with leaden wings.

An empty honor is full of dissatisfaction.

Death may be slow, but he finally catches up.

It ought to be accounted a crime to kill time.

Some social lions are merely donkeys in disguise.

It's funny how a shirtwaist suit makes a man walk.

The well-headed man has a stuffy air about him.

The oftener a man loses his temper the more he has of it.

Life is a comedy of errors; a tragedy of disappointments.

Some people have nightmares, even while sleeping on their opportunities.

After the gossip has told it all and added a good deal to the original story she ends by saying, "There's a whole lot that I don't remember!"

Marriages are made in heaven—and unmade on earth.

If a singer's voice has a fine range it may succeed in making her a fair pocket book.

As to whether "a fool and his money are soon parted" depends altogether on how much he has.

A man who is tired of the world is no more so than the world is of him.

It's strange that there are very few boys these days who wear patched breeches.

PEACEFUL TIMES AT LAST.

Nell—I am surprised to hear that their married life is so peaceful.

When they were engaged they used to fight like cats and dogs.

Belle—Yes; but they don't see nearly so much of each other now.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1905.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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CANADIAN HARVEST.

Reports from the North-West are of the very brightest. The harvest is practically ended and the grain has been matured without damage by frost. The yield is large and will average twenty-five bushels to the acre. Latest estimates based upon threshings, confirm earlier predictions, and the gross yield of wheat will range from ninety to one hundred million bushels—nearer the latter than the former. This places the farmers of the West on Easy Street and guarantees a prosperous season for merchants and the good effect will be felt by the wholesale dealers and manufacturers in Eastern Canada. Already there is great activity in the demand for farm lands in the newly formed provinces and a greatly increased emigration from the United States, Britain and Europe may be confidently expressed to follow.

There are not wanting, however, signs of speculation in real estate with the danger that considerable areas of farm lands may be tied up by speculators who would hold them for a rise in values. This is an evil against which the government and legislatures may be trusted to guard by imposing such a rate of taxation upon lands so held as will make it unprofitable for the speculator.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The re-opening of the Ontario Normal Schools emphasizes the fact that the teaching profession is in danger of being monopolized by women. The men are not entering the schools and the women are. The figures are sufficiently eloquent to speak for themselves. At the Toronto Normal School while only five men applied for the opening on Monday last 140 young women registered. At Ottawa and London there was the like experience. In London seven males and eighty-five females entered, and in Ottawa while sixty-one women registered only three male students applied. These figures lead to the conclusion that the teaching profession will shortly be monopolized by women and whether that will be for good or ill remains to be proven. The explanation of this tendency is supplied in part by the inadequate salaries paid to teachers and the attractive openings for young men in the rapidly developing country. Speaking wholly from the commercial side, it does not pay a man to devote his time to teaching for the moderate salary of \$800 a year, when by going to Western Canada he can secure a homestead and in five years become possessed of property worth \$5,000 and have the advantage of growing up with a rapidly settling country to occupy a position of influence and honor. If men are to be secured to teach in the schools of Canada they must be more generously paid than in the past or even at present. Otherwise, only those men will enter it who are constrained thereto by a sense of duty, or such others as are not worth the salt.

But will it be to the detriment of the schools and the future generations to entrust the teaching in the public schools of all grades to women? There are those who firmly believe that it will be to their advantage to have the work done by women; but to secure the proper women for the work, there will have to be better salaries paid. An outcome of this faith has just been supplied by the appointment of Mrs. E. Flagg Young to the principalship of the Chicago Normal School at a salary of \$5000 a year. There were numerous male applicants for the situation, but the judgment of the School Board was that the interests of the school would be best served by the appointment of a woman. Their action and its results will be closely followed in and beyond Chicago.

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

THE CANDID FRIEND.

"The truth is, we have at Ottawa the most arrogant Government which has ever held office in Canada, confronted by a few and divided Opposition, frightened by the very courage of its leader, and intimidated by every shill who is content to live upon its past glories and to believe that evasion and dodging will eventually dislodge the group of masterly and remorseless politicians who now constitute the Federal Government."

It is difficult to realize that the above verdict was written by the former editor of the Toronto Globe and the biographer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. J. S. Willison. Editor of the Toronto News, a gentleman whose prejudices were all in favor of the Prime Minister of Canada and who could only have been brought to pronounce this condemnation of the government after conscientiously weighing the evidence of its guilt. It is significant that such erstwhile close friends and ardent admirers of the Liberal ministers now denouncing the fortunes of the Liberal party in Canada feel constrained to repudiate them as unworthy of confidence. It is another illustration that parties honest and trusted in opposition are corrupted by office and rendered no longer worthy to direct the destinies of a great party and a country.

THE LATE JOHN BARLEY.

Last Sunday evening, after a lingering illness lasting over fourteen years, there passed away another old resident of the county, in the person of Mr. John Barley. Deceased was of a quiet, unassuming character and bore his illness with great patience. He formerly resided at Carillon but has been a resident of Lachute for the last thirty years. Mr. Barley leaves a loving wife, three sons and two daughters to mourn his loss. The funeral took place on Tuesday, service to be conducted by the Revs. Jas. McLaren, assisted by Mr. Foote, and the Revs. Styan and Charters.

ADDITIONAL SPECIAL PRIZES.

Special prize offered by Jno. Black is on the best four animals (pure or grade) the get of one pure bred Ayrshire bull.

Mr. Bernique of the Windsor Hotel, has given \$3.00, and Mr. Gailbault of the Victoria Hotel, \$2, which the directors have applied for a 1st and 2nd special prize on carriage colts of year 1905.

Capt Evans of St. Adolphe d'Howe, has again kindly given a donation of \$15, which the Directors have applied for following special prizes:—

For the best rider on Horseback, (Best 15 ears old and under)—3 premiums, 1st \$2.50; 2nd, \$1.50; 3rd, \$1. For a potato race on Horse Back, 6 potatoes.—Pick up one potato at a time and deposit same in bag at starting point getting on and off the horse each time, 2 prizes, 1st, \$3; 2nd \$2.00. By Mr. J. John.

CUSHING.

Mr. Chas Hartley of Montreal, was a welcome visitor to his friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Keatley and little son Owen who have been spending the week with their friends in Grenville were guests at Mr. J. Watson's on Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Fraser officiated at a pleasant and quiet wedding on Wednesday of last week, when he united in marriage at the residence of the bride's father in Stonefield, Miss Elvira Canning to Mr. Connor of Boston, Mass.

Miss Grace B. Fraser left last week accompanied by her friend Miss V. E. Gatto to resume their duties as teachers in the Baronde Herach Institute at Montreal. Miss Ethel Fraser who was also a guest at the Manse, likewise returned to town to take charge of a school at Verdun.

The Cushing school opened on the 5th inst, with Miss Marion Whitehead of Grenville in charge. Miss Nellie Hodgson who has conducted the school for several terms most satisfactorily having accepted the position of teacher in No. 6 Davidson's school. We wish both young ladies every success in their new fields of labor.

The Women's Missionary Auxiliary held a largely attended and very pleasant meeting at the Manse on Wednesday afternoon. It was expected that Mrs. W. G. K. of Montreal, (formerly Miss Catherine Cushing), who always takes an active interest in this branch of the Auxiliary would be present, but owing to indisposition she was obliged to send regrets at the last moment.

Mr. R. Canning has taken charge of the cheese-factory here for the balance of the season. Mr. Geo. W. Valley who has been operating it very satisfactorily for several seasons having gone west last week with the Harvest Excursionists. Messrs. Jos. Derrick and Laurence Villeneuve have also taken advantage of the excursions to enjoy a trip through our Western Provinces.

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

A HANDSOME BOOKLET.

A new publication entitled "Montreal and Quebec" has just been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System for general distribution through the several channels their command throughout the world. The booklet contains a combination of interesting facts about the two most historical and interesting cities of the Dominion, and there are forty pages of good reading matter profusely embellished with half-tone illustrations from photographs of scenes recently taken of the principal sights and attractions in the two cities, and in all its short chapters are given descriptions of Montmorency Falls, the miracle-working shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre and the attractive features of Levis. A copy may be obtained without cost by applying to.

J. QUINLAN, D.P.A.—G.T.R.
Montreal.

DALESVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Morrow are visiting his parents at "Mountain View Cottage."

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell have returned from the Toronto Exhibition.

Mrs. Wm. Murdoch and family of Westmount, are visiting at Fairdale.

Miss M. Marshall is visiting in Dalesville. Miss Aggie Morrow is visiting at "Fair View Cottage," Mabel.

Miss Grace McGibbon has gone to her school at St. C. d'Amour, Laprairie, Que.

Mr. Leslie Calder of Toronto, is visiting his uncle at "Fairdale."

A number of the young people gave Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kennedy a surprise party last evening and spent a very enjoyable time, returning home in the wee small hours of the morning.

SCOTCH ROAD NEWS.

The farmers of this vicinity are mostly all done with their harvesting.

Mr. John Campbell leaves on Friday for the North-West, where he intends to take up a farm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr entertained some of our young people on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Sarah Kerr has returned home from Montreal.

Messrs. Peter Nixon and Willie F. Campbell have left for New Ontario.

Miss Maggie A. Campbell and Malcolm Campbell spent a few days the guest of Mrs. J. Campbell.

Mrs. D. J. McLellan spent Sunday the guest of Mrs. J. Campbell.

Miss Lottie Clarke of Brownsburg, was visiting friends in this vicinity last week.

Mr. J. McHardy we are very sorry to hear that he is not in very good health.

Mr. John Campbell was in Montreal on Saturday last.

The reason your former communications have not been published is because you have failed in signing. Please attach your name in future to any item you send in.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

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

KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon" the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of 1/4 lb., 1 lb., and 2 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 71 and 73 Front St. East, Toronto.

To Builders.

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

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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

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

The Liverpool & London & Globe,

Is the Company to place your Fire Insurance with.

Noted for their Liberal and Prompt Settlements. Farm and Mercantile Risks at Lowest rates and policies written with the least limitations.

Telephone No. 10.

Charles Calder,
Agent for County of Argenteuil, LACHUTE, QUE.

J. D. CAMPBELL & CO.,

CALL AT OUR UPTOWN 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 1/2 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.

Crude 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.

THE MUSIC THAT CARRIES

I've toiled with the men the world has blest
 And I've toiled with the men who failed
 I've toiled with the men who strove with
 zot,
 And I've toiled with men who wailed.
 And this is the tale my soul will tell,
 As it drifts over the harp's ear;
 The sounds of a sigh don't carry well,
 But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side
 O, they heard not a word he said:
 The round of a song rang far and wide,
 And they harkened to that instead.
 I's tones were sweet as the tale they tell
 As the rise of the Christmas star—
 The sounds of a sigh don't carry well,
 But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

THE ante-room to heaven is found in
 loyal love and in an unsullied home
 life.

WHAT this old world needs is more
 sympathy and more encouragement.
 Why does a boy consider his mother
 his best friend? Because he can carry
 to her his troubles and feels that she
 understands and will sympathize with
 him. Why does this self-same boy
 grown to be a man seek a mate? More
 sympathy. The companionship and
 encouragement of a kindred soul.
 We say man (and that includes woman
 also) marries for love, and what is
 love but sympathy? The way of life
 is filled with dreary places. To most
 of us, our pathways are strewn with
 bitter disappointments. Our weary
 feet instead of treading velvet cush-
 ions of green sod, stumble over jag-
 ged rocks. It is then, that we seek
 an oasis of sympathy. We long to
 pour into sympathetic ears the tale
 of our troubles our hopes and our am-
 bitions. It is then the value of human
 sympathy is appreciated.

CHEERFULNESS.

EVERY poison has its antidote, and
 the one that never fails to give relief
 in emotional poisoning, is laughter.
 Laughter or rather that pleasurable
 tone of feeling which is an expression
 of it, is not only an antidote for de-
 pressing emotions but it is a most ef-
 fective preventative of these emotion-
 al displays, and is also a far better
 tonic to the entire body than any
 pharmacist can compound.

The art of being cheerful is one
 that any one can cultivate and devel-
 op to a most effective degree. It is
 easy enough to smile when everything
 looks bright and the world smiles
 with you, and it is very difficult to be
 cheerful when undergoing your most
 severe ordeals. Do not expect too
 much from your effort at first. Be-
 gin with being cheerful under the
 more trifling annoyances. Control
 yourself in the lesser vexations and
 you will gradually become master of
 yourself in the most severe ordeals.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

In the home woman occupies a po-
 sition of unlimited power and influence
 if she but knew it. Nowhere else can
 she exert such an influence upon the
 life of the nation and the world at
 large. The moment she leaves the
 home in search of power, she leaves
 the sphere where her greatest power
 resides. One of the saddest and most
 menacing signs of the times, to our
 mind, is the neglect of the home of
 life, the ease with which divorces are
 granted, the way in which children
 are allowed to grow up on the streets,
 to be out at all hours of the night to
 seek pleasure away from the home.

Today there is a tendency for woman
 to look upon the cares of domestic
 life as irksome. There is a growing
 desire to appear in public life. The
 quiet home life is too uneventful, too
 humdrum. Children are a nuisance
 because they tie the mother down.

Any movement which tends to weak-
 en the family tie to break up the home
 life is dangerous in the extreme. In
 the home, and at the mother's knee,
 love for home, love for country, love
 for righteousness and truth must be
 instilled. In the home at the mother's
 knee, the men who have been the
 world's greatest leaders have been
 trained. In the home at the mother's
 knee, good men, strong men, right-
 eous men, patriotic men, the men upon
 whom the destinies of the human
 race depend, in whom lie the strength
 and enthusiasm of a nation's life, in
 the home these men are reared and
 nurtured else. To meet the crises
 which may arise at any time in the
 life of a country like our own, we
 must always have a vast reservoir of
 loyal patriotism, good citizens, sound
 morality and honest statesmanship,
 ready at hand to summon at a mo-
 ment's notice. All this we must have
 to preserve the nation's life. And
 all this depends almost entirely upon
 woman's influence in the home. It is
 woman who saves and preserves the
 nation's life. It always must be so in
 the future as in the past, not by vot-
 ing, merely, but by patient devotion
 to her duty in the home and family,
 by bringing up her children to be
 trusted, relied upon to do the right
 thing under any circumstances, at
 any cost.



James E. Nicholson.

Almost
 Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville,
 N. B., Struggles for Seven Long
 Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP,
 AND IS CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doc-
 tors who prescribed for me, but to
 no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

spread to my chin, and I suffered in
 agony for seven long years. Finally, I
 began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In
 a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result, I perse-
 vered, until in a month or so the sore
 under my chin began to heal. In three
 months my lip began to heal, and, after
 using the Sarsaparilla for six months,
 the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.
 AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

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, con-
 venient 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, black-
 smith 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.

FARM FOR SALE.

A good first-class farm in Bethany, con-
 taining 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 par-
 ticulars apply to the proprietor
 MRS. G. DOUGLAS, Bethany.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

A good farm containing 100 acres on the
 10th concession of Chatham, 100 acres on
 9th concession opposite, part in good tim-
 ber and part under cultivation. Good house
 and out-buildings, well fenced and water
 brought in a yard by pipes. Cheese fac-
 tory on corner of the farm. Convenient to
 store, post-office, blacksmith shop, grist
 and saw mill. Parties purchasing may
 have the privilege of buying present crops
 and stock. Further particulars apply to
 JAMES A. MCGIBBON, Daleville.

Exhibition Week, Lachute,
 Special Great Attractions

Professor Hume's
 GRAND CONCERTS

with the best array of talent ever
 given in Lachute, including—
 Misses H. Eatough & H. Thomas, Soloists,
 Miss Bessie Kenread, Trombone Soloist,
 Miss Eva May Allen, Fancy Dancer,
 R. McLaughlin, Humcris

Victoria Hall, Sept. 19 and 20

Popular Prices.

Admission 25c. Reserved Seat 35c.
 Tickets may be secured in advance from J.
 D. Campbell & Co's Store, Main St. La-
 chute and H. Kearns, West End, Lachute.

—:O:—
 Doors open at 7.30, Commence at 8 p.m.

Ottawa's Great Fair

—:O:—
 The Central Canada
 EXHIBITION

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] & beauti-
 ful Fireworks as usual.
 Also Athletic Events.

35 of the Associations
 Noted Gold Medals this year.

Sept. 8th to 16th, '05
 For prize lists, entry forms and all
 information, write

E. McMAHON, Secretary,
 26 Sparks St., Ottawa.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the
 Signature of *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—

Hardies' Bakery,
 BROWNSBURG.

1905 SCHOOL OPENING 1905

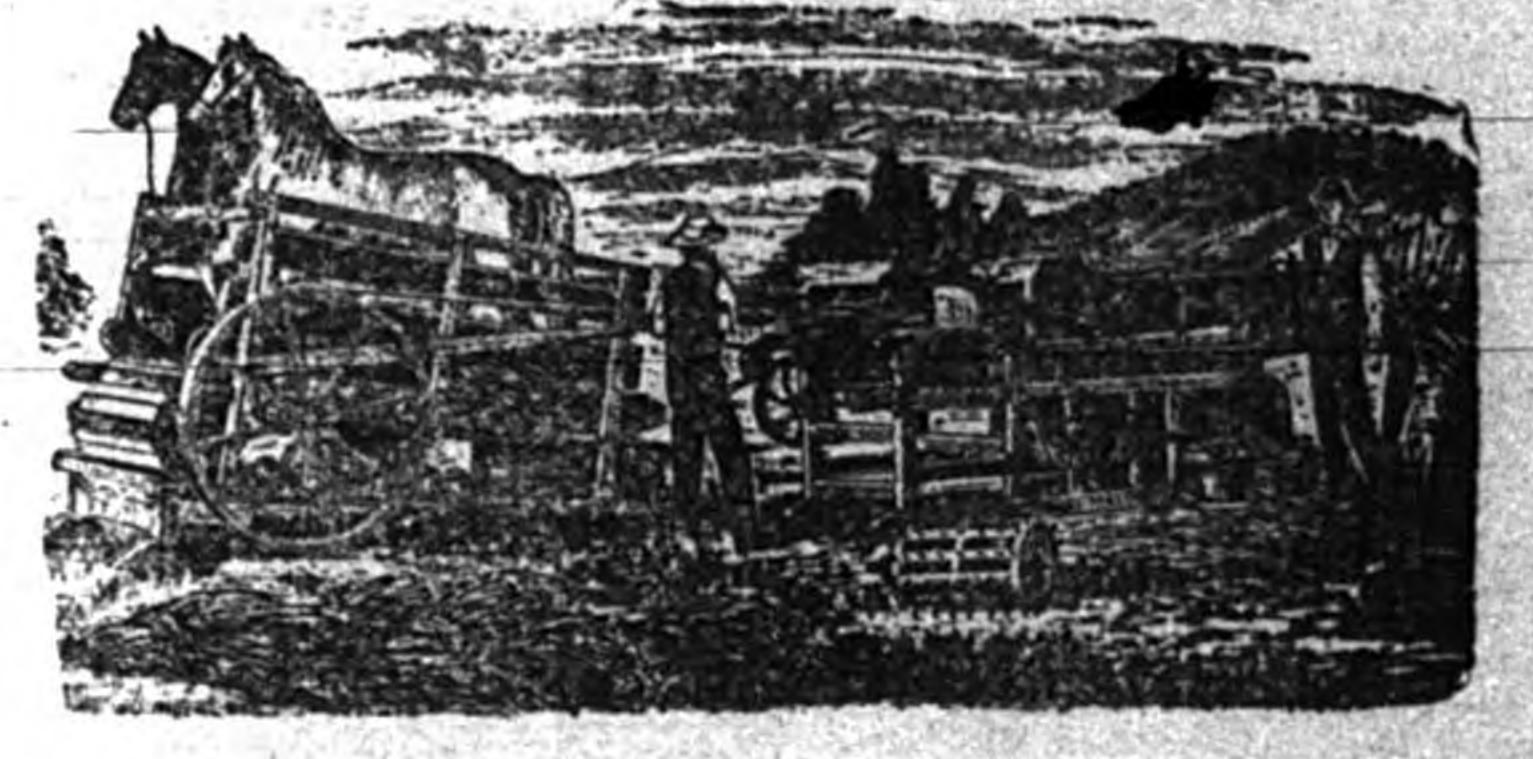
JUST RECEIVED A FULL STOCK OF
 SCHOOL BOOKS & OTHER REQUISITES
 NECESSARY FOR THE SCHOOL OPENING
 OF 1905.

WE ARE CLEARING OUT THE BALANCE
 OF OUR SUMMER GOODS REGARDLESS
 OF COST

NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

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 o
 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



AUNT GLEN'S CURE.

How the Old Lady Got Rid of a Dreadful Headache.

Tommy Pomeroy's pneumonia led to a discussion at the sewing-club between an advocate of mustard plasters and a believer in cold-water applications.

"What a variety of cures there are," remarked Miss Everett, pleasantly, with a meaning look at the others. "Yesterday I heard of the 'laughing cure'!"

"Indeed!" The minister's wife hastened to help in steering conversation away from the belligerents. "You've kept yourself so young, Mrs. Glen, you must have something interesting to contribute on cures."

The old lady thus addressed was a recent comer, but it was gradually dawning on the community that they had a saint among them—one of the unobtrusive, happy, healthy kind. Children were already calling her "Aunt Glen."

"Do you believe in mustard?" demanded the determined advocate.

"For those that it benefits, yes," said Mrs. Glen, gently.

"But tell us how you have kept well," hastily interposed Miss Everett.

"I don't mind telling, but I guess you'll think it's a funny kind of cure," Mrs. Glen replied, with a smile. "Once, years ago I had a dreadful headache. I hadn't slept a wink the night before—I was grieving about a friend that hadn't treated me right."

"I was just brooding away, going over and over in my mind what I'd say to Mehitabel Record some day, when I saw that a big grudge was growing right up inside of me. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'suppose Mehitabel Record did really do it, is that a reason why you should grow a grudge?'"

"So I set right about forgiving her as hard as I could, and pretty soon I just loved Mehitabel Record, no matter what she'd done."

The needles were motionless. The speaker, although flushing under the gaze of many eyes, continued:

"And when I'd thoroughly forgiven Mehitabel—why, my headache was gone, and I felt nice all over. It set me to thinking. After that, whenever I had an ache or pain, I practised going away by myself and forgiving some one. It worked wonderfully."

"Did you always have some one," asked the minister's wife, softly, "to practise on?"

"Deary me, no!" said Aunt Glen. "Everybody's always treated me so nice, I ran out of folks to forgive long ago."

"How did you manage your 'cure' then?"

"Oh, along about the same time I ran out of aches and pains, too. I haven't lost a day in bed in forty-five years."

There was a pause. Miss Everett, with shining eyes, broke the silence: "Ladies, I move a vote of thanks to—dear Aunt Glen, for a bit of very deep and very dear philosophy. And I move, also, that we adopt her cure and practise it—with mustard plaster or without, as each one likes."

BEARERS OF FAMOUS NAMES.

The "London Directory" shows that John Bunyan is a green-grocer; John Milton keeps a chandler's shop; a barrister, a coach-builder, and a watchmaker each boast of the name of William Shakespeare; while Charles Dickens is a Poplar baker.

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.

THIS MESSAGE IS FOR WOMEN

DAME BRADLETTE CURED OF ALL HER PAINS BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered for Years Before She Found Quick Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Rose du Degele, Temiscouata Co., Que., Aug. 21—(Special).—Suffering women all over Canada will read with feelings of interest and relief the experience of Dame Amedee Bradette of this place.

"It gives me pleasure to be able to tell," says Dame Bradette, "that I am cured of all the ills I suffered for a number of years. I found in Dodd's Kidney Pills quick relief from all my pains. I only had to take one box to bring back my health, and in five months I have had no return of my trouble."

Those troubles known only to women always spring from disordered kidneys. The female organs are entirely dependent on the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the kidneys. That is why they always bring health, strength and cheerfulness to weak, run-down, suffering women.

BIG REVIEW BY THE KING TO BE HELD IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

His Majesty Will Inspect 40,000 Troops on September 18th.

The announcement that his Majesty the King is to hold a review of volunteers in Edinburgh on September 18, has created intense satisfaction all over Scotland. It has long been known that Lord Provost Cranston has been exerting himself to the utmost in order to get his Majesty to hold a review on something like the scale which Queen Victoria held in August, 1881, when almost 40,000 volunteers were on parade from every part of Scotland. The arrangements are in the hands of the military headquarters in Scotland, who now occupy spacious offices in the palatial buildings of the "Scotsman."

ARRANGEMENTS ON FOOT.

It is believed that the military authorities in Scotland have already put themselves in connection with the War Office with a view of ascertaining what allowance is to be made toward the expenses of the volunteers who may come to the review from a distance, as soon as definite information has been obtained upon this point no time will be lost in communicating with commanders of corps throughout the country. Edinburgh is sure to make a good contribution to the gathering, for it will be the desire of the brigades of which Lord Provost Cranston is so popular a commander to turn out in such numbers as will demonstrate to his Majesty how admirably he has interpreted the feeling of the volunteers of the capital. All over Scotland the same feeling is believed to prevail, and there is general expectation that throughout the country the day will be observed as a general holiday. This will mean an influx of people to the capital on a scale which will help to make up for the lack of visitors recently complained of. The various railways will undoubtedly offer tempting facilities which will insure an immense attendance of spectators. It will provide, too, another of the too rare opportunities which people from every part of Scotland have of testifying how popular his Majesty is among his Scottish subjects.

HELP VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

The review will also tend to infuse new life into the volunteer movement, which in Scotland, as in some parts of England, has rather suffered in popularity within recent years as the result of what, rightly or wrongly, is regarded as the want of genuine practical interest on the part of the war office. It is not yet known whether the Queen is to accompany the King, but if his Majesty is accompanied by his royal consort, this will only lend additional éclat to what has every prospect of being a memorable occasion in Scottish history. Unfortunately the last review took place on what was one of the wettest days on record. But be the weather what it may this time, there is no doubt but there will be plenty of enthusiasm on the occasion of the King's visit, and it will not be surprising if the muster of volunteers at the review exceeds even the great gathering which marched past Queen Victoria in 1881.

AFFAIR IS IN GOOD HANDS.

General Sir C. Tucker is not the man to leave anything undone that is calculated to ensure the success of the review, and once he returns to headquarters in Edinburgh from his tour of the Scottish volunteers no time will be lost in pushing forward the needful arrangements.

She—"You say you are devoted to art. What is the particular art that you love best?" He—"Thou art."

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

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Mark

A PROSPEROUS SOCIETY.

How the Independent Order of Foresters Has Grown.

The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters held its triennial session at Atlantic City, New Jersey, recently. The reports submitted at this meeting show the society to be a wonderfully prosperous one. An Independent Finance Committee investigated all the securities, etc., and reported that they found the business affairs of the order managed in a thoroughly business manner, the investments safely and wisely made, and that no losses had been incurred during all the years of the order's history. The order's accumulated funds have increased in the last three years \$3,272,345.51. The order's position is growing better every year, for instance, the increase in accumulated assets during the last two years, 1903-4, was 31.34 per cent., while the increase in insurance at risk during the same period was only 6.97 per cent. The order has increased its accumulated funds since the last meeting of the Supreme Court more rapidly than it increased in any equal time previously. During the 313 working days of the year the order pays out \$8,892.89 per day, and each day puts away a surplus of \$3,907. The order's accumulated funds now amount to over \$9,000,000, and these, the committee reports, are all well and safely invested. The society has added 11,000 members net for each year of the past triennial period. No changes were made in the rates, the Supreme Chief Ranger contending that the rates of the order at the present time were ample.

All the Supreme Executive were re-elected, with Hon. Dr. Oronhyatekha at their head. It should be added that the death rate of the order is low, indeed much lower than it was some years ago, and the average age of the membership is only thirty-seven. The medical work seems, therefore, to be well and carefully done. As a fraternal society the Independent Order of Foresters certainly has been a wonderful success, and something of its financial strength may be understood from the fact that the reports show that it has already enough in its treasury to pay all probable death claims for about five years without collecting any premiums from any one of its members.—Toronto Globe, August 15.

RING IT IN.

"He made quite a little speech when he proposed last night," confided Helen, blushing.

"Sort of a ringing speech, I presume?" laughed Katherine, noticing the glitter on her chum's hand.

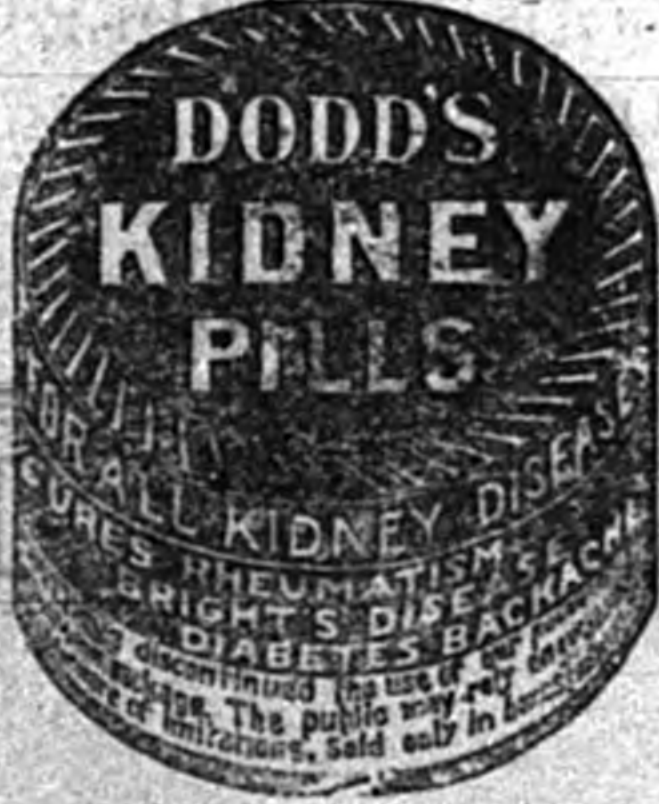
MAILS BY SKY-ROCKET.

Perhaps the most unusual way of delivering mails is that adopted for one of the islands of the Tonga group in the Pacific, where the danger of approaching inshore renders it necessary for the mail steamer to use a sky-rocket as a postman.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

"It is a positive delight to meet a man you feel you can trust," remarked the individual with the high forehead. "Oh, I don't know! I prefer a man who pays cash," replied the man who kept the grocer's shop.

"It must be awful," remarked a gushing young girl, "never to have a chance to marry." "Yes; but not nearly so bad as to have had a chance and let it slip!" said the lady of uncertain age.



BLACK AND WHITE

are not more different than the old fashioned bulk or package teas, and the Carefully Crown, Thoroughly Cured and Properly Packed

Blue Ribbon

TEA. TRY THE RED LABEL

For sale by all live grocers.

TELEGRAPHY

A telegrapher earns from \$540.00 to \$1800.00 a year. Do you? If not, let us qualify you to do so. Our free telegraph book explains everything. Write for it to-day.

B. W. SOMERS,

Principal.

DOMINION SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY
Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Mention this paper.

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

DISGRACEFUL DEFICIENCIES.

It is a disgrace—
To half do things.
To be lax, indolent, indifferent.
Not to develop your possibilities.
To do poor, slipshod, blotched work.
To give bad example to young people.
To have crude, brutish, repulsive manners.
To live a half-life when a whole life is possible.
Not to be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.
To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.
To be ungrateful to friends and to those who have helped us.
To go through life a pygmy when Nature intended you for a giant.
To kick over the ladder upon which we have climbed to our position.
To be grossly ignorant of the customs and usages of good society.

They are Carefully Prepared.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome constipation the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines is retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

ANTHROPOMETRIC SURVEY.

"In my opinion," said the Duke of Devonshire, "the report of the commission has not received from the public all the attention it deserves." He suggested a systematic anthropometric survey.

Speaking for the Government, Lord Lansdowne gave the assurance that the report should not be pigeon-holed and forgotten. But further enquiry and investigation were necessary before a great many of the recommendations could be taken up.

A Small Pill, but Powerful.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in power. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

REMARKABLE BOOK.

The Prince de Ligne is the fortunate possessor of perhaps the most curious book in the world. It is neither printed nor written. The letters of the book are all cut out of vellum and pasted on blue paper. The book is as easy to read as if printed from the boldest type. All the characters are cut out with marvellous precision and uniformity, and this dexterous piece of handicraft must have required a great amount of time, labor and patience by the author. The volume bears the title "The Book of all Passions of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with characters not composed of any material." It is said that in 1640 the German Emperor, Rudolph II., offered the enormous sum of 11,000 ducats for this wonderful, but yet curious, work of art. What makes the history of the book more peculiar is the fact that the English arms are inscribed upon it, although the book is supposed never to have been in England.

