

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 6, 1905.

NO. 37

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.

Do You Want

Stove Pipes and Elbows,
Stove Boards, Coal Hods,
Fire Shovels, Coal Sifters,

We have a large assortment from
which you may choose.

We are clearing out our stock
of crockery, glassware, etc., and
offer you great bargains. It
will pay you to call and see.

W. S. McBRIDE.
Main St., Lachute.

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.

Quebec Heaters are all the rage.
As **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 with-
out purchasing some of the fine selection of
souvenir postal cards from W. S. McBride.

In fitting up sheds and stables for winter
remember the place to buy your **Cow**
Ties, Forks, Shovels, 3 Ply Roofing,
Felt Sheatings, Nails, Hinges, Lanterns,
& etc., is at
T. McQUAT & SON.

Money in the wood business this year,
make your first profit on your labor by
getting **axes, cross-cut-saws,**
wedges, cant dogs, axe han-
dles, & etc., at The Hardware Head
Quarters of
T. McQUAT & SON

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 Christina Palliser left Thursday
for New York.

Mr. T. Jousse is spending a few days
in St. Scholastique.

Miss Ethel Chapman is visiting
friends in Montreal.

Miss Maclean spent a few days in
Montreal this week.

Mr. Alexander spent Saturday and
Sunday last in Montreal.

Mrs. Alex. Beers is visiting friends
in Ugdensburg this week.

Mrs. Thos. Christie returned home
from Montreal on Monday last.

Messrs Duncan McDiarmid and G.
Joss left on Monday for Vancouver,
B.C.

[Rev.] Mrs. Ryckman of Almonte,
is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Dr.
Alexander.

The Rev. Jas. M. McLaren will take
for his subject next Sunday morning,
Regeneration.—What!

Mrs. W. J. Simpson and Miss Wan-
less left this morning for a month's
visit with friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lambly left on
Tuesday for a visit to their two sons
in Philadelphia for about a month.

The many friends of Mr. E. Jousse,
are pleased to see him home again
after his long stay in Vankleek Hill.

The many friends of Mr. W. Dry-
dale will be sorry to hear of his seri-
ous illness owing to another severe
stroke of paralysis. At the time of
going to press his condition is slight-
ly improved.

The Annual Convention of the Pro-
vincial Association of the Protestant
Teachers of Quebec will be held in
the High School, Montreal, October
11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. Reduced
fares on Railway.

It is with deep regret we learn that
the (Rev.) Mrs. N. Waddell who was
much loved and respected in this
community, has had to undergo a
painful operation for the removal of
her left arm. We understand the
operation has so far proved success-
ful.

Word has been received of the sud-
den death of Mr. W. Barley, (brother
to the late Jno. Barley,) which took
place at his home in Buffalo on the
14th of September. Mr. Barley was a
constable in the city force, and was
on duty when seized with a stroke of
paralysis which caused his death.

The Fall Millinery Openings were
held on Wednesday and Thursday of
this week. 'Queen's' weather char-
acterizing each day. The ladies of
the town were out "en masse"; each
store being thronged with visitors of
the fair sex. Small hats seem to pre-
fer the coming season, very few large
hats being on view.

The meeting called last Monday for
the formation of the Board of Trade,
whose in crests will be for the im-
provements and commercial ben-
efit of the town, was well attended and
committees were appointed in the dif-
ferent wards to solicit members.
Mayor Valois occupied the chair
and Mr. W. H. Garretsee acted as sec-
retary and tendered the meeting
much information concerning the
working of other boards of Trade in
other places. A further meeting is
called October 9th.

Thanksgiving Day will be observed
Oct. 26th, the fourth Thursday of the
month. The suggestion was made
some time ago that it would be better
to have Thanksgiving fixed for a Mon-
day, so as to allow of family reunions
which it would not be so easily to
manage in the middle of the week.
This resulted, though in a chorus of
protest against having the anniver-
sary turned into an excursion day.
The October date is selected in pre-
ference to one in November, because
the chances are in favor of better
weather on the former date.

TOWN COUNCIL

The regular meeting of the above
council was held on Wednesday last
there being present Mayor Valois,
and Councillors Lapointe, Ayers,
L'essier, Raymond, Menzies, McGib-
bon and Lister.

Reports of Road and Finance com-
mittees were read and approved and
amounts ordered paid.

Coun. Lister, on behalf of the spe-
cial committee appointed last month
to look into the matter of the open-
ing of Grace St. reported that both
the Mayor and himself had visited
the grounds and parties. The Bap-
tist Church and Mr. Slater were per-
fectly willing to give their land, but
that Mr. W. J. Todd would only sell
his land for \$200 and exemption from
any work on the road. Mr. Stan-
forth stated he was agreeable to sell
his land but could not give his price
off hand. Coun. Lapointe moved,
seconded by Coun. Menzies, that the
committee be retained for one month
longer in order to secure further in-
formation.

The question of paying the electric
light account was again brought up,
but Coun. Lister strongly opposed
its payment until such time as the
government expert had submitted
his report.

Coun. Lister moved, seconded by
Coun. Ayers, that the Rd. committee
be specially authorized to go and in-
spect the new street opened up by
Mr. Wm. Berry and see if it contains
the proper drainage and built ac-
cording to the road by-law.

Coun. Lister moved, seconded by
Coun. Menzies, that the Mayor and
Councillors McGibbon and Ayers be
appointed to examine the best means
of taking the water that collects on
the south side of the C.P.R. to the
North River.

Coun. Raymond moved, seconded
by Coun. Ayers, that Messrs Dumas
D. Deslaurier, and A. Bradford be
relieved of their business tax.

MARRIAGE.

McGIBBON-MITCHELL.—At Otta-
wa, on Sept. 14th, by the Rev. M. H.
Scott, Miss M. Mitchell of Lachute,
to Mr. Alexander J. McGibbon of
Brownsburg.

THOMPSON-PROUDLOCK.—At
Montreal, on Monday, Oct. 2nd, by
the Rev. G. Schagel, Miss A. Proud-
lock to Mr. Gus Thompson, both of
Brownsburg.

DEATHS.

McQUAT.—At Lachute, Que., on Oc-
tober 3, Jane Nicoll, eldest daugh-
ter of the late John Nicholl, and
beloved wife of William McQuat.

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 Fla-
nelette.

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.

Kennedy Clad.

The Largest and most up-to-date stock of Men's Goods
ever shown in Argenteuil. Suits, Overcoats, Rain
Water proof Coats, Ready to wear or made to
order. Hats, caps, underwear, etc. In fact

Everything worn by Man, From a Rubber Collar
To a Coon Coat.
Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

Yours for trade,

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

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.

About the House

A NICE DINNER.

There are many occasions on which the average housewife finds it is necessary to cook and serve dinner and when such occasions arise she is anxious to plan a meal which, while consisting of the usual number of courses, will not entail the expenditure of too great a time. Such a dinner we give here with full directions for each dish. There is an added advantage in the fact that a portion of the meal can be prepared in advance if it is so desired.

Onion and Cucumber Soup.
Boiled Leg of Mutton.
Nasturtium Sauce.
Potatoes. Stuffed Peppers.
Salad.
Wafers. Cheese.
Peach Fluff Pudding. Custard Sauce.
Coffee.

In looking over this menu it will be seen that a portion of the work may be done quite early in the day. Lettuce for the salad can be thoroughly washed and placed in the icebox to become crisp, the tomatoes which go with it can be quickly scalded and the skins removed, and several hours in the same cool atmosphere will materially improve them. The dessert is a cold one, so it, too, must be made in advance, while the soup can be partially prepared, the peppers filled ready for baking and the potatoes scraped and laid in cold water.