"Is that a birthmark on your friend's forehead?" "No; that's a laundry mark." "A laundry mark. How odd?" "Not so very. His wife hit him with a flat-iron."

FOR SALE.—EVERYBODY WHO keeps hens or pets should send 30c at once and get the best practical information and latest news about poultry and pet stock keeping, every month for the next 12 months. Money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. Address, Poultry News, Owen Sound.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed

While traveling in Mexico I discovered a drug which removes hair from face, arms, neck, or any part of the body instantly and permanently, so will send to any one afflicted without any expense but a postage stamp. Don't judge my treatment by unsuccessful attempts of others. I have suffered for years with this affliction and now my life's work is to help others from this humiliating trouble. My treatment is easy and accomplished at home, and I will forfeit \$500 if it fails to remove hair. Don't suffer longer. Relief is now yours for the asking. Write now, lest you forget my address. DOROTHY H. BENTLEY, North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM AT AIRDRIE, ALBERTA.—2598 acres—22 miles north of Calgary; 3 miles from Airdrie railway depot; convenient to church, schools, stores, etc.; splendidly situated; magnificent view; first-class soil; good water supply; up-to-date improvements; well-built house of eight rooms, fitted with all modern conveniences and drainage system; stable, cattle sheds, bureau shed, workshop, corrals, etc.; good fences, all new and substantial; will be sold as a going concern, with stock, crops, machinery, tools and house furnishings; this farm is all plowable, and is especially adapted for growing hard fall wheat and for mixed farming. Full particulars on application to Gray Bros., Airdrie, Alta.

CLEANING LADIES'... WALKING OR CUTTING SUITS
Can be done perfectly by our French Process. TRY IT
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC



MUSHY.

Pearl—"I hear that Jeanette and Harry were about the softest couple that were ever married in this town."

Ruby—"I should say so. Why, they were so soft that their friends boiled the rice before they threw it at them."

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

James—"When I'm calling I never know what to do with my hands and feet?" Jims—"Offer your hand to the girl, and use your feet to get away from her father."

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences as many have testified who have tried it.

Mrs. Casey—"An' wot be ye goin' to make of yer boy, Mike?" Mrs. O'Toole—"Well, we intended him for a hodcarrier, like his pa, but the bye's aim was so good at hittin' scabs wid bricks while the last strike was on, that now Tim is goin' to have him 'train for a ball player."

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

Mavis—"And so you are going to marry Ferdinand after all. You've chosen him out of all the legions of suitors you used to have?" Avis—"Yes, he was the only one who proposed, and I decided that a Ferdinand was worth two in the bush."

Summer Whooping Cough
The children seem to catch whooping cough easily in the summer time when it is always so much harder to get rid of.
Shiloh's Consumption Cure
The Lung Tonic
will cure them quickly. There is no injurious drug in it and it is pleasant to take.
At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.
404

New Light Thrown on Odessa's Bloody Scenes

Lower Element Started to Pillage, Burn, and Kill,
and Soldiers Sternly Mowed Down Mob to
Protect a Half Million Citizens.

The following extracts are from the private letters of an Englishwoman written to friends at the time of the troubles with the Potemkin mutineers at Odessa:

"Odessa was transformed. Instead of living in a peaceful, busy, commercial town, we seemed to be on a devil's playground. Bombs, riots, fire, and the expectations of bombardment from the mutinied crew of the Potemkin, combined to make the change. How we hated the great turreted ship, with her heavy guns trained night and day on the defenceless town—for defenceless we were during three long days. One thing alone was certain; the Jewish 'blind' had armed their people, and the bombs thrown on Cathedral square told us that the society were provided with more powerful weapons than firearms.

ANARCHISTS' OPPORTUNITY.

"In the afternoon the fire broke out. Every inch of the harbor seemed to be on fire. The glare from the burnt ships and buildings, the thick black smoke columns of the coal wharves, the blood red light on land and sea, made a picture I shall never forget. A storm of threats, a rattle of pistol shots, and a shower of stone greeted the firemen, and some of them fled back to their stations. And at the top of the military 'spuck,' or incline, a party of anarchists were on the roof of a wing of the Crimean Hotel, awaiting their opportunity when the rush of the populace should come.

"About midnight a roar of human tumult told us that the people were coming from the harbor. So fierce and vodka-maddened were they that the officers doubted their power to stem the rush of the yelling, smoke-blackened mob. Huge, powerful grain carriers and dock hands were there, and slim agile Circassians; Jews mixed with Russian students; unsexed shrieking women were everywhere. And everywhere was the scum of our cosmopolitan town howling, firing, and surging towards the square.

SOLDIERS PROTECT PUBLIC.

"The soldiers walked between two fires, the mob in front and the anarchists in the rear. Stronger and more furious pressed the mob, while we who watched, blanched, thinking of the riot and destruction that threatened the city. The rioters gained ground, but the soldiers never wavered. Volley after volley rang out again and again, and yet again and then the arrival of machine guns settled the contest, for there was no hesitation in using them. The soldier's faces were stern set; the safety of some 500,000 fellow creatures and their own lives were at stake, and so the guns mowed furrows into the ranks of the rioters, decapitating here and amputating there, until the mob suddenly scattered in headlong flight. They left more work behind than our doctors could grapple with.

ORDINARY LIFE RESUMED.

"It was strange on Thursday morning to watch the town striving to resume its ordinary course. The ice-cream, milk-women, and bakers again began their rounds. The sunrise was beautiful that morning over the red-tinted clouds and sea, but what the sun illumined in the harbor few of us here care to remember. The Jewish bund and the Maxime Gorky's heroes had had their day, and I do not think the results could have been satisfactory even to them. Ruined buildings, burnt and sunken ships, quays that had been crowded with busy workers and were now turned into smoking ash-heaps were on every hand, and everywhere, too, lay the charred fragments of human beings who had been burnt beside the vodka casks, from which they had been too intoxicated to move when the flames swept up to them. It had been a holocaust indeed. No wonder the men whose duties took them to the inland harbor do not care to speak of that morning's work. Twenty-five wagons of dead bodies picked up at the Polish 'spuck'; the military 'spuck' must have been more, not to mention the Nicola Boulevard, where the rush was the most desperate of all.

SHELL FROM REBEL SHIP.

"That Thursday was an interminable day. The entire town seemed on the watch for some surprise, and about 8 o'clock it came in the shape of a live shell from the Potemkin. There was a general rush to balconies, roofs, and any place where a view could be gained of the ship. People living on or near the 'spucks' began to prepare for flight.

"Mania," said the mistress, entering the kitchen of a flat on the Polish street, 'leave everything at once; here is your passport.'

"I have not washed myself, Barina," said the cook crossly, but true to her sex even in the hour of danger, 'and if we are to fly, I must

put on clean linen and a good dress.'

COAXED SERVANTS TO BED.

"Half an hour passed. Then another crash. By this time the entire household, with the exception of the cook, were in walking dress. Check books, passports, and money had been fashioned into a cunning little dress improver under the Barina's skirt, and small handbags packed with cognac, bread, and sausages. Then we waited again. The soldiers closed the street. They ordered us to close all windows on the Polish street. The master of the house retired to rest. Then we coaxed the servants to bed. Mania, the cook, remarking that at any rate her corpses would be buried clean.

"And, strange to say, most of us, worn out by the anxiety and watch of the previous nights, contrived to get some sleep.

"By Sunday the Potemkin was gone, and confidence was restored. It was wonderful how the people adapted themselves to the changed circumstances. The squares had been turned into encampments, and the Dvorniks and workmen and their wives sat about gossiping, joking, and laughing with the soldiers off duty. They gave quite a homelike look to the state of siege. In the evening came the call to prayers, and the sound of the strong voices of the men chanting the evening hymns added to the sense of security and order."

THE POWER OF ARTILLERY

LESSONS IN JAPAN'S VICTORIES ON LAND AND SEA.

War in Manchuria the First Conflict in Which Latest Guns Have Been Tested.

When the official history of the Russo-Japanese war comes to be compiled it will probably be found that the most interesting chapters will be those relating to the use and effect of the new artillery and the high explosives employed.

It is the first great conflict in which full scope was found for the products of modern mechanical and chemical science as applied to the art and practice of war, and no doubt the gun factories and chemical laboratories of all the great military and naval powers have been hard at work since the first technical reports began to come in from the opposing armies profiting by the experience which the Russians and Japanese have been gaining at so great a cost.

The effects of field gun fire in past wars have been much less destructive to life in battle than is popularly supposed. The killed and wounded in the Franco-German war, for instance, from artillery fire formed only some 15 per cent. of the total casualties.

This was owing in great part of mechanical deficiencies in the weapons compared with modern guns, to the uncertainty of the fuses used in the shells and to the want of accurate rangefinders.

THE BLACK POWDER

also then in use had limitations both as a propelling force and as an explosive in shells, though it was less liable under ordinary conditions to the rapid decomposition to which the modern compounds are subject.

To a certain extent it was the limitations in the power of the old charcoal powder that retarded the effective improvement in artillery eventually called for by the discoveries of chemical research. So soon as chemistry brought into existence the new explosives the days of the old cast iron gun were numbered, and the arts of the metallurgist and mechanic were brought into rivalry with that of the chemist, each trying to produce a weapon or an explosive which would be equal to the highest requirements in war.

Improvements in the infantry rifle and field guns followed each other so rapidly that an army was hardly provided with a new weapon before it became obsolete and another took its place, and soon the smoke-giving higher explosive was superseded by the smokeless of still greater force. Then came the distinction between the smokeless explosive, intended to propel the bullet or shell or solid ball from the gun, and that intended to be used as a bursting charge for the projectile of the most modern kind.

The brown cocoa powder and other forms of the same material that followed the black powder have given place to higher compounds, of which nitroglycerin is the basis, and which are known as cordite in the British service and by other names in other countries, where, also, the form in

which the material is manufactured varies. But it was a long time before a compound was found which was stable and did not use up the life of the weapon in which it was used too rapidly, owing to the erosion caused by the gases evolved from the acids employed in the manufacture.

THE LATEST EXPERIMENTS

have produced a more satisfactory material, but the research for a better continues.

In the matter of explosives for bursting charges for shells and mines of all kinds compounds of picric and guncotton are the most generally employed. The difficulty with a picric compound has been to obtain the best effect.

In some cases, as in lyddite, it is too sensitive and is dangerous to the gun throwing a shell with which it is charged, besides exploding against armor without penetration. Recent experiments are said to have produced the best results, explosion taking place only after the shell penetrated the plate representing the armor of a battleship.

The French melinite is said to answer all required purposes, but the secrecy which has been kept regarding its manufacture and use, so far as the general public is concerned, leaves it uncertain. Other countries have their form of the picric compounds with which their war departments profess themselves satisfied, the Austrians especially believing it has one of peculiar efficacy.

But it would appear from the experience gained during the present war that the shimose explosive, so called after the celebrated Japanese chemist who invented it, possesses the highest qualities of any known as regards stability, force and submission to control. Evidence of these qualities is to be found in the results wherever it has been used, from the first action at Chemulpo, when the Variag was battered almost out of shape as regarded her upper works, through the siege of Port Arthur, down to the last and most disastrous defeat of the Russians in the Sea of Japan.

Not only was the Japanese fire remarkable for its accuracy, but it was still more so for its terrible effect, which, moreover, was not entirely mechanical. The stifling and poisonous character of the gases evolved on the bursting of shimose charged shells on board the Russian ships simply

PARALYZED THE CREWS.

choking them and rendering them incapable of action. Those in the immediate vicinity of the explosion who were not killed by pieces of shell were destroyed by the force of the detonation, while those further away suffered from concussion of the brain.

During the South African war the Boers had much the same experience with the British lyddite shells, besides having their skin where exposed turn to a deep yellow by the gas evolved. One of the latest forms of a picric compound is known as maxinite, of which great things are said, but the shimose is the only one of them all that has proved its efficacy in war.

The damage done to buildings by shells charged with such high explosives as the shimose compound is naturally far greater than that by the old time charcoal powder, except when the shell containing it fails to explode on striking. But the effect on ordinary earthworks and regularly constructed batteries is prodigious.

They are simply reduced to a shapeless heap, untenable by the defenders, who must either surrender or abandon their positions, as the Russians were obliged to at Port Arthur. The bombardments of the works defending Sebastopol were child's play compared with the fire from the Japanese batteries after Gen. Nogi had got down to his work at Port Arthur, but the forces were more equal, hence the duration of the siege, eleven months.

At Port Arthur the Russians were

deficient in most of the scientific appliances for their guns with which the Japanese were amply supplied, and lacked the explosive that made the Japanese shells a terror to the garrison and fleet. The consequence was that, with all chance of relief cut off, the surrender was only a matter of time and expediency.

As regards guns; it is a question whether we have not about reached the limit of power, chiefly because there is no known metal or process of hardening those employed in making cannon that can resist the wear and tear of use, which also becomes greater with the increased caliber of the piece and

WEIGHT OF THE PROJECTILE.

Between the modern gun and that of this year in the last century there is as great a difference as between the explosives used in them.

The best of the old guns that were cast with a smooth core to form the bore were never more than approximately accurate in their fire, for the reason that the axis of the bore had almost invariably anything from one or two as much as five degrees variation in some guns from the axis of sighting and the line of elevation. In those days the best gunner was the one who had become familiar with the vagaries of his weapon at all ranges, and knew where to plant his shot in spite of them.

In the modern piece mechanical perfection and the use of mathematical and optical appliances for range finding and sighting have diminished the value of the human factor, in some ways, while they demand a more cultivated intelligence in the manipulation of the gun.

From the cast iron, bronze or steel gun, with the bore either produced by a core or cut out by machinery, we passed on to the gun with a hardened steel tube, with jackets of wrought iron built up around it. A very short experience, that gained at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, demonstrated the vital imperfection of this type.

Although not subjected to any extraordinary test, such as extra rapid fire, these guns broke down in every way. The steel tubes of some of them split, while the jackets of others were displaced to such an extent that they were put out of action.

The demands for more rapid fire than was possible with the best mechanical appliances for the charging of the muzzle-loading gun led to the evolution of the breechloader and ultimately to the quick firing weapon of large caliber now in use in every navy and being rapidly adopted in land service. For field guns, the rapid fire system has been brought to great perfection, and this is also true of the smaller guns of position and of guns for sea service.

SUCH AS THE 6-INCH GUN.

As yet the number of shots that can be fired from the larger guns, such as the 12-inch, is restricted, but in the naval action the weight of metal charged with high explosives that can be thrown in a few minutes practically assures victory, where there is an equality of force, to the side which gets in the quickest and best directed fire at the start. The Russian fleet in the battle of Tsu Shima left a permanent memorial to the truth of this.

What the effect of the progressive changes in guns and explosives is going to have in the case of naval bombardments of coast defenses is a problem of the future. Hitherto the land batteries have generally had the best of it; but given a steady gun platform and fine clear weather, the chances seem turning in favor of the ship. On land conditions are equalized, for both sides can employ vertical as well as horizontal fire, the former as the Japanese showed at Port Arthur being effective in the highest degree when scientifically directed.

The unfortunate thing in the present war from the professional point of view is that in a great many respects the conditions were unequal, and it is morally certain that where

ever on the Japanese side there may have been circumstances or causes of success not known to the outside world they will naturally not be divulged, but will be guarded with the strictest secrecy, so that many of the problems of modern war still remain for solution.

Strategy and tactics even are being modified in application by the rapid changes that are taking place in the scientific and mechanical appliances used in battle, and it looks ahead only a couple of decades the possibility that science may discover methods of destruction so terrible that war will kill war presents itself. It only needs that some new discovery in chemistry, or some means of utilizing electricity in the destruction of ships and large bodies of men be placed at the disposal of some government and war would be revolutionized.

The "vrel" of Bulwer's imaginations has not yet been found, but we may be on the threshold of its discovery; and then all the warships and guns of the world will become material for the scrap heap, for they will be of as little use against it as the spears and shields of the old Vikings in their cockle-boats would now be against the latest battleships put afloat.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Little Chunks of Interesting Information.

Every German fortress keeps on an average 200 carrier pigeons.

Powdered codfish is sometimes used in Iceland to make bread, in place of flour.

A cork tree must be fifty years old before it produces bark of a commercial value.

Balloonists say that birds' flight is limited to 1,815 feet above the surface of the earth.

The Czar has a single estate covering over 100,000 acres—three times the size of England.

Tooth-brushes and tooth-powder are to be supplied to all the inmates of the Austrian prisons.

A system of electric cooking and dish-washing is to be installed in all the warships of the United States navy.

Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands, 13,650 ft. high, is the highest mountain which rises directly from the sea.

Out of 77½ millions of acres of land in the United Kingdom, only 28 millions are under permanent pasture.

Since 1892 no newspapers have been printed on Sundays in Norway, and since 1895 no bread has been baked on that day.

London and Liverpool are both at the level of the sea. Glasgow is 30 ft. above it, Manchester 50 ft., and Birmingham 300 ft.

Siberia could contain all Europe except Russia, and there would still be room left for another country twice the size of Germany.

The largest cabbage farm in the world is near Chicago. It is 190 acres in extent, and yields nearly 1,250,000 cabbages each crop.

Birthday celebrations are unknown among female Moors. They consider it complimentary to be absolutely ignorant of their age.

The site of a little cigar shop at the corner of Wall Street, New York, has just been sold for \$700,000. This works out at \$26,000,000 an acre.

The baya bird of India has the curious habit of fastening fireflies to its nest with moist clay. On a dark night such a nest might be taken for an electric street lamp.

In Georgia the mountaineers catch trout with a sledge-hammer. Their practice is to thump a rock under which a trout seeks refuge with a hammer, the concussion rendering the fish senseless and an easy prey.

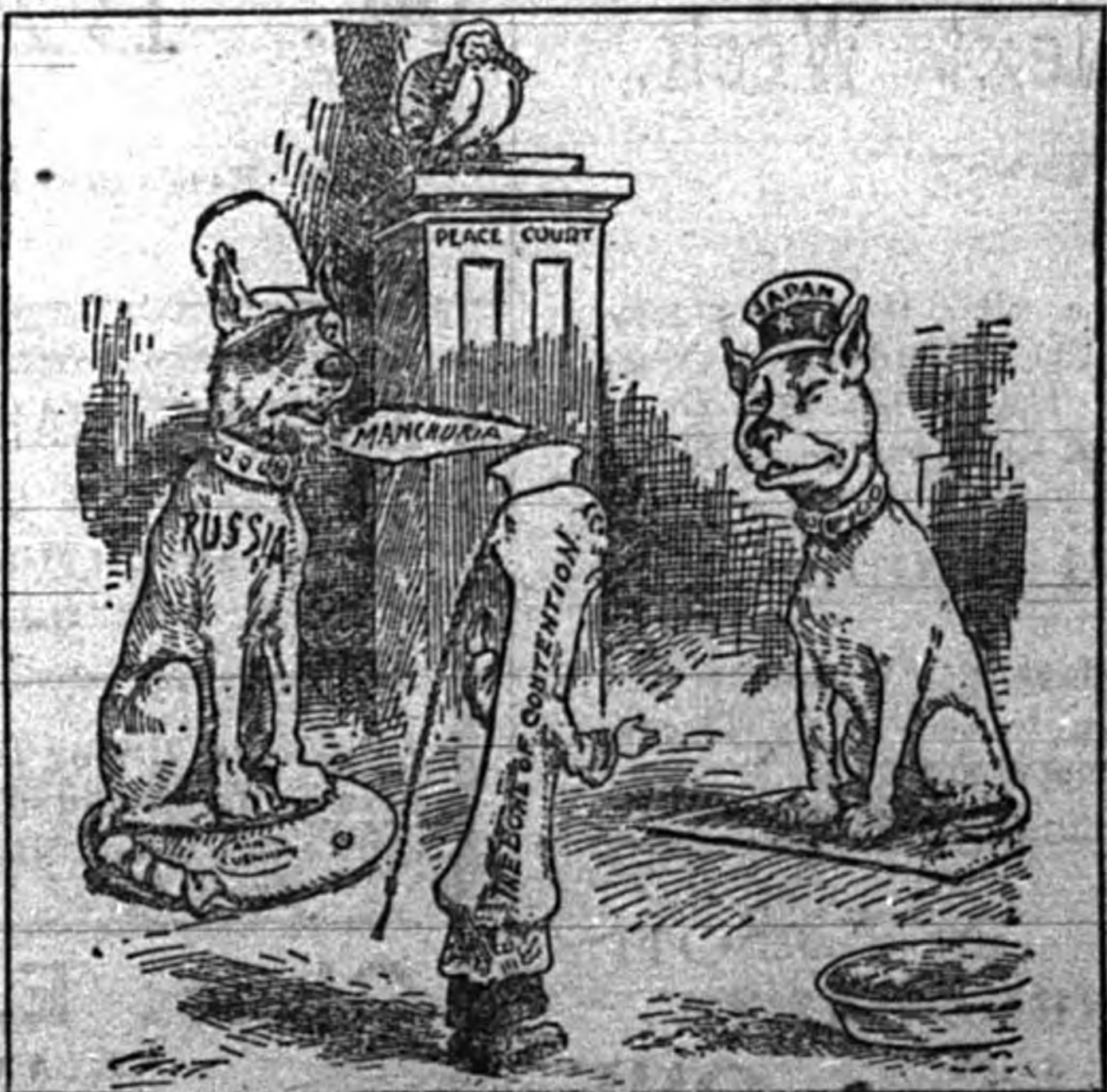
In many parts of the Australian Continent bee-farming has become a profitable and popular occupation. There are at present over 250,000 hives in Australia, producing from 10,000,000 lb. to 15,000,000 pound annually.

A French newspaper asserts that the trade in "artificial" mummies in Egypt amounts every year to more than \$250,000. Most of the up-to-date "mummy factories" are located in Italy, but there are also a number of them in Germany and France.

Organ-grinders in Verviers, Belgium, are by law compelled to appear every morning before the police superintendent and play their instruments. The organs which chance to be out of tune must be set in order before a license to play on the streets will be granted.

AT LIAU-YANG.

War is a sorry business, but not ignoble while such stories as those recorded in "From Tokyo to Tiflis" can be told of men. One is of a young lieutenant, known throughout Japan as the hero of Motienling. In the advance on Liau-yang he was among the foremost. Charging with his men through a field of giant millet, he was struck by a splinter of an exploding shell, which tore away part of his lips, shattered teeth and wounded the tip of his tongue. He was ordered to retire, and behind a slight shelter the field surgeon did quick work. Despite his pain, the man was seen to smile, and attempted to mumble some words in his now blurred speech. The surgeon bent down to catch what he was striving to tell. The young man's smile deepened, and he made a motion with his head toward his hands and feet. "They are still there," he thickly murmured. "I can still fight for my country."



THE BONE OF CONTENTION BUTTS IN.

The Dogs—"What has the bone got to say about what we do with it?"

School Books 1905.

READERS: Royal Crown and Chambers,
 SPELLER: Gage's Practical
 WRITING: Gage's Vertical.
 ARITHMETIC: Grafton's Graded Pts I, 2, 3, & 4.
 GRAMMAR: West's English, (G. III. M. & I. A.)
 ENGLISH: Renout'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 (Sankry) " I Ac. my.
 Tennyson Pt. 1 " II "
 Sykes Elementary Composition " "
 Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice " III "
 GEOGRAPHY: New Canadian, & Calkins.
 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
 Faciles, Caesar Books IV & V., Ovid (Gleason.)
 Nepos Lives of Themistocles & 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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Exhibition Next Week.

When out be sure and give us a call. It will pay you.
 If you need anything in the line of Hardware don't go
 to any but head quarters. That's what WE are.
 We wish you to make a point of seeing our Special line of

New Well Pump

There is nothing in Canada to beat it. We will be open
 both days of the Fair and pleased to meet all our old cus-
 tomers and any amount of new ones.

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

B R E A D

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. Staniforth, Prop.

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.

AUGUST CASH CLEARING SALE

— IN SUMMER GOODS —

20 per cent off Muslins, Blouses, Dress Goods
 Boots 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.

Professional & Commercial

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

Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wed-
 nesday and Saturday.
 (Absent on Tuesday only.)

DR. B. N. STACKHOUSE, Sr.,

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE,
 SURGEON-DENTIST

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

DR. E. LAURIN,

VETERINARY-SURGEON.

Bell Tel. No. 14 Ste. Scholastique.

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

ADVOCATE,

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

LACHUTE

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.

ADVOCATE

ST. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

MAIN STREET LACHUTE, P.Q.

Keep Cool

Don't Worry

Go to Hope's if you want satis-
 faction in ice-cream made with
 pure fruit flavors.

We have some imitators but no
 equals in catering to the public
 in this one specialty.

Our Soda Fountain is now
 going. Delicious Beverages
 with pure Fruit Syrups of the
 very best. Our service is
 good and everything clean,
 cool and inviting

Jno. Hope,
 Baker & Confectioner

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Labor Day

Excursions.

Sept. 4th.

Reduced fares to all points in
 Canada and lowest one-way first
 class fare for the round trip.

Going dates, Sept. 2, 3, and 4.
 Return Limit, Sept. 5.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Excursions.

DETROIT, SAGINAW,
 BAY CITY, CHICAGO,
 GRAND RAPIDS.

September 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

Lowest one way first class fare.
 return limit

October 9th, 1905.

For rates to other points and further par-
 ticulars, apply to any Canadian Pacific Rail-
 way Agent.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1905.

NO. 24

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.

LOST.--In, or about Rodrigues yard, Lachute, a cotton purse, containing some \$65. Finder will be suitably rewarded by bringing same to this office, or to

Wm. HAMMOND, Mille Isle.

LOST.--A pair of gold rimmed spectacles. On road between And. Walkers, E. S. and Jno. Jackson. Finder will return to this office and be rewarded.

When in town don't fail to go home without purchasing some of the fine selection of souvenir postal cards from W. S. McBRIDE.

Try our new mill, for good feed, of all kinds. J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.

Money in the wood business this year, make your first profit on your labor by getting axes, cross-cut-saws, wedges, cant dogs, axe handles, & etc., at The Hardware Head Quarters of T. McOUAT & SON

FOR SALE.--A lady's bicycle, 1 cooking stove, apply to W. G. STANFORTH.

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

Grand display of Millinery, of Fall, and Winter hats, for Ladies' Misses, and Children October 4th, 5th, and following days.

H. E. BURWASH.

On Sunday, the 24th of Sept., the service in St. Mungo's Church, Chatham, will be at 7 p.m., instead of 11 a.m., on account of the communion service being held at Pt. Fortune at that hour.

The Ladies are cordially invited to call and inspect the new goods at the Millinery Opening on October 4th, 5th, and following days.

LILLIAN SMITH.

AT MISS LOWES.

Mr. Duncan McGibbon, and Wm. Murray, returned last week from a visit to the Sherbrooke exhibition and while there were guests of Messrs. James and Archie King who wish to be remembered to their many friends in Dalesville and vicinity.

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.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Wm. Banford spent Sunday in Montreal.

Mrs. Messiah of Montreal, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. James McFaul is spending a few weeks in Montreal.

Mr. Simeon McGillivray of Montreal, is visiting friends in town.

Children's day will be observed in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

Mrs. C. C. Stewart of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. T. McOuat this week.

Miss Delia Hills of Montreal, is the guest of Miss Edna McOuat this week.

Mr. C. W. Arthur of Belle Riviere, spent Wednesday with friends in town.

Mrs. J. G. Murray of Montreal, is the guest of her sister Mrs. John Evans.

Mr. Lorenzo Joannis, and Mr. H. Lavigne, are spending a few days in Malone, N. Y.

The Academy are holding their day of sports on Saturday afternoon next, September 23rd.

Mrs. Rowe and daughter of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. P. Lafleur on Wednesday last.

Mr. John Hay left this morning for a trip to England, on the "Dominion" of the Dominion.

Mr. Henry Lavigne of Hawkesbury, was the guest of his parents for a few days this week.

Mrs. Henry Giles, accompanied by Miss Eva returned on Monday from a pleasant visit with friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. John Calder, who has been the guest of Mrs. P. R. McGibbon for the past week has returned to Toronto.

Mr. Robt. Watson and Mr. W. Todd of Lachute Road, were judges this year at the annual exhibition at Jacques Cartier.

Mr. O. Wood of Vankleek Hill, and Mr. J. Wood of Montreal, were the guests of Mrs. John McGillivray on Wednesday last.

Miss Kate McGibbon of Paisley Ont., who has been the guest of Mrs. John McGibbon during this summer returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. White of Toronto, and Mrs. Morrow of Montreal, who have been the guests of their mother Mrs. Robt. Creswell, during the past few weeks have returned home.

Mr. J. T. Lambly is leaving next week for a months visit to his two sons in Philadelphia. Persons requiring their finished work may secure the same at A. Clelands store.

The Annual matches of the 11th Regiment and Argenteuil Rifle Association, will be held at the Ranges, Lachute, Sept. 27 & 28, '05. Eight matches with long prize lists, special encouragement to new shots. Matches--except Military--open to all citizens of the County of Argenteuil, who become members of the Association by payment of \$1. Rifles for use in matches, are supplied free and ammunition at a low price. If you wait two days good deal by port do not fail to attend. Starting to begin at 9 a.m. sharp.

Professor Hume's Concerts which were held in the Victoria Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday last were, as usual, a huge success, and bore further evidence of the ability of Mr. Hume as a model musical instructor, in the work performed by the pupils. Both the singing of the Misses E. Ough and Thomas and the musical selections given by Miss B. Kenread and Miss Jessie Stanley were enthusiastically received, as was also the dancing of little Eva May Allan. Mr. C. S. Sheppard proved very amusing in his rendition of "Casey on de Bit," and gave a Hebrew and German monologues in real style and manner. The orchestra gave some very choice selections during the evening. A violin solo by Master Hughie Kearns, who is a popular favorite with the Lachute audience, and a cornet duet by Miss Hazel Wren and Master George Hume were greatly enjoyed. The national anthem played spiritedly by the orchestra brought this enjoyable musical treat to a close.

TOWN COUNCIL

The adjourned session of the above Council was held on Monday last, there being present, Mayor J. E. Valois and councillors Lapointe, Tessier, Ayers, Lefeur, Hay, McGibbon, and Lister.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

A petition from the ratepayers on Bethany and Clyde Streets, was received requesting permission and authority to lay sewer pipes down to the North River. This was granted with the provision that they secure the consent of the Provincial Board.

Mr. John T. Ayers produced a report from the Canadian General Electric Co. showing that the 32 candle power lamps used on the streets gave over 60 candle power light, with the voltage used. Also a report from Messrs. Ross & Halgate, consulting Electrical Engineer of Montreal, confirming the report of the Canadian General Electric Co.

These reports were filed with the Secretary and are open for inspection by the ratepayers. It was resolved on motion of Councillor Hay, seconded by Councillor McGibbon, that the report of the chairman of the Light Committee Councillor Lapointe be accepted. It was resolved on motion of Councillor Lister, seconded by Councillor McGibbon, that a Government electrician be procured to test the Electric Light System, to see if the town is receiving 50 candle power light.

The Mayor, on behalf of the Committee appointed to look into the opening of Grace St. reported that the committee had visited the place the proprietors had agreed, with a few exceptions, to give the land requisite and that the probable cost would be about \$200. After discussion it was moved that the above amount be granted, but this was voted down and a committee again appointed to secure further information.

The chairman of police was authorized to procure the services of two constables in uniform from the city and four others to be sworn in from Lachute, to preserve peace and good order during the last day of the exhibition.

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.

The Very Latest Styles

In Fall and Winter Coats, Extra Value.
New Blouses in Lustre, Silk and Flannelette.

Made up skirts, Flannelette Gowns,
Drawers, Corset Covers, Sateen Underskirts. Large assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery.

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. for 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

EXHIBITION WEEK.

You are Coming to the Lachute Fair?
You are Planning to buy your Fall Goods?
You want to get all you can for your money?
Therefore You Want to Visit

Carpenter Bros.

The Popular Priced Store.

The Store where You can get full value for your money.

About the ...House

SELECTED RECIPES.

How to Can Corn and Tomatoes.—Scald, peel and slice tomatoes in the proportion of two-thirds tomatoes to one-third of corn. Put in a porcelain kettle, let boil for fifteen minutes. Cut the corn from the cob and cook twenty minutes, adding a little water and stirring often. When done mix the corn and tomatoes and cook together five minutes more, letting them boil up once. Take from the stove and fill cans already heated, sealing in the usual way.

To Can Fresh Beans.—String the beans, break in several pieces, cook in boiling water fifteen minutes and can.

Dried Beans for Winter Use.—Cut the long string beans lengthwise, tie into bundles and hang to a line in the attic or in some warm place. Wrap paper bags around the beans after the first few days. Large and rather old beans may be used for this purpose, and they are excellent when used for soups or vegetables. They should be soaked over night in salt water before using.

To Can Pumpkin and Squash for Pies.—Cut up the pumpkin into small pieces, after having peeled off the rind. Stew until tender, mash very fine, and add no seasoning. Have the jars hot, and fill them with hot pumpkin and seal tight. Squash may be treated in the same way.

To Can Peas.—Fill a quart full of peas and shake down well, until the can is quite full. Pour into the cans enough water to fill the can full, or even to over-flowing. Screw the cover as in the case of the corn, and proceed in the same manner as corn.

To Can Tomatoes.—Very ripe tomatoes are best for this purpose. Put the number you wish to can in a basin of scalding water, and let stand a moment, when the skins may be easily removed. Then put them into a granite vessel without water, and place over a moderate heat, and bring to a boil. After boiling slowly a half hour, put into cans while steaming hot, and seal tightly. Keep in a cool dark closet.

To Can Corn.—Cut the corn from ten or a dozen large cobs for one quart can. Press the corn in the can with a small potato masher or anything that will press the corn. When the can is full screw on the cover lightly. Then place the cans in a wash boiler, on the bottom of which you have first placed a cloth to prevent breaking. Lay then a layer of cans and a layer of cloth alternately. Now cover the cans well with cold water, place the boiler over the fire, and boil three hours steadily. After this boiling, lift the boiler from the fire and let cool. Then take the cans and tighten the tops, and as they cool tighten until cold, then tighten again. Wrap each in brown paper and set away in a cool, dark place. See to it that the rubbers of the cans are soft and pliable.

To make Tomato Figs.—Scald and skin pear-shaped small sized tomatoes, and to eight pounds of tomatoes add three pounds of sugar. Cook without water until the vegetable clarifies, then take out and spread on dishes, and dry in the sun, sprinkling on a little syrup while drying. Pack in jars or boxes in layers with powdered sugar between the layers. They will keep in this way for a long time, that is, if the children are not too attentive to them.

Fruit Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter with a cupful and a half of light-brown sugar, then beat in, one at a time, four eggs; add one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one teaspoonful of soda, one tea-cupful of chopped raisins, and flour enough to make as soft a dough as can be rolled out. Cut out with a cake cutter and bake in a quick oven.

WITH PEACHES.

Peaches should be canned before fully ripe or soft. They pare easier, keep shape better and we think are fully as good flavor. If from a tree unusually exposed to dust, do not wash but brush or wipe with a soft cloth. The least fruit is manipulated the better it is to can.

Pare as soon as may be after the fruit is gathered and drop at once into cold water, not more than enough for two quart cans; one is better. Every minute it is under water some of the juice is extruded. I never can cling-stones, but use them to pickle.

Pare firm yellow peaches and drop into water as directed. Put half tea-cup hot water for each can into

the kettle, add half tea-cup or more of granulated sugar. With a bright skimmer take the peaches from the water and drop into the kettle. When they bubble lift with the skimmer to change the position and when boiling hot fill cans and seal. Leave from five to eight minutes, open and fill with fruit kept hot for the purpose and seal. If the cans haven't been well tested, invert, and if dry in half an hour, all is well.

White peaches do not retain their shape. When soft, crush them, dissolve sugar to sweeten in the kettle in a little water, add peaches, heat boiling hot, stirring to prevent adhering to the kettle. These can be put into jugs and hermetically sealed with wax. They make nice pies and dumplings.

Crush very ripe peaches, cook in a very little water, sweeten to taste; spread on plates, sprinkle with sugar and dry in the oven. This is called peach paste and needs only soaking over night in cold water, and then simmering a short time.

Yellow or white red-stoned peaches are delicious if pared, stoned, the cavities filled with sugar and dried slowly in the oven.

CARE OF PAINTED FLOORS.

If it is possible to have a hardwood floor, one painted a dark red is my second choice for dining room or chambers writes a correspondent. If taken care of properly that is a very satisfactory color. In the first place, fill all cracks with a combination of putty and plaster of paris. The following is what I have used with excellent results: One pint of common white lead paint such as is used for woodwork, and a pound of putty stirred well together; when ready to use it add about one-half its bulk of plaster of paris and apply immediately. You will find that it will shrink somewhat, so that a second application is necessary to completely fill the cracks.

Thus far I have been unable to find a dark red paint ready mixed. I therefore get the darkest possible and at the same time get a small can of black, which I mix with it until I get the desired shade. After the floor has been painted and thoroughly dried it is given two coats of shellac. A new coat of shellac each spring and fall will keep it in good condition. Each week after the floor is washed go over it with a cloth wet with a mixture of kerosene and linseed oil, equal parts. For my dining room, which is constantly, I have as a back saver a mob kept especially for that floor, and whenever during the week it has a dusty look which sweeping does not remove, I pour some of the oil mixture upon the mop and go over it lightly. It takes but a few minutes' time and the floor is kept looking well.

HAVE FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

"Ever sit down at a table where there were just thirteen?" asked the man in the shaggy ulster.

"Once," replied the man with the white spot in his moustache.

"Well, you never observed that any bad luck followed it, did you?"

"Why—haw—yes. Bad luck for most of the thirteen."

"Any of them die?"

"Not that I know of. Never heard of any of them dying."

"Not enough victuals to go round?" queried the man with the snub nose.

"Who's talking about victuals? There wasn't any victuals."

"I thought you said you sat down to a table where there were thirteen persons?"

"That's what I said. The table was in a lawyer's office. It was a meeting of creditors. There were twelve of them. I was the other man."

There was a long pause, and then the man with the baggy trousers inquired:

"In what way did the meeting prove unlucky, if I may ask?"

"It was a bankruptcy meeting. I was the bankrupt, and none of 'em ever got a cent out of me," answered the man with the white spot in his moustache, heaving a deep sigh.

First Lady—"Since our cook left I've been doing the cooking myself, and I assure you it's far more economical." Second Lady—"I suppose they don't eat so much."

THE END OF THE WORLD

A STUPID PROPHECY THAT FINDS BELIEVERS.

Predicted by One Prophet That the Earth Will be Visited By Great Commotions.

Thousands of people believe in an early end of the world. Thousands of people have been expecting the end of the world for years, and have been disappointed. One well-known prophet has been foretelling the end of the world for thirty years or more. It is an awkward thing to let the lease of your business premises fall in anticipation of the end of the world, says London Answers.

The latest date fixed by the prophet for the last day of this age is either Thursday, May 2nd, 1929, or April 9th 1931—he is still uncertain which. But between now and then twenty-two kingdoms or states are to be reduced to the ten of Caesar's original Roman Empire. Before this continental transformation is completed there are to be wars and earthquakes, troubles, commotions, famines, and pestilences.

TREATS IN STORE.

In the later months of the end, the earth is to be visited with plagues of noisome sores, the sea—as well as the rivers and fountains—is to turn to blood, the sun is to scorch men for fifteen days, there is to be total darkness for three days, and then earthquakes are to shake down all cities.

At one time, comets used to be the grand terror. Even educated people, including astronomers, supposed that one day a comet would lump against the earth, and either set it ablaze or shatter it into space. In the middle of the nineteenth century the greatest alarm was manifested all over Europe lest the comet which then appeared should crash the world to atoms. Men and women and children came out of their houses and watched with white, drawn faces the long, luminous tail sweeping through the sky. In due course the comet disappeared from view, and nothing happened.

London has had several end-of-the-world panics. The famous Whiston once predicted that the world would come to an end on a certain 13th of October. The destruction of the mighty city of London, it was said, was to mark the beginning of the end. The inhabitants were seized with terror. Blinded faces were at every door. People thronged the streets terror-stricken. They rushed to Islington, to Hampstead, and congregated in all the adjoining fields to watch and wait, fearing the worst hoping for the best. Hour after hour they waited till the dawn of another day. Then they felt safe, and, tired and weary, went home, leaving the world intact.

THE BELL THAT TOLD.

On another occasion a panic was caused in London by two earthquake shocks. The first shock occurred on the 8th of February, and down went several big chimneys in Poplar and Limehouse. On the 8th of March another shock occurred, but was confined mostly to the districts of Highgate and Hampstead. The coincidence of the one shock following the other at an interval of a month exactly excited widespread comment. Then it was that a crazy-headed soldier named Bell rushed through the streets proclaiming that the next earthquake, which would occur on the corresponding day of April, would destroy London as a preliminary to the end of the world.

People began to brood on the coming calamity. From brooding they frightened themselves into wild panic. Thousands made hasty preparations for departing from London before the great catastrophe occurred. Vast numbers crowded into the villages for miles round as the day of doom crept nearer. Fugitives of all classes poured into Harrow, Highgate, Blackheath, Islington, and Hampstead, paying extortionate rates for lodgings.

The area of the panic quickly extended. Rich people who had laughed began to tremble. Beginning to tremble, they concerted measures for their safety. Water seemed to offer greater protection than land. They rushed to the Thames, and crowded on the merchant ships there, waiting for Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's to crash down. The eventful day came and passed, leaving London in its normal state. Then there was a great rush home. Bell subsequently died in a lunatic asylum.

Some years afterwards there was a panic on a smaller scale at Leeds, in Yorkshire. This happened because a hen laid an egg. It was not an ordinary egg. It was an egg inscribed with certain writing announcing the end of the world. The fame of that egg was noised abroad, and, strange to relate, that hen commenced to lay other eggs inscribed in a similar way.

A LYING LAY.

The place of miracle was soon besieged by crowds of people anxious to examine the amazing products of the hen. They came away pale-faced and distressed, believing that the end of all things was about to happen.

Then it occurred to some persons of inquiring, scientific mind that it would be an excellent thing to examine the eggs in a critical spirit. This they did, only to discover that the eggs had been written on with corrosive ink, and brutally forced back into the hen's body. The panic ceased from that day.

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.

IN A CREVASSE.

The Terrible Experience of An Explorer.

There is no pitfall more to be dreaded by the mountain-climber than a glacial crevasse, especially if it is masked by snow. A plunge into one is almost certain death. In the summer of 1897, a party of Englishmen exploring the Canadian Rockies set to climb Mount Gordon, a peak more than ten thousand feet high, which had never been scaled. On the way, near the summit, a crevasse interposed between their party and their goal. Over it lay a bridge of snow, and on this all crossed in safety except the last, Mr. Thompson. The bridge gave way with him, and he disappeared from view far down in the icy mass, where he could be heard calling for help. Mr. Collier, the geographer of the party, being the lightest of the number, was sent down into the crack on a rope to attempt a rescue. In this book, "Climbs and Explorations," he describes the experience.

I put my foot into a loop of the rope, was pushed over the edge of the abyss and swung in mid-air. I was then lowered into the gaping hole. On the side the ice fell sheer, on the other it was rather undercut, but again bulged outward about eighteen feet below the surface, making the crevasse at that point not much more than two feet wide. Then it widened again and went into dim twilight.

When I descended sixty feet, almost the entire length of the rope, I became tightly wedged between the walls, absolutely incapable of moving my body. My feet were close to Thompson's, but his head was farther away and three feet lower than his heels. Being face downward and covered with fallen snow, he could not see me.

I shouted for another rope, and when it came down I managed to throw one end to Thompson's left hand, which swayed about till he caught the rope; but when it was pulled it merely dragged out of his hand. Then with some difficulty, putting my hands above my head, I managed to tie a noose in the rope, and with it lassoed that poor, pathetic arm, which was only part of Thompson that could be seen. Then came the tug of war.

If he refused to move I could do no more for him. Moreover, I was afraid that at any moment he might faint. If that had occurred I do not believe he could have been got out at all, for the force of the fall had jammed him farther down than it was possible to follow.

Slowly the rope tightened as it was pulled by those above. I could hear my heart thumping in the ghastly stillness of the place, but at last Thompson began to shift and after some time he was pulled into an upright position.

To get a rope round his body was of course hopeless. Partly by wriggling and pulling on my own rope I so shifted that by straining one arm over my head I could get my two hands together, and then I tied the tightest jamming knot I could think of round his arm, just above the elbow. A shout to the rest of the party and Thompson went rapidly upward, dragged by one arm, till he disappeared round the ice-bulge forty feet above me.

I was full of dread lest the rope slip and he come thundering down atop of me, but the rope held, and he got safely out. I followed.

Most marvelously, no bones had been broken in his fall. His pack must have saved him. Perhaps it acted as a brake in the first narrows. But he emphatically gave it as his opinion that whatever scientific exploration might be necessary on the summit of the Rockies, investigations made alone, sixty feet below the surface of the ice, in an inverted position, were extremely dangerous and unworthy of record.

QUICK ADVICE.

"Well, what's the trouble now?" asked the gruff old physician of the chronic patient.

"Oh, doctor," whined the professional invalid, "I feel such an awful pain in my side every time I raise my hand to my head."

"Huh!" grunted the g. o. p., "then don't raise your hand to your head! Five dollars, please."

A little boy entered a tobacconist's shop and, approaching the counter, asked in a squeaky voice:—"Please, sir, father wants to know if it is true that there is such a thing as a tobacco trust." "Yes, my lad, there is," replied the man. "Well, father would like to be trusted with two plugs."

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario, and \$1.00; all druggists.

The Return of Cyril Webb

With a painful struggle for breath Sir Basil shuffled quickly out of the conservatory into the library and, snatching the door, dexterously turned the key in the lock.

White and trembling—seeming to have aged by years in a single moment—he paused in the middle of the room and glanced round him despairingly, like a man momentarily expecting attack from any side. The farther door, which led into the hall, was closed, the windows were shuttered and barred, and he was alone.

He moved quickly, though with faltering steps, and unlocking a drawer of the writing-table took out a revolver, which he laid on the blotting-pad. Then walking close to the wall, so that he was screened from view of anyone outside the conservatory, he drew the heavy curtains across the half-glass doors. Even above the rattle of the curtain rings upon the pole he heard the tapping on the pane of the conservatory.

He stumbled back to the writing-table and, falling into the chair, took up the revolver and examined it. Satisfied that it was loaded in all five chambers, he threw himself forward on his face on the table and wound his arms about his head to shut out the sound of the spasmodic tapping, tapping on the glass of the conservatory.

It was an impressive picture—the big, dignified old man, surrounded by almost every luxury money could provide, bent in body and broken in spirit by abject fear come suddenly upon him. If some of his clients could have seen within the library of Sulton House at that moment there would have been a second run on the bank next morning, but one very different from the first, which occurred the day following the arrest of Cyril Webb, the cashier, on a charge of embezzlement, now a twelve-year-old event; for Sir Basil's whole attitude typified ruin, and the destinies of himself and Sturton's Bank were so inseparably linked that one could not fall and leave the other standing.

Presently he became aware that the tapping had ceased. He raised his head and listened intently. He listened long. There was no sound but the sighing of the wind among the trees of the garden, above which the throbbing of his pulse seemed loud. Then he heard a bell ring in the servants' quarters, and he started, a look of exaggerated alarm contorting his fine features. But it was in just such emergencies as this that he was strongest, and recovering quickly from the shock of the fear that the bell might arouse some of the servants he lit a candle and went out into the dark hall. Despite the flickering light he carried, he saw through the glass panels of the hall-door that a man stood in the porch. Seeing the light, the man tapped upon the glass.

"Who are you?" inquired the banker, speaking through the letter-flap.

"Open the door," replied a cold, even voice.

"What do you want?"

"Open the door, Sturton," said the voice, dropping to a slightly lower key. "Open the door or I shall ring until the servants come."

Quietly Sir Basil pulled back the bolts and turned the key; slowly he opened the door; noiselessly the man in the porch stepped in, when the banker closed the door and nervously led the way to the library.

The visitor closed the library-door and turned the key in the lock. He was a tall, thin man of middle age, with a narrow face, hollow cheeks, deep-set eyes, and thin lips, set in a straight line of bitter determination. He wore no hair upon his face, and that upon his head was thin and short.

As Sir Basil stood the candlestick upon the writing-table and blew out the light, with a quick movement he laid a paper over the revolver upon the blotting-pad.

"Sit down and tell me what you want," he said, softly.

"You have courage, and I admire courage, even in a scoundrel," replied the visitor.

"Don't waste your breath in abuse but explain why you have come here," said Sir Basil, dropping into his chair and stroking his forehead nervously with his hand.

"Surely that would be waste of breath," the other returned. He took a chair on the opposite side of the table and sat down facing his host. "Ask yourself what it was you feared when you saw me watching you through the conservatory window! You feared that Cyril Webb had come back to ruin you, to strip you of all the honors that have fallen to you since the day the bank, by wonderful good fortune, weathered the storm which was caused by you and paid for by me! You thought you, thief of a cashier had returned to force you to confess your guilt and treachery and thus establish his own innocence. Those were the thoughts which took the breath out of your body, the color out of your face, the strength out of your limbs.

And you were right, Sir Basil Sturton—you were quite right."

The banker's head drooped and he uttered a few inarticulate words.

"You are a man of riper years than I," Webb continued, "and must have tasted sorrow. I have heard it said that a woman came into your life once, and left behind her one of those gaps which ache incessantly. But you cannot conceive what I have suffered during the past twelve years."

"You are wasting time, and I have business to attend to," said Sir Basil, with a feeble effort to speak sternly. "You have no justification for coming here so late at night. The penalty you suffered was the penalty prescribed by law for the offence of which a British jury—not I—found you guilty. If the object of your visit is to get me to help you to a fresh start in life, I will remind you that your crime nearly ruined the bank. If you have come with the idea of blackmailing me by suggesting that I was a party to your crime, I assure you that you are not in a position to threaten me. You are a convicted felon, and that fact would make your oath of less value in a court of law than my simple word."

Webb buried his face in his hands and wpt, his bowed shoulders trembling with the strength of his emotion. But no sound escaped him for some moments. Then suddenly he dashed the tears from his eyes and started to his feet, shaking with passion.

"Give me back my name, my character, the respect of my fellow-men!" he cried, with a gesture of passionate appeal. "Give me back my right to hold my head erect and to speak with honest people! Give me back the happiness which agony has stolen from the last twelve years of my life, and my wife and my child! Give—can you do this? Can you even make amends to me? Living in the lap of luxury, saved from utter ruin by the crime you pinned on me that you yourself might escape—have you ever thrown a thought to me tied down in prison? Have you ever thought of my wife, murdered by grief? Have you ever thought of my little girl, cast upon the world, homeless, friendless, ruined for life by bearing her father's name? Think well of what you have robbed me, and marvel that I have not come for vengeance, but for justice—just for simple justice!"

"What is your idea of justice in this matter?"

"You cannot give me back the best years of my life, nor my wife; but you can restore me to respectability and help me to find my child. To begin with, I want a written confession from you that you, and you alone, committed the frauds and applied the money to saving the bank—that you robbed the bank to save the bank—and that when he found discovery was inevitable you contrived to throw it on me. I want a full history of the whole affair, giving every detail."

"Good heavens!" cried the banker, feverishly. "Do you realize what that would mean? I—I might be willing to—help you; but not that way! That way's impossible! It would ruin me, and send me, gray-headed as I am, to prison! I should never come out, even if I wished to show my face again to the outside world!"

Webb leant forward suddenly and took up the revolver from under the paper, which had failed to hide it from his eyes.

"I can't help that," he said. "Without such a confession from you my life is not worth sixpence, and my child is irretrievably lost to me. I shall stop at nothing to gain it, nor abandon hope of forcing it from you until I have rendered you incapable of making it."

"I cannot do it—I cannot do it!" murmured the banker, anxiously eyeing the revolver in the other's hand. "Be careful; it is very light at the trigger."

"Don't toy with destiny, Sturton," replied Webb, sternly, lowering the weapon. "I have not come here to discuss the situation with you or to utter hollow threats; I have come for your confession, which shall re-establish me as an honest man, enable me to get some sort of an honest living, and gather what sweetness I can out of the remaining years of a ruined life. And I'll not leave this room until I have obtained your confession or exacted the penalty from you with one of these bullets. Take paper and pen and write."

"No, no; I cannot do it!" cried Sir Basil, piteously. "Money I will give—freely, generously—only name a sum. What good can you do in this country? Mud sticks, and you are suspected. Where and how could you earn a living? Go abroad—to France, to Italy—anywhere you like, and an ample allowance shall be sent to you regularly to meet all your requirements."

"You are trifling with me," Webb replied, hotly, raising the revolver again and resting the barrel over the back of his hand so that its muzzle pointed directly at the banker's head. "I have no mind to spare you. Why should I? Think of what I have been through. Think of my dear ones—one dead and the other Heaven knows where—perhaps worse than dead. In my failing years I have only her to count on; she alone can impart a little brightness to the frayed end of my ruined life. To count on her I must estab-

lish my innocence, or one day her heart may be broken, as her mother's was, by hearing that her father was a criminal."

The banker threw his arms out over the table and buried his face in them, groaning.

Webb watched him with glinting eyes, but continued speaking in a lower key and rather more gently.

"The thought of my child—the one tie I have binding me to mortal life—has been the single solace of all the bitter years. She was a mere babe, a child of three, when your treachery robbed her of her father and mother. I believe that she was sent to the workhouse, as the only refuge open to her. I must find her; if she is still on earth I will find her! But I cannot go to her as what I am. No doubt the fact—the whole story has been kept from her, and she thinks her father dead. But she is a girl of fifteen now, and what would be her first question to me? Come! he cried, his manner suddenly changing. "Come! Write the confession! Don't spare yourself, for you did not spare me. And if your imagination of what it means to you terrifies you, remember that I have suffered the actual experience and am unrevenged! Write now! Come, Sturton, bestir yourself and write!"

He pressed the muzzle of the revolver against the back of the banker's head as he ceased speaking, and Sir Basil started to his feet and, swinging round, grasped the ex-cashier's wrists with all his ebbing strength.

"I can't! I won't! I swear by Heaven I won't!" he cried. "And I will tell you why I won't! Don't draw back—don't touch that trigger, for I mean you no harm. But listen! I took your child from the workhouse. I took her in compassion and remorse and I adopted her."

"Is she here?" cried Webb, a strange look of mingled happiness and resentment crossing his face.

"Yes, she is here! Three years of her life are yours, but twelve are mine; and twelve years of my life have been wholly hers. She has grown into my heart, as the core grows in the apple. You were right—a woman came into my life once and flitted out as light as a thistle-down; but she left such a gap in my heart that the rest contracted in an effort to fill it in. So I have lived wifeless, childless, loveless. And then Ruby came, and—and—"

"She knows nothing—nothing of her heritage. Ah, man," said the banker, remorsefully, "don't look like that! I know what your thought was—that I ruined you and then buried all knowledge of you from your child! I did—I did—for her sake! She is my adopted niece. We have become everything to each other, and everything I have in all the world is too little for me to offer her. Do you realize the position? To take her away would be like tearing the roots off a seedling and expecting it to flourish. To force a confession from me would be to destroy her faith in humanity, for she believes I am the most honest and upright of men. And I would sooner be shot down by you like a dog—here, where I stand, without preparation for death—than write or utter the words which would destroy her faith in me."

He dropped Webb's hands and half-turned away. "Take off your boots and come with me."

There was something in the banker's manner which made the ex-cashier comply without stopping to question; and, although he was quick in throwing off his boots, he acted like a man in heavy sleep.

Having lighted and taken up a candle, Sir Basil walked feebly to the door. Webb followed; but suspicion must have flashed into his mind, for as Sir Basil passed out of the room he darted back quickly and snatched up the revolver from the chair on which he had laid it a few moments before. Then he followed the banker across the stately hall, up the wide staircase to the first landing, and a few yards down a passage. Treading lightly, their feet fell noiselessly upon the thick carpet.

As Sir Basil paused before a door and looked back warningly over his shoulder, Webb slipped the hand that held the revolver into a pocket of his thin overcoat; but he did not relax his grasp.

Slowly, and almost without sound the banker opened the door and entered. Cautiously and breathing laboriously Webb followed.

The room was large, with a wide and deep bay-window at one end, a velvet carpet on the floor. Even in the uncertain light from the candle, which the banker shaded with a trembling hand, Webb could see the room was richly furnished. With the head against the wall facing the window stood a white French bedstead; and it was at this Webb turned his hungry eyes after a cursory glance round him.

In the middle of the room Sir Basil stopped.

"Could you give her all this?" he whispered, with a sweeping gesture of his arm. "Have you suffered for nothing?"

Webb did not answer, but slid past him and approached the bed.

It was a single bed and narrow, standing out from the wall; and half hidden in the soft, pink curtains, which draped from the projecting head and fell upon the pillow, the pink and downy quilt, and the lac-

edged sheets, Webb beheld the head and shoulders of a girl.

She was lying almost upon her back, with one arm thrown lightly across her bosom, the other—bare to the elbow—drooping over the edge of the bed. Her dark hair streamed over the pillow; long lashes lay upon her cheeks, and her lips were parted in a faint suggestion of a smile.

As Webb stood and gazed down at her his thin, white face seemed to pucker up, and his chest expanded as a great sigh swelled in his heart, but he stifled it ere it took sound. His eyes were preternaturally bright.

Neither of the men spoke. Presently Webb dropped down on his knees and kissed lightly the hand which hung at the side of the bed.

The girl moved restlessly and turned right on her side, drew away her hand with impatient quickness, and laid it on the pillow half under her cheek.

Webb leant more forward, and his white face dipped into the pink quilt. For a few moments he remained thus. Then he rose and, looking neither at the girl nor Sir Basil, moved towards the door on tip-toes.

With greater firmness in his steps and straighter carriage of his body the banker followed him out of the room and back to the library.

Webb walked straight to the writing-table, and, laying down the revolver, picked up his hat.

"Well?" said Sir Basil, in a low voice, which quivered.

Webb walked round the room slowly, biting his lips and glancing over the ornaments arranged upon the mantelshelf and the low bookcases lining the room. Presently he stopped and took up one of half-a-dozen photograph frames. Unhesitatingly he opened the slide at the back and drew out the portrait of the girl in the bedroom upstairs; and without a word, or casting a look of inquiry at Sir Basil, he slipped the photograph into his breast-pocket. Then he turned and approached the door.

"Webb," said the banker, who had been furtively watching him, wondering. The old man's tone was soft and his manner exceedingly gentle as he moved towards the other. "You will let me help you? Some—some money? Let me make you an allowance—for my own sake! You have lost much by me—"

"Everything," said Webb, harshly. "But she has gained as much."

"For my own peace of mind, let me," urged Sir Basil. "At all events until you find work."

Webb paused, turned half-round, and threw a baleful look on the banker. The next instant he looked dully at the door, squared his shoulders, and left the room.

Sir Basil strolled himself by leaning on the edge of the table, and stared after the man. He heard the front-door open and shut quietly. Still he leant on the table and stared into the dark hall.

Sir Basil went slowly and heavily into the hall and bolted the door.—London Tit-Bits.

GLORY OF ANOTHER KIND.

Sir John Furibert, who has been identified with the National Red Cross Society since its organization in 1868, and is said to know more about Red Cross and ambulance work than any other man in Europe, is also an old experienced volunteer.

Some years ago, as he relates in his recent book, "In Peace and War," Sir John accompanied the British volunteers to Belgium, where, encouraged by the sight of many Belgian comrades with bemedaled breasts, some of the Britons were inclined to follow their example, and consequently required to be closely inspected.

One day Sir John spotted a man on parade who astonished him by the number of his medals. He was evidently flattered by Sir John's notice, and swelled out his chest quite noticeably.

"You seem to have seen considerable service," observed the knight. "In what wars have you engaged?"

"Bless you, I've never been in a war," returned the resplendent member of the citizen army. "My father and I were awarded these medals at agricultural shows for a special breed of pigs, for which we are famous."

A DELICATE TOUCH.

"Paw, what's the light-fingered gentry?"

"Did you ever see the corner grocer repacking a box of berries that got jolted down?"

"Uh huh."

"Well, he's one."

AN UNUSUAL CASE.

Prisoner—Yes, I'll admit I killed my mother-in-law—but I'm sorry I done it!

His Lawyer—You are? Then perhaps I can get you off on the grounds of insanity.

"Father," said a little boy to his parent the other day, "are not sailors very, very small men?" "No, my son," answered the father. "Fray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young idea, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

Canvasser—"Don't let me disturb you, sir—"

Busy Merchant—"I won't. Williams, show the gentleman out."

SOME CURIOUS LEGACIES

WILLS WITH STRANGE CONDITIONS ATTACHED.

A Testator Left His Wife a Large Legacy If She Would Wear a Widow's Cap.

The Frenchman who died recently in Constantinople leaving the comfortable legacy of \$45,000 to his nephew, M. D'Albi, who lives in Paris, was evidently determined that his relative should exert himself a little to qualify for his fortune, for he imposed a strict condition that the young man should cycle all the way from the French capital to fetch his legacy; while Miss Charlotte Sage, of Philadelphia, another recent testator, left her entire estate to her sister on condition that she "allows her father to smoke all the cigars and wear all the fancy waistcoats he desires."

These stipulations are easy enough of performance compared with those of a Vienna testator who bequeathed all his property to his six nephews and as many nieces "under the sole condition that every one of my nephews marries a woman named Antoine, and that every one of my nieces marries a man named Antoine." The dozen legatees were further obliged to name their first-born child Antoine or Antoine, according to its sex; every wedding was to be celebrated on one of St. Anthony's days, January 17th, May 10th, or June 13th, and was to take place before July 31st, 1896; and any nephew or niece remaining unwed after that date was to forfeit half of his or her

SHARE OF THE PROPERTY.

Mr. Henry Budd had such a strong aversion to moustaches that he could not die peacefully without ensuring that no one with such a "facial disfigurement" could possibly enjoy any part of his estate. "In case my son Edward shall wear moustaches," his will ran, "then the devise hereinbefore contained in favor of him, his appointees, heirs, and assigns, of my said estate called Pepper Park shall be void"; and similarly he deprived his son William of another estate, Twickenham Park, if he dared to defy his father's prejudice against wearing hair on the upper lip.

Dr. Maltus, a wealthy American physician, who wrote his will in green ink, left a large sum of money for the building and endowment of an incurable's Resthouse, "where incurables may rest for a season on their way to heaven"; and made it a rigid condition that no visitor, employe, guest, or official should smoke or play cards in the house. Among other eccentric provisions in his will was the following: "I will them to do first of all things, to test my toes with a candle and blister them, and try my hands also to see if there is any circulation of the blood the third day after I am dead."

A WEALTHY MALTSTER

who evidently had no great desire for posterity made the following remarkable conditions in his will: "Should my daughter marry and be afflicted with children, my trustees are to pay out of the said legacy \$10,000 on the birth of the first child to a hospital specified, \$20,000 on the second, \$30,000 on the third, and an additional \$10,000 on the birth of each fresh child until the \$150,000 is exhausted. Should any portion of the sum be left at the end of twenty years, the balance is to be paid to her to use as she thinks fit."

Another testator left his wife a legacy of \$60,000, to be increased to \$120,000, if she would wear a widow's cap. "She will please me greatly by doing this," he wrote, "as I think it will suit her." For six months the good lady wore the cap of bereavement, and then claimed the larger legacy, payment of which was refused. In the lawsuit that followed, judgment was given in her favor, on the ground that if the testator had intended her to wear the cap always he should have said so in the will. The very day after the decision was given the triumphant widow made a second pilgrimage to the altar.

Less amiable, however, was the testator who, after expressing in his will his disappointment in his only son, declared that he must qualify for his fortune by proving himself a man of grit and perseverance, which so far he had failed to do. The test, which the executors were to see properly performed, was to pass a certain difficult examination; and having done this he was to repair to a specified spot in a field and dig down to a depth of 15 feet, when he would discover the fortune his father had designed for him.

The son set to work industriously, and after a couple of failures passed the examination. Then, in the presence of the executors, he repaired to the field and began to dig for the buried treasure. After many hours of hard labor he disclosed an iron-bound box, which he recognized as having been his father's. The box was brought to the surface and forced open in a state of feverish excitement; but, alas! for the digger's glowing expectations, it contained nothing but a note from the testator to say that the entire box was the son's whole fortune. And that this disappointment would be to him what his whole life had been to his father.—London Tit-Bits.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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The WATCHMAN,
LACHUTE. QUE

NELSON DAY.

A movement as widely extended as the limits of the British Empire is in progress to fittingly observe, on October 21st, the one hundredth anniversary of the victory won by the British fleet under the command of Admiral Nelson at Trafalgar. On Thursday, September 14, the centenary of Nelson's embarkation on the flagship the Victory, for the voyage which crowned his marvellous life and made him a national asset for all time, witnessed the launching in England of the movement for a centenary memorial under the auspices of Lord Brassey, Lord Kinnaird, Sir Thomas Sutherland and many other distinguished people. A mammoth demonstration has been arranged for October 21st in London. A great gathering will be held in Albert Hall in the afternoon and will be followed by a big patriotic concert in the evening.