A small leg of mutton weighs six pounds at least, generally more. When buying for a large family it will often be found economical to buy the entire hind quarter and have the loin cut into chops. For a family of six there will also be needed for this dinner three cucumbers, three onions, a half cupful of nasturtium seeds, a quart or more of potatoes (depending upon their size), half a dozen sweet green or red peppers, material for stuffing (cold rice, chopped meat, crumbs, etc.), a large head of lettuce, three large, firm tomatoes, a plate of wafers, cheese, one quart of peaches, four eggs, three pints of milk, sugar and coffee.

The dessert is the first item to be considered, as it is to be served very cold. Separate the whites and yolks of three of the eggs. Beat the yolks with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, add one pint of milk which has been heating on the fire, return all to the double boiler and stir until the mixture thickens to a soft custard. Strain into a serving pitcher, flavor with a few drops of almond extract and set aside to chill. Peel half a dozen of the ripest peaches, cut fine and put over the fire with the pits and one pint of water. Cook slowly until very soft, remove the pits and rub the remainder through a sieve. Return to the fire and when boiling turn in quickly three scant tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and a pinch of salt mixed to a thin paste with cold water. Stir until thick and clear, add sugar to sweeten well, draw to one side and cook slowly for ten minutes. During this time add a pinch of salt to the egg whites and whip them to a very stiff, dry froth. Stir them into the cooked mixture and cut and turn until evenly mixed. Continue the slow cooking for two minutes longer, then take from the fire. Add the remaining peaches peeled and cut fine, and turn into six small molds which have been rinsed in cold water. Set aside with the sauce.

From the peppers cut the stem ends and with spoon and vegetable knife remove the white veins and every seed. Prepare about a pint of stuffing; this may be some cold cooked cereal such as rice or hominy, cold cooked meat, chopped fine, meat and bread crumbs in equal proportion or simply crumbled stale bread—any ingredients may be utilized which will give a savory result. Season well with salt, onion juice, chopped parsley or other additions which will harmonize, but do not pepper, as the vegetable itself will supply the needed amount. Add sufficient gravy or stock slightly to moisten, one beaten egg and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Lightly fill the pepper shells and arrange them in a shallow baking pan.

Peel the onions and cucumbers, cut them in thin slices, add 1½ pints of boiling water and a half teaspoonful of salt, and simmer slowly until soft enough to be pressed through a fine sieve. Scald the remaining quart of milk in a double boiler and thicken it with two tablespoonfuls

of flour moistened with a little cold water. In this state the two portions which make the soup may be set aside if they have been prepared considerably in advance of the meal hour. The lettuce for the salad may now be looked over, cleaned leaf by leaf, rinsed and set aside in the refrigerator, the tomatoes quickly scalded, skinned and set on ice to chill.

From the meat trim off superfluous fat and look over carefully that all woolly particles and hairs are removed, as these would impart a strong taste. Note the weight and allow eighteen minutes to the pound and ten minutes addition in which to heat through. In the kettle put a small peeled onion, stuck with a clove, one medium-sized carrot, a scant teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of washed rice. Add three quarts of boiling water and when the water again boils rapidly put in the meat, adding more liquid if necessary to submerge it. Cover and boil rapidly for five minutes, then draw gradually to one side, where the water will keep at a gentle, but constant, bubble. The addition of vegetables and seasoning will make the base of a palatable thick broth for lunch or dinner next day. When the meat is almost done, take out a pint of the broth, thicken it slightly with a little flour wet to a thin paste, add seasoning to taste and the fresh nasturtium seeds and simmer for five minutes; if the seeds are not liked, use capers or two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley.

The potatoes, which have been scraped and well washed, will require about half an hour boiling. Drain them and return the kettle to the back of the fire for a few moments, dropping over them about a tablespoonful of butter cut in bits. Bake the peppers in a hot oven for 35 minutes. For the salad, arrange the lettuce in the salad dish, cut the tomatoes into dice, drain for five minutes and scatter over the lettuce. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, half a teaspoonful of salt and several dashes of pepper. Drop slowly into this, stirring hard, one tablespoonful of vinegar. When properly blended it should be very slightly thickened and with no perceptible globules of vinegar. Pour this over the salad, then sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and the salad is ready. It should not be put together until about fifteen minutes before dinner, as the dressing separates rapidly. The two portions of the soup are to be reheated and stirred together over hot water. Add seasoning to taste and one teaspoonful of butter and it is ready to serve two minutes later.

After-dinner coffee should be clear as crystal and very strong. It is usually made in some kind of a drip pot rather than boiled, and for a majority of persons it is served without milk or cream. The usual proportion is one heaping tablespoonful of very finely ground coffee to each half pint of boiling water.

USEFUL HINTS.

The onion should never be added to the soup till the last thing. Cut fine and boil the soup only a few minutes after the onion is in, as long boiling kills the flavor.

Okra may be cooked until it is tender and then be sliced and served with a white sauce and used as a vegetable, or it may be covered with French dressing and do duty as a salad. It also may be added to the vegetable salad mixture.

In making oatmeal cakes mix three handfuls of fine meal with a pinch of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of dripping, and enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out thin, cut into rounds, and bake it on a hot griddle over a quick fire, then toast in front of the fire.

Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water, in which you have put a pinch of borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet and prevents that uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean.

A little salt strewn on the lid of a saucepan will prevent the contents from being smoked. If the housewife has the misfortune to spill milk or fat on the kitchen range, a little salt thrown on it will keep down the smell, and if grease is spilt on the table, salt will keep it from sinking into the wood.

Black gloves which have become rubbed and poor looking may be made to look like new by covering them with a good black ink and rubbing them when dry with a polishing cloth. Black shoe polish may be used for the same purpose, although it is more liable to rub off, but it is very satisfactory in dyeing straw.

Mildew is easily removed by rubbing or scraping a little common yellow soap on the article, and then a little salt, and starch on that. Rub all well on the article, and put in the sunshine. Or apply to linen previously wetted, salt and lemon juice on both sides. Expose for several hours to the sun; then wash out with clear water.

When paper cannot be retained on a wall by reason of dampness make a coating of the following ingredients: A quarter of a pound of shellac and a quart of naphtha. Brush the wall thoroughly with the mixture and allow it to dry perfectly, and you will find this process will

render the wall impervious to moisture and the paper in no danger of being loosened.

The careful housewife or the laundress has a trial at this time of year with the innumerable stains that must be removed from clothing or else leave a disfiguring spot. Grass stains may be removed by soaking the spot in pure alcohol and then rubbing. Most fruit stains will yield to boiling water. They should be taken out before the garment or table cloth is put in the wash tub. Soap must not be applied to the stains before taking out else many of them cannot be removed at all.

MOTHER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint with your mother love. Tenderness is not effeminacy. And just because a sunny, bright, glad childhood is a blessing for the whole life.
7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold; does not plead; it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deed has its adequate effect.
8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows and pains of child life. Nothing wounds a child more than to find ridicule where it looked for sympathy.
9. In illness and danger protect, nurse, cherish and cheer as much as in your power. And yet do not weaken your vitality by giving way to anguish and sorrow. What can be done must be done as well as possible.
10. Do not forget the happiness of having a child includes the duty of smoothing his way in the world—endowing him with health, gladness, courage, vigor; of finally letting him live his own life freely and in his own way. Your pay you have had in advance, for your sorrowing was happiness and your sacrificing joy.

AGONY AFTER EATING.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure the Worst Cases of Indigestion.