Plans are on foot in various Canadian cities, towns and villages, to observe the centenary on October 21st, particular attention being devoted to interest the school children in the event. It is proposed to have patriotic exercises calculated to intensify the devotion of the children to Canada and the Empire, addresses and songs will be a feature of the day and recitations setting forth the facts of Nelson's splendid victory and its effect on the destiny of the Empire and the world. Opportunity will readily offer for inweaving other stirring incidents in the history of the British navy. The Watchman commends the approaching centenary to the consideration of its readers and would suggest that steps be taken to mark the event in Lachute. A leader is needed to initiate and carry forward the project to success. Who will thus serve his Country and Empire.

A SPLENDID EXHIBITION.

That was the opinion of all who took in the Annual Fair on Tuesday and Wednesday last. The receipts for the two days show a smaller attendance than last year which was doubtless attributable to the bad weather. About noon, however, the sun shone out and put everyone in good humor.

The solid, stable characteristics of this good old county are combining to make the annual exhibition interesting and successful. The display this year, in points of quality, readily surpassed that of any previous year. It is noteworthy that the younger farmers are showing a determination to produce high quality, both of stock and produce. Not many years ago pure bred cattle were almost a novelty in this section, but to-day pure breeds are almost exclusively to be seen. The Ayrshires and Holsteins presented a very fine appearance and the sheep and swine were extra. Not less interesting was the high grade of wheat. Some of the clay lands in the vicinity have produced an article not inferior to the best Manitoba wheat. Turning to the other field products, much gratification was expressed at the uniformly splendid crop of roots. The fruit was also a splendid exhibit.

The weakest feature in the county farms is the poultry. There is just as much scope here for the same ambition as has stocked our cow byres. The lack of butter was also quite noticeable. The ladies department was, as usual, very attractive. In the main building Messrs J. A. Beaudard & Son had an elaborate display of Evans Bros. pianos, Doherty and Co. and Sherlock Manning Organs and New Williams Sewing Machines. They were kept busy giving away their embroidered souvenir fans and playing on the different musical instruments of beautiful tone. The pupils of Professor Hume played during the afternoon accompanied by J. W. Shaw & Co. of Montreal, of whom Mr. H. A. Blair is their genial agent. Then Messrs T. McQuat & Son occupied a large space in the

centre of the building downstairs in which they displayed a varied and unique assortment of hardware, pumps, cranes, etc. Their exhibit was to the farmer what the fancy work is to the ladies, and was as much enjoyed. Cream Separators were much in evidence there being the U. S. Simplex, Empire, and Tular. Mr. Hugh Fraser sr. exhibited some fall wheat and barley grown on Mr. John Patterson's ranch on the Bow River, 11 miles south-east of Calgary, Alberta, which was highly commented on. Mr. H. A. Blair, who is proprietor of the Farmers Emporium on Main St., had an extensive exhibit of Granby Carriages, sleighs, Agricultural Implements, Evaporators. Take the showing this year and the directors, who have been most enthusiastic workers have much to ratify their efforts. The following is the complete list of prize-winners.

HORSES.

Judges: D. Watson, Geo. Muir, Jno. Fraser, Robt. Hamilton.
Thoroughbred Clydesdale Stallion, John Walker, W. J. Burke.
Standard Bred Stallion, T. Owens and Son.

Pure Bred Hackney, Geo. Hay.
Canadian Pure Bred Stallion, T. Owens & Son, Harvey Matthews.
General purpose, grade stallion, Frank Watchorn.

Carriage stallions, in harness, E. Blair, J. Thibault, Jas. A. Drew.
Stud colts, 3 yrs draught, grade, Nelson Oullette.

Stud colts, 3 years general purpose, grade, E. Raymond, P. Leishman.
Stud colts, 2 years, grade, James McQuat, Z. Rochon, A. Tomalty.

Draught horses in harness, Thos. Owens & Son, W. J. Burke, W. Nichol.
General purpose, pair, James A. Cleland, W. J. Rodgers, and Walker.

Carriage horses, pair, M. W. Albright, W. Murray, Wm. Elliott.
Carriage horses, single, John Hay, James A. Drew, Wm. Drew.

Roadsters, T. Owens & Son, John Mathews, B. H. Noyes.
Mares and foal, draught, Harvey Matthews, E. Robillard, James A. McQuat.

Mares and foal, general purpose, Jas. Bradley, Jas. McQuat, W. Hay.
Mares and foal, carriage, M. W. Albright, J. McFarlane, J. Heatlie.

Draught colts, 1905, A. Robillard.
Carriage colts, 1905, Jas. McQuat, M. W. Albright.

Fillies and geldings, 3 yrs. draught, John Bradley, Geo. Murdoch.
Fillies and geldings, 3 years general purpose grade, John A. Smith, Andrew Doig, and James Bradley.

Fillies and geldings, 3 yr. carriage, E. Morrow, J. A. Smith, A. J. Elliott.
Fillies and geldings, 2 yr. draught, Wm. Hay, Jno. Black, Jas. O'Brien.

Fillies and geldings, 2 years general purpose, John Heatlie, Albert Griffith, Wm. Hume.
Fillies and geldings, 2 years carriage, James A. Drew, James A. McQuat, Richard Carkner.

Fillies and geldings, 1 yr. draught, William Bradley.
Fillies and geldings, 1 yr. carriage, Mrs. Wm. Summerby, Wm. Hay.

Fillies and geldings, 1 year general purpose, Jas. Bradley, W. J. Christie, Jas. McQuat.

Best clyde and shire stallion, John Walker.
Neatest single driving turn out, And. Doig, Jno. Hay, T. Owens & Son.

Best single general purpose horse, W. J. Rodgers, James Hay, James A. McQuat, (B).
Saddle Horses, Andrew Walker, Robert Watson, Andrew Doig.

Lady driver, Mrs. Andrew Elliott, Miss Summerby.
Best farmers turnout team, Jas. R. Cleland, W. J. Burke.

Quickest to harness horse and go around ring, Jas. Bradley, William Bradley, John Drew.

Harry scurry race on horse back, Wm. Bradley, Robt. Todd.
Potato race on horse back, O. A. Cooke, J. Watson.

Best rider on horseback, boys 15 yr. and under, Ward McAllister, Gordon Walker, John Bradley.

Best rider on horseback, girls 15 yr. and under, Miss Mabel Nicholls.
Special by J. D. Campbell, best pair of General purpose horses raised by exhibitor, not more than 5 years old, W. J. Rodgers.

Special by J. Hay, Esq., president of Society, best and largest exhibit of horses all owned by one exhibitor (stallions over 2 yrs old barred)—T. Owens & Son, J. Bradley.

HORNED CATTLE.

AYRSHIRE'S: Judge, A. R. Yuill.
Bulls aged, J. Black, J. A. Wood, J. B. Cooke.

Bulls 2 yrs., Wm. Hume, James C. McClure, James Bradley.
Bulls 1 yr., J. A. Wood, W. Murray.

Bull Calves, John Doig, R. Leishman, Wm. Hume.
Milch Cows, J. A. Wood, John Doig, Jas. Hay, John Black, W. Hay.

Milch Cows, 3 yrs., J. A. Wood, James Bradley, John Doig, W. Todd.
Heifers of 1903, Jas. O. McClure, Wm. Todd, John Doig, John Black.

Heifers of 1904, J. A. Wood, John Black, James McClure, Jas. A. Drew.
Heifer Calves, Jas. Robinson, W. Murray, J. B. Cooke.

Ayrshire Herd, J. A. Wood, J. Doig.
Ayrshire Herd raised by exhibitor, John Hay.

Best dairy bull, W. Hay, J. Black.
Best four animals get of one Ayrshire Bull, J. A. Wood.

Best Ayrshire or grade Cow, and 2 of her progeny, John Black.

GUERNSEYS: Milch Cows—Wm. Todd (Geneva), Robt. Watson.

Milch Cow, 3 yr.—W. Todd, Geneva, Heifers, 1903, R. Watson, W. Todd.
JERSEYS: Milch Cows, W. Todd, Geneva.

Short horn bulls, aged, W. J. Rodgers.

Bulls, 2 years—C. R. Rodger.
Grade Milch Cows, James Hay, J. Black, John Doig, J. A. Wood.

Milch Cows, 3 yr.—Robt. C. Morrin, John Matthews, J. Black, W. Hume.
Heifers of 1903, J. A. Wood, John Black Wm. Hume.

Heifers of 1904, John Black, James Wood, Wm. Hume.
Heifer Calves, 1905, John Doig, W. Hume, J. B. Cooke.

Grade H rd., rohn Black, J. wood.
Best Dairy milch cow, And. Bos.
HOLSTEINS: J. Johnson, Judge.

Bulls, 1 yr., Jno. Cruise, W. A. Jamieson, And. Bos.
Bull Calves, Jno. Cruise, R. Todd.

Milch Cow, And. Bos, Jno. Cruise.
Milch Cow, 1902, And. Bos, J. Cruise.
Heifers of 1903, Jno. Cruise, And. Bos.

Heifers of 1904, Jno. Cruise, And. Bos.
Heifer Calves, Jno. Cruise, And. Bos.
Holstein Herd, And. Bos.

Best Holstein Bull on Exhibit—John Cruise.
Best Holstein herd raised by exhibitor, And. Bos.

SHEEP.

Judges: Samuel House, Andrew Woods.
Ewes, aged, long wool grade, R. Gordon, James A. Drew, Robt. C. Morrin.

Ewes, 1 shear, Robert Creighton, J. A. Drew.
Ewe Lamb, William Hume, Robt. C. Morrin, James A. Drew.

Grade Shropshire, Oxford or Southdown, E. A. McGregor, David Todd, Harvey Matthews, James Bradley.

Ewe Lamb, A. E. McGregor, David Todd, James Leashman.
Pure Shropshire ram, aged, Andrew Walker.

Rams, 1 shear, Wm. Todd, Geneva, J. A. Bradley.
Ram Lamb, Martin S. Albright, Wm. Nichols, Wm. Todd, E. S.

Ewes aged, Martin S. Albright, Robt. Watson, William Nichols.
Ewes, 1 shear, Jas. R. Cleland, William Thompson and D. T. Morrin.

Ewe Lamb, Wm. Nichols, Martin S. Albright, William Todd.
Pure Leicester rams, aged, Jas. R. Cleland, James A. Drew, Wm. Hume.

Rams, 1 shear, R. Creighton, James R. Crighton, J. R. Cleland, W. Thompson.
Ram Lamb, D. T. Morrin, W. Thompson.

Ewes, aged, James R. Cleland, D. T. Morrin, William Thompson.
Ewes, 1 shear, D. T. Morrin, James R. Cleland, William Thompson.

Ewe Lamb, James R. Cleland.
Rams, 1 shear, A. E. McGregor.
Ram Lamb, John Doig, J. C. McClure, Robert Drennan.

Ewes aged and 1 shear, James McClure.

FANCY WORK & DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE'S.
JUDGES: Thos. Barron, M. Smith, Mrs. Lapointe, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Wales, Miss Albright.

Kniffe, home-made, N. C. Lette.
Cloth, J. McFarlane.
Woolen Mitts, home-made yarn, Henry McCrea, Jno. A. Smith, Jas. Bradley.

Woolen Gloves, home-made yarn, Jos. McKimmie, And. Walker, A. McFarlane.
Woolen Gloves, bought fine yarn, A. McFarlane, Robt. Leishman, Miss Paterson.

Woolen Stockings, home-made yarn, Miss Paterson, And. McFarlane, And. Walker.
Woolen Socks, home-made yarn, Miss Paterson, Dav. McQuat, And. McFarlane.

Woolen Mitts, bought fine yarn, Miss Paterson, Mrs. Jos. McKimmie, Mrs. Hry. McCrea.
Woolen Stockings, bought fine yarn, Miss Paterson, Hry. McCrea.

Woolen Socks, b. y. y., Miss Paterson, Jas. Bradley, W. A. Bradley.
Home-made yarn, Jas. Bradley, And. Walker.

Best Collection home-made knitted work, Hry. McCrea, Miss Paterson.
Suit of Knitted Underclothing, Mrs. H. McCrea, Miss Paterson.

Plain Cotton Quilts, And. Walker, Z. Rochon.
Patched Cotton Quilts, Miss Paterson, Miss Lavigne.

Home-made soap, Hry. Hadley, Miss Ethel McQuat.
Crochet Breakfast Shawl, all Wool, B. Woods, Lachute, And. Walker.

Wool Stuffed Comforter, And. Walker.
Knitted Cotton Bed-Cover, Miss Paterson, Mrs. A. Walker.

Silk, Satin or Plush Quilts, Miss Paterson, Walter Smith.
Pillow Shams, Embroidered, Miss Paterson.

Sofa Pillow embroidered on linen, G. D. Walker, Miss Paterson.
Hemstitching & Drawn work, And. Bos, Jno. Doig.

Honatan Point Lace, Jno. A. McGibbon, Miss Lizzie Walker.
Mexican Drawn work, Miss S. McCrea, Miss Paterson.

Eyelet Work, Miss Paterson.

To Builders.

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

Sofa Pillow, Silk, Satin or Plush, Miss E. McQuat, Z. Rochon.
Down Stuffed Comforter, J. McGibbon, David McQuat.

Hook-d rag, yarn, Hry. Hadley.
Tatting, Miss S. McCrea, Jno. A. McGibbon.

Fancy Sofa Pillow, J. Matthews, Miss Paterson.
Fancy Rag floor Mat, Miss Paterson, H. Hadley.

Battenburg Lace, And. Bos, H. McRie.
Netting, Miss Paterson, Hry. McCrea.
Hand made Button Holes, Jas. Cowan, Geo. Morrison.

Plain Flannel, And. Walker.
Blankets all wool, Walter Smith, Jas. Bradley, Jos. McKimmie.

Home-made Woolen Shawls, N. Oullette, Robt. Leishman.
Home made Rag Carpet, Cotton Warp, Miss Paterson, And. McFarlane.

Best collection Fancy Work, Miss Lizzie Walker, Miss Paterson.
Best collection of Photographs by Amateurs, Wm. Ball, A. McQuat.

Specimen of Handwriting, Ellis Cooke, Robt. Bos, Alice McClure.
Carved Wood work, Geo. Hunter and deserving of special mention.

Mont Mellick Work, Miss L. Walker.
Knitted Breakfast shawl, Hry. McCrea, Jno. Matthews.

Infants Jacket, (all wool), Miss Lavigne.
Patched Old Garment, Jno. McGibbon.
Specimen of darning, Miss Paterson.

Kitchen Apron, Miss Paterson, Jos. McKimmie.
Slippers worked and completed, Hry. McCrea, P. S. Derbyshire.

Sofa Pillow, Crazy Quilt Work, Miss Paterson, G. D. Walker.
Knitted Lace, cotton or linen, Miss Paterson.

Crochet Lace, cotton or linen, Miss Paterson, Miss Sarah McCrea.
Knitted Table Mat, Miss Paterson, Miss S. McCrea.

Crochet Mats, Miss Paterson, Miss S. McCrea.
Fancy Toilet Set, Hry. McCrea, Miss Paterson.

Table Cover, hand worked, Miss Paterson, Miss Dobbie.
Table Centre, hand worked, Miss Paterson, Jno. Doig.

Fancy Apron, Miss Paterson, Jos. McKimmie.
Plain White Sewing, Jos. McKimmie, Hry. McCrea.

Embroidery on Felt, Silk, Satin or Plush, Miss Ethel McQuat, Miss Paterson.
Landscape Painting in Oil, Mrs. R. Todd, Miss Paterson, Miss Ethel McQuat.

Flowers and Fruit in Oil, Miss Paterson, Miss E. McQuat.
Flowers and Fruit in Water Color, Miss Alice Rodger.

Crayon by Amateurs, Miss Paterson.
Landscapes in Water Colors, Miss Alice Rodger.

Free Hand Drawing, Miss Paterson.
Best collection of work plain or fancy by a girl under 15 years, Miss Maggie Hills.
Home-made Laundry, Mrs. George H. H.

BREAD, BUTTER & CHEESE.
JUDGES: H. Fraser, & Jno. Hope.

Home-made bread, S. McKimmie, Sr., J. Doig, And. McFarlane, And. Bos, Geo. D. Walker.

Home-made Rolls, G. D. Walker, Robt. Bos, And. Bos, Jno. Doig, A. McFarlane.

Home-made buns, Jno. Doig, Robt. Bos, P. S. Derbyshire, And. McFarlane, Henry Hadley.

Home-made Bread from Flour purchased from J. D. Campbell, And. McFarlane, A. E. McGregor.

Bakers Bread, W. Stanforth.
Butter in Tinet, And. Walker.
Butter Prints, Jas. A. Drew, Geo. Hills, Jno. A. Smith.

Butter in rolls, Wm. Copeland.
Hope's special, Jas. A. Drew, John A. Smith.
Factory Cheese, Val Morrison, Arthur Crosswell, P. S. Derbyshire, S. Robinson.

MAPLE SUGAR, HONEY, & FRUIT.

JUDGES: John Jackson & Wm. McCole.
Maple Sugar, Robt. Bos, William Hume, Ellison Bradford.

Maple Syrup, Jno. Black, M. S. Albright Robt. Bos.
Honey, J. Cowan, Harvey Matthews, R. C. Morrin.

Honey in Comb, Harvey Matthews, Jas. Cowan.
Famous Apple, Wm. Davidson, John Morrin, R. bert C. Morrin.

St. Lawrence, William Heatlie, Robert Morrin, J. B. Cooke.
Wealthy, James Chambers, C. Morrison, Wm. Davidson.

Duchess, John Morrin, John Doig, R. C. Morrin.
King's, George D. Walker.
Wolfe River, John Morrin, W. Heatlie.

McIntosh Red, John Morrin, George C. Conway.
Alexanders, D. T. Morrin, Jas. Cowan, Wm. Heatlie.

Lussets, D. T. Morrin, J. A. Drew, G. C. Conway.
Plate of any other variety, Robt. Bos, D. T. Morrin.

Best Collection of Apples, R. C. Morrin, Geo. C. Conway.
White Grapes, R. Bos, R. Wood, Black Grapes, R. Bos, T. Black, Red Grapes, Robt. Wood.

PRESERVES & CANNED GOODS.

JUDGES: G. F. Calder, & Jno. Martin.
Canned Plums, Robt. Leishman, Walter Smith.

Canned Strawberries, Jas. A. Drew, Walter Smith.
Red Currant Jam, Hry. Hadley, Jno. A. Smith.

Black Currant Jam, S. B. Centre, Hry. Hadley.
Gooseberry Jam, Hry. McCrea, R. Bos, Plum Jam, W. Smith, H. Hadley.

Apple Jelly, G. D. Walker, H. Hadley.
Crab apple Jelly, S. B. Centre, James Cowan.
Red Currant Jelly, S. Centre, J. Doig.

Preserved citron, Jas. Cowan, Andrew Walker.
Pumpkin Pie, Geo. Morrison, Jos. McKimmie.

Canned Apples, G. D. Walker, Walter Smith.
Canned Cherries, Jas. Drew, Walter Smith.
Canned Gooseberries, S. B. Centre, Jas. A. Drew.

FLOWERS.

Best Hanging Baskets, Robt. Wood, Lachute, Mrs. H. McRae.
Primroses in Pots, R. Wood, (L.) Mrs. H. McRae.

Trained Fuchsia, Mrs. H. McRae.
Pot Begonias, Robt. Wood, (L.) Mrs. H. McRae.
Best Variety Geraniums, Robt. Wood, L. Mrs. H. McRae.

Best Pot Foliage, Mrs. H. McRae, Robt. Wood.
Asters in Bloom, R. Wood, J. A. Drew.
Dahlias in Bloom, Jas. A. Drew.

Sweet Peas in Bloom, J. A. McGibbon, Mrs. H. McRae.
Bouquet Cut Flowers, Robt. Woods, J. A. McGibbon.

Best collection Flowers in Pots, Robert Wood, H. McRae.

NOTICE

On account of the 26th of October being fixed as Thanksgiving Day the ploughing match will be held on the 25th of October on Mrs. J. Hewett's farm, Steynerville.

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Signature
of
Charles H. Fletcher

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LACHUTE, QUE.

Crude 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.

WOMAN'S WARS.

In her woman's heart was a poem,
A grand and tender song,
A word of hope for the weary,
A stern rebuke to the wrong;
It often pleaded for utterance,
For voice to reach the world,
To be raised where all might heed it,
A banner of love unfurled!

But she never found the moment,
With days so full of care,
To breathe out the burning heart words
Of her poem nestling there.
There were always household duties,
Dull rounds for every day,
And just before step by step,
Some task unfinished lay.

Her children grew up and blessed her,
And honored her sainted name;
She has guided their childish footsteps,
But she had missed the road to fame:
From the many snares and pitfalls
Along the youthful way
Her watchful eye had saved them;
Not one had wandered astray.

The good angel wrote down her life-work—
A pure and shining page,
More sweet than dreams of a poet,
More grand than e'er or sage;
She had met each homely duty,
Striving not for earth's renown.

OUR readers all doubtless have a desire to be happy and are ever watching for the road to happiness. You have doubtless had many roads to happiness pointed out to you. The young as well as the old have their dark days. The days in the May time of life are just as cloudy as in life's November. The grandmother and the granddaughter breathe the same deep sigh. It is a false idea that we are happier in childhood and youth than we will ever be again. If we live right the older we get the happier we are. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart full of good honest, practical christian work then you know what it is to begin to be happy. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree the riper and more mellow it grows. The longer you live the right kind of a life the more useful and happy you become. Solomon, the wise man said "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Get into the path referred to by Solomon and you will find old age more joyful than youth.

OUR readers who now have "silver threads among the gold" can well remember the good old fashioned home where upon a stormy night they would sit by the old hearthstone while the great fire up the chimney roared. They can yet see reflected from the ever changing golden sheer of the blaze, the images of merry boys and playful girls, or with their slates and pencils and school books solving by the flickering blaze, the problems assigned them by the old schoolmaster. What visions they can see in the fire, visions of the forgotten long ago, of joys and sorrows strangely mixed; visions of romping boys and laughing girls, visions of love's first dream, of eyes that caught the broken story from lips that could not speak it; visions of the bridal queen crowned with coronet of maiden blushes; visions of life's stern battle; visions of sorrow's first shadow; visions of all life's checked pathway as it winds through flowery fields or pain's hot desert sands, through the fragrant spice groves of joy or over sorrow's mountain crags. We would not be an old "foggy," but our modern and beautiful homes of today, with their darkened parlors so the sunlight will not fade the carpets; where a nurse instead of a mother amuses the children, if perchance there be any. As one recalls to memory these incidents and pictures of the far distant past, it brings a sigh for a return of the good old days before wealth and fashion united in robbing home of half its real enjoyments.

WHAT TO READ.

When you have the "blues" and can see no silver lining to the dark clouds that are constantly above you, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

When your pocket-book is as empty as an editors, read the thirty-seventh Psalm.

When your neighbors are unkind to you and even those near and dear to you slight you, read the fifteenth chapter of John.

When you are discouraged about your work and nothing seems to go right, read the 126 Psalm.

When you are all out of sorts and hardly know what the matter is, read the twelfth chapter of John.

When you are losing confidence in mankind, read the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians.

If you can't have your own way, then silence is golden and you will get relief by reading the third chapter of James.

DEATH

MASON, At St. Andrews Convent, on Monday, September, 18th, 1905, Agnes Doyle, widow of the late H. Mason.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of
FRANCE LAVOIE, Mill-Owner,
of Nantel & Morrison, Que.
The undersigned will sell by public auction at No. 69 St. James Street, Montreal, Monday, the 16th October, 1905, at 11 o'clock, a.m., the following movable and immovable assets in separate lots as below enumerated:

1. Certain timber limits beginning in rear, or at the north-east side of Montcalm Township, and extend North easterly along the division of Berford & Wolfe, a distance of about 3 miles more or less, with a breadth of about 6 miles more or less forming an area of about 5 1/2 sq. miles this limit to comprise the following lots;

WOLFE.

- 1 R. L. St 18,
- 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18,
- 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 34.
- 1 South parts of lots nos. 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26, and lots 27, 28, 32, 42 & 44 containing an area of 1 1/2 sq. miles for the said lots of the fourth range.

Also all the rights of the insolvents in the following deeds; sale by the North River Lumber Co., and M.L. & C.H. Searns to France Lavoie before C. Paquet, N.P., the 25th October 1903; sale by John Sunstrom to F. L. v before C. Paquet, N.P., 30th Sept., 1902

2. A saw-mill, dwelling houses and other dependencies situate in Nantel, machinery and plant, blacksmith shop accessories, as well as the rights of insolvent in a certain lease granted by one M. Giroux before F. L. Moirgeau, N.P. of St. Agathe, the 27th May 1901, under No. 5533, of the land upon which these said buildings are erected.

3. A saw-mill at Morrison, in the Township of Wolfe, with all the machinery, plant and tools therein contained, house and dependencies as well as the rights in a certain lease of the land upon which said buildings are erected.

4. A lot of land situate in the Mission of St. Faustin, in the fifth range of the Township of Wolfe, known and designated as a dismemberment of lot No 48, bounded to the North by the Public Road, to the south by the lake de la Rouge, to the east and west by the parts remaining of the said lot in the official book and plan of reference for the Mission of St. Faustin, measuring forty five feet in width by one hundred and eighty feet in depth, with buildings thereon erected.

5. Fourteen lots of land, situate in the parish of St. Martin, Province of Quebec, (Paro Laval), known and designated in the official plan and book of reference for the said parish, under Nos. 478 to 484 of 256 and 411 to 417 of 255) four hundred and seventy-eight to four hundred and eighty four of the official subdivision of lot No. two hundred and fifty six, and four hundred and eleven to four hundred and seventeen of official subdivision of lot No. two hundred and fifty-five.

6. A lot of land, being part of lot No. (260) two hundred and sixty of the official plan and book of reference of the said parish of St. Martin, Laval County, known and designated as follows: bounded in front, to the south-east by the public road, on one side to the south west by lot No 259 (259) two hundred and fifty nine, in rear and on the other side, that is to the north west and north east by the residue of the said lot No. 260 and containing 201 feet in width in the public road, 207 feet and ten inches in the south west line, 232 feet in rear, that is in the line north west, and 240 feet in the lateral north east line, the whole in English measure, and more or less, with 1 brick house, out-houses, sheds etc. thereon erected.

7. The rolling stock, comprising vehicles, harnesses and shanty furniture and merchandise.

8. The book debts as per list.

A deposit of ten per cent will be requested on adjudication.

For all other information, apply to
Alexandre Desmarreux, Curator,
1598 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
Marcotte Brothers,
Auctioneers.

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JUST RECEIVED A FULL STOCK OF
SCHOOL BOOKS & OTHER REQUISITES
NECESSARY FOR THE SCHOOL OPENING
OF 1905.

WE ARE CLEARING OUT THE BALANCE
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OF COST

NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

J. R. McOUAT

Prize List Continued

VEGETABLES & GRAIN.

JUDGES: Jno. Earle & J. Bonhomme.
Sugar beets,—W. J. Rodger,
Harvey Matthews.
Table Beets,—Jas. Bradley, G.
Morrison

Mangles,—W. J. Rodgers, W.
Todd, Wm. Bradley.

Turrips,—A. F. McGregor, W.
Thompson, Robt. C. Morrin.

Long White Carrots,—Harvey
Matthews, Wm. Todd, E.S., Jas.
Bradley.

Half long white Carrots,—Hry.
McRae, Harvey Matthews, Jas.
Chambers.

Long red carrots,—H. Matthus
Wm. Todd, E.S.

Half long red Carrots,—Robert
Woods, Jas. Chambers.

Pumpkins,—Harvey Matthus,
Wm. Todd.

Squash,—Wm. Davidson, And.
Walker.

Cabbage,—Jas. Chambers. W.
Davidson.

Tomatoes,—Stephen Centre,
Wm. Copeland.

Onions,—And. Walker, Wm.
Davidson.

Celery,—Geo. Morrison, Wm.
Davidou,

Melons,—R. wood, W. David-
son.

Burbank Potatoes,—Wm. Nic-
holls, R. St. Leishman.

Early Ros.,—Ellison Bradford,
A. E. McGregor.

Early Gem,—Jas. A. Drew.

Any other named variety,—N.
Ouilette, G. D. Walker, R. Boa.
Trace of Corn on cob,—James
Bradley, Wm. Heatlie, Ellison
Bradford.

Wheat in bag,—W. J. Rolger,
Robt. Todd, G. D. Walker.

Oats in bag,—N. Ouilette, Jno.
Gordon, E.S.

Barley, 2 row,—W. Todd, E.S.

Barley, 4 row,—Jno. Black, A.
E. McGregor.

Timothy Seed,—J. Gordon, E.S.

White beans,—Ellison Brad-
ford, Robt. C. Morin,

Collection of field Roots Wm.
Todd, E.S.

Collection of garden vegetables,
—C. F. Cain, Wm. Davidson, A.
Walker.

Fodder Corn in sheaf,—S. B.
Centre, R. Boa.

Grain in sheaf,—H. Matthews,
John Gordon.

SWINE & POULTRY.

Judges: R. Watson, R. Goodfellow.

Boars, under 9 months,—Jas.
Chambers, Arthur Tomalty.

Sows over 9 months,—And.
Walker, W. J. Rodger, Wm.
Hume.

Sows under 9 months,—W. J.
Rodgers, William Hume, Arthur
Tomalty.

Be kshire, boars, under 9 mos.,
George Murdock.

Fows under 9 months,—M. S.
Albright, Wm. Hay, Mrs. W.
Summerby.

Sows over 9 months,—M. S.
Albright, Mrs. W. Summerby,
Wm. Boyd.

Bargains!



Now is the time to buy a Threshing Mill. The J. B. Dore is the best make. We are offering bargains in all other machinery and supplies, 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.

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Our Stock in Furniture

Was never as complete as it is now,
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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

His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER LIV.

Dr. Griffith placed a chair for his beautiful young patient, and, standing by the table, waited until she spoke.

"Do people," she said abruptly, "ever die of a broken heart?"

"I have never known a case," answered the doctor, "though I have heard and read of such a thing."

"Some months since," she said, looking at him with calm, grave eyes, "I was as strong as any one could wish to be. I had splendid health and a perfect constitution. Now I have hardly strength enough to live, and every one thinks I am in danger."

"There must be a reason for it," remarked the doctor, quietly.

"There is a reason, which I will tell you, and I want you to judge if it will kill me. I have had within the last two months a trouble—a terrible trouble—one that I have had to bury in the depths of my heart. I could not speak of it, or hint it, or place confidence in any living creature concerning it, I have shut my secret in my heart, and it has been preying upon it. It has eaten my heart away. The constant repression, the desperate efforts I have made to seem as usual, have been too much for me, and now I feel sure that I have some affection of the heart which will soon put an end to my life."

He began to understand something of the case.

"Do you want to live?" he asked briefly.

"No, I want to die," she answered.

Then came a string of questions, all which she answered candidly enough. The doctor knit his brows and was silent for some time: then he listened to the action of the heart and grew graver still.

"I think," he said, "that you have always had a great tendency to heart-disease; and now, I am sorry to say, it is a confirmed case."

Her face brightened, and she murmured a few words to herself which he did not hear.

"I wish," she said gravely, "to hear the plain truth. It will not frighten me. I prefer death to life."

"It is a hard truth which I have to tell you," he answered, gently.

"I am ready to hear it," she said.

"It is this. I think it probable that you have always had a tendency to heart-disease. Perhaps, had your life been happy and without trouble, it might never have developed itself; but the pain you have suffered and the repression have made it fatal. You understand the word fatal?"

"Yes, I understand," she said, "and I thank Heaven! I am very ill. At times my heart seems to stand still, it ceases almost to beat. A cold perspiration comes; my face, my hands, and lips grow cold; it seems to me that in another moment I shall die. Again it beats until I cannot bear the trembling of my own body and my blood is all on fire."

"Yes; those are symptoms of disease," he said.

"Tell me, doctor," she asked, "how long do you think I have to live?"

"Not long," was the grave reply.

"In a great measure it lies in your own hands. If you could get rid of this case, if you could prevent yourself, you might live a little longer."

"I could not," she said; "the restraint has been too great and too persistent. Will you tell me what the end will be like?"

"I wish you would not ask me," he answered, looking pitifully at the fair face.

"It will be the greatest service you can render me," she said. "It matters so little to me. If I have some months to live, I shall carry out an intention which I have formed: if not, I shall forgo it! Tell me, doctor."

"You will not live for months," he said—"the greater the pity."

"The greater the joy!" she cried.

"Will it be weeks?"

"Weeks in all probability," he replied.

"And the end?" she asked again.

"The end will be sudden and peaceful," he answered. "It may be at any time. Any sudden sorrow or joy might prove fatal. Calmness, peace, resignation, are your greatest helps. Poor child," he said, in an outburst of sudden, tender pity—"poor child! Life has been hard for you!"

"Very hard," she declared.

"I wish," he said, "that you would follow my advice. I could not save your life, but I might prolong it."

"No," she replied. "I am staying here at Mentone; I shall die here, and when I die, they will be sure to send for you. You will not say that you have seen me?"

"I will not," he promised.

"Accept my best thanks," she said holding out her hand to him. "I knew there was something radically wrong; I am happier and easier, now that I understand what it is. You have done me a service. Farewell!"

He thought of her a hundred times. He wished that he had detained her, that he had forced her to send for her friends. He reproached himself until the end of his life, and yet he had not been to blame.

"You look better to-night, Leah," said the duchess. The deadly pallor had left the fair face, and there was a smile in the dark eyes. "I feel more at ease about you."

Leah smiled to herself. She was better because she was drawing nearer to the golden shore.

There followed two quiet, peaceful and happy weeks, of which Hettie liked to think afterward. It struck her at times that Leah looked weak and ill, but she made no complaint.

News came from England that Sir Basil had been returned member for the county. The duke and duchess were delighted. Hettie was pleased, and talked more about it than she talked of anything else.

Leah went to her room; the sun shone bright and warm, and the air was full of the perfume of flowers. She was tired, with a peculiar feeling of longing for rest which was new to her, and her senses had been suddenly sharpened. She could see further; she could hear with almost painful distinctness. She had a letter to write, but the feeling of fatigue was so strong upon her that she was hardly inclined to commence her task. "I will do it at once, and then it will not trouble me," she said to herself. She went to one of her jewel-cases which was kept locked, and which opened only with a peculiar key. From it she took the small ring case that Sir Basil had given her, and drew from it the old-fashioned wedding-ring with which she was to have been married. But, as she lifted it from the case, it snapped and fell in two in her hands. Whether it had been put away in some awkward fashion, or whether some one, in looking over the jewel-case, had taken the ring out, accidentally broken it, and replaced it without mentioning the fact, she could not tell. She was not superstitious, she did not think it an omen or augury of evil; but it gave her a terrible shock. She trembled as though some great disaster had occurred. She had intended to write to Sir Basil, and return him the ring, leaving the letter to be handed to him. Now it lay broken in two—the ring that had been worn by so many faithful wives that had been given by so many loving husbands—the ring that she had received with such loving trust and confidence—the ring that she had hoped to wear until she lay dead and Basil took it from her.

It was broken now, like her love, her heart, her life. What would Basil do? she wondered. Would he have it mended? Would Hettie ever wear it? She had never shed a tear since she had found that Basil did not love her, but her eyes grew dim as she looked at the broken ring. She kissed it as though it had been a living thing and understood her action.

A broken wedding-ring is never a pleasant sight, and is always supposed to be an omen of misfortune, but there was something unutterably sad about this. It signified so much: the heart of the girl to whom it belonged was broken as surely as the wedding-ring which lay before her snapped in two. She took the two halves and folded them in a sheet of paper, sealed it, and addressed it to Sir Basil, then she drew towards her a sheet of paper to write the letter which she felt was to be the last she would ever pen.

CHAPTER LV.

Leah looked out at the golden sunshine and the bright blue sky. How fair the earth was! It seemed hard that every one could not be happy, that hopes must perish, love be wrecked, life all spoiled. Then she began to write. That moment presented the supreme temptation of her life. She longed so intensely to tell him that she knew all, to reproach him that he had preferred another, to tell him that it was the knowledge of this fact which had killed her. She longed to say this to him. It seemed so hard to die and make no sign. He would live and be happy, and no one would ever know what she had suffered or why she had died.

She sat for some time with the pen in her hand. It was the one great temptation of her life. Should she tell him or not? When she came to die, should she feel any the happier that she had left him with this sting in his breast, this memory which would always be to him one

of bitter pain? It would be ample vengeance. If he knew that her unhappiness had killed her, he could never be happy again. He was honorable and sensitive; the chances were that if he knew the truth he would never marry Hettie. He was not one to build his happiness on the grave of the woman who had loved him so well. She judged him rightly. If ever he knew or suspected the truth, he would never have another happy moment. It was a great temptation. Her heart throbbed with it, her whole frame trembled; and then with a supreme effort she conquered it. They—nay, even he whom she loved, when he heard her story—had pronounced her selfish. She could prove now that that was untrue. She could make the greatest sacrifice that any woman could make, all the more noble that it would remain for ever a secret between Heaven and herself. She would not tell him one word. If in that past life of hers she had been selfish, her selfishness would be atoned for now. She could write a simple letter, saying nothing of love or reproach, nothing of life or death but telling him that she had found the wedding-ring broken. "My very dear Basil: To my surprise this morning, on opening my jewel-case, I found the wedding-ring broken. I inclose it. You know better what to do with it than I—"

Swiftly, suddenly, as had been foretold, death came to her, without pain, without bitterness, without agony. The pen dropped from the white fingers; her head fell upon the paper. She died with a smile on her lips. There was not even a spasm of pain, no faint murmur or cry. The throbbing, laboring, broken heart had stopped at last. With the wind that chanted a requiem among the great trees her soul rose to heaven, and the body left behind grew cold and beautiful in the embrace of death.

So they found her, dead, with the half-written letter and the broken wedding-ring.

The duchess was almost frantic. She refused to believe that Leah was dead, it was utterly impossible, she declared. She called for brandy, wine, hot water—every possible restorative. She would not see the mark of death on the beautiful face. She sent for doctors, and one of the first was Dr. Evan Griffiths.

He recognized her at once. This was the despairing girl who had come to him longing with her whole heart to die; and the longing had been granted. He was accustomed to many a sad sight and scene, to every kind of sickness and distress; but he had seen nothing which touched him more than the dead face of this hapless girl. Tears came into his eyes.

The duchess told him of the broken wedding-ring; she thought it a most marvellous coincidence. And the little story conveyed to the doctor was almost all that he wanted to know. Of course there was nothing to be done. Dr. Griffiths said that there was no need for any inquiry; the cause of death was heart disease—there was no doubt of it.

The duchess raised her hands in astonishment.

"Heart disease!" she cried. "I have never heard her complain of her heart!"

"I have," sobbed Hettie. "I have frequently heard her complain of a sharp pain, and of her heart beating slowly."

"She must have suffered for years," said Dr. Griffiths, but he did not add that the disease had been aggravated by some terrible shock. He respected the secret that he had kept so well.

The duchess would not allow anything to be touched in the room until the general and Sir Basil came. The unfinished letter lay upon the table, and the broken wedding-ring was in the folded paper.

They had telegraphed at once for Sir Arthur and Sir Basil. Fast as steam could carry them, they went to Mentone, and found the terrible news that Leah was dead.

All the calm, imperial beauty of her youth came back to her as she lay sleeping after her long fever and pain. There was no pain on the beautiful face; the thick, dark eyelashes lay like fringe on the white cheeks; there was a strange beauty on the marble brow; and the proud curves of the perfect lips were set in a smile. The duchess had covered the couch on which she lay with lovely white blossoms; and so, Sir Basil, who had parted from her on board the steamer, saw her again. He kissed the pale lips that had murmured so many loving words to him, weeping like a child, and regretting that he had not loved her more.

The duchess gave him the letter and the ring. He received them in silence. What had he to say?

But that night, when all was still, he crept back to the room, and laid the two halves of the broken wedding-ring on the cold, white breast. No one else should ever wear it; it was buried with her.

Early the next morning he went out and procured some scarlet passion-flowers. Sir Arthur liked him all the better because he cried like a child when he placed them in the dead, white hands. One could have fancied that a smile passed over the dead face. Her secret was safe, for ever now, and no one knew why she had died. No suspicion of the truth came to any one of them.

So they mourned her, and no sting of bitter memories increased their pain. Hettie and the general learned to love each other in the midst of their trouble more than they would ever have done in prosperity. They mourned long and sincerely for Leah. The general for a long time was quite unlike himself—he seemed unable to recover from the blow; and there were times when every one thought that Hettie must follow her sister.

There was a great outburst of sorrow in England when the papers told that Leah, the beloved niece of General Sir Arthur Hutton, had died suddenly at Mentone, of heart-disease.

English visitors go now to see her grave; none leave it without tears. They tell each other how soon she was to have been married to some one whom she loved dearly, and how she was writing to her lover when the summons came. Leah's grave is the most beautiful in the cemetery. A tall, white marble cross bears her name, and masses of superb scarlet passion-flowers creep up it and overhang the grave.

Five years have passed since Leah's death, but her memory lives bright and beautiful among those who loved her best. Sir Basil and Hettie have been three years married, and they live entirely at Brentwood. Sir Arthur implored them to let it be so. He could not bear to live alone again. So they had consented to make Brentwood their home; leaving it at times to go to Glen, when the general always accompanied them. He loved Hettie, and as the years rolled on, he looked to her for all the comfort and brightness of his life. But those who knew him best said that she had never occupied the same place in his heart which Leah had.

One spot of Brentwood was sacred to Sir Basil—he would never allow it to be touched or changed—and that was the nook, on the terrace where the passion-flowers grew. He would not have them cut or pruned; they grew in luxuriant profusion, and he allowed no one to gather them. He loved his fair young wife Hettie with all his heart, yet he never once walked up the avenue without thinking of the beautiful face among the flowers which had brightened into new and sudden life at his approach.

He was very happy. Life had been one long success with him. His fame was ever growing; the time was coming when his name would be honored wherever the English language was spoken. No one ever knew that a woman had died for love of him.

There is no fear that Leah will be forgotten at Brentwood. The beautiful picture of her shown at the Royal Academy and called "The Passion-flower," hangs in the drawing-room there. Every one who sees it stops and looks with wonder at the lovely face and dark eyes that seem to follow one.

Lady Carlton has a fine, handsome boy, whom she has named Arthur, who inherits her blue eyes and golden hair. She thinks that there is no boy in England like him, and Sir Basil is of the same opinion, though perhaps in his heart he loves best the baby girl called Leah, whose dark eyes and lovely face brings so vividly back to him the one buried forever from the sight of men.

One morning Lady Carlton, at play with her baby-girl, caught her in her arms and held her up in front of the picture of "The Passion-flower."

"See, Basil," she cried—"little Leah will be the very image of her aunt."

Sir Basil crossed over to his wife. "She will resemble her," he said, quietly; "but I hope baby's face will not have the shadow of melancholy that lies on this one."

"I hope not," returned Hettie. "Leah always had that look, even when her face was most radiant it was there. Oh, Basil, how young and beautiful she was to die!"

"I often wonder," said Sir Basil, "what would have happened had she lived, Hettie. I never like to think that our happiness—and we are happy, sweet wife—comes from Leah's death."

Hettie looked at him thoughtfully. "It is not so, Basil," she said. "If Leah had lived, you would have married her, but she never would have been happy. I think she wanted something more than one finds in this world. Her nature was noble and lofty; I do not think any human love would have satisfied her. Do you remember the restless longing on her beautiful face? See—it is there, even in this picture. She would never have been happy."

"Perhaps not," allowed Sir Basil, thinking of the broken wedding-ring and the letter over which she had died—"perhaps not, Hettie. I think you are right," he said, as they moved slowly away from the beautiful, passionate face.

That was how they judged her.

THE END.

A BOTANICAL CURIOSITY.

One of the most remarkable botanical curiosities in the world is the wooden flower which is found in the crater of the Volcan del Fuego, or fire volcano, of Guatemala. It resembles a half-blown rose, with four distinct petals curving gracefully from the point of junction with the stem.

The Farm

WHEN BUYING A COW.

When you go out to buy a cow what do you look for, or, in other words, what kind of a cow meets your idea of a profitable one to purchase? If you are buying for your own use, the sooner you learn to depend entirely upon your own judgment the better. Almost every farmer has the pleasing impression that his cows are better than his neighbor's and no matter how honest the man may be when the cows are brought you are the one who has to prove whether or not they are profitable. We do not care as to size, although some of our experiment stations have tried to prove larger cows the more profitable. We think it is in the cow not her size. One must learn to form his opinion quickly and size up a cow upon short notice and the faculty to tell a good or poor cow by examination comes from close observation of cows, of type and results that are apt to come from such a type. If one will study his best cows, he will observe that they have certain similar characteristics no matter what the breed or size of the cow may be.

We do not like the smooth (slick) looker as she is called cow, yet she is always the easiest one to sell. She carries a good-looking udder, is good sized and would make fair but if knocked down at once; but mark you, she takes good care of herself before she does anything for you, and a good share of her food goes to supply the clothes on her back. We like to see the cow in moderate flesh, not poor or thin from lack of food or care. We like the hips wide apart, thin thigh, large barrel and the ribs wide apart; a good, wide space between the hip and first rib. Run your finger along her backbone and the rougher it is, the better. We like to see the cow thin just back of the shoulder, so that the backbone is rather prominent there. If she is thick there, do not buy her. She takes too good care of herself.

We are simply in want of a machine that will work up the food we give her into the more profitable product, and the less toil she takes and the less she wastes, the better. We have taken pains to observe in our own herd that the profitable cow nearly always was thick just back of the shoulders. We like to see a small neck, clean cut, a good wide dishing forehead, a good eye and large, clear nostrils. Deliver us from the Roman nose cow; she is coarse everywhere else. Good, large tortuous milk veins running well forward; these indicate that blood flows and plenty of blood must reach and return from the udder. We do not like a cow up on legs too far, as it means that her barrel is too small to bring it close to ground and avoid the straight underline.

The real finishing work is in the udder, well up in front and high up in the rear, teats of good size and well placed, and far enough apart so that you can milk her without continually hitting knuckles. Fat, fleshy udders are no good; they should milk down well and be soft and flexible, and have plenty time to perform their work. We have not said a word about breed, but that is not what we are after; it is the type of cow that is to make the most milk for us at the least expense. Neither does the price of the cow cut any figure. The price of ordinary cows ranges from \$30 to \$40, but there may be more profit in the \$35 one than in the one costing \$40. When you see the cow you want, pay her \$5, \$10 or \$20 difference in price is nothing compared as to whether she will make 150 or 350 pounds of butter in a year or give 3,000 or 7,000 pounds of milk. You will usually find it is the large smooth cow that commands the best price. She is not the best cow to buy and you are buying not selling. We ought to study our cows and find out what this one gives twice as much milk as the one beside her, under the same conditions. There is a reason for it, and even nature, they say, reveals her secrets to the patient, unwearying student, and when we find the reason we shall know how to pick out good cows.

FARM NOTES.

Better farming pays up to a certain point, after which the increased cost of labor will overbalance the increased value of the crop.

Cowley tells us that he never has any other desire so strong, so like to covetousness, as that he might eventually be master of a small house and a large garden. And there is a certain fascination about a little plot of ground all one's own, it becomes invested with dignity; it is a freehold.

On residences and all buildings subject to the danger of fire no one could give us a shingle roof. Weather dry, a falling spark, a strong wind and away goes the accumulation of years, all on account of a shingle roof. Of course, the insurance policy will aid in the calamity; but to the honest man, although his property is insured, a fire always brings serious loss. Far better use a metal roof and thus reduce the danger of such calamity fully one-half.

SOME FAMOUS MUTINIES

WHEN BRITISH SEAMEN WENT ON STRIKE.

Richard Parker Rose From Seaman to be "President of the Floating Republic."

Somewhat over a century ago, when England was fighting for her life, a mutinous spirit spread like the plague through a great part of the fleet. And, strange to say, our Government was almost as helpless in face of the outbreak as Russia found herself.

Our famous mutiny of the *Nore* commenced on April 14th, 1797. Quite unsuspecting of disaffection among his men, Admiral Bridport gave the order for the Channel Squadron to proceed to sea. But the seamen of his own ship, instead of obeying the order, ran up the shrouds, and gave three cheers—the appointed signal of rebellion to the whole fleet. The men then made a demand for an advance in wages, to the amount of 30s. per month; and an increase in their allowance of provisions. We were at war with Spain, France, and Holland, and nothing remained to the Government but to yield to the men's demands. Order was quickly restored, and the ships set sail—all but three, which were left behind.

But, curiously, our Government was as slow to carry out its promise as the Russian hierarchy. On May 7th, a much more serious mutiny broke out on the ships moored at the *Nore*. It began when Admiral Colpoys ordered the men to go below and remain quiet. They obeyed at first, but very soon tried to force their way on deck. Admiral Colpoys thereupon ordered the Marines to fire. Only a few officers obeyed—

KILLING FIVE MEN.

The Marines threw down their arms and the men, coming on deck, seized Lieutenant Boyer, put a rope round his neck, and prepared to hang him. But, with fine bravery, the admiral stepped forward, saying: "If anyone is to blame it is I. I gave the order to fire."

He and his officers were seized and locked in their cabins for twenty-four hours, after which they were sent ashore.

Then followed a terrible state of things, under the leadership of Richard Parker, who, from an able-seaman, suddenly rose to be "President of the Floating Republic." The mutineers paraded Sheerness with red flags, took ships out of the harbor, sent boats up the river to win over the ships lying at Long Reach. They stopped merchant ships going up and down, and effected a veritable blockade of London.

By this time the mutinous fleet was a very strong force—thirteen sail of the line, together with many sloops, frigates and gunboats. One of the favorite amusements of the men was to tie the officers to the end of a rope, attach a cannon ball to their feet, hoist them to the yard-arm, and then suddenly

DROP THEM INTO THE WATER.

What the Government did in these circumstances seems curious. They offered pardon to the men if they would return to their duty. And on May 29th they sent down three Lords of the Admiralty to treat with the rebels; but the latter behaved with such insolence that the Admiralty Lords returned without doing anything.

Soon, however, three mutinous ships deserted. Then, on June 9th, when "President" Parker gave the order to sail, no ship obeyed it. Next day the officers of the *Leopard* with a few loyal seamen, succeeded in coining the mutineers aboard, and bringing away the ship. On May 13th Parker's own ship, the *Sandwich*, surrendered, and that was the end of the mutiny.

Parker and a number of the leading spirits were tried by court-martial, and hanged on June 30th. The men of the whole fleet, however, got their "rise" in wages of 5s. 6d. a month, an increased allowance of provisions, full pay while suffering from wounds, and other advantages.

In 1801, at Bantry Bay, in Ireland, the men, complaining of bad food and other grievances, determined that they would refuse to sail to the West Indies whenever the order should be given. It never came to anything more than a general agreement to mutiny. But this was considered sufficient to justify the hanging of thirteen men.

The men of the frigate *Danae* mu-

HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

MR. CHESTER LOOMIS TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And From a Used Up Man He Became as Smart as a Boy.

Orland, Ont., Aug. 28—(Special).—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says:

"I am 76 years of age and as smart and active as a boy and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it."

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy and I could not do any work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The kidneys of the young may be wrong, but the kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

United in 1800, and took the ship into the enemy's port. And at Malta, in 1807, a mutiny broke out, which had a terrible ending for the men. It commenced on April 14th, and lasted till the 12th, on which day, fearing the consequences, the mutineers exploded 500 barrels of gunpowder, and

BLEW THEMSELVES INTO ETERNITY.

Perhaps the most interesting of all British mutinies was that of H.M.S. *Bounty*, in 1789, which gave us the little colony of Pitcairn Island. The *Bounty*, under the command of Admiral Bligh, went to Otaheite, for the purpose of bringing away some bread-fruit for acclimatization in the West Indies. For six months the ship lay there, and the luxurious and free life demoralized the men. Soon after the *Bounty* sailed with her cargo, twenty-three of the men seized the captain while asleep, with eighteen of the crew, put them in a small, open boat, with only 150 lbs. of bread, 32 lbs. of pork, and 28 gallons of water, and cast them adrift. It seemed virtual murder. But, by the skill and courage of Admiral Bligh, the frail craft was kept afloat for three months, and traveled 3,618 miles to the island of Timor, off Java. From here, Captain Bligh and the twelve surviving men sailed to London.

The mutineers, meanwhile, made for Tahiti. They quarrelled violently among themselves, and half of them deserted on touching land. Many of these were captured later on by the *Pandora*, and brought to Portsmouth, where three of the ringleaders were hanged. Those who remained in the *Bounty* disappeared, no one knew whither.

But twenty years later a British ship stopped by accident at Pitcairn Island, and the crew were astonished to find a happy community of half-breeds there, with one white man—all of whom spoke English. Then the terrible history was told them how the nine mutineers, with eighteen natives of Tahiti, landed, in 1790, burned the *Bounty*, and commenced a life of drunkenness, treachery and murder.—London Answers.

HOW TO CLEAN YOUR FACE.

As the face is more exposed to sun and dust than any other part of the body, more care should be taken in cleansing it. Soften the skin with cloths wrung out of warm water, then apply thoroughly a good cold cream, after which a thorough rubbing with a camel's-hair brush will leave a few impurities in the pores. Rose-water 8oz., 1/2 oz. of borax, and 2oz. of strained lemon juice make a lotion excellent for removing tan and sunburn.

HINTS CONCERNING BATHS.

Everyone can take a tepid bath without injurious effects; not everyone can take a cold sponge bath or a hot bath with impunity. The safe rule to follow is to begin the daily bath with tepid water, Castile or olive-soap, a rough wash-cloth, and plenty of friction. After the bath rub and rub, and still rub, with a Turkish towel of generous size, until the skin is thoroughly dry, red, and tingling. It acts as a splendid tonic.

A LINSEED POULTICE.

Warm your basin by pouring a little hot water into it; then put a small quantity of finely ground linseed meal into the basin, pour a little hot water on it, and stir it round briskly until you have well incorporated them; add a little more meal and a little more water, then stir it again. Do not let any lumps remain in the basin, but stir the poultice well, and do not be sparing of your trouble. What you should do next is to take as much of it out of the basin as you may require, and lay it on a piece of soft linen, letting it be about a quarter of an inch thick.



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

How to Cleanse the System.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take and their action is mild and beneficial.

Belinda—"I love this excessively hot weather don't you Mr. Boreham?" Mr. B.—"No; I can't stand it. I shall go away if it continues." Belinda—"I do hope it will!"

Not a Nauseating Pill.—The excrement of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their action, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

"A horseshoe is supposed to be a sign of good luck." "And so it is," replied the sport, "if it goes under the wire first on your horse."

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

SCOTCH FISHERY FAILS.

The failure of the herring fishery in Scotland during recent years has thrown out of employment great numbers of persons, among them women and girls who have no other sources of employment. This promoted the Duchess of Sutherland and other philanthropic ladies to establish at Helmsdale, in Sutherlandshire a carpet-weaving manufactory which bids fair to develop into a highly important industry. The first carpet turned off from the loom has just arrived in London, and is being exhibited at the offices of Messrs. Waring & Gillow. The Duke of Portland, however, has purchased the carpet, which closely resembles that of a Turkish carpet, a green center being covered being of a rich red color.

FOREST-LIKE CEMETERIES.

When once filled in, a Moslem grave is never reopened on any account. To remove the faintest chance of it thus being defiled, a cypress tree is planted after each interment, so that the cemeteries resemble forests more than anything else.

Miss Vere—"Mr. Desmond, why did you go to the dining-room before you greeted the hostess?" Mr. Desmond—"Well, the hostess will keep, but the refreshments seemed to be getting away."

He—"Why do you persist in your refusal to marry me when I have declared my inability to live without you?" She—"Because you have aroused my curiosity. I want to see how long you will be able to survive."

OUST THE DEMON.

A Tussle With Coffee.

There is something fairly diabolical in the way coffee sometimes wreaks its fiendish malice on those who use it.

A lady writing from Calif. says:—"My husband and I, both lovers of coffee, suffered for some time from a very annoying form of nervousness, accompanied by most frightful headaches. In my own case there was eventually developed some sort of affection of the nerves leading from the spine to the head."

"I was unable to hold my head up straight, the tension of the nerves drew it to one side, causing me the most intense pain. We got no relief from medicine, and were puzzled as to what caused the trouble, till a friend suggested, that possibly the coffee we drank had something to do with it, and advised that we quit it and try Postum Coffee."

"We followed his advice, and from the day that we began to use Postum we both began to improve, and in a very short time both of us were entirely relieved. The nerves became steady once more, the headaches ceased, the muscles in the back of my neck relaxed, my head straightened up and the dreadful pain that had so punished me while I used the old kind of coffee vanished."

"We have never resumed the use of the old coffee, but relish our Postum every day as well as we did the former beverage. And we are delighted to find that we can give it freely to our children also, something we never dared to do with the old kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Postum Coffee contains absolutely no drugs of any kind, but relieves the coffee drinker from the old drug poison.

There's a reason.

The Rich, Clear Color of Blue Ribbon

TEA is suggestive of its PURITY AND STRENGTH. Its DELICIOUS FRAGRANCE is still more enticing.

Fresh from the Plantation in Lead Sealed Packets TRY THE RED LABEL. For sale at all live grocers.

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Free catalogue T sent on request. Write T. J. Johnston, W. H. SHAW, Manager, President.



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. F. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont. 31

Jenks—"Well, there was one thing I remarked about your wife the first time I saw her—she was undoubtedly outspoken." Peck—"You don't say so! By whom?"

It Lays a Stilling Hand on Pain.—For pains in the joints and limbs and for rheumatic pains, neuralgia and lumbago, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is without a peer. Well rubbed in, the skin absorbs it and it quickly and permanently relieves the affected part. Its value lies in its magic property of removing pain from the body, and for that good quality it is prized.

A lady who teaches a select school for girls, in looking over the copy-book of little Fanny, aged eleven, discovered an envelope addressed to that young lady. "I hope, Fanny," said the teacher, holding up the envelope, "that this does not contain a love-letter." "Why, what an idea," replied Fanny; "I have outgrown all that foolishness years and years ago."

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effective, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

A beautiful young lady and her once beautiful mother were walking down the street together when they met two gentlemen whom the mother knew. "How much your daughter resembles you!" exclaimed one. "How closely you resemble your daughter!" exclaimed the other. Now, which of these two gentlemen do you think was invited home to tea?

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

GIRL PANNED GOLD.

Miss Pearl Hall, a Dawson girl, has arrived at Vancouver to enter school, and is proud because a portion of her expenses are to be paid from money she herself panned from the gold lands on the Yukon, says the *Colonist*. Her father is a prominent miner of the Klondyke and her mother owns a Dawson hotel. Miss Hall said: "A portion of my educational expenses are to be defrayed by myself. I am especially proud of that fact because my father and mother are both amply able to pay my tuition, but I want to be as independent as possible. Part of the money I am going to use while in school I made by panning gold. I did not dig dirt, but men did that for me, and I washed it out. If you are a miner you know that panning is often the hardest part of the acquiring of gold. I panned lots of it, and kept it to help defray my school expenses."

FOR SALE—SPECIAL BARGAIN in land. We own and offer for sale five sections of land near Craik, Assiniboia, at prices that cannot be duplicated. This is all choice, gently rolling, prairie. Write for information P. O. Box 433, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

FOR SALE—EVERYBODY WHO keeps hens or pets should send 30c at once and get the best practical information and latest news about poultry and pet stock keeping, every month for the next 16 months. Money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. Address, Poultry News, Owen Sound.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed

While traveling in Mexico I discovered a drug which removes hair from face, arms, neck, or any part of the body instantly and permanently, so will send to any one afflicted without any expense but a postage stamp. Don't judge my treatment by unsuccessful attempts of others. I have suffered for years with this affliction, and now my life's work is to help others from this humiliating trouble. My treatment is easy and accomplished at home, and I will forfeit \$500 if it fails to remove hair. Don't suffer longer. Relief is now yours for the asking. Write now lest you forget my address. DOROTHY BLACK, 1818 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM AT AIRDRIE, ALBERTA—2598 acres—22 miles north of Calgary; 3 miles from Airdrie railway depot; convenient to churches, schools, stores, etc.; splendidly situated; magnificent view; first-class soil; good water supply; up-to-date improvements; well-built house of eight rooms, fitted with all modern conveniences and drainage system; stable, cattle sheds, buggy shed, workshop, corrals, etc.; good fences, all new and substantial; will be sold as a going concern, with stock, crops, machinery, tools and house furnishings; this farm is all plowable and is especially adapted for growing hard fall wheat and for mixed farming. Full particulars on application to Gray Bros., Airdrie, Alta.

Furniture Free

For your assistance in introducing our household goods we give, without charge, fine Household Furniture, Silverware, Watches, etc.

This is Your Opportunity to Furnish Your Home Without Any Cash Outlay.

We pay freight. Don't wait. Send for descriptive catalogue to-day.

THE COLONIAL SALES CO. Toronto, 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 155, Montreal.

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

The Choicest Oil Made is PRATT'S ASTRAL

For Sale by Dealers. THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO., LIMITED, Toronto.

"I wish Mrs. Brown," said the boarder to his landlady, "I wish you'd give me the receipt for that pudding we had yesterday." "I'd much rather give you a receipt for the board you had last month," returned the landlady, tartly.

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

Habit may be one of our test allies as well as one of our worst enemies.

"Pa," said the boy, looking up from his book, "what does a man's 'better half' mean?" "Usually, my son," replied the father from behind the evening paper, "she means exactly what she says!"

A Summer Cough

Is the hardest kind to get rid of and the most dangerous kind to neglect.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

will cure you quickly and surely—stop the fever, strengthen the lungs and make you well again.

At all drugists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.



School Books 1905.

READERS: Royal Crown and Chambers,
 SPELLER: Gage's Practical
 WRITING: Gage's Vertical.
 ARITHMETIC: Grafton's Graded Pts I, 2, 3, & 4.
 GRAMMAR: West's English, (Gr. III. M. & I. A.)
 ENGLISH: Renouf's easy exercises Gr. I & II Md.
 Lamb's Tales Pt. II " I Model.
 King Robert of Sicily " II "
 Scott's Ivanhoe " III "
 Vicar of Wakefield (Sanky) " I Ac. my.
 Tennyson Pt. I " II "
 Sykes Elementary Composition " "
 Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice " III "

GEOGRAPHY: New Canadian, & Calkins.

HISTORY: Canadian (Weaver.) British (Gardiner's Outline.) Wrong's His. of British Nation, (new)

FRENCH: Curtis Oral Exercises Pgs. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
 Progressive French Reader " 1, 2.
 Bertenshaw's French Grammar.

DRAWING: L'range, Pts I, II & III.

ALGEBRA: Hall & Knight's Elementary.

GEOMETRY: Hall & Stevens.

LATIN: Shorter Latin Course Pts I & II., Fabulae
 Faciles, Caesar Books IV & V., Ovid (Glendon.)
 Nepos Lives of Themistocles & Aristides, Gram-
 mar (Allan & Greenough) New edition.

CHEMISTRY: Ramse'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

White Front,

G. L. Meikle & Co.

OUR NEW

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

Exhibition Next Week.

When out be sure and give us a call. It will pay you. If you need anything in the line of Hardware don't go to any but head quarters. That's what WE are. We wish you to make a point of seeing our Special line of

New Well Pump

There is nothing in Canada to beat it. We will be open both days of the Fair and pleased to meet all our old customers and any amount of new ones.

McOuat & 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

B R E A D

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.

Keep Cool

Don't Worry

Go to Hope's if you want satis-
 faction in ice-cream made with
 pure fruit flavors.

We have some imitators but no
 equals in catering to the public
 in this one specialty.

Our Soda Fountain is now
 going. Delicious Beverages
 with pure Fruit Syrups of the
 very best. Our service is
 good and everything clean,
 cool and inviting

Jno. Hope,

Baker & Confectioner

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.

AUGUST CASH CLEARING SALE

— IN SUMMER GOODS —

20 per cent off Muslins, Blouses, Dress Goods
 Boots 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.

POULTRY.—Canadian Geese,
 —Wm. Bradley, And. Walker,
 Ellison Bradford.

Ebden Geese,—D. S. Morrin.
 Ducks,—Harvey Matthews, A.
 Walker.

Turkeys,—R. Todd, William
 Bradley.

Brown Leghorn,—Wm. Thom-
 pson, Robert Boa.

White Leghorn,—W. Thomp-
 son.

Plymouth Rock,—W. J. Chris-
 tie, Jno. Black.

Spanish,—David T. Morrin.

Andalusians,—H. Creighton.

Wyandottes,—R. Carkner, R.
 Wood.

Minorca,—W. J. Christie, II.
 McRae.

An exhibit by Geo. C. Conway,
 of Buff Orington's Poultry was
 recommended for special prize.

BIRTH.

CRUISE.—At Lacute, on Tuesday,
 September 19th, 1905, a son to Mr.
 and Mrs. Peter Cruise, jr.