"I suffered so much with indigestion that my life had become a burden," says Miss Nellie Archibald, of Sheet Harbor, N.S. "Every time I took even the lightest meal it caused me hours of agony. The trouble caused a choking sensation in the region of my heart, which seriously alarmed me. My inability to properly digest my food, left me so weak and run down that I could not perform even the lightest housework, and I would tire out going up a few steps slowly. I sought medical aid, and tried several medicines, but without getting the least benefit. My sister, who lived at a considerable distance, and who had been an invalid, wrote us about this time that she had been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this decided me to give them a fair trial, practically as a last resort. In the course of a few weeks there was a noticeable change in my condition, and I began to relish my meals. From that on I began to gain strength, and by the time I had used seven boxes, all signs of the trouble had vanished and I was once more enjoying good health, and I have not since had any return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, because they make the rich red blood that brings tone and strength to the stomach. Nearly all the common ailments are due to bad blood, and when the bad blood is turned into good blood by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the trouble disappears. That is why these pills cure anaemia, dizziness, heart palpitation, general debility, kidney trouble, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and nervous troubles, such as neuritis, paralysis and St. Vitus dance. That is why they bring ease and comfort at all stages of womanhood and girlhood, and cure their secret ailments when the blood supply becomes weak, scanty or irregular. But you must get the genuine pills. Substitutes and imitations which some dealers offer never cure anything. When you buy the pills, see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIFE IN JAMAICA.

A very interesting story is told in the "Lancet" of the disturbance of the balance of nature in Jamaica. Snakes were at one time numerous in the island, but now there are none. Rats amounted almost to a plague. In order to keep both down the mongoose was imported from the East. This brave little beast soon made an end of the snakes, while the rats, in order to save themselves, took to the trees, and became egg eaters and bird destroyers. This reduced the number of birds and in turn the cattleticks increased and became a nuisance. Now the ticks are worrying the mongoose by getting into its ears, whence the intruders cannot easily be dislodged.

A bird on the hat is worth two in the bush.

If You Drink Tea, Drink "Good" Tea

Might as well. It costs you just about the same as the commonplace article.

"SALADA"

Ceylon tea is the world's preference

Sold only in sealed lead packets, 40c, 50c, 60c. lb. By all Grocers.

PEOPLE WHO DISAPPEAR

QUEER OCCURRENCES ON SHIP BOARD.

Inexplicable Incidents Which Are By no Means so Very Uncommon.

"I remember a queer incident which occurred on board a vessel on which I was serving some twelve years ago," said the purser attached to one of the big liners to the writer, recently. "The trip was to Calcutta, and I recollect it was my first voyage to India. Among the passengers was a pretty woman of about thirty, who, with her two children, was on her way to pay her husband, an Army officer, a short visit. I recollect at the time hearing that she would be returning to England very shortly on account of the children, who would not be able to stand the Indian climate. The children were boys—one five and the other seven—and being well brought up they were favorites with the other passengers. They had an Indian nurse with them, who was apparently devoted to her charges.

"Well, one morning there was a terrible commotion—the eldest child had disappeared, and no trace of him could be found. The ship was searched above and below, passengers banded themselves together and examined every nook and corner, but to no purpose. The mother was in hysterics, the ayah so frightened that nothing intelligible could be got from her. All she was able to tell us was that she had left the two children in the cabin, and when a few moments later she returned only the younger, Frank was there. The captain busied himself in the matter, and with the first mate visited the state-room where the children had been last seen together and thoroughly examined it. He found that both port-holes were closed but not fastened.

"After threatening the nurse with all sorts of terrors unless she told the truth he sternly demanded whether the port-holes were closed when she came to look for the children. The terrified woman replied that one was open. Then he examined the little five-year-old Frank, taking him on his knee and cross-questioning him with the tact of an advocate. The child said that his brother was looking out of the 'window' watching the waves when he suddenly called out and disappeared.

"In this case the mysterious disappearance was explained, for it was apparent that the child had climbed up to the port-hole and was watching the rollers when the ship gave a sudden lurch and shot the little fellow through the window before he had time to save himself.

"One of the most inexplicable things which ever came under my notice occurred on a Fall River boat from Boston to New York. One of the passengers was a Harvard student named Carter, the son of a

rich Boston merchant, an all-round athlete, and one of the most promising students in the college. He went on board on the night of April 11th, 1896, was spoken to by several of the passengers whom he knew, had a word with the purser, and then declared his intention of 'turning in.'

"When morning came and some of the passengers began to inquire for Mr. Carter, no one had seen him, and it was thought that he was taking an extra amount of sleep, but when the bedroom steward visited his state-room he found it empty. He informed the captain, who immediately went to the cabin and found that, though the berth had not been slept in, the passenger had evidently made preparations for his night's rest, for a night-shirt was carefully laid out on the bunk, his hair-brushes were on a chair, and there was even clean water in the basin. His valise was open, his overcoat hanging up, and his cap on the bed, but of the young Harvard student himself there was no trace whatever. That was nine years ago, and to this hour no one has been able to solve the mystery, though many detectives have taken the matter in hand.

"Women also occasionally disappear just as mysteriously as men, and I recollect a case which occurred in 1899 and which baffled all efforts at solving. We had on board an opera troupe, and in the company was a young lady of about sixteen, who was apparently as light-hearted and free from anxiety as any of them. When we reached our destination the young lady was reported missing; in fact, as it afterwards transpired, she had disappeared some hours before we docked. She shared a cabin with another member of the company, who declared that she had helped her to pack the night before, when she appeared to be in her usual spirits.

"It was thought at the time that the girl had hidden herself as a joke, or for the purpose of supplying the Press agent with a good story, and had then managed to get ashore without being seen. But though this idea was held by many for a few hours, it soon had to be abandoned, for the young lady never turned up, and the case was ultimately put in the hands of the police.

"Her mother was communicated with, but she could offer no reason for her daughter's disappearance, and so the matter remains a mystery to this day. Although this happened nearly six years ago, the detectives who were engaged in the case still hold the opinion that one day the long-lost actress will turn up again, an opinion which is shared by the girl's mother, who is still spending every penny she can gather together in her long search after her daughter."

"Are you happy now that you are rich?" asked the old-time friend. "I don't know as I'm happy," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but I'm dead sure I'm not as discontented as I would be if I was broke."



The Weary Wayfarer—"I wouldn't swap my old hat for both the Sultan's fez and the Czar's crown."

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto.
(See page 100) all druggists.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 6, 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.

VILLE MARIE BANK.

Interest in the wrecked Ville Marie Bank, which closed its doors, July 25th, 1890, has been revived by the publication of the final statement by the liquidators appointed to wind up its affairs, showing it to have been one of the most colossal swindles ever perpetrated upon the Canadian public. The bank at the time of its collapse had deposits on the books amounting to \$1,300,000, representing the savings of seven thousand people. The last report before the failure showed the paid-up capital as \$479,000. Investigation proved the paid-up capital to be only \$250,000.

The books of the bank indicated at the time of the suspension, a note circulation of \$214,000, whereas the report now made public for the first time shows that the notes in circulation really aggregated \$555,000, this being the amount of the notes redeemed.

Some time previous to the suspension the Government called upon the bank to reduce its circulation to the extent of \$300,000. These notes should have been burned, but through fraud on the part of officials, they were issued again, the face value of the same going into the pockets of those who wrecked the institution.

The total receipts of the defunct institution from all sources amounted to \$342,000. Of this sum, \$550,000 went to redeem the note circulation which was, of course a privileged claim. The dividends to depositors have amounted to 17 1-10 per cent and other privileged claims to \$13,000, while \$33,000, was the cost of liquidation.