MARRIAGE.

CONNOR CANNING.—At Stonefield,
 on Wednesday, September, 6th,
 1905, by the Rev. James Fraser,
 B.A. of Cushing, at Stonefield, at
 the residence of the bride's father
 John Canning, Ellvira A. Canning,
 to them a Connor of Brooklyn,
 Boston, Mass.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.
 Bears the Signature of

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by public Auction at
 the residence of the late

JAMES HENDERSON,

Chatham St., Lachute,

Saturday, Sept. 30, 1905.

The following effects:—1 parlor set, 1 bed-
 room set, 2 iron beds and springs, marble
 top sideboard, 4 doz. dining chairs, lounge,
 3 arm chairs, 4 rocking chairs, 1 box of
 pictures, curtains and piles, dining table, &
 4 side tables, 2 bureaus, 1 cot, 1 coal stove,
 1 oil stove, 6 iron coal, lot of wood, wheel-
 barrow, a lot of carpets, Sewing machine, a
 lot of goods and all the cooking utensils
 oilcloth, wringer and tubs, stair carpet and
 other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m.

TERMS:—\$10.00 and under cash over that
 amount 6 months credit by furnishing ap-
 proved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Western Excursions.

Exceptionally Low
 Round Trip Fares.

From Montreal to

Port Huron, Mich. — \$14 85

Detroit, Mich. — \$15 00

Chicago, — \$18 00

St. Paul or Minneapolis, \$34 01

all rail

St. Paul and Minneapolis via

Upper Lakes and the Soo \$37 56

Going Sept. 21, 22, 23, '05.

Valid to return until Oct. 9th.

For further particulars apply to

J. M. Dorton, St. Philippe, or

W. H. Garretson, Lachute.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Excursions.

DETROIT, SAGINAW,

BAY CITY, CHICAGO,

GRAND RAPIDS.

September 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

Lowest one-way first class fare.

return limit

October 9th, 1905.

For rates to other points and further par-
 ticulars, apply to any Canadian Pacific Rail-
 way Agent.

The Watchman,

And Mta.wa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1905.

NO. 36

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.

Five Furs arrived, including a few Persian Lamb Jackets. Call early and secure sizes.
C. T. WALES & SON.
St. Andrews.

LOST.—A pair of gold rimmed spectacles. On road between Aud. Walkers, E. S. and Jno. Jackson. Finder will return to this office and be rewarded.

Quebec Heaters are all the rage. As a fuel saver for coal or wood, they have no equal. With one in your home the wood pile and coal bin last much longer, and your bank account grows. Call in and examine and hear testimonials of present users.
T. McQUAT & SON.

When in town don't fail to go home without purchasing some of the fine selection of souvenir postal cards from W. S. McBAIRD.

In fitting up sheds and stables for winter remember the place to buy your **Cow Ties**, Forks, Shovels, 3 Ply Rubber, Felt Footing, Nails, Hinges, Lanterns, & etc., is at
T. McQUAT & SON.

Try our new mill, for good feed, of a kind,
J. D. CAMPBELL & Co.

Money in the wood business this year, make your first profit on your labor by getting **axes, cross-cut-saws, wedges, cant dogs, axe handles**, & etc., at **The Hardware Head** Quarters of
T. McQUAT & SON

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

Grand display of Millinery, of Fall, and Winter hats, for Ladies' Misses, and Children October 4th, 5th, and following days.
H. E. BURWASH.

The Ladies are cordially invited to call and inspect the new goods at the Millinery Opening on October 4th, 5th, and following days.
LILLIAN SMITH.
At Miss LOWES.

Mrs. Hampton announces her fall millinery opening for Wednesday and Thursday, October 4th, and 5th, and following days. All are invited.

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.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Minnie Buchan is spending a short visit with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. H. Kearns and daughter Jessie of Montreal, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. A. Middleton is now occupying his beautiful new home on Grace St.

Miss Katie Hildreth of Montreal, is the guest of Miss Maud Raitt for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. McKay of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Dr. Alexander over Sunday.

Mr. Robert Jones of St. Andrews, left Tuesday for a short visit to his son in Alberta.

Mr. Jos. Campbell left last week for East Templeton where he expects to spend the winter.

Mrs. Brown and her sister Miss M. Scott, of Cambria, left on Tuesday last for a trip out West.

Mrs. P. Monette who has been visiting in Ottawa the past week returned home on Monday last.

Miss McCallum, Lady Superintendent of the Children's Memorial Hospital is the guest of Miss Geegan.

Miss Piche entertained at a "House Warming" at the residence of her sister Mrs. T. Jousse on Thursday afternoon last.

Lieut.-Col. J. H. Jekyll of Montreal spent the early part of this week in town superintending the Annual Shooting matches.

Any persons desirous of securing the Daily "Star" or the "Standard" may get single copies by applying at the Watchman Office.

Mr. T. Dallaire is erecting a new house on his property on Mary St. and expects to have the same in readiness for occupation shortly.

An Illinois girl who advertised for a husband got one, after an expenditure of \$11. He died within a year, leaving her \$40,000. It pays to advertise.

Dr. Arthur Stackhouse has moved into his new residence which is now completed and is one of the most modern and prettiest homes in this county.

Mr. Paul Jousse of Vankleek Hill is here on a visit to his parents for a few days. His many friends are pleased to see him so much improved since his recent severe illness.

Mr. Burwash has returned from his sojourn at Hill Head and is now, with his family, enjoying their pretty home above the store on Main St. We are pleased to state Mr. Burwash is much improved in health.

The many friends of Mr. Samuel Viverais, will regret to learn of his rather sudden death which occurred

on Wednesday morning. Mr. Viverais was much liked and respected in the town. He leaves a wife and four little children.

While we were editorially advocating the recognition of Nelson Day, our few open minded principal had already taken steps to utilize the opportunity. An educational and impressive patriotic exercise is likely to be the outcome.

The Lachute Literary Society will meet next Tuesday evening in the Methodist Hall for organization and to receive the report of the executive on the programme for the winter session. An attractive and valuable series of evenings has been planned, and every member is requested to be present at eight o'clock.

Mrs. S. McKimmie sr. succeeded in taking off the 1st prize in Bread at our Exhibition last week, and a much pleased. The bread was made in the Universal Baker which is certainly the best on the market. It is simple, and easy to operate. Call and see one for yourself at Robt. McArthur's. If you want to try one ring up phone 28.

WEDDING BELLS.

O'BRIEN—MOTT,

—:o:—

The first wedding celebrated in the Lachute Baptist church took place on Wednesday afternoon last at 2 o'clock, when Miss Margaret I. Mott of Brownsburg, was united in marriage to Mr. John O'Brien of Lachute, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mark Styan. The church had been prettily decorated for the occasion. The bridal couple, supported by Mr. Jas. O'Brien and Miss Katie Mott, brother and sister of the bride and groom, stood under an arch of evergreen and daisies, where the Rev. Mr. Styan, (after the marriage) presented them with a handsomely illustrated family Bible from the members of the Lachute Baptist Church. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien will reside in Lachute.

BLACK—BURWASH,

—:o:—

At Christ Church, St. Andrews, Wednesday afternoon, the marriage took place of Miss Eva Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. S. Burwash, to Mr. David Black, Rev. A. E. Mount officiating. The marriage took place in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride who was given away by her father, wore a blue taffeta travelling suit with hat to match, and carried a white prayer-book. She was attended by her sister, Miss Emma R. Burwash, who wore champagne silk with brown hat. Mr. Alexander Black, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. J. Watson and P. Burwash, cousins of the bride.

The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Poplar View. Mr. & Mrs. Black left on the evening train for Burlington and other points.

DEATHS.

MACVICAR.—At the General Hospital, Sept. 23, Emma E. Logan, 2nd daughter of the late James Logan, aged 40, beloved wife of John D. MacVicar.

DONALDSON.—At Chatboro, Sept. 18th, 1905, Alvin Percival, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donaldson, aged 3 mos. and 3 days.

RATHWELL.—At Shrewsbury, on Friday September 22nd, 1905, Mr. Samuel Rathwell, in his 93rd year.

We have a large
And well assorted Stock of

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
EVANS BROS.

DOHERTY & CO.
SHERLOCK MANNING

PIANOS

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.

The Very Latest Styles

In Fall and Winter Coats, Extra Value.
New Blouses in Lustre, Silk and Flannelette.

Made up skirts, Flannelette Gowns,
Drawers, Corset Covers, Sateen Under-skirts. Large assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery.

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.

Now is the Time

To Buy Your Winter
Underwear. A large as-
sortment to select from.

Carpenter Bros,

The Popular Priced Store.

The Store where You can get full value for your money.

Kennedy Advertisement.

Always

Nobby

Goods.

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

REGINA FAIRFIELD;

—OR—

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER I.

Early in the autumn of 18—, we were journeying leisurely through the majestic and beautiful mountain and valley scenery in the interior of Virginia.

It was near the close of a golden October day that we reached the picturesque little village of Hillsborough, situated upon a very high point of land and in the midst of abrupt, rocky, tree-capped peaks, with green dents of fertile soil between. It was a town of rocks—founded upon rocks—hemmed in by rocks—the dwelling houses, outhouses, fences, pigpens, chicken coops, all built of rocks, of every conceivable variegated hue. It was, indeed, a beautiful and brilliant piece of mosaic work, up and down a ground of shaded green. It was as radiant and many colored as the forest in autumn, and flashed and sparkled in the golden sun like an open casket of jewels.

We reached the quaint old inn in time for a late dinner. There we expected to meet the carriage of a friend who resided at a farm about five miles distant, across the mountains, and at whose house we were going to spend a few weeks. We found our friend, Mrs. Fairfield, waiting for us, and as soon as dinner was over we set out for Cedar Cliffs. Our road lay west through a savagely beautiful country, breaking itself up toward a lofty range of blue mountains encircling the western horizon, and behind which glowed and burned the crimson sunset sky.

We approached the celebrated pass of the Bear's Walk, from the highest point of which an extensive view of the valley was afforded. As we began to ascend the mountain, I fell into one of those indolent, pleasant, but rather selfish reveries, which the gathering shadows of twilight, the darkening scene, and the heavy, sleepy motion of the carriage seemed to invite. From this reverie I was at length aroused by my indulgent companion, who, laying her hand upon my arm, and pointing across me through the window on the right, said:

"I wish you to observe that house."

We had just slowly reached the summit of the mountain, and the carriage had stopped to breathe the horses. I looked out at the window on the right. It was yet early enough in the evening, and there was light enough left to see, pitching precipitately down below us, a flight of cliffs, the bases of which were lost in abysses of twilight gloom and foliage, and the circular range of which swept round in a ring, shutting in a small, but deep and cup-shaped valley. Down in the depths of this darkening vale loomed luridly a large old farm-house of red sandstone. The prevalent tone of the picture was gloom. Down into a reverie about the deep, dark vale, and darker house, swooped my fancy again. The carriage was in slow motion. I drew in my head.

"Did you notice the house?"

"Yes; and through that deep sea of dark and floating shadows, itself the densest shadow, it looks like some phantom, some ghost of a dead home—"

"Say a murdered home."

"I wish you wouldn't break a well-rounded sentence with any sort of improvement—ghost of a dead home about to melt away again in the surrounding gloom."

"Well said—better than even you think. Yet that old, half-ruined farm-house is the centre of one of the largest, most beautiful, fertile, highly-cultivated, and productive estates in all Virginia. If you saw it under the noonday summer sun, you would see a variegated ground view of vast fields of wheat and rye, yellow and ripening for the harvest; corn, green, waving in the sun; red-blossomed clover, pastures of blue grass rolling down the sides of the hills behind us, and stretching out on all sides of the old house, and disappearing under the bow of the circular-bounding of mountains. You hear now the mellowed tinkle of a waterfall, which, springing from the cliffs we have just left, flows down the sides of the rocks—and, reaching the bottom of the cuplike vale, spreads itself into many little, clear rills, well watering its fertile fields, red pastures, and heavy woods. This estate, with its fine water, its wealth of iron ore and coal in the encircling mountains, its abundance of game in the forest and fish in the river, and its immense water-power, is one of the most valuable in the Southern States. Yet in the midst of that wealthy and highly-cultivated plantation stands the homestead, itself a desolation!"

"Then the shadowy view of it is

after all the best. Now that you have directed attention to this dark phantom of a home looming luridly from the deep shadows, I warrant that we shall hear you say that this uncouth, jumble of rough-hewn red sandstone and miscellaneous rubbish is no less a place than Lingston Lawn, Pomfret Park, or some other style of sonorous sound."

"No—it is only Hickory Hall."

"Oh, yes! one of the oldest mansion houses in the States—the residence, since 1610, of the oldest branch of the Lingstons, the Dovers, or some other great family, with nothing left but their great name and great need."

"On the contrary, Hickory Hall is only the home of the Wallravens, and has been so for only a hundred years."

"Exactly—precisely—I said that. Hickory Hall, for upward a hundred years, with nothing left but their old name. And now I understand why the homestead is in ruins, while the farm is in the highest state of cultivation."

"Why, I pray you?"

"I will undertake to say that all these well-cultivated fields, rolling in riches from hence to the horizon, belong to an 'industrious, intelligent and enterprising' Yankee purchaser and settler, who came here five or six years ago peddling mouse traps, and has now become possessed of all this land, and whose substantial, square-built, red brick house stares one out of countenance somewhere over yonder by the side of the main road leading to market."

"Wrong again. Hugh Wallraven is one of the wealthiest, if not the very wealthiest man in Virginia. His fortune is estimated, with what truth I do not know, at one million."

"Possible! I did not think there was such a private fortune in the country."

"It is said to be true, however."

"One million! Why in the world, then, does he not put up a decent house? A decent house. Good! Why does he not erect upon this favored spot a palace of white marble, with terraces, conservatories, pleasure gardens, fountains, groves? Fill his place with the most beautiful and perfect works of mechanism, in the way of furniture, to be procured in Europe and Asia; with the rarest works of art of ancient or modern times; his conservatories with the richest exotics of all climes; his gardens with the finest vegetables; his orchards with the utmost perfection of fruit? If I were he, with one million of dollars I would introduce every new improvement in farming, grazing, stock breeding; I would import the best specimens of cattle, horses, poultry. I would have Welch ponies, Scotch draft horses, English hunters, and Arabian coursers. Oh! I would make myself and so many other people happy! One million! Oh! stop—don't speak to me yet—just let me revel in the idea of one million to lavish on this magnificent spot."

"Why, you unsophisticated little blockhead!"

"But why, then, does not this Mr. Wallraven—or rather, Judge Wallraven, or General Wallraven; for I never heard of a planter of any importance, reaching a certain period of life, without some title of distinction—why does not Governor Wallraven do something with one million?"

"He has done something; his farm is the best cultivated in the State."

"Yes! But it should be the best stocked—the best in every particular—the model farm."

"Mr. Wallraven is a very aged man."

"Ah! he is Mr., then."

"Of course. People do not confer honors of any sort upon men like him!"

"Men like him! He is a bad man, then? Perhaps a criminal, whose immense wealth and powerful family connections have enabled him to cheat the State prison of its due!"

"Mr. Wallraven has never been charged with, or even suspected of, a crime—"

"In his own proper person. The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children." His father, perhaps—"

"Possessed a name that was a synonym for high honor and sterling integrity; his son, with his name, has inherited his reputation and character of strict truth and honesty."

"Ah! that is it, then. He does not cheat at cards, and therefore he has not won any of the prizes in the game of life. But to return to my first question. Why does not Mr. Wallraven, of the sterling integrity, and the pounds sterling, do something?"

"He is the best agriculturalist in

the State—it is his ruling passion; his occupation."

"And he lives in a wretched, old, ruinous house? Why doesn't he improve his place?"

"Pertinacious! He is an aged man of sixty years."

"Yes, I see! And he has no children; that circumstance paralyzes his energies even more than old age!"

"How you jump to conclusions! He has a son and daughter."

"Hum—hum—ah! well, sixty years old! His son and daughter must themselves be married and settled off, and have children—and so, at last, he is a solitary old man, with no motive for improving and embellishing his homestead. The old house, it will keep out the rain, is quite good enough, he thinks, for the short life of the solitary old grandfather."

"Utterly wrong! His children, though past their early youth, are both single."

I paused for a moment, and then a luminous idea lighted up the whole subject, and I exclaimed, triumphantly.

(To be Continued.)

JAPS AS FINANCIERS.

The Remarkable Showing Which They Have Made.

Had it been asserted eighteen months ago that Japan would be able, in an emergency, to raise \$787,000,000 for the purpose of waging warfare against a European nation, the statement would have been given little credence, yet this is the remarkable showing made by that nation. Not only that, but the loans negotiated abroad have been upon terms which bespeak the confidence the rest of the world has in the Mikado's people and their future. The initial foreign loans of \$110,000,000 were in short-term bonds, upon which Japan was required to pay 6 per cent. interest and pledge the Customs duties as security. These were negotiated in May and November, 1904, but when Japan again found it necessary to go abroad last March the tide of battle had turned in her favor to a degree that made the placing of \$150,000,000 at 4 1/2 per cent. an easier matter than was the negotiating of the earlier loans at a much higher rate. The recent loan of another \$150,000,000 was likewise arranged on a similar basis without the slightest trouble, in both instances the tobacco monopoly being pledged as security for the interest. Besides the amount Japan has borrowed abroad, it has raised by Exchequer bonds at home since the beginning of the war \$190,000,000, the last instalment being over subscribed by the patriotic Japanese to the extent of nearly 500 per cent. Increased taxation has yielded \$100,300,000; economies in administration, \$48,200,000; transfers from special accounts, \$31,500,000, and from other sources more than \$1,000,000 bringing the total amount raised for the prosecution of the war against Russia up to \$787,000,000.

Even more remarkable than Japan's ability to raise money is the fact that in spite of the war there has come no material depression in industrial and commercial lines at home, the nation to-day being in a prosperous condition. This may be accounted for largely by the fact that the country derives practically all its income from its natural resources, agriculture, fisheries and mining being the chief sources of revenue, and the demands upon the former two being increased by the war. The places of the half-million men or more who have gone to the front have been taken at home by the women and the younger men, and activity has been sustained in every line. The development of the country has gone forward; foreign commerce has been maintained. In spite of the unavoidable depression attending upon war, the nation has prospered to a remarkable degree, and promises to come out of the struggle in a financial and commercial condition more favorable, comparatively, than would have been possible by any European nation under similar circumstances.

SCORING ON AN ERROR.

The professor had been summoned as an expert witness in a case involving the ownership of a tract of coal land.

"I will ask you, professor," said the attorney for the prosecution, "if the geological formation of this land corresponds with the published data pertaining thereto?"

"It does, sir," he answered.

"You have thoroughly read up the geology of the tract in question?"

"I have not."

"You have not?"

"No, sir."

"I ask the jury to notice that the witness flatly contradicts himself! Now, sir, if you haven't read up the geology involved in this case, why do you pretend to know anything at all about it?"

"Because, sir," said the professor, "in studying geological formation it is my invariable custom to read down."

"Silence in the court-room!" thundered the judge.

She—"See anything about that painting you admire?" He—"Yes; the frame." "But the frame is not the picture?" "No; but it's about the picture, isn't it?"



ENCOMPASSING THE EAST.

The Farm

IT PAYS TO KNOW.

At the close of a yearly test of a dairy herd, the owner remarked: "I never dreamed there was such a difference in cows; the results are in great revelation to me."

The best cow in the herd produced 6,145 lbs. of milk, 270 lbs. of butter, and the poorest only 1,482 lbs. of milk, and 68 lbs. of butter. Yet this farmer did not realize that there was much difference in the productive powers of dairy cows, until he kept a record of each one.

When the amount of feed that the herd consumed was calculated, it was found that the cows had run their owner in debt \$4.50 per head. In other words, he could have sold the grain and hay that was fed to each cow for \$4.50 more than he received for his butter at the creamery. Of course he had the skim milk, calves and manure left, which would easily pay for the labor and extra feed, and still make a better market for his grain than selling it in the city.

But we should not be satisfied with such results when we know that is practical to have the butter pay for the cow's keeping and yield us a profit besides.

This man had 28 cows which run him in debt \$126, that is, the value of the butter which this herd produced was \$126 less than what the feed would have sold for in the market. Many of the poor producing cows were sold and a better ration was fed during the second year, and the herd yielded a profit of \$12 per cow. The man milked fewer cows in the second year but made money.

Was it not a practical thing for this man to test his cows and dispose of the ones that were robbing him of profit? It is easier to weigh and test milk of the whole herd than it is to feed and milk a lot of worthless cows, and moreover, there is great comfort in knowing that every cow in the herd is profitable animal.

But the test was not all, for as soon as he began to test each cow, he began to study each one's needs and how to feed her properly. In previous years, he had cut his hay when it was ripe, because it cured quicker, but through study he learned that this bound up the nutriment, so that it was almost impossible for the cow to use it. He also learned by cutting his hay when it was just coming into bloom that it made better feed.

What better argument can we bring than the story of this man's experience, to prove that it pays to know.

HOG NOTES.

It is best to fatten and sell hogs young.

It costs no more to raise a good hog than a poor one.

Feed goes further with a young animal than an old one.

Oats is a good feed to develop muscle, but it is not so good for fattening.

You can hardly push pigs too fast, providing you use the right kind of food.

Extra feed increases the growth of the proper kind and makes larger animals at maturity.

It often takes a number of generations to thoroughly change the disposition from timidity to quietude.

If when the hogs are growing fast their hind legs become weak, feed a little bone meal daily.

It is conducive to health to feed hogs where they can have the range of the pasture field.

The fairs give a good opportunity to compare breeds, and farmers should use this opportunity intelligently.

Whatever material is used for bedding, it should be changed sufficiently often to insure cleanliness. @

It is nearly always best to save some of the old sows, especially to farrow the early spring litters.

Even with hogs, the value of good feed is wonderfully increased by these attentions.

The cleaner the feed and feeding places, the better the quality of the pork in all.

A sow with a mean, cross temperament, is always hard to deal with, and this disposition often causes loss of the litters.

A ground floor is the best for the sleeping quarters for the reason that the soil retains the heat, and is much warmer than plank in winter and cooler in summer.

The boar will thrive better if given good range and exercise, will have more vigor, will sire pigs with stronger vitality, and the litters will be larger in number.

FARM NOTES.

If uniformly good results are to be expected from feeding soiling crops, their feeding must not extend into the ripening stage. As soon as one crop begins to lose its greenness, another should be ready to take its place.

A farm thickly covered with maple trees would always be valuable because maple sugar and syrup will always be in good demand at an excellent price. There would be no outlay for fertilizers, fences, agricultural implements or seeds. I know of a man who, when much past middle age, planted a rocky field and ravine with maple trees, and lived to enjoy the fruit of his labors.

Whether in the barn or in the creamery-room or in the kitchen, there should be no odor. That odor can be kept away from places where it is not wanted is evidenced by the conditions that actually exist in some of our best dairies where there is no more odor than there is in a well-kept dwelling house. When it comes to the place where butter is manufactured, it should not be possible for the most delicate nose to detect an odor anywhere.

Farmers often make use of the expression "fertilizers seem to burn the soil." This is because the soil is devoid of humus and fertilizers remain in a powdered condition because the soil contains too little moisture to dissolve the fertilizers and feed them to the plants. Fertilizers used on poor soil may return a profit when the season is damp, but if used on the same soil in a dry season they apparently do more harm than good. Barnyard manure when used on old soils often is more profitable when a small amount of fertilizer is added. But where both cannot be applied barnyard manure alone often is much profitable on worn soils than fertilizer without barnyard manure.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

It is not common to curry milch cows, but probably no stable work is more valuable than the currying of milch cows, provided the cows are worth it.

More pounds of duck may be raised to the square foot than of any other fowl. In three months 25 ducks will market between 125 to 150 pounds and produce about five lbs. of fine feathers and down. The 25 birds can be raised in a twelve by twelve foot inclosure.

When horses get old their teeth frequently get out of order and become sharp and irregular at the edges so as to wound the gums; probably a molar tooth gets broken off, so that its antagonist becomes long and projecting, and in time prevents its neighbors from doing their duty.

Old methods will no longer prove profitable. Distinct types must be raised for the market, for the market demands such, and not the generally all-round useful horse. When it is learned just what is the type that one would rather produce, would take the most pride and pleasure in producing, then one should work toward the production of the best specimen of that type. Breeding for a specific class is the one kind that pays to-day. The man who breeds on the old lines is doomed to failure. His horses will bring so little in the market that there will be little left for profit.

SUFFERED TORTURE FOR FOUR YEARS

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED WM. DOEG'S RHEUMATISM.

He Was so Bad That He Could Not Lie Down, but Had to Sit Night and Day in a Chair.

Sundridge, Ont., Sept 4—(Special).—Mr. William Doeg, of this place, now a hale, hearty man, tells of his almost miraculous cure of Rheumatism by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. "For four years I suffered excruciating torture," says Mr. Doeg. "I was scarcely an hour free from pain. I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair. "I was treated for rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried several medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair I feared I never again would be from pain. Then I read of some remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I procured a box and soon found they were doing me good and before I had finished the second box I was entirely free from pain and a new man." Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism by putting the Kidneys in shape to take the cause—Uric Acid—out of the blood.

HOW TO KILL INSANITY

THE PROBLEM OF MARRIAGE UNION.

Physicians Plan a Scheme of Mental Breeding to Overcome Vice and Sin.

The future work of medicine, said Dr. Henry Maudsley at the British Medical Association Congress at Leicester will be mainly to prevent and stop the beginnings of disease; in fact, to teach the body to die at last of old age, as every doctor ought theoretically himself to die. Might not some good come, he asked, from systematic enquiries into the production and elimination of constitutional disease tendencies and disease immunities by the marriage unions of different tendencies and immunities. When a person has a disease unlike that which either parent had, he might still owe it to these variations occurring in morbid heredity just as they do physiologically.

ANCESTRAL GROWTH.

What was the constitutional disposition, if any, most likely to cause a tendency to cancer? Having regard to the local invasion and distribution of cancer, its provocation by local irritation, its more than accidental heredity and its quiet settlement in the system, it seemed probable that its unruly proliferation of cells, however provoked, betrayed the awakening to activity of the silent memories of ancestral germinal growth.

Another point worthy of investigation was how best to mate the person having a native tendency to insanity so as to cancel it in the progeny, or, better still, convert it into a good evolution variation, for that was what sometimes happened, one child of a neurotic family, dying in a lunatic asylum, while another rose to eminence as poet, painter or orator.

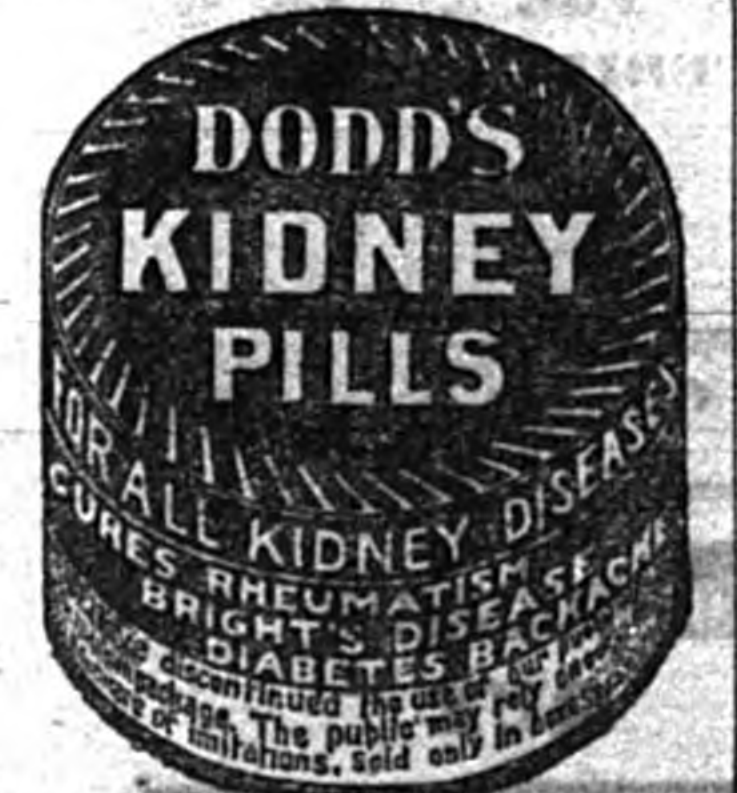
EPILEPSY AND INSANITY.

Why, and under what conditions was the epilepsy of one generation transformed into the insanity of the next generation? How was it that diabetes and insanity go together in some families or alternate in them through generations? When medical questions could answer these and like questions it might then dictate some wise eugenic rules.

In concluding Dr. Maudsley said it was certain that there were laws of mental breeding yet to be discovered, and it was no more unlawful to enquire scientifically into the nature of vice and sin than into the nature and actions of poisons. Hatred was as natural as hunger, and stood in no less need of scientific explanation.

That moral qualities were not dependent upon physical constitution, and have no physical connection whatever, was an opinion, which, although fostered in the supposed interests of morality, was really a hindrance to the growth of practical morality.

After all there is a bit of satisfaction in not monkeying with a buzz-saw.



ON NEWMARKET HEATH

ENGLAND'S AUTOCRATIC JOCKEY CLUB.

Can Virtually Bar Every Race Course Against a Man.

There is not a more widely influential or autocratic corporation on earth than the Jockey Club, which may be said to rule horse-racing all over the world. It is, as most people know, within the powers of the club to put an end to the racing career of a horse-owner, trainer, jockey, or anyone else connected with the sport by warning him "off the Heath"—which means Newmarket Heath—thereby making him a "marked man" in the sporting world and virtually barring every race course against him. And this can be done without assigning a reason; and the offender has no chance of appeal, since there is no higher authority than that which has condemned him.

But there are other penalties than this to meet possible offences against "the morality of the turf," and quite an elaborate system of forfeits exists. Tacitly every "sport" who engages in horse-racing admits his liability to the fines, penalties, and forfeits which the Jockey Club or the stewards of "local" meetings may at any time

THINK FIT TO INFLICT.

Defiance is almost unknown, and if persisted in would doubtless entail the extreme penalty, of Turf law. Every race-horse owner, trainer, and jockey is, therefore, more or less under the governance of the club, which has assumed especially large powers for dealing with jockeys, whose licenses to ride may be cancelled or suspended for almost any length of time at the discretion of the stewards.

The stewards of all "local" race-meetings, too, have temporary jurisdiction over owners, trainers, jockeys, and others on their own courses and are empowered to inflict fines to any amount not exceeding £50. Any offence which could not be adequately punished by a fine to the full amount would be reported to, and dealt with by the Jockey Club, which would indeed, probably inquire into the facts of any offence whatsoever, though it is not actually supposed to take cognizance of small offences dealt with by the stewards of the meetings. Fines are but rarely, however, imposed for real offences, for the reason that it is deemed necessary for everyone connected with the stables to be absolutely above suspicion, and where an actual offence against the laws or morality of the turf is committed more condign punishment than a mere fine is generally inflicted.

ALL SORTS OF OFFENCES are punished. For instance, an owner pays an entrance fee of \$50 for each of his candidates for the Derby and he is at liberty to scratch them any time before the race. If he scratches a candidate before a certain date he recovers £45 of the entrance fee, but after that date only £25 is returned to him, the balance being held as a penalty for his procrastination.

The object of these fines is to deter owners entering improbable runners and complicating the arrangements and confusing the betting at the last moment by wholesale scratchings. Even despite these penalties, owners often enter three or four horses for a race without any intention of running more than one; the idea being to start only the horse which trains fittest up to the last moment.

Then, it is the fancy of some owners to race under assumed names. The Jockey Club does not forbid this, but imposes a fine of £30 on those who claim the privilege, and, of course, at the same time the owners' real names are always known to the authorities. Later on, when one or two stylish things have been pulled off and the owners have worn out their modesty, they, perhaps, feel they would like to be known in their own names as the possessors of some good horse and as patrons of the report of kings, and, therefore register themselves in their patronymics. The Jockey Club does not forbid this—it rather favors it, indeed, for it immediately

CLAIMS ANOTHER £30.

Similarly, a fine is imposed when a horse's name is changed. Half a crown only need be put down to obtain official registration of a horse's cognomen; but if, on second thoughts, the owner decides to change the animal's name, he is at liberty to do so only when he has paid another £25.

Five pounds is also the amount of the fee payable for the registration of an owner's racing colors, which may, however, be registered from year to year at 5s. a time, providing no change in them is made. The club is very strict on the point that a horse shall not run under any other colors than those its owner has formally registered as his own. For any infraction of this rule a fine of £10 may be inflicted on the owner of the horse.