The last dividend of 2 1-10 per cent to the depositors is now being made, and with it closes up one of the worst pages in the history of Canadian banking.

ANGLO-JAPANESE.

The text of the new treaty between Britain and Japan has been issued by the British Foreign Office. Though one of the most momentous events in the political world, it consists of only eight hundred words, including eight articles and a preamble. Copies of the document have been transmitted to the Russian and French governments by Lord Lansdowne and have been received with different feelings by the press of the two countries—the French find much in it to delight them and the Russians see another deep laid plot against their interests.

The main features of the new treaty had already been generally foreshadowed by the cabled despatches from London and Paris. The pithy articles of the official text, however, bring out forcefully the tremendous importance to both countries of this alliance which practically makes Great Britain, Japan, and Japan Great Britain, for the purpose of defence "in the regions of East Asia and India." This inclusion of India specifically as a point at which any aggression by a foreign power will call for the assistance of Japan finds much favor with the press of London, the papers, in long, laudatory articles, welcoming the new and more extensive alliance of the two insular kingdoms, west & east, as giving immediate relief from the dangerous thunder-cloud which for so many years hung over the Indian frontier.

Under the original treaty the respective parties bound themselves to make common cause in the event of either party being assailed by more than one enemy; under the present agreement the two powers agree to cooperate in the event of either being attacked, as will be seen from the following article of the treaty:

"Article 1—It is agreed that whenever, in the opinion either of Great Britain or Japan, any of the rights and interests referred to in the preamble to this agreement are in jeopardy, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly, and will consider in common the measures which should be taken to safeguard those menaced rights or interests."

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

"Article 2—Should either of the high contracting parties be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests, the other party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and both parties will conduct war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with any power or powers involved in such war."

"Article 3—Japan, possessing paramount political, military and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes Japan's right to take such measures for the guidance, control and protection of Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests, providing the measures so taken are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations."

"Article 4—Great Britain, having a special interest in all that concerns the security of the Indian frontier, Japan recognizes her right to take measures in the proximity of that frontier as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions."

"Article 5—The high contracting parties agree that neither will, without consulting the other, enter into a separate arrangement with another power to the prejudice of the objects described in the preamble."

It is provided that the treaty shall continue in force for ten years.

Canadians cannot view the execution of this treaty with indifference. It is big with promise of trade with the Far East and should forever render impossible the revival of the agitation against the Japs in British Columbia which has disgraced the legislature of that Province.

MR. JNO. MARTIN BANQUETED.

Just what it is to enjoy the esteem and respect of a community was evidenced by a large crowd of acquaintances and friends who met together in the Town Hall, St. Andrews, on Wednesday evening and tendered a farewell banquet to Mr. and Mrs. John Martin prior to their departure for their southern home next Monday. It is some 10 years since Mr. Martin left St. Andrews for California, but his memory had not faded from the minds of his former neighbors and friends. While living here Mr. Martin, by his untiring zeal in the paths of duty, had gained for himself a reputation and love that was only partially expressed in the happy gathering. The tables were, daintily arranged and lavishly filled with everything of the very best.

Mr. Malcolm Smith, who was chairman of the evening, called the toasts:—"The King" responded to by the Rev. Mr. Mount; "Stars and Stripes," Rev. Mr. Ballantyne; "Canada," Mr. John Halsey; "The Ladies," Dr. Shaw.

A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presentation of an autograph address to Mr. and Mrs. Martin who responded in a neat speech in which they expressed their gratification for all that had been done for them since their visit to their native home which they love so well.

During the toasts Miss Gates sang "The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond" which was greatly enjoyed. Addresses were also delivered by the Mayor C. E. Ladouceur, Thos. Christie Esq., and others. Three rousing cheers and wishes for a safe return journey brought to a close an evening that will be long remembered by all present.

FLOW CONTEST.

On Saturday last Mr. H. A. Blair received a registered letter from Mr. Paquin of St. Philippe, in which he was challenged to place the Perrin plow, of which he is the agent for this county, against the Massey-Harris plow. The challenge was at once accepted and on Tuesday afternoon quite a number of the farmers in the vicinity gathered at the farm of Mr. Jos. Rober, North River, to see the contest. Messrs Peter Cruise Jr., J. D. Paul, and J. McCoy, were agreed upon as judges. A ridge was first ploughed in a field of stubble and dry clay and tried again in green sod of the hardest quality. The judges, after due deliberation, came to the decision that one of the ridges ploughed by the Massey-Harris, while perhaps the best rounded in the middle, they considered that the work accomplished by the Perrin plow was straighter, better finished, and best general purpose work. The verdict of the judges was in keeping with the majority present, as Messrs Funcheon and Morrow refused to act because their minds were already made up regarding the superiority of the Perrin. If you want the winner go to H. A. Blair.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Reece, nee Jessie McCallum, daughter of the late John McCallum. Mrs. Reece had been in delicate health for over a year and her death was not unexpected to her family, still the blow fell heavily to her aged mother, and Miss Helen, the last remaining of eight sisters. Mrs. Reece was widely known and highly esteemed as a kind friend and a thoroughly Christian woman. While in her home in Seattle she did much good; and when, owing to ill health, she was obliged to retire to California, it was generally regretted by a large circle of friends. Not finding the climate as beneficial to her health as was hoped for she returned to her home in Seattle and there passed away. She is survived by her husband and two little daughters,

her aged mother Mrs. John McCallum of Avoca, also her one sister Miss McCallum and her two brothers Mr. Alex. of Lachute, and Neil McCallum of Avoca, the other four brothers live in the United States. The bereaved family have the sympathy of all in the many sad trials coming upon them during the past year.

Fine Furs arrived, including a few Persian Lamb Jackets. Call early and secure sizes. C. T. WALES & SON.

ST. ANDREWS.

WEDDING BELLS.

MCRAE-DORION.

On Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 27, there occurred a very quiet, though pretty event at the home of Mr. Peter Bigras, East Settlement. It was the occasion of the marriage of Miss Alice Dorion to Mr. Archie McRae. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Minard. The bride was attired in white crepe-de-chene, and was attended by her sister Miss Sophie Dorion, while Mr. Oswald McRae supported the groom. The best wishes of the community are extended for their future happiness.

GILMOUR-CHAPMAN.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Presbyterian Manse on Wednesday afternoon last, when Mr. William George Gilmour of Brownburg, was united to Miss Rachael Chapman of the Gore. The bride was supported by her sister Miss E. J. Chapman and the groom was assisted by his brother Mr. Patrick Gilmour. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jas. M. McLaren before a number of friends. The couple received many congratulations and good wishes for future happiness.

11th Regiment Rifle Matches.

The annual rifle matches of the 11th Regiment & Argenteuil County Rifle Association were held on the ranges, Lachute, the 27, 28, & 29th of September. The meet was a very successful one, there being over 50 entries, and notwithstanding the fact that the association has been dormant for several years past, the scoring was very good. Lieut.-Col. Jekyll, D.C. 11th Regiment, was in charge, assisted by Major Seale, Captains Earle, Walker, Smith, Barron, and Simpson. There were eight matches in all and the prize lists were long and valuable. Lieut.-Col. Jekyll is an enthusiastic rifleman and as D.C. of the Argenteuil Rangers he is anxious to bring the regiment and county to the front in rifle shooting. For this purpose rifle associations are being formed in various parts of the county and the interest that is being taken in the sport, promises well for its success. It is expected that Argenteuil will be well represented in the P. Q. R. A. meet next summer.

The treasurer, Capt. J. E. W. Simpson acknowledges with thanks the following donations for the prize fund:—Geo. H. Perley \$25.00, Hon. Senator Owens \$10, Sir G. Drummond \$10, J. C. Wilson & Co \$10, Hon. W. A. Weir \$5, F. T. P. Paterson \$5, Thos. Christie \$5, Capt. Darley Smith \$5, H. Simpson \$5, Surgeon Lieut.-Aylen \$5, Dr. H. McConnell \$5, Capt. H. C. Massiah \$2, Lieut. Watchorn \$1, Capt. W. Williamson, R. O. \$5.

The veterans also wish to thank Sir. Felix Hamelin and the firm of Hamelin & Ayers, also T. McQuat & Son, W. J. Todd, G. Fraser, Mr. LeFebvre, M. Paquette, H. Gall, and O. Paquette for their contribution in prizes to the old veterans of 66 & 73.

DONATIONS IN KIND.

Lieut. Col. Jekyll, Winchester Rifle; Dominion Cartridge Co., 1000 rounds 440 ammunition; Major Seale, watch; Lieut. Hartley, watch; Carpenter Bro. watch; Hemmley & Co., watch; Hirsch & Co., Box of Cigars; Boxstall & Co., Box of Cigars; Ogilvie & Co., Bag of Flour; Leach Piano Co., piano drape; F. W. Hills, Pair of Boots; H. Blair, Carriage Seat; Wm. Berry, pair Mittens; Giles Bros, Umbrella.

The prize winners of the Nursery aggregate are given in order of merit: C. King, G. Green, A. D. Kennedy, J. Cooke, Jas. Morrison, E. Cooke, H. McConnell.

Grand aggregate,—Major J. Seale, W. R. Wilson, J. Earle, Lieut.-Col. H. Jekyll, H. A. Blair, J. W. Raitt, G. H. Cawwell.

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 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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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 Department.

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

A SONG FOR THE WEARY.

Life is but a world of battles;
You must fight them would you win;
With the idleness that prattles,
Victory has never been:
Then why should you be complaining,
If in one attempt you fail?
Each endeavor gives you training,
Till at last you should prevail.

Nuggets of success are lying
Underneath life's rugged road;
Dig and dig and keep on trying
Till you strike the precious load.
Kisses above you will be bluer
As long the way you tread,
Friends around you will be bluer
So be brave and go ahead.

Time is fleeting, so be doing
Any task there is for you;
You are stronger, while accruing
Gain of good and wisdom, too,
Be not with the drones and shirkers,
As thru life they idly stroll;
Victory belongs to workers,
Strive and you will reach the goal.

"When we come to the end of life,
It is not the wisdom we have acquired
Or the wealth we have gained, or the
fame we have won, that we like to re-
member, but the love we have given
and received."

Kind words are like jewels in the
heart, never to be forgotten, but per-
haps to cheer by their memory a long
sad life. While words of cruelty are
like darts in the bosom, wounding
scars that will be borne to the grave
by their victims.

THE object of life is to learn to live.
We are at school here and shall al-
ways be at school until we are dismis-
sed from earth's classes to be promoted
into Heaven. It is a pity we do not
learn our lessons. It is a pity if we
grow no gentler, no kinder, no more
thoughtful, no more unselfish, no
more unworldly, as the years pass
over us.

As a rule the children's progress at
school is regulated by the home atti-
tude toward school. If parents are
indifferent children also are indiffer-
ent; if parents are interested in
school work, a new impulse is given
to the children's interest. Parents
should strive to understand the teacher
and to hold her at the highest
standard. No teacher can do justice
to himself and pupils if he is made an
object of constant and severe criti-
cism; expression of disapproval
should never be made in the presence
of children; antagonism between the
home and school destroys the value of
school to the children.

SHE was just an ordinary woman
without much time for culture. She
did not know the difference between
an Ionic and a Doric column in archi-
tecture, and she was not up on china
painting or Roman emperors, but she
brought up her three children to tell
the truth, to love God, to love their
brothers and to do honest labor with
their hands and not be ashamed of it.
When she died, the papers didn't no-
tice it, but the Recording Angel said,
as he took up a fresh pen and turned
over to a clean page:

A queen is coming,
Get ready her throne;
She hath wrought nobly—
She cared for her own.

THE MODEL GIRL.

Her motto is: Do unto others as you
would have them do unto you." The
real queen of the rosebud garden of
girls is she who scatters kind words,
kind smiles and sweet courtesies al-
long the way, who remembers her
friends at all seasons with equal cor-
diality.

Another characteristic of the mod-
el girl is quiet dignity. It is the per-
fect virtue that results from the ming-
ling of gentleness and self-respect
with an atom of consideration thrown
in to make the different parts mingle
perfectly and make a delightful type
of girlhood. Her dignity diffuses it-
self like the perfume of a rose; you
delight in it as much as you respect
it.

Patience, self-control, kindness and
veracity also characterize the model
girl. She bears in mind that "Rome
was not built in a day," and so bides
her time, not in too big a hurry when
any object is to be accomplished.
Self-control is the base of all virtues.
Character exhibits itself in control of
speech as much as in anything else.

The crowning virtue of the model
girl is charity. It prevades her whole
life just as the fresh odor of the tree
fills the air with a thousand sweet
scents. It makes the word that she
says, better, the deed that she does,
worthier, and permeates every act of
her life, so that to the world at large
she seems an outward signal of good-
ness and kindness.

Truly it is a beautiful thing, the pos-
session of this virtue. Faith and hope
stand beside it, but to it is the great-
est of all. Let us pray for it, so that
life may become more beautiful.

BROTHERS RE-UNITED AFTER MANY YEARS.

Copied from the Escanaba Mirror, Mich.

After being separated for a period of 33 years with neither knowing the where-
abouts of the other, until a short time ago,
James C. James heard of Robert James re-
siding at Rapid River. The two brothers
were reunited at Rapid River, Wednesday
Aug. 11th.

A steamer arrived at Rapid River over
the Soo road yesterday morning, and in-
quired of the people gathered at the station
if Robert James lived in Rapid River.

Not any of those at the station were able
to give the necessary information and the
stranger proceeded to the town to continue
the search. Shortly after that time one of
the men who had been questioned at the
station remembered a "Bob" James was
driver at the Rapid River livery stable.

The stranger was again found and told of
the whereabouts of "Bob" James.

After a little search he found his long
lost brother who failed to recognize him.
The Lachute brother asked the Rapid River
brother if he saw any resemblance to any
one he had ever seen, but was answered in
the negative. The stranger suddenly rolled
up the sleeve of his coat and displayed a
scar on his arm which had been sustained
by him while the two brothers were play-
ing together while little boys at their
home. The showing of the scar at once
brought to the mind of the Rapid River
brother the boy remembrance of the ap-
pearance of his brother, who for many years
he thought to be dead, and his identifica-
tion was soon made complete.

The two brothers were then inseparable
throughout the afternoon and talked over
the events of their boyhood days.

At different times during the 33 years,
but they have been separated attempts
have been made by each to find the other,
but until lately, when the Lachute brother
learned from a conversation with a chance
acquaintance, that a Robert James lived at
Rapid River, not a clue that would lead to
the reunion was found.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at
the residence of

RALPH W. BARCLAY, St. Andrews.

Tuesday, October 24th, 1905.