To lodge an objection to a horse which has won or been placed in a race the objector has to deposit £5 with the stewards, and if his objection is not upheld he never sees his deposit money again. More than that if his objection proves to be



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

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

frivolous, he may, in addition to losing his £5, be fined as well. In a recent case of this kind the stewards held that an objection lodged against the winner of a hurdle race at Haydock Park was "frivolous, unwarrantable and objectionable," and beside estreating the deposit money, fined the objector £20 to emphasize their judgment.

A Successful Medicine.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Farmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that the efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsement of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

Miss Flora (forty-five, homely, and unmarried)—"Oh, Mr. Blunt, I had such a strange dream last night." Mr. Blunt—"What was it, Miss Flora?" Miss Flora—"I dreamed that we were married and on our wedding tour. Did you ever have such a dream?" Mr. Blunt (energetically)—"No, indeed. I never had the nightmare in my life!"

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

BAN ON CHECK REIN.

The King Has Declared Against Neck-breaking Fashion.

King Edward has again shown kindness as well as good taste, by declaring against the use of the over-head check rein on horses, whose effect is anything but graceful, and his humanity by insisting on certain reforms in sport and the care of wild animals. Recently he decreed the abolition of steel traps in catching rabbits and other ground game—shooting pigeons from traps was long ago placed under the royal ban. When it is remembered what an immense influence the King's example has upon all classes of society, all lovers of wild and dumb creatures will rejoice at the wide publication of these acts of humanity, which show him to be desirous of lessening their sufferings, and, as far as he can, the tendency to cruelty in sport. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have a powerful ally in the King, and should give the fact the widest publicity. Human nature is so constituted that people like to think they are in the fashion with the great, and good example is as contagious as bad example, when royalty leads the way.

It was the wedding day and the unfortunate bridegroom was making his exit with the usual accompaniments of rice and old boots. He snatched his hat from a peg, seized an umbrella from the hall stand, and was going out of the door, when the bride's father called after him:—"You've taken my umbrella, Henry. Bring it back at once. I've six daughters, but only one good umbrella."

STRONGER THAN MEAT.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State, writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says: "For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

It By This Time 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

FEEDING FACTS

In ordinary feeding the steer consumes about 3/4 of its ordinary feed; the balance is undigested or wasted.

This undigested balance can be made to give 1/2 to 1 lb. extra gain per day, and at a profit, by adding the "salt, pepper, and gravy" to its food to make it "tasty."

You like these on your food; why not the animal.

Like ourselves the animal longs for a "tasty" meal.

It starts the "mouth watering" before eating, and the stomach fills with digestive fluids to thoroughly dissolve the food.

This extra amount of digestive fluid dissolves an extra amount of food. This is where the extra gain comes in.

Clydesdale Stock Food

is the "salt, pepper and gravy" that makes the animal's "mouth water." It is equally good for Horses, Sheep and Hogs.

Nothing injurious in it and can stop feeding it without harmful effects. Human beings can take it with benefit. We take it every day. We know its contents. It is made clean.

If not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded by the dealer.

TRY HERCULES POULTRY FOOD

CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD CO., Limited TORONTO.

RAILWAY OPERATING

Is a fine business for a young man. \$40.00 to \$60.00 a month to start. Best place to learn is in

CENTRAL TELEGRAPHY SCHOOL TO O-T-O.

Free to the T sent on request. Write T. J. Johnston, W. H. SHAW, Manager President.

CHINESE WOMEN FIGHTERS.

Women in China have the privilege of fighting in the wars. In the rebellion of 1850 women did as much fighting as men. At Nankin, in 1853, 500,000 women from various parts of the country were formed into brigades of 13,000 each, under female officers. Of these soldiers 10,000 were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the city.

It Retains Old and Makes New Friends.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?" "No." "He held up an engagement-ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?' " "And what did she say?" "She just nodded."

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

She—"And now that we are engaged, Arthur, dear, how long shall the engagement be?" He (an absent-minded lawyer who has just drawn up a lease)—"I ninety-nine years, I s'pose."

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

"You're no use about the house, Matilda," said the harassed mother. "You can't boil a potato; you can't wash a dish; you can't dust the mantelpiece without smashing half the ornaments. You'd better just apply for a situation as a lady help."

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

ANSWERING ABERNETHY.

Although one of the main characteristics of the famous Dr. Abernethy was the readiness with which he could administer a sharp and witty retort when occasion arose, he was once considerably nonplussed by the remark of a medical student.

"What would you do," the doctor asked the student at an examination, "if a man was placed in your hands with a broken leg?"

"Set it sir," was the reply.

"Good, very good; you are a witty young man; and doubtless you can tell me what muscles of the body I would move if I were to kick you, as you deserve, for your impertinence?" "You would put into motion," replied the student, not in the least abashed, the flexors and extensors of my right arm, for I would forthwith knock you down."

WOMEN'S \$15 Tailored Suits \$4.50 and up. Send 1-7 from - money and order No. 14 SOUTHGATE SUIT CO., London, Ont.

The Echitons Spring has great medicinal qualities for rheumatism, etc. The spring is on 100 acre farm, price \$875. Cleared land 70 acres, 30 in two pine land, 40 in timber, raised at \$25. All trees improved with a few lines close to vines. I am a single young lady. I have no use for a farm. Miss JENNIS YOR, Osheana P.O., Worcester Co., Md. Finest climate in the world.

FOR SALE—EVERYBODY WHO keeps hens or pets should send 30c at once and get the best practical information and latest news about poultry and pet stock keeping, every month for the next 16 months. Money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. Address, Poultry News, Owen Sound.

Furniture Free

For your assistance in introducing our household goods we give, without charge, fine Household Furniture, Silverware, Watches, etc.

This is Your Opportunity to Furnish Your Home Without Any Cash Outlay.

We pay freight. Don't wait. Send for descriptive catalogue to-day.

THE COLONIAL SALES CO. Toronto, Ont.

Dyeing! Cleaning!

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

USE FOR LOVE-LETTERS.

At a fashionable wedding at Lynchburg, Virginia, a little boy and girl preceded the bride and bridegroom up the aisle of the church, each carrying a silk pillow stuffed with the love-letters of the bridal pair. The latter knelt on the pillows during the ceremony.

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Farmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Farmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

Augustus (who has been looking at a comic paper)—"I should hate to be a public character, doncherknow, Miss Flash, and have all the funny papers printing things about me that would lower me in the estimation of my acquaintances." Miss Flash—"Really, Augustus, I don't think the funny papers could possibly print anything that would make anyone who knows you think less of you."

"How is Duffson getting on?" "Oh! he's growing rich by his pen." "I didn't know he was a literary man!" "He isn't; he keeps pigs."

Summer Croup

A croupy cough is a dangerous thing for the little folks in summer time. The fever that accompanies it is liable to cause serious illness. Give them

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

It is pleasant to take, will cure them quickly and has no unpleasant after effects.

At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1905.

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J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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LACHUTE. QUE

TO THE WOODS.

With the news of the successful harvesting of a record breaking wheat crop in Western Canada comes word of the departure of large numbers of hardy workmen for the lumber shanties. Every train leaving Ottawa for northern points bears many husky lumberjacks, as they are popularly termed, to the timber limits, and experts predict an extensive cut during the approaching winter. A member of an Ottawa employment firm in a recent interview said: "During the past month we have employed more than in previous seasons and prospects are indeed bright for a rich harvest in the lumber regions. Men are being hired as fast as they come along for Victoria Harbor, the Gatineau Valley, Pontiac county, North Bay, Sudbury, Blind River, Parry Sound and other places. We have been fairly besieged with demands for men and have experienced quite a little trouble in getting the required number. Good wages are being paid by all the companies and the shanties at all points will soon be thronged. Horses are also being shipped to the forests and the cut promises to be finished as early as ever before unless the coming winter's snow-falls are exceedingly heavy."

This serves to recall the reader's thought to one source of profitable industry in Canada. In addition to the large sums invested in timber limits, the capital invested in saw mills and other industries having wood for their chief raw material amounts to upwards of \$120,000,000, paying wages of over \$30,000,000 a year and having an annual output of \$125,000,000. The production in Canada in the census year 1891 of logs, pine, spruce and other, was 33,538,000 standard logs—each having 100 feet board measure. The total value of the raw products of the Canadian forest in the census year 1891 was over \$50,000,000 or about \$16 per head of the population. Since that date there has been practically a revolution in the lumbering industry, especially in the relative value of spruce. The development of the demand for wood pulp has given to Canada's spruce trees a value that, considering the vast area over which the spruce extends, is largely beyond the value of the pine trees.

It is well to remember that, while the Northwest has a wheat crop this year worth, say, \$75,000,000, the raw products of the forests of the Dominion this year probably double that sum. To these natural resources of Canada must be added the products of the mine and sea, and these again suggest wealth to be reckoned in tens of millions. Surely Providence has been generous to the people of this land and a brief reflection should provoke a feeling of gratitude to Him from whom these blessings flow.

JAPANESE RIOTS.

Later information from Japan proves that while there has been, naturally, a certain disappointment in that empire over the terms of peace concluded with Russia, there was no anti-foreign agitation worthy to be mentioned. The Japanese charge d'affaires at Washington, having received an official report of the anti-treaty riot at Tokio, has given out the following statement:—"My advice from Tokio do not attempt to minimize the importance of affairs as they existed. The condition was regarded as deplorable by the government as well as by the people. It gave a painful surprise to the Japanese, however, to see that the action of a riotous mob, joined by the worst elements of the city, into which degenerated an intended orderly political meeting, should be regarded in foreign countries as a reflection of the general national sentiment."

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

"The immediate provocation of the riotous outbreak was the action of the police, who sought to prevent a political mass meeting, and not the slightest feeling of hostility toward foreigners in general, or Americans in particular, entered into the spirit of the mob. The action of the police in forbidding the holding of the mass meeting infuriated the crowd, and the destruction of the property followed, but I can positively state that the question of nationality of the owners of the property had nothing to do with this vandalism. Of course, there are many Japanese who are disappointed over the terms of the peace treaty, and it is natural that they should express their disappointment, but the majority of the thinking classes of my country deprecate the riotous action and regret the injurious impression created by those disturbances, which apparently led some persons to regard them as an indication of a feeling of hostility on the part of Japan toward the United States."

STARTLING.

The American press is giving great prominence to the evidence being taken in the investigation of the insurance business of the United States Companies, growing out of the equitable scandal Vice-President Perkins of the New York Life Insurance Company, has sworn to having contributed \$50,000 of the earnings of that company, which rightfully belonged to the policy holders, to the Republican campaign fund to secure the reelection of President Roosevelt. He also admitted making similar contributions in the Presidential elections of 1900 and of 1896.

Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate for the presidency in the late election, has spoken out in strong condemnation and calls attention to the fact that during the campaign he charged that corporations were spending the funds of shareholders to secure a Republican victory. In an interview he said: "Yes, I believe I ought to say, now that there is no political excitement to distract the public attention, that the president of the New York Life was not the only contributor. The officers of other great life insurance companies, such as the Equitable and the Mutual, also contributed of the policy-holders' funds for campaign purposes last year. What has been proven in the case of the New York Life will undoubtedly be proved in the other cases. The facts exist, and honest and able counsel, backed by an honest commission, undoubtedly bring them out for the public good. Were there an investigation of the corporations, it would be found that these life insurance officers who put their hands into the treasury and took out money belonging to widows and orphans to help secure a partisan triumph, that their acts were unlawful and their purposes corrupt, goes without saying."

It must be confessed that these disclosures are not pleasant reading for investors. In Canada they serve to raise the question whether the like practice prevails among directors of Canadian corporations.

CUSHING.

Mr. C. James of Lachute, spent a few days with Mr. R. Cooke last week.

Mr. E. Wheelan is spending a few days in Lachute and Montreal this week.

The trains of the C. & G.R. made their last trip on Wednesday of this week.

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

Mr. Guy Noyes of Ottawa, spent Sunday here the guest of his mother Mrs. John O. Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nicholls of Steynerville were visiting at "Highland Home" on Sunday last.

The Ladies Association of St. Mungo's held a very pleasant meeting at Miss Bessie Nicholls, last week.

Mrs. O. E. Keatley and little son Owen, returned to Montreal on Tuesday after a three weeks visit with friends here and at Grenville.

Judging by the number of huskies in this neighborhood the corn-crop in this section must be a record-breaker. The first of the season was held at Mr. Geo. O'Brien's on Monday of last week, while two have already taken place this week, one at Mr. A. Gray's on Tuesday and one at Mr. E. F. Cooke's on Wednesday, and still, we hear there are more to follow.

OBITUARY.

Another of Canada's pioneers has been laid to rest in the person of Mr. Samuel Rathwell, of Shrewsbury, Que. The deceased was in his 93rd year, born in 1813 at "Prospect House," County of Kilkenny, Ireland.

In year 1831, he came to Canada with his parents and settled in the Township of Gore, Argenteuil County where he resided until the time of his death. He led his life as a farmer, took an active part in Military Affairs having served in the 11th Battalion of "Argenteuil Rangers" in the event of the Canadian Rebellion, and also the Fenian Raids for which services he received a medal and the Veterans Grant. Mr. Rathwell was a staunch member of the English Church being Church Warden for over 30 years. He was also an energetic Orangemen for over 50 years. He leaves six daughters and two sons to mourn his loss, his wife died ten years ago.

SUCCESS OF AN OLD TIMER.

— o —

A copy of the Western Clarion published at Vancouver, B.C., which has just reached us, contains the following item, concerning our former townsman, Mr. A. J. Periard, who we are pleased to see is enjoying in the far west, the same reputation which characterized him for so many years in Lachute:—"In respect to dress and costume, the establishment which is conducted by Mr. A. J. Periard stands truly as an arbiter of fashion. This home has been established for some two years and since its inception has been most successful. Mr. Periard is thoroughly progressive and up-to-date, as well as enterprising and able, and does work of the finest kind, guaranteeing in every case, stylish cut, faultlessly fitting, finely trimmed and elegantly finished garments. His place of business is located at 149 Hastings St., east, and he has a very neat shop. He carries a full, complete and well assorted stock of imported and domestic woollens, tweeds, worsteds, etc., in addition to the latest designs and creations in fashionable suitings, are always carried in stock from which to make your selection, and the patrons of this establishment are numbered among the city's best and most influential business and professional men. Mr. Periard also carries a full and elegant line of men's furnishings, ready-made clothes, hats and caps, etc., and the latest novelties of the season are included."

CORRECTIONS OF PRIZE LISTS.

Specimen of Handwriting.—Effe Cooke, Katie E. Bos, Alice M. Clu e.

Ayrshire herd raised by exhibitor—John Doig.

Best Dairy bull.—Jno. Blank, W. Hume.

Pure Shropshire Rams, 1 shear.—Wm. Todd, E.S., inst ad of Wm. Todd, Geneva.

Grade Shropshire Oxford or South Down, Ewes aged.—A. E. McGregor, David Todd, Harvey Matthews, Jas. Bradley.

Ewes, 1 shear.—Harvey Matthews, Jas. Leishman, Jas. Bradley.

Pure Leicester, rams 1 shear.—R. Creighton, Jas. R. Cleland, Wm. Thompson.

Pure Oxford, rams 1 shear.—A. E. McGregor.

Pure bred Shropshire, 1 shear.—R. Watson, W. Nicholls, M. S. Albright.

SWINE.

Purebred Yorkshire Boars over 9 mos.—Wm. Hume.

Boars under 9 mos.—James Chambers, Arthur Tomalty.

Grade Sows under 9 mos.—David Todd, Robert Todd, Robert C. Morin.

Omitted 2nd prize on Hooked rag rug.—F. McKinnle.

Soft Pillow in worsted work.—Miss Patterson, Hry. M. Roe.

Should be William Boyd, 3rd, on single driving horses not W. Drew.

DALESVILLE.

— o —

Mr. Joe, Campbell of Lachute, is visiting his son at "Mill Brook Cottage."

Miss T. Marshall spent a few days last week with her aunt Mrs. Dixon.

M. H. Morrow returned home after spending a pleasant time with her daughter at "Fair View Cottage."

We are glad to hear that our cheese-maker Mr. Robinson took a prize on his cheese.

M. Chas. Barker and family of Lachute, spent the week end at "Rocky Bower."

A party of young folks gave a surprise party at Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Dixon and spent a very pleasant evening.

Mr. W. Watchorn and Miss Moncrieff spent Sunday at "Riverside Cottage."

Miss Jessie Morrow went to Montreal, Friday last.

Miss Lottie Calder of Pepineauville, spent a few days the guest of her cousin Mrs. P. McGibbon.

Mrs. Wm. Murdoch and family have returned to Montreal, after spending a few weeks at "Fairdale."

Mr. F. Barker spent a few days last week with friends in Lachute.

Mr. C. Billing, and Miss Jessie Campbell attended the services at Edina Sunday last.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Wm. Morrow has recovered from the hurt she received in an accident which occurred a few weeks ago.

NOTICE

On account of the 26th of October being fixed as Thanksgiving Day the ploughing match will be held on the 25th of October on Mrs. J. Hewett's farm, Steynerville.

To Builders.

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

Ring up Telephone 29, for whatever you may require.

J. W. Cottingham

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

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Charles H. Fletcher

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Charles Calder,

Agent for County of Argenteuil, LACHUTE, QUE.

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

Flour and Feed Merchants
LACHUTE, QUE.

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.

FAULT-FINDING is a good deal like the drink habit. Once begun in a family it is very easy to continue, and very difficult to arrest one's self. But we believe more families have been wrecked by fault-finding than by drink. It is hard to decide which of these two vices is the greatest enemy to a happy home.

We sometimes wonder if our readers sufficiently appreciate this department. We believe in time it will have an influence for good in any community. It cannot fail in a measure at least, to mould the character of those who weekly read it. If our readers appreciate it they should not be backward in giving to us an encouraging word. If you can make any suggestions whereby we can improve upon this feature we would be pleased to listen to them. Our only aim and object is to give our readers just the kind of reading they most relish and at the same time be outspoken on the side of good morals and good homes. If you enjoy this department of our paper, in your own way and manner, make the fact known to us. A little encouragement from subscribers is a great tonic for the weary editor.

HOME.
To guard our sons and daughters from evil, or, at least, to maintain at the very core of their being an ally against all contaminating touch and harmful counsel, let us win their confidence when they are little, cultivate it as they grow up, and preserve it always. There is no talisman more magical, no better means of overcoming the difficulties of education that arise from the changing age of our children. As time goes on, authority is modified perforce. If you desire to educate your children in freedom, your authority must be felt less and less, and at last efface itself altogether. Confidence, on the contrary, must persist. How many parents do not comprehend this! Excellent at educating nurslings and guiding childhood, they continue to treat their children the same at all ages; they steal away their power of initiative, stifle their aspirations, and by the very act of clinging to a passing authority, let perish a confidence which might have been constant. Nor is it enough to be resigned to seeing the wild and praiseworthy force of our children establish themselves. We should welcome with joy all the signs of budding character, and, so far as it can possibly be wise, give free play to the spirit of independence and enterprise. Do not hinder the man's being formed in the child. To the somewhat feminine education of tenderness and solicitude, of vigilance perhaps over anxious and restrictive of liberty, let the virile educator succeed, that education which is to forge and temper the forces of children, cultivates their resolute and their combativeness and does not flinch in the face of their fatigues, their trials, their difficulties, even their danger.
It is at this price that men of mark are fashioned, one of whom is worth a thousand lives of routine, mummified and sheeplike. And to mould such character with its stamp of originality—the sort of man whose need is felt on all sides—nothing else equals family life, especially when it is simple and laborious. Here are the moral conditions, the favorable atmosphere, and no one be allowed to interfere with the rights and happiness of another. There must be no drones in the home if it is to be a perfectly happy place and there must be no inordinate selfishness. An idle person and a selfish person will disturb the peace of the whole family. While there must be loyalty and unity, there must also be great freedom for the expression of personal tastes and respect for individual activity.
The life of the world is strenuous, and the door of the home should shut out the storm and stress, but it should not shut out new and wholesome inspiring influences. It should stand wide in hospitable welcome to friends. The home life that is narrow and selfish is dull and enervating.

MABEL.
Mrs. H. Morrow has returned home after a pleasant visit with her daughter Mrs. J. Murdoch.
Miss Emma Warwick who has been the guest of her grandmother Mrs. D. Stalker has returned home.
Among those who attended the Vankleek Hill exhibition were Mr. and Mrs. S. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Warwick, and Messrs. A. Tomalty, and J. Mason, of Mount Maple who report a very successful show.
Miss Lizzie Thompson was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Clarke last week.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Warwick were the guests of Mr. R. Cunningham of Hawkesbury, for the week end.
Mr. G. Clarke, visited friends on Lachute Road, on Monday last.
A social will be given by the Ladies' Aid of the Grenville Baptist Church, at the home of Mr. W. J. Warwick, on Tuesday, October 10th. All are welcome.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of
FRANCE LAVOIE, Mill-Owner,
of Nantel & Morrice, Que.
The undersigned will sell by public auction at No. 69 St. James Street, Montreal, Monday, the 16th October, 1905, at 11 o'clock, a.m., the following movable and immovable assets in separate lots as below enumerated:
1. Certain timber limits beginning in rear, or at the north-east side of Montcalm Township, and extend North easterly along the division of B. R. and Wolfe, a distance of about 3 miles more or less, with a breadth of about 6 miles more or less forming an area of about 5 1/2 sq. miles this limit to comprise the following lots;
WOLFE.
1 R.L. S 18,
2 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18,
3 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14,
15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23,
24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 34,
South parts of lots nos. 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26, and lots 27, 28, 32, 42 & 44 containing an area of 1 1/2 sq. miles for the said lots of the fourth range.
Also all the rights of the insolvents in the following deeds; sale by the North River Lumber Co., and M.L. & C.H. Stearns to France Lavoie before C. Paquet, N.P., the 25th October 1903; sale by John Sanstrom to F. Lavoie before C. Paquet, N.P., 30th Sept., 1902.
A saw-mill, dwelling house and other dependencies situate in Nantel, machinery and plant, blacksmith shop accessories, as well as the rights of insolvent in a certain lease consented by one M. Giroux before F. L. Moigneau, N.P. of St. Agathe, the 27th May 1901, under No. 5553, of the land upon which these said buildings are erected.
2. A saw-mill at Morrice, in the Township of Wolfe, with all the machinery, plant and tools therein contained, house and dependencies as well as the rights in a certain lease of the land upon which said buildings are erected.
3. A lot of land situate in the Mission of St. Faustin, in the fifth range of the Township of Wolfe, known and designated as a dismemberment of lot No. 41, bound to the North by the Public Road, to the south by the lake de la Rouge, to the east and west by the parts remaining of the said lot in the official book and plan of reference for the Mission of St. Faustin, measuring forty five feet in width by one hundred and eighty feet in depth, with buildings thereon erected.
4. Fourteen lots of land, situate in the parish of St. Martin, Province of Quebec, (Paro Laval), known and designated in the official plan and book of reference for the said parish, under Nos. 475 to 484 of 256 and 411 to 417 of 255) four hundred and seventy-eight to four hundred and eighty four of the official subdivision of lot No. two hundred and fifty six, and four hundred and eleven to four hundred and seventeen of official subdivision of lot No. two hundred and fifty-five.
5. A lot of land, being part of lot No. (260) two hundred and sixty of the official plan and book of reference of the said parish of St. Martin, Laval County, known and designated as follows: bound in front, to the south-east by the public road, on one side to the south west by lot No. 259 (259) two hundred and fifty nine, in rear and on the other side, that is to the north west and north east by the residue of the said lot No. 260 and containing 201 feet in width on the public road, 207 feet and ten inches in the south west line, 212 feet in rear, that is in the line north west, and 240 feet in the lateral north east line, the whole in English measure, and more or less, with brick house, out-houses, sheds etc. thereon erected.
6. The rolling stock, comprising vehicles, harnesses and shanty furniture and merchandise.
7. The book debts as per list.
A deposit of ten per cent will be requested on adjudication.
For all other information, apply to
Alexandre Desmarceaux, Curator,
1598 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
Marcotte Brothers,
Auctioneers.

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1905 SCHOOL OPENING 1905

JUST RECEIVED A FULL STOCK OF
SCHOOL BOOKS & OTHER REQUISITES
NECESSARY FOR THE SCHOOL OPENING
OF 1905.

WE ARE CLEARING OUT THE BALANCE
OF OUR SUMMER GOODS REGARDLESS
OF COST

NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.
J. R. McOUAT

The annual sports of the Lachute Academy took place on Saturday last, each event being well contested. Following are the list of even s & winners.

100 yds., 12-14 yrs.—W. McKimmie, S. Dewar.
100 yds., over 14 yrs.—M. Gall, M. McLaren, 11 sec.
100 yds., 7-12 yr.—H. McIntyre, R. Giles.
75 yds., 7 & under.—B. Higgins, W. McKimmie.
100 yds., 7-9—D. Campbell, R. McRae.
440 yds., 12-14—W. McKimmie, S. Dewar.
440 yds., over 14—L. Smith, M. Gall.
50 yds., girls under 7—L. Giles, C. McGibbon.
50 yds., 7-9—E. Hay, V. McLaren.
75 yds., 9-12—L. Mensies, M. Crais.
50 yds., 7 & under—J. McKimmie, E. McQuat.
75 yds., 12-14—J. McRae, L. Bampton.
75 yds., 14-16—C. Drennan, M. Raymond.
75 yds., girls over 16—D. D. war, M. Palliser.
High Jump, over 14.—M. Gall, H. Strong, 4 ft. 10 1/2 in.
High Jump 12-14—L. McArthur, W. McKimmie.
High Jump, 9-12—H. McIntyre, A. Barrie.
Broad Jump, over 14—M. Gall, L. Smith, 16 ft., 2 inch.
Broad Jump, 12-14—W. McKimmie, S. Dewar.
Broad Jump, 9-13—H. McIntyre, A. Barrie.
Broad Jump, 6-9—D. Campbell, N. Cleland.
Broad Jump, 7 & under.—J. McKimmie, E. McQuat.
Hop-Step-Jep, over 14—L. McLaren, M. Gall, 36 ft., 2 in h.
Hurdle race, 12-14.—W. McKimmie, S. Dewar.
Hurdle Race, over 14—M. Gall, L. McLaren.
Three legged race, 9 & under—N. Cleland, E. Crais.
Three legged race, 9-14—W. McKimmie, K. Smith.
Potato race, 12 & under—C. Palliser, G. Mitchell.
Putting the shot, open—L. McLaren, M. Gall 21 ft., 2 inch.
Tug of war, Academy vs School.—Academy.

CARILLON.

Mrs. and Miss Murphy are the guests of the formers daughter Mrs. J. W. L. Forget.
Miss Jessie Todd spent Tuesday night with Miss Madie Bryerton.
Mr. Omer Fefevre is home for a few days with his parents.
Mrs. Ca son intends moving to St. Andrews.
Mrs. L. Turney is visiting her sister Mrs. T. P. Kelly.
Dr. C. C. Gurd of Montreal, paid a flying visit to his patient Mrs. E. M. Bryerton and was much pleased with the progress made since her arrival home.
Mr. O. Theoret has sold his bakery to Mr. Perand of St. Andrews.
Miss Aggie Gunn, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls left here on Tuesday for Rougemont, where she will be bridesmaid at her sister's wedding.
The Government carpenters left here Wednesday morning to construct a pier at Groses Point.
Miss M. Wheelan and Miss M. Hart were the guests of Mrs. J. Bryerton, on Tuesday.
The steamer "Sovereign" made her last trip on Wednesday, and carried back with her the last of our summer boarders.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm of 235 acres. Well timbered, enough to pay cost of farm four times. Well watered very good buildings on both farms. Will sell the stock and implements with the farm or separate. For further particulars apply to.
SAM WILSON.
SCOTCH ROAD.

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MAIN STREET LACHUTE, P.Q.

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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 supplies, so when you are needing anything in that line, just call on

H. A. Blair.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Jackets
Take a look at our new Ladie's and Children's Jackets before buying; they are sure to please you. We have spared neither time or money to secure the latest and best goods on the market, and at prices that will suit everyone.

Overcoats
Our Overcoats are equal to any tailor-made in the country. Take a look at them and see for yourself. Big assortment for men and boys and our prices are right.

Underwear
We sell "Standfields" unshrinkable underwear for Ladie's and Gentlemen. The best goods on the market. Try a suit. Your money back if not perfectly satisfied.

Kid Gloves
The largest and finest assortment in town. Cheapness with quality is what you want.

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, 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 theHouse

WITH TOMATOES.

Raw Tomatoes and Whipped Cream.—Pair large, smooth tomatoes carefully and set on ice until chilled to the heart. Cut each in half when ready to serve, sprinkle lightly with salt and paprika and heap with whipped cream.

Tomato and Crab Salad.—Carefully strip the skin from six large firm tomatoes and remove the centres. Fill the hollowed vegetables with the chopped and seasoned meat of six boiled crabs. Set the stuffed tomatoes in the ice for several hours. Lay on crisp lettuce leaves and put a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing upon each tomato.

Tomato and Green Corn Salad.—Dig out the centers of pared and chilled tomatoes with a silver spoon; fill the cavities with boiled green corn from the cob and seasoned with salt and pepper and set on the ice until perfectly cold, then mix with French or mayonnaise dressing. Arrange the tomatoes upon an ice-cold dish lined with crisp lettuce and leave on the ice until wanted. Pass more mayonnaise with the salad.

Raw Tomatoes and Cucumbers.—Cut off the tops of large, firm tomatoes and carefully remove most of the pulp. Keep pulp and tomatoes in the refrigerator while you peel and cut into small dice ice-cold cucumbers. Mix the cucumber dice with the tomato pulp, fill the tomato shells, set them on crisp lettuce leaves and pour a great spoonful of mayonnaise dressing over each.

Tomato and Nut Salad.—Prepare the tomatoes as in the last recipe. Have ready a pint or more of nut meats, blanched by pouring water over them, then skinned, and when cold cut into dice and mix with mayonnaise dressing. Fill the tomatoes with this. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Tomato and Beet Salad. is made like the foregoing, substituting for shrimps or crab meat tiny cubes of cold boiled beets served with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Tomatoes and Green Peas.—Select large, firm tomatoes, peel them, cut off the tops and remove the seeds and soft pulp, leaving a thick outer wall of the firm flesh of the tomato. Fill each cup thus made with cold boiled green peas and place it upon a leaf of lettuce. Arrange these in a salad bowl or upon a platter, and, in serving, heap a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on each cup, or pass the mayonnaise in a bowl or pitcher, in which is placed a spoon or small ladle, and let each guest help himself.

Tomato Soup.—One pint of tomatoes, cut up, or the juice from a can of tomatoes. Half a cup of rice boiled tender, but not broken, and a good cupful of water in which it was cooked. One small onion, minced; one cup of milk, three tablespoonfuls of butter made into a roux with as much flour. A teaspoonful of white sugar. Season with pepper, celery, salt and minced parsley. Add a good pinch of soda to the milk. Stew tomatoes and onion together for half an hour, and rub through a colander into a saucepan. Return to the fire with the boiled rice and rice water, season to taste, add the sugar, then the roux-made liquid with a little of the hot broth; boil up, stirring well, and pour into a tureen, where you have already put the scalding milk and soda. Serve while still foaming.

Tomato Aspic.—One pint of tomato liquor, strained from the can or from fresh tomatoes, stewed. Half a box of gelatine soaked for half an hour in a cupful of cold water; one slice of onion; one bay leaf; two cloves; a spray of parsley; salt and cayenne to taste. Stew the bay leaf, onion, parsley and cloves in the tomato liquor for fifteen minutes, stir in the gelatine, season and strain the aspic through a funnel without squeezing. It may be used like a cucumber jelly, as a salad, served on lettuce, or to garnish other salads or dishes of cold meats. Some cooks add a little beef extract to the jelly but it detracts from the distinctive flavor of the tomato.

Spiced Tomatoes.—To four pounds of sound red tomatoes take two pounds of light brown sugar, one pint elder vinegar, half ounce of cloves, and half ounce of stick cinnamon; boil all together in a porcelain-lined kettle until the tomatoes are cooked; take the tomatoes out and put them on dishes to cool, letting the syrup go on simmering slowly; when the tomatoes are cold return them to the syrup for a little while; let them become cold before putting them in the jars. The syrup

must be boiled down as quick as molasses, and poured cold over the tomatoes, tie them down with waxed paper.

THE SCIENCE OF MEALS.