Following effects:—"Canadian Forest,"
an entire horse, 5 years, formerly owned by
Fred Gates. 4 year old gelding, 2 work
horses, 10 milch cows, 2 heifers 2 years, 1
yearling, 5 spring calves, 7 pigs, McCormick
binder, mower and rake, Noxon reaper,
seeder, 2 Ferris gang plows, 2 Massey Har-
ris plows, 1 harrow, spring and iron
harrows, roller, new Dore thrasher & double
power complete, 2 Bain wagons 3 inch tires,
and stock rack, tumbrel cart, 2 sets shanty
sloops, and pair 2 inch sloops, new U.M.
separator N. 6, chains, cans, honey extractor,
and bee-hive, breech loading d.b. shotgun
12 c.g., and ammunition, 1 cedar skiff, 2
buffalo robes, rugs, farmers boiler, 3 sets
heavy harness, (leather traces), single heavy
and light harness, riding saddle, 1 platform
scale, 40 ton horse hay, 30 ton cow hay and
straw, 1000 bushel of oats, 75 bush. barley,
quantity wheat, 200 bush. ear corn and lot
todder corn.

Household effects:—Williams piano, 1
parlor suite, 4 bedroom suites, springs and
mattresses, pillows, quilts, sideboard, ex-
tension table, Walnut book-case, set dining
chairs, rockers, sofas, cook stoves, kitchen
utensils, silverware and china dinner & tea
sets, carpets, curtains, etc., 30 cord of dry
cove wood.

Farm effects:—Everything sold without
reserve.

Sale will commence with household effects
at 10 a.m. sharp. Any goods left unsold
will be disposed of following day at 10 a.m.

The residence of Mrs. Wm. Barclay will
be sold by public auction on 1st day of sale
at 2 p.m. if not disposed of privately.

Terms:—\$10 and under cash over that amount
12 months credit by furnishing approved
joint notes. 6 p.c. off for cash.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

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For Infants and Children.

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Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

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

FOR SALE

The old established bakery,
confectionery, flour and feed busi-
ness, horses, wagon, harness,
sleighs, and everything complete
to carry on the business. Prop-
erty also for sale.

WM. BRADSHAW,
Grenville.

Province of Quebec,
District of Terrebonne.

CIRCUIT COURT IN & FOR
THE DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

No. 1285:

Wilfrid Corbeil, farmer & laborer,
of the parish of St. Adele, district of Terre-
bonne,

Plaintiff

vs.
FREDERIC THERRIEN, jobber of
the township of Marchand, county and dis-
trict of Ottawa and actually absent in the
United States of America,

Defendant,

&
LOUIS THOMAS dit TRANCHE,
MONTAGNE of said township of Marchand
contractor, and THE RIORDON PAPER
MILLS CO. LTD., Corporation having its
principal place of business at Merriton, in
the Province of Ontario

Mis en cause

No. 1286:

ALDERIO CORBEIL, farmer and
laborer, of the parish of St. Adele, district
of Terrebonne,

Plaintiff

vs.
The said FREDERIC THERRIEN,

Defendant

&
The said RIORDON PAPER MILLS CO.
LTD., & AL,

Mis en cause

No. 1288:

ARTHUR MARINIER, farmer
& labor, of the parish of St. Adele, district
of Terrebonne

Plaintiff

vs.
The said FREDERIC THERRIEN,

Defendant

&
The said RIORDON PAPER MILLS CO.
& AL

Mis en cause

No. 1290:

HONORIUS LABELLE, farmer
& laborer of the parish of St. Adele, district
of Terrebonne

Plaintiff

vs.
The said FREDERIC THERRIEN,

Defendant

&
The said RIORDON PAPER MILLS CO.
& AL

Mis en cause

It is ordered to Defendant to appear within
a month.

ST. JEBOME, 25th September, 1905.

JOSEPH BOISSEAU,

Clerk of the said Court.

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.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MAIN STREET - LACHUTE, P.Q.

DR. E. LAURIN,

VETERINARY-SURGEON.
Bell Tel. No. 114 Ste. Scholastique.

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.

Jackets

Take a look at our new Ladie's and Chil-
dren'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 "Stanfields" unshrinkable under-
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, La-
die's 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 else where
and convince yourself.



Lachute Furniture Factory

REGINA FAIRFIELD

OR

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

"Now I have it! Now I certainly have it! He is one of those unnatural monsters, a miser! Of course! Why, surely! Why did I not see it at once? How it explains everything that was difficult to understand now! How clear that answer to the enigma makes all obscure! How consistent all seeming contradictions! He is a miser! That does not prevent him being a man of strict honesty, sterling integrity—yet, most certainly, he is a miser; and 'people do not confer titles of distinction upon men like him! Yes, he is a miser! That is the manner in which he has amassed his immense property! That is also the reason why his house is suffered to fall to ruins while his farm is well cultivated; the farm will make returns, but the house will not. He has also half-starved, half-clothed, and half-educated his children. They have grown up coarse, uncouth, ignorant, unfit for good society. They are consequently not well received, and, even if they were disposed to marry, he would not portion his daughter, or establish his son in business. That is the answer to the whole enigma! Now say that I have no quickness of apprehension!"

"Wonderful!"

"Ah! I have my inspirations sometimes."

"Stupendous!"

"You are making fun of me!"

"Hem! Listen. His son, Constant Wallraven, graduated in a Northern university, and made the grand tour of the Eastern Continent accompanied by a clergyman salaried to attend him. You never saw a handsomer or more magnificent-looking man, or one of more perfect dress and address—the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword. His daughter, Constantia Wallraven, is one of the most beautiful and elegant of women, with one of the best cultivated minds I ever met."

"You surprise and perplex me more and more—handsome, accomplished, wealthy, in the prime of life, and have never been married? But perhaps it is that they are cold?"

"Not so. They have ardent temperaments and warm affections."

"Then they are, take them all in all, not easily matched, and, of course they are fastidious."

"I think not; I am sure not. For listen again; some years ago Constant fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a poor day laborer—a poor, miserable fellow, who hired in harvest, or in very busy times, to work in the field with the negroes."

"Ah! now it comes!"

"Constant wished to marry her."

"Well?"

"He offered himself to the girl."

"Well?"

"And the poor, abjectly poor, father threatened to shoot the son of the millionaire if he caught him near his hut again."

"The poor father could not believe in his daughter's good fortune. He suspected the young man of evil designs?"

"Possibly. If he did him that wrong, he was quickly undeceived, for the very next day Hugh Wallraven, the father, called at the hut of the poor day laborer, and asked the hand of his young daughter, Ellen Dale, for his son and heir; and the poor man, with a blush of indignation, refused it!"

"You astonish me!"

"Hugh Wallraven then offered to settle fifty thousand dollars on the maiden, if her father would permit the match; and the pauper father refused!"

"You astound me! You positively do! What could have been the poor man's motive—enmity?"

"No! The poor creature wept bitterly while refusing his daughter to the son of his best friend and patron—and such was Hugh Wallraven to Thomas Dale."

"Perhaps this Constant Wallraven was a love-child, and the poor but honest and sternly-correct father of a family upon that account despised and rejected the alliance?"

"Did I not say Hugh Wallraven had never been charged or even suspected of crime or vice? No! Constant was the son of his marriage; and here it is well to inform you that the father for his whole life and the children from an early age, have been members in good standing—for persons in their condition—of the Protestant Episcopal Church. If ever a family lived up to a Christian standard, it is the Wallravens."

"And yet, notwithstanding their wealth, intelligence and piety, the poor day laborer, who is bound to them besides by a debt of gratitude and love, will not ally with one of his family!"

"Even so."

"What can be the reason of this proscription? Some horrible hereditary affliction? Yes, that must be it—insanity, perhaps."

"Worse far than that."

"Blindness?"

"Infinitely worse than that."

"Some loathsome disease, such as we read of in the East—leprosy?"

"Worse even than that, or any disease, or any sin, in this one incurable, fatal family calamity."

"Come, there is a story connected with this doomed family—this dark phantom of a dead home—"

"Of a murdered home, as I said before. Yes, there is a dark, dreadful story—a domestic tragedy!"

"Will you tell it to me?"

"Yes; or, rather, you shall know it. It is inevitable that you should hear it—perhaps an unjust version of it; and as one very, very near and dear to me is intimately connected with the whole affair, in justice to him you shall have the truth. We are near Cedar Cliffs now. In a few minutes we shall reach the house."

It was dusk.

There is something mysteriously pleasing to me in approaching in the dusk of the evening a strange country house, in which I expect to stay awhile.

As the carriage stopped before the house about to become our temporary home, we looked out with vague interest and curiosity in the blackness of the night; but we could discover nothing but indistinct and shadowy shapes, suggestive of a massive dwelling house, with out-buildings, and trees, and hills, and a background of lofty mountains, looming dark, darker and darkest, into the murky sky. There was such an absorbing obscurity swallowing up everything. There was such a shadowy interest, such a stimulus to curiosity, such a field for imagination in all so vague and undefined. It is the charm of the unknown—the glamour of the terra incognita—that attracts us.

It seems like dreamland—like childhood come back. And then is the cheerful anticipation of exploring the new scenes by daylight to-morrow, after breakfast, of which we think now, and of which we shall dream to-night. We are just agreeably chilly, hungry, and tired enough to anticipate thorough enjoyment from the glowing fire, the hot supper, and the soft bed that shortly awaits us; and curious enough to wonder in detail what each will be like.

At the end of a long journey, commend me to an arrival at a country house at dark, where every sort of comfort will be enhanced by the most affectionate welcome. Gently-pleasing fancies and feelings, like these, half-forgotten childish emotions of wonder and curiosity about small things possessed my mind, chasing from it completely all dark and weird imaginings awakened by the Phantom House in the Vale of Solitude.

Almost immediately after the carriage stopped, we saw a light glancing behind the closed Venetian blinds of the house, and immediately the front door opened, and a lantern emerged and came to meet us, followed by a long, dark shadow that flitted fantastically hither and thither behind it. It was Gullivar, the old gardener, who opened the gate and assisted us to light. Mary (Mrs. Fairfield) gave us in charge of a colored chambermaid, who conducted us to a pleasant bedroom, fragrant with the smell of dried herbs, and agreeably warmed by a bright and cheerful fire.

Soon as we had bathed and changed our clothes, Mary came and conducted us down to supper in one of those comfortable and agreeable rooms that young and tasteful housekeepers are so fond of perfecting. A coal fire glowed redly through the polished steel bars of a large grate, the bright light of a solar lamp, standing upon the tea-table, flashed down upon an elegant tea service of chased silver and white china arrayed upon a snowy damask cloth. It was an enviable room, indeed.

By the side of the fire, in a spring-bottomed armchair, sat a gentleman whose appearance instantly interested me. He was of medium height, of slight, but elegant figure, and his fair, wan complexion, spiritual countenance, and golden locks,

"Did a ghastly contrast bear."

to the black hue of his mourning dress. This gentleman arose with a languid grace, and came to receive us; and when Mary named me to "Mr. Fairfield," her husband, he welcomed me with easy kindness.

We then took our places at the table. It was impossible, however, not to observe the expression of profound, incurable sorrow upon the countenance of this young man. It was impossible not to wonder how Mary herself could preserve any remnant of cheerfulness by the side of this heart-crushing despair. It seemed too deep, too great to leave him a thought of struggling against it or concealing it. Yet, habitual politeness, feelings of hospitality or benevolence, made him very kindly attentive to me; and I never saw anything so sad, so moving to tears as his smile. Indeed, I was already beginning to be painfully, strongly, interested in this young gentleman—more strongly than I live to be in man, woman, or child over whose destiny I can exert no control for their happiness. And when I turned from his wan, spiritual countenance to that of Mary, at the head of the table, I thought that her happy, youthful face, so full of health, intelligence, and cheerful bonhomie, must exercise a wholesome, if an unseen, influence upon her suffering companion.

An accident that occurred that evening further excited my wonder and interest. We had left the supper table, which was cleared away, and had gathered around the fire, which had been replenished, and glowed brightly, when a knock at the front door was heard, and soon after the parlor door was opened and an old man stood within it.

He was very tall, very broad-shouldered, but stooping, either with sorrow or infirmity. He was clothed in deep mourning; his left hand leaned heavily on a stout, gold-headed cane, while with his right hand he tremblingly lifted from his venerable head his hat, which he held in his hand, revealing by the action a brow, plowed deep by sorrow or remorse, and hair white as the driven snow. There was an air of deep humiliation, of piteous deprecation, in his whole manner and appearance, most painful to witness in one so aged, and, in every other respect so venerable.

Neither Mary nor Mr. Fairfield arose to receive this visitor, nor by look or gesture showed any sort of respect for him—only Mary looked sadly down at her hands, and Mr. Fairfield said kindly, but gravely:

"How do you do, Mr. Wallraven?"

"Mr. Wallraven!" thought I, giving a covert, but piercing glance to the aged and stooping figure, hat in hand, so deprecatingly at the door.

"Ferdinand, she is dying at last—come to her, she is dying!" he said.

"Dying!" echoed Mary.

"Thank God!" fervently exclaimed Mr. Fairfield, with the first look of hope I had yet seen on his wan face.

"Yes, dying. Will you come?" repeated the old man, as he trembled over his staff. "Will you come?"

"Assuredly. Mary, love, order the carriage. Dying at last. Thank God!"

Mary had hastily left the room, and soon returned with his cloak and hat.

Fairfield quickly donned them, and accompanied by the old man, left the house.

After they had gone, Mary Fairfield walked about in a state of half-suppressed excitement such as I had never seen her betray. She seemed to have forgotten me altogether, for which I could not blame her. Presently, suddenly stopping, she asked, "Dear, are you tired?"

"Feeling myself really fatigued and somewhat de trop, I answered 'Yes.'"

"I will attend you to your room," she said, and taking up a candle that she herself had left burning on the side-table when she came in with Mr. Fairfield's cloak, she preceded me upstairs, and into my room, where we found the fire still burning, and a negro girl waiting.

"You may go, Blanch," said Mrs. Fairfield to the woman, who immediately left the room, and then, "I can unhook your dress, dear," she kindly said to me.

I wished to try her, to see whether she was really concerned at a circumstance, for which she had just thanked God so fervently. I turned suddenly, and squeezing her hand heartily, said:

"Mary, I have half fallen in love with your husband—do you care?"

"Oh, darling, don't jest. He is ill—his constitution has received a severe shock; he is heart-broken."

And now I saw by her countenance that a great deal of her cheerfulness and bonhomie in his presence was nothing more than self-control.

A violent knocking at the front door summoned her in haste from the room. It was about fifteen minutes before she returned. She was bonneted and cloaked for a journey, and she held in her hand a large old letter.

"They have sent the carriage back for me, dear," she said. "I shall probably be absent all night, but you are at home, you know. Blanch will attend to all your orders; and, dear, here is a letter. It is one that Ferdinand wrote to me on the eve of our engagement; he called it his confessions. It is only his explanation of certain dreadful circumstances that troubled me before our marriage, and that trouble you know. I have Ferdinand's consent to leave it with you. Read it. It will tell you all you wish to know. It will engage you during my absence, and when I return, you will

Pleasant Dreams

Come to those who drink only PURE tea like

Blue Ribbon

Avoid ordinary tea; if you care for SOUND, SWEET SLEEP, and ask for the SPECIALLY MANUFACTURED, CAREFULLY PACKED Blue Ribbon Tea. Red Label.