It would be safe to prophecy that every woman will at some time have to wrestle with the perplexing problems concerning the saucepan and the kettle, for no matter where her career takes her, she must be fed. Until recently housekeepers planned their meals with a careless disregard to the chemical properties of foods and the combinations of meats and vegetables served at their tables were the more or less happy result of economy, convenience or custom. With them it was a question as to whether there were turnips or cabbages in the vegetable cellar, and not a matter of nitrogen or fats which were needed to supplement the steak and potatoes. The girl of to-day is being educated to study this question of starches, fats and sugars that each meal may contain the nutrition most needed by the family. Study of the chemical properties of foods is one feature of the cooking classes established in the last few years, and even mothers who can themselves cook realize that there are a great many things in connection with the art which they are not qualified to teach their daughters, because they have never learned themselves. One may be able to make an excellent loaf of bread, without knowing much about the constituents of the "staff of life." The girl of the cooking schools will not make the worse bread because she understands the science as well as the art of it.

A COOKING TIME TABLE.

Many housekeepers, young and old, are in doubt as to the right time to cook vegetables and meats, so that the following table is given, with the hope that it may prove of value: Baking meats—Beef, sirloin, rare—Eight minutes for each pound. Well done—Ten to fifteen minutes for each pound.

Beef, rib or rump—Ten to fifteen minutes for each pound.

Beef fillet—Twenty-five minutes.

Lamb, well done—Fifteen minutes for each pound.

Mutton, rare—Ten to twelve minutes for each pound.

Mutton, well done—Fifteen to eighteen minutes for each pound.

Pork, well done—Twenty-five to thirty minutes for each pound.

Veal, well done—Eighteen to twenty minutes for each pound.

Chickens, weighing from three to five pounds—One to one and a half hour.

Turkeys, weighing from nine to twelve pounds—Three to three and a half hours.

Fish of average thickness, weighing from six to eight pounds—One hour.

IRONING MADE EASY.

Dry the starched articles perfectly, then dip them in a pail of boiling water, and pass them through the wringer twice. They may be ironed at once, or they may be rolled up in a dry cloth. The fabric may be ironed with greater ease after being dampened in this way than when sprinkled in the usual manner. Turpentine in starch gives an added whiteness and lustre to the ironed article. Use one tablespoonful to a quart of starch.

IN USING THE MACHINE.

During these days of much sewing women are apt to find the continued running of the sewing machine very tiresome. They will find that the motion is not so wearisome if only the toe of the left foot is allowed to touch the treadle, while the right foot is placed entirely on it and bears the bulk of the work.

SUMMER PILLOWS.

The fluff of ripe milkweed pods and of cattails makes a nice filling for a pillow that rivals down in lightness. One woman has such a pillow perfumed with dried rose-leaves, which she finds a delightful suggestion of summer when the snows are on the ground.

THEORY OF CANCER.

Specialists Agree That White Corpuscle is Responsible.

"It fits in with modern theories as to the cause of cancer." This summarizes the opinions expressed by specialists upon the theory that the white corpuscles or "soldiers," of the blood are responsible for the birth of the cancer cell. The theory recently elaborated by Professor Metschnikoff, of Paris, that white blood corpuscles, by gradually exhausting the system, bring about the condition known as "old age," is held to substantiate the new cancer theory.

"I am greatly surprised at the theory," said one eminent authority, "for we always believed that the white corpuscles endeavored to prevent cancer from invading the tissue. Bearing in mind the life and functions of the corpuscle, however, it is more than possible that investigation may prove the corpuscle sometimes a rogue."

PROOF AT HAND.

"Woman's work," sighed the young wife, "is never done." "I guess that's right," rejoined the man who had been paying the freight for six months, "especially if these biscuits of yours come under the head of work."

CONSCRIPTION IN ARMY

LORD ROBERTS SPEAKS ON THE SUBJECT.

Government Should Take as Much Interest in the Army as in the Navy.

Lord Roberts delivered a most stirring speech recently before the London Chamber of Commerce on Conscription in the Army, a report of which is as follows:

At the risk of being wearisome, I should like to refer to an assertion made by the Secretary of State for War in his recent speech—viz., that he knew I believed in "conscription as the only remedy for our military ills." I do not know where the right hon. gentleman gained his knowledge. Certainly not from any of my public utterances, and I have not privately discussed the question with the right hon. gentleman.

CONSCRIPTION INAPPLICABLE.

In an article which appeared in last January's number of the Nineteenth Century and after, and since, in a letter to The Times a few weeks ago advocating obligatory military training and instruction in rifle shooting for the boys and young men of the United Kingdom, I pointed out that the conditions of service in our Regular Army were such as, in my opinion, to render conscription inapplicable to that portion of the armed forces; as regards the population generally, I urged the necessity for concerted voluntary and patriotic effort, in order to form a strong potential reserve in time of war, as by that means alone could this country hold its own without having recourse to conscription. (Cheers.)

That my appeal has not met with the response which I ventured to hope for is, I believe, owing to my fellow-countrymen never having had it brought before them that the existence of England as a first-class Power depends not only on safeguarding the shores of Great Britain, but on safeguarding the whole of the British Empire.

CONFIDENCE IN ANGLO-SAXON.

I have the utmost confidence in the good sense and martial spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, and I believe that they are as determined now as their forefathers were a century ago to uphold Imperial interests and defend his Majesty's dominions. Whether this can be done by voluntary self-sacrifice under appropriate organization, or whether it can only be effected by the introduction of universal training and service for home defence, is a matter for the nation to decide. But done it must be, one way or the other, if we are to maintain our present position amongst the great nations of the world.

NEED OF UNIVERSAL TRAINING.

From my own experience and from the evidence given before the Duke of Norfolk's Commission, I for one, consider that there is now no option but to introduce universal training and service for home defence. (Cheers.) A necessary part of any such scheme is the training of all boys and youths, up to the time of their reaching the military age, in drill and in rifle shooting. Such preliminary instruction will necessarily tend to reduce the period of subsequent training in the home defence Army. (Hear, hear.) It may be objected that neither a voluntary system nor universal service for home defence would provide for the despatch abroad of the large force that might be necessary. To this I would reply that it is our duty to make such arrangements that when the emergency occurs there may be a sufficient number of properly trained and organized men in this country to meet the military wants. Whether these men go to the seat of war or not, must depend on the will of the nation at the time. And, in addition, even if circumstances should arise that would tend to make the despatch of a hostile army to our shores easier than it would be at present, a system such as I have sketched would not only place the country in absolute safety against invasion, but would render any attempt at invasion out of the question.

SELF-SACRIFICE OF NATION.

The following figures give some idea of the self-sacrifice the nation underwent in former years, which made Great Britain the first-class Power she is to-day. In the year 1805, just 108 years ago, with a population of less than 17,000,000, there were between 700,000 and 800,000 men under arms. In 1902 the population of the United Kingdom being nearly 48,000,000, the strength of the armed forces was only a little more than 600,000. That is to say, that, although the population was in 1902 rather more than one and a-half times greater than it was 100 years ago, the number of men bearing arms was considerably less. In 1805 the percentage was 9.25; in 1902 it was only 3.92.

GREATER RESPONSIBILITIES.

I would ask you to call to mind how very different Great Britain's responsibilities were then to what they are now. In India we were practically bounded by the Jumna, and in Africa we had no footing at all. Now our possessions in India extend to the mountains bordering the Indus, and the British flag waves over a considerable part of South Africa. We are having abundance of evidence what war means to a nation unprepared to undergo the strain; and I feel certain that every soldier with any experience of war will support me when I say that it would be the height of folly for us to enter

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upon a campaign with a civilized Power depending on an army constituted as ours is at the present time. (Cheers.)

DISASTER WILL COME.

Surely my fellow-countrymen do not desire to wait until disaster overtakes them before they look into the condition of the armed forces of the Crown, and satisfy themselves that they are in all respects fitted and prepared to undertake the defence of this great Empire. The Royal Commissions, which have sat from time to time, have pointed out our shortcomings in no unmeasured words; but their warnings have fallen altogether on deaf ears and have utterly failed to induce the public to take any direct and intelligent interest in the armed forces. Neither have associations, such as the National League and the Army League, had any more effect on the nation at large.

WILL HAVE A LASTING EFFECT.

I cannot hope that anything I can say will have a lasting effect, unless the members of both Houses of Parliament will consent to treat the Army as they do the Navy, and discuss Army questions, not in a party spirit, but as being of supreme national importance; and unless lords, lieutenants, local magnates, and employers of labor throughout the United Kingdom will use their influence to bring home to those with whom they are associated the danger of leaving matters as they are, and the responsibility that rests with every one who has a vote to make sure that the candidate he supports will pledge himself to do his part towards putting the armed forces of this country into such a state of preparedness as will ensure the safety of the Empire. (Cheers.)

SAFETY FOR LITTLE ONES.

Every mother who has tried Baby's Own Tablets becomes enthusiastic about them—tells every other mother how safe and how effective they are, how much it relieves the anxiety over baby's health to use these Tablets. Mrs. S. W. Crawford, Thompson, Ont., says:—"My baby was ill with constipation and teething troubles and I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, which gave speedy relief. I consider the tablets an excellent medicine for children." These tablets cure constipation, teething troubles, diarrhoea, simple fevers, destroy worms, break up colds and promote natural healthy sleep. And you have a guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff in them. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Send for our little book on the care of infants and young children—free to all mothers.

WINTERING FAR SOUTH.

Members of an Expedition Tell of Their Experiences.

In the autumn of 1901 an exploring expedition left Sweden for the South Shetlands, whence it was to go to the east coast of that extensive and then unknown stretch of land which lies to the south of these islands. There the expedition was to penetrate as far southward as

possible and land a wintering party of six persons. On the return of spring the vessel, the Antarctic, was to fetch off the wintering party. But the Antarctic was nipped by the ice, and sank, and two relief parties had to spend the winter at two different points. In "Antarctica" the members of the expedition record their experiences during a second enforced wintering. They were all finally rescued and brought home.

We were perfectly unprepared for the eventuality. Had we planned a two years' residence we should have taken larger stoves with us, and should not have experienced the despondency and nervous uncertainty and mistrust of the future.

We had no books. When we wished to delight the eye with a few printed words we would take out the tins of condensed milk and boiled beef and read the labels. We endeavored to make up for this want of light reading by recalling what we had read under happier circumstances. Duse and I, for example, recounting all that we remembered of "Monte Christo" and "The Three Musketeers."

Strangely enough, it was but seldom we experienced any oppressive feeling that time passed at a snail's pace. We were busy with work forced upon us by a hard struggle for existence. We had eroding labor endeavoring to get our winter boots into proper condition. We had only one sail-needle, and it was a great piece of good fortune that it never broke as we tugged with might and main to draw it and the thick thongs through the sealskin we used.

Grunden and I made shoes after the same simple plan. Our now bottomless Lapp shoes were provided with inner and outer soles of the skin of the full-grown penguin, and outside the whole we sewed an outer shoe of sealskin with a sealskin sole. It is easy to describe the making of such a shoe, but it took weeks to get one ready. Twenty or thirty stitches a day with the tools we had was a good days work.

Duse made himself a pair of artistic outer shoes with wooden soles, the materials for which he obtained from the bottom of one of our bread-barrels. In order to fasten the sealskin upper to this sole, he had to carve a deep groove with a very blunt knife round the edge of the hard bit of oak.

The sealskin was stuffed into the groove and held there with oak pegs driven in vertically. They had one great advantage over ours, that they did not become so wet during the thaws, Duse being able to go about dry-footed on his wooden soles, while our sealskin soles flapped like wringing-wet rags about our feet.

WHAT PEACE MEANS.

"Can you tell me the meaning of the word 'peace'?" asked Miss Gray of a little boy who had just recited a patriotic poem in which the word occurred.

"Peace means when you ain't got no children," answered the child. "How is that?" asked Miss Gray. "When my mother has washed and dressed us six children for school in the morning, she says, 'Now, I'll have peace.'"

Rob—"The girl I'm engaged to says I'm a brick." Roy—"H'm! Probably that's because you threw yourself at her feet."



STRANGERS ONCE, BUT LOVERS NOW.

CONTINUE

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Out of the Tentacles

A Drama of Present-Day
Russia

Boom! The blaze of rose-light, the faint wail of violins beyond the buzz of talk, the kaleidoscope of jewels and decorations—all seemed to fade out suddenly, and leave a nebulous blank through which floated one regal figure with a sweet, oval face and eyes like pools in twilight. Thrice Desmond Charteris had crossed Europe with confidential despatches; to-night, within five minutes of his entering the crowded reception saloon at the Consulate, he found himself drawn up in the grip of a magnetic thrill. She was here, queen-figure of a host of beautiful moths fluttering around the ambassadorial light!

Warsaw! Just forty-eight hours back, in smiling defiance of all warnings, he had crossed one of the bridges and strode alone into the banned areas to realize for himself that the great city was a bubbling volcano of disaffection threatening national upheaval. With typical British coolness and self-confidence, scanned suspiciously by fugitive faces, he had gone on and on, past barricaded doorways and deserted factories, telling himself that the peril was still mainly mythical. Then, of a sudden, his nerves tingled like red-hot wires. A turn, and he was face to face with the stark reality—with shuddering tragedy. A sudden mass of figures heaving forward in the dusk, a shadowy horde of Cossacks drawn up in the gloomy square opposite, and an open carriage tearing along between. He could see the white, calm, sweet face and resolute lips of the woman in it; her eyes met his at the instant when, as the desperate crowd made its rush, the horses reared high and dashed sheer for the bridge parapet. He leaped—almost unconsciously—sprang and hung on. He knew nothing more till the wonderful eyes looked low into his and a voice trembled, "I owe you my life!" Then the vehicle had dashed on. There were the thud of hoofs, the swish of curling things, the screams and moans of hate, culminating in a chaos of horror that was to live in his memory. He had striven to forget all but the woman's face—and, forty-eight hours later, he had found it here.

"Careful!," someone breathed laughingly at his elbow. "We wear masks at these mixed receptions; we tacitly assume that all is tranquil below and above the surface. It pays just now—in Russia!" and Charteris gripped the disappearing arm of an attache.

"One word! Who is she? I haven't point—the one in ivory silk!" "Precisely. The whole room guessed it. Surely you know? It's Stephanie Kranovitch. Now look away! Staring straight back at you is Kranovitch, the man never seen publicly in daylight—known to a few as the man who sits daily with his hand upon a lever at the Secret Police Bureau. He is ubiquitous, uncanny; love for the daughter seems his one human touch. You understand! Then take my advice; approach the man first. There's your only chance—if such a thing exists!"

It was not necessary. To within a few feet of the man he had worked his way, when his heart took a rare leap. A rustle of cloudlike silks, a scent of violets, a low voice vibrating with wonder and gratitude, and he realized that Stephanie herself had caught his hand tightly. Her sweet eyes filled with recollection. His name had been uttered. He knew that he was the centre of attraction, as she turned to Kranovitch with that muffled little sob of impulse.

"And this is the gentleman who— who offered his life to save mine!" Kranovitch bowed with that cold smile that looked like winter moonlight passing over white marble. The very pressure of his fingers seemed as significant as his slow, bland reply.

"I knew it. I take this opportunity to say that we owe Mr. Desmond Charteris a debt which he can never expect us to repay!"

All over! For a moment Stephanie stood between as pale and still as if struggling against her woman's inner self, but Kranovitch remained like a figure of stone. It was eloquent—deadly; and it brought Charteris a defiant coolness. Turning his back, he offered his arm as with an unquestionable right. Her lips quivering, Stephanie hesitated; then, as that wall of violins floated across at the psychic moment, she smiled and dared it. He had whirled her challengingly away under the very eyes of the man who, it was said, had all the unmeasured secret power of Russian officialdom behind him.

At last came the moment when, ignoring Kranovitch's figure on the steps, he drew her furs closer at the carriage door.

"Good night—not good-bye!" he whispered, imploringly. "Promise!" She sank back, as in mute fear. The pale, queenly face was turned. He had to bend thrillingly close to feel the faint breath upon his cheek.

"You heard! My debt is—is a deeper one than I may ever repay!" The horses sprang forward. As he walked away, spite of that brain-whirl, he knew that a man was following him to the door of his hotel. It was Russia—above all, it was Warsaw; and love and justice followed tortuous paths here. He cared nothing. He had met the one woman for whose love he would risk his life a thousand times over. "Who placed this here?"

It was a sealed, unstamped envelope lying beside his breakfast plate that next morning. The waiter stared; he was positive that no one had entered the room. With intuitive suspicion Charteris turned away and broke the seal.

"Eleven o'clock this forenoon will find me at the above address, to hear Mr. Charteris's explanation and proposals. Safe conduct, if invisible, is guaranteed."

There was no signature, but Charteris had closed his teeth on a word at once—Kranovitch! A delicate warning, or merely a guarded invitation? Impossible to decide. He would go! He breakfasted, dressed, pocketed a revolver, and set out. He had expected a walk of a few hundred yards, and a possible glimpse of the woman he had set himself to win.

A gloom, an atmosphere of impending evil, hung over the streets. Tragedy's own wan face seemed to stare out from some of the splintered windows; military pickets, knots of brooding men, seemed everywhere. He walked resolutely on, till suddenly a hand beckoned to him from an upper window in a silent street. Passing up a stair, he found himself staring into a wide, bare room, inhaling the scent of rank tobacco. The man who sat smoking there was bloused like a common workman. But it was Kranovitch—Stephanie's father, with the cold, slow smile.

"Appearances are nothing here, as you know," he said, in easy English. "This being a useful temporary office, I—er—I adapt myself to the surroundings when I come here alone. Moreover, I scarcely expected you. Be seated!" He leaned back, his teeth bared in that inscrutable smile. "Two men such as ourselves need not fence for an opening. May I take it that the fascination so marked last evening is likely to develop? In a word, you consider that, Fate put my daughter's life into your hands with a subtle purpose?"

"I do," Charteris looked and answered steadily, heavily as his heart was beating, strange as it all seemed. "Call it what you will; stand between us if you think fit; but you ask for the truth. I shall tell her that I love her before I leave Warsaw."

"H'm!" He closed his eyes. "You are British—yes. You arrived here with private despatches. You have delivered them. You are free to remain here or return home as you choose—and as Russia chooses. And, for that matter, you are free to think of a wife. But what if such a hope were to cost you £10,000 beforehand? What if something much deeper still were required of you?" A pregnant pause. The slow voice seemed to filter through from a distance.

"If you agree, after what I have said, you may make a surprise visit to my private box at the theatre this evening. If not, you would be well advised to leave your hopes behind you here."

Then, of a sudden, his hand was gripped as in silent, indissoluble compact.

"Here is my private card and box number. My daughter need know nothing of this; you saved her life! We do not"—again that strange smile—"we do not find it advisable to trust even the woman we love at a time such as this, Mr. Charteris. Remember, silence covers all risks!"

As Charteris went back along the streets he seemed to be walking in a mist. For once his clear brain failed him utterly. His one deep conviction was that in some way he was playing into the hands of a man who has suddenly discovered that his love for Stephanie might be used as a valuable lever. He could only wait for the moment when those gleaming starlike eyes should meet his own once again.

It came at last. The theatre was darkened, wrapped in a hush, when Kranovitch beckoned along the corridor and held the box-door ajar. Could it be true? Stephanie sat there alone, her pure, unconscious profile just catching the glow from the stage. Then—then she had turned, with a faint little cry, and her hand was trembling in his. Of that night's play Charteris saw nothing. He knew only that he saw back in the shadow in a thrill of strange happiness, and that Kranovitch's summons from the box "on official business" was a blind designed to draw him further into some net.

A dreamlike week passed. Day by day he was aware that Kranovitch watched narrowly to make sure that he had gone too far to retreat. Then a hint was dropped, and at last, like a bursting bomb, the daily truth crashed into Desmond Charteris's brain.

He was fast held in the tentacles ever feeling their slow way up from the pit of Russian darkness. To win Stephanie he must pay an appalling price. Did he attempt to avoid it by stealth—to dream of escape from Russia with his future bride—he was ensuring certain, secret death.

Kranovitch, the man in an inner room at the Secret Police Bureau—the man vested with unlimited power for crushing under heel and hoof any rising of the submerged toilers—was playing two parts as no stage tragedian ever yet played them. Ostensibly a chief of secret police, the father of Stephanie was leagued with one of the most desperate, determined factions preparing their mines in complete darkness.

"And you are the man possessing the money that they require immediately at all costs—and that you are prepared to pay!" he said.

Charteris sat like a man stunned by lightning. That impulse to deal a decisive blow at the calm, watching face had been overwhelmed by the nameless fear that it might cost him the woman he loved. Dusk had just fallen; they were sitting over cigars on a terrace at the rear of Kranovitch's house, and he could make out the dear figure moving along the garden paths below. That very day before, yielding recklessly to Kranovitch's request, he had converted into rouble notes a cheque for £10,000 on the Credit Bank. They were in his pocket-book now. The sound of a dull, distant explosion came through the still air as he rose, his finer instincts surging to the surface.

"You mean, you thought to buy me with your daughter's heart," he said, his handsome face set and contemptuous. "I might have guessed; instead, I've learned the truth that love leaves a man blind. I know nothing of your secret societies here, although they may claim every true man's sympathy to-day; but I do know that you are a despicable type of traitor. I have promised silence, and I shall keep it. But I do not give up my hope of Stephanie, nor yet a farthing of this money unless I know its precise destination!"

"So!" Kranovitch bowed. The slow, peculiar smile, like moonlight over marble, flitted over his mask-like face. "I had half expected this; yet I had hoped that you would meet the secret committee with me, to give them your essential guarantee. Very good; here ends the matter." He rose, calm and courteous. "I will see you to the square myself, and there we can say good-bye!"

Stupefied, but instinctively silent, Charteris followed him. A cab was moving along through the dusk. Kranovitch hailed it.

"You may need it. There is danger to-night in every square of Warsaw, I am told," he said, grimly.

Charteris stepped mechanically in. And then—he struck out, as something damp and pungent seemed to be flung over his face. In vain. He fell back, his senses slipping away fast.

When that nauseous lethargy lifted, the silence of sheer horror claimed him. He was being led into a wide, bare room, lit only by a lamp that stood upon the floor. There were piles of shadowy kegs in a corner, and the picture of two bearded workmen grinding something in a mortar-mill burned itself into his memory. He knew! He was here in the haunt of Kranovitch's secret accomplices; treachery had beaten him. White, haggard faces with burning eyes stared at him out of the gloom; all around was the buzz of muttering in Russ. And those men—those men were feverishly at work preparing the deadly material for the bursting, shattering terror that was haunting life in Warsaw. And now, that sudden hush, and Kranovitch's slow, deliberate voice, without a tremor. He could just follow its import.

"Have I kept my word? You doubted my fidelity; you had resolved to keep me from your confidences; you wanted some solid proof that I am heart and soul in the cause. Behold it! You see here with your eyes the man I named, the man who voluntarily finds this munificent sum for our purposes, and who has promised silence. He is here!"

A pause. A muffled movement like that of a cage full of breathing, shuffling animals. He was being led forward. "Read the scroll, and sign it!" came a hollow voice. "That alone will be the proof; for it leaves your name and standing, written by your own hand, upon our book of membership—it leaves the eternal-prison doors open for the man whose name is there, should he fall victim to the fate that we all risk!"

"Obey! For your life—and Stephanie!" He knew that that tense

whisper had been shot from the lips of Kranovitch.

He knew that the men at work had ceased their grind and whirl to watch him. With the instinct of self-preservation alone his fingers had closed upon a pen held out. He was caught in the tentacles of this gigantic octopus of peril that had slumbered for centuries. Death stared at him down the avenue of each alternative. And Stephanie's white, imploring face in that mist.

What was that? A gurgle, a thudding sound, in the silence. He looked up. The bloused figures had swayed up on every hand, rigid in the spell of suspense. Then—a shout, a leaping up the staircase, a flood of light let loose on ghastly faces from electric bulbs. Charteris felt himself plucked back through a doorway and held still by an iron hand. Up into the night went a din of oaths, prayers, screams of agony, banging doors. Steel clashed, revolvers spurted flashes of death, men rocked in the last struggle. The horror of it all was deadened by a thunder of hoofs and the shrieks of a crowd that flew before it. No need of the Cossacks' whips to-night; they flew at higher game. They reined-up around the building. The coup was complete. Within that cordon of police and military remained all that was left of the devoted band, with their propaganda, their bomb-plant, and their dead hopes of a blow at misplaced power.

And Kranovitch? Dead or prisoner? Stephanie alone in the world?

The house was silent, the drama played. Charteris stood there in that paralysis that denied thought, sick with nameless horror. And suddenly the door opened; Kranovitch stood there, calm, smiling—like a Napoleon who had just won the battle of his career.

"Thanks! The vermin have been cleared out of the deepest hole yet built. You refuse my hand? Just so! You think me a traitor, whereas I was one merely for purposes of State." He laughed, lit a cigar, looked from the window. "All quiet! One more bubble located and plugged. It might have been otherwise, I grant! My life hung by a hair. Clever men! They suspected me. To blind them, to assemble them here for my coup, I introduced you and your money. There was no other way. And I dared not take you into State confidence. You are English; you don't understand our methods; you would have ruined the thing. No matter; you see that I am no traitor. I have served my Czar the highest and most dangerous service in becoming a revolutionary. There is only one thing!" he broke off, thoughtfully.

"And that?" Charteris asked it in a husky steady whisper. His arms were folded; he had faced a snail. "Your safety. By now, in revenge they will have named you as a confederate, and adduce proof of the money drawn. To save you inconvenience, a train waits which will carry you from Warsaw. Here is your passport. Below, in a carriage, is all your luggage from the hotel. Your bill is paid; you have your £10,000, your way is clear, and your friends at the Consulate need never know of your indiscretion. You have helped Russia, and Russia is grateful!"

"And—and Stephanie?" he asked, looking full into the fathomless eyes that could not flinch.

"Ah!" He stepped close to whisper. "That is another matter. Stephanie is far out of harm. The moment you left my house to-night she was taken away by my instructions. You see? Had I failed, had I been unmasked, my house would have been wrecked within the hour. Her life was in the balances. And she knows nothing of the undercurrents! You see? I serve Russia, not myself. You love her—yes! And your love is returned? You believe so. Then"—he turned, he still figure before him—"you shall come back here in three years' time, when Russia and her people are at peace, and you shall claim your wife—you shall be paid your debt!"

He was gone. The train that night that flew along toward the border carried one passenger whose heart was left behind in Warsaw; a man silent under a weight of the deepest agony the mind can know—a man who waits for time to give back to him the love he had won and lost.—London Tit-Bits.

Advice should be well shaken before being taken.

MAKING A LEAD PENCIL

THE PROCESSES WHICH IT GOES THROUGH.

How Various Degrees of Hardness Are Obtained—Automatic Machinery.

The lead pencil, as its name would seem to imply, is not made of lead, but of graphite. Originally, it was made of metallic lead encased in wood—hence its name. But it was not until after the discovery of the famous Cumberland graphite mines in England, 1565, that graphite supplanted metallic lead in the pencil.

For two centuries the lead pencil industry was confined to England; but in 1761, when Casper Faber, of the village of Stein, near Nuremberg, Bavaria, began in his village a small pencil plant, the industry gradually shifted into Germany, where it prospered to such an extent as to become a world's centre.

The graphite, which is the essential part of the pencil, comes chiefly from Ceylon, Eastern Siberia, Bohemia and Mexico. The ore is often found in quantity in other localities, but it is so mixed with oxides of iron, silicates and other impurities as to render it unfit for the manufacture of pencils. As it is the best graphite mined, it has to be treated by hand to free it from such impurities which are nearly always found in certain quantities. In cheaply made pencils these foreign elements are readily detected by the grainy or scratchy run of the pencil on paper.

PREPARING THE LEAD.

After the graphite has been broken in small bits and separated as nearly as possible from its impurities by hand, it is pulverized and then placed in tubs of water, allowing the impurities to precipitate while the graphite floats upon the surface. A centrifugal device is often used, by which the graphite is separated by dry process, but this is not reliable, and is little used in the making of good pencils. After the water process, the graphite is filtered through filter presses, when it is ready to be treated to the clay process. This process, which was discovered in 1820 by M. Conte, a French chemist, permits the manufacturer to produce pencils of different grades and adapted to many uses. As the graphite from the filter process would be too soft for ordinary uses, the special clay introduced into it, having been treated to a similar process as the graphite, gives it the degree of hardness desired. The more clay in the graphite the harder the lead becomes.

INSERTED IN WOOD.

While the clay-graphite mixture is still in its plastic condition it is shaped into loaves and fed to hydraulic presses, which gives them a desired form. The high-grade pencils—those of the greatest wearing qualities—receive a higher degree of pressure. These hydraulic presses are each provided with a sapphire or emerald die, corresponding to the caliber of the lead desired. The graphite is forced through the die and leaves it in one continuous string, which is cut into lengths suitable for pencils, usually about seven inches. The graphite is then ready for use.

After the cedar slats are kiln dried or treated by steam processes to expel all moisture, they are passed through automatic grooving machines, each slat receiving six semi-circular grooves into which leads are placed, brushed with glue and fitted to its mate. A skillful girl is able, by one swift movement of her fingers to sweep 15 or 20 leads into their sockets. A bunch of these leaded, mated slats is thrust into a hydraulic press when all superfluous glue is squeezed out and the bundles are locked and allowed to dry. The glued slats containing the leads are then run through moulding machines which turn out the pencils in round hexagon or flat shapes as desired. Preliminary to the varnish-coloring process the pencils are run through sanding machines.

COLORING AND POLISHING.

Both the sand-papering and coloring process are automatic, the pencils being fed in quantities in hoppers. In the latter case they are carried one at a time through small coloring vats and discharged through an aperture of the caliber of the pencil and deposited in a slowly moving drying belt which carries them a sufficient distance, about 20 feet, to allow them to dry. They are then gathered from the receptacle into which they are deposited and the process is repeated—often ten or more times, according to the quality of finish desired. Odd shaped pencils such as hexagons, etc., are colored by the old process, by being suspended by their ends from frames and immersed in coloring vats, then slowly withdrawn by machine. This gives a smooth enamel finish.

The finest grade pencils are polished by hand, and it takes a workman several months at best to learn to do this work skillfully. Other highgrade pencils are given the steel polish, but these, while they show a fine finish, lack the warmth and rich effect of the hand-polished pencil.

"I must compliment you on the remarkable lightness of your bread," said the woman customer. "Thank you," rejoined the baker. "It is my aim to turn out the lightest bread in the city." "Yes," continued the woman customer, "and if you get it much lighter it will take two of your pound loaves to weigh sixteen ounces."



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We have just received all our new Jackets in various styles & colors

We invite your examination of the three quarter long, in heavy cloths, black, green & grey mixtures.

They are very pretty and warm. Call early and see them.

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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.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JASON STEWART, Jr.

At (Law's Crossing, C.P.R.) 1 1/2 mile from Lachute.

Saturday, October 7th, 1905.

The following effects:—1 general purpose mare with foal, 1 general purpose horse, 1 foal 5 months old, 3 heifers, 2 pigs, Chatham Waggon 3 inch tires (new), covered buggy, hay rack, mowing machine, cutter, buffaloes and robes, bob-sleds, 2 sets light harness, double harness, cart harness, pair new collars, iron harrows, plows, whiffletrees and trace chains, cross-cut-saws and other tools, 1 milk can, a quantity of hay and straw, potatoes, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS:—\$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 8 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. Smith, Licensed Auctioneer.

I have received instructions from Mr. R. P. de Lavigne, to sell at his farm, one mile from the village of St. Andrews, North side of River Rouge, on

Friday, October 13th, 1905.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

All his farm stock and implements, also all of this season's stock, consisting in part of 6 horses, 20 milk cows, heifers 1 and 2 years old, spring calves, pigs, rube, resper, mowing machines, plows, harrows, wagons, steel land roller, carts, heavy & light sleds, new cutter, double & single harness, 600 bush, oats, and a lot of other grains, a large quantity of horse and cow hay, corn & fodder, potatoes and roots.

Everything will be sold without reserve as proprietor has rented his farm.

TERMS:—\$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. Smith, Licensed Auctioneer.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

There will be sold by public Auction at the residence of the late

JAMES HENDERSON,

Chatham St., Lachute,

Saturday, Sept. 30, 1905.

The following effects:—1 parlor set, 1 bedroom set, 2 iron beds and springs, marble top sideboard, 4 doz. dining chairs, lounge, 3 arm chairs, 4 rocking chairs, 1 book case, pictures, curtains and poles, dining table, & 4 side tables, 2 trunks, 1 cot, 1 coal stove, 1 oak stove, 6 ton coal, lot of wood, wheelbarrow, a lot of carpets, Sewing machine, a lot of dishes and all the cooking utensils, oilcloth wringer and tubs, stair carpet and rods, hanging and other lamps, and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m.

TERMS:—\$10.00 and under cash over that amount 6 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

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