ONLY ONE BEST—BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

know—the end!"

She kissed me and was gone.

I had been very tired and sleepy; but there was no sleep for me then until I had read the manuscript. I trimmed my fire, drew a candle-stand to my side, and, with my feet upon the fender, opened the manuscript that was to let me into the secret of the "Phantom House."

(To be Continued.)

The Farm

MANAGEMENT OF HENS.

In the spring hens require liberal feeding and will then stand forcing better than at any other time, writes Mr. Grant Davis. If fed no more than in winter they are apt to lay themselves poor and become run down. Spring is the natural laying season, and the hen will produce eggs even at a sacrifice of normal nutrition. When warm weather approaches the amount of corn and corn meal in the ration should be reduced and a strictly egg-forming ration fed and a ration in which the protein feeds such as middlings, lean meat, skim milk and clover hay should predominate rather than corn. Hens that have once got out of condition are not likely to be prime layers again. Feeding with great care in winter in order to get eggs under adverse conditions, when the hens begin to pick up in the egg yield at the advent of warm weather, we are too apt to think further effort on our part is unnecessary. It is true that eggs are cheap in the spring, but, at no season will the hen machine turn feed into eggs as at this time of the year. Hens must be given plenty of feed to work upon.

It is the practice of some to get their pullets laying as soon as they can, preferably in the fall of the year and keep them laying more or less during the winter and then with the return of warm weather to force them to lay to the top notch and keep them at it as long as possible. When they are laid out, they are at once disposed of. Managed in this way, a hen is not fed through an idle season, but there are objections to the plan which make it impracticable in the majority of cases. But if a hen is kept on for two or three years she must have a vacation. To try to force eggs all the time not only will meet with failure, but will put the hens out of condition and permanently impair their productivity too early in their career. Centering around the season of molt should be the season of rest and the true way to hasten the molt is to give the hens a preparatory vacation with change of diet.

For some years I have made it a practice practically to stop feeding the hens about the middle of June. Before this some of the underlings will have got into the roving and grazing habit, and, with the early sun, they are out in the fields looking for bugs and picking grass. But the majority of them resent the omission of their usual feed of grain and will stand around looking for it, but in a few mornings they, too, will start out to hunt without waiting to be fed. With a small feed of some grain at night, they get along very well. They soon get rid of that surplus fat and their whole system gets a renovating. On the range, they acquire hardy habits and thus general health improves in tone and vigor.

Of course this plan of summer management refers to farm conditions or when a sufficient range is available where they can get a good part of their living from weed seeds, grass, waste grain, insects, etc. It is also adapted to the farm in that it reduces to a minimum the care of the flock at a time when farm work is most pressing and all available labor required for planting and harvesting.

Managed in this way, I find that the hens are disposed to begin the molt. By the middle of August, the new feathers will be started on the majority, although there are always some stragglers. At this time I begin feeding again and it is surprising how quickly they respond in the egg production. They will continue laying well all the fall slackening up only on the approach of really cold weather in the latter part of November. Eggs always command a good price during the autumn even in the early portions,

when it is still warm. Generally speaking, the egg supply is then quite limited owing to the fact that the majority of the fowls are dragging through their molt and it is still too warm to open up the storage supplies. Considering the high price of eggs and the lessened cost of feeding when the hens are on their range, there is more profit in feeding for eggs in the late summer and autumn than at any other season of the year. One may not find so much fault with his hens if winter eggs are not abundant, provided they have laid well all the fall. It is to early-hatched pullets that we must look for winter eggs, anyhow.

GROOMING FARM HORSES.

Many good horsemen prefer watering before feeding, which, we think, is a good practice, especially in summer, as the horse requires a large amount of water to supply the needs of the body. After perspiring almost all day, the horse comes in pretty much exhausted in the evening, due to the loss of water and energy. Before being fed his grain he should be given water and allowed to cool. If he is very warm only a limited amount should be given at any time, but he must be watered frequently until he gets all that he wants as soon as he is cool enough to take it.

It is a good plan to allow a little time for the horse to cool off before giving him his evening grain ration. Some men allow them to stand and eat hay while they themselves are at supper and then feed the grain ration later. After standing all night the horse will be thirsty and will appreciate a drink the first thing in the morning. If water is given before feeding instead of after feeding, there will be no tendency to wash the food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Large quantities of cold water taken into the stomach immediately after a meal tend to arrest digestion by cooling the stomach and diluting the digestive fluids which may cause colic. The grooming of horses is no small part of their care. They should be thoroughly cleaned at least once a day and preferably in the evening.

FARM NOTES.

Barnyard manure applied to clover sod, plowed under and thoroughly mixed with the earth, for a corn crop, serves to double that crop, not so much by the plant food which it adds, as by changing the physical texture of the soil and by thickening the water films about the soil particles.

To have good meadows, and to keep them good, they should not be pastured in the fall. When the pastures are getting short and the cows are beginning to shrink in their milk flow, the temptation to turn them into the meadows is almost irresistible, but must be overcome; and the cows fed on green fodder corn or some other green crop to tide them over the dry season. The aftermath is needed for the protection of the grass roots in winter. The roots of timothy especially lie near the top of the ground, and are liable to be frozen to death if not protected.

As we see the farmer, he is in the midst of abundance to eat and to drink and to wear. It is worth a trip to the country just to get one look and one smell into a prosperous farmer's well-filled cellar. He gets accustomed to it, and forgets to appreciate it. To the prisoner of the town, such a sight gives a thrill of delight—like a field of blossoming clover to a herd of famished cattle. Not that we do not get enough to eat in town—we are usually pretty well fed; but the freshness of it in the farmer's cellar, the abundance of it—the abounding richness of the aroma! He is a king in comparison. His feed is not dealt out to him in small rations at a grocery counter—he is the original possessor the producer himself, the lord of the manor; we are all at his mercy.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Interesting calculations have led to the conclusion that when trotting the horse does 4.5 times as much work as when walking, 1.75 times as much as when galloping as when trotting, and 2.5 times as much when on full gallop than on canter.

Our experience indicates that the cows must be studied individually, and the amount of feed given must vary according to the individual capacity. It took very little more feed for the best cows than it did for the poor cows. If we had withheld the feed from the good cows, the amount realized would have been materially decreased. It does not pay to feed a poor cow, but it does pay to feed a good cow liberally.

DID THEIR DUTY IN EVERY CASE

HOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
BANISH PAIN IN THE BACK.

Cured Mrs. Jas. Murphy and
Everyone Else She Recommended
Them To.

River Gagnon, Que., Sept. 11.—
(Special).—No complaint is so com-
mon among women as Pain-in-the-
Back. It is a safe estimate that
half the women in Canada are
afflicted with it. For that reason
every evidence that there is a sure
and complete cure in existence is
thankfully received. And there is
abundant evidence that Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills is just such a cure. This
district could furnish a dozen cures,
but one is that of Mrs. Jas. Murphy.
She says:

"I suffered for thirty-eight months
with a pain in my back. I took just
one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and
I have never been troubled with the
pain since. I also recommended
Dodd's Kidney Pills to other peo-
ple, who complained as I did and in
every case the Pills did their duty
and brought relief."

HERE AND THERE.

Bits of Knowledge About Almost
Everything.

Few Russian trains travel at a
faster rate than twenty-two miles an
hour.

Paris has the biggest debt of any
city in the world. It amounts to
\$400,000,000.

Silver money 250 years old is still
in circulation in some parts of
Spain.

In London out of one hundred wid-
owers who marry again twelve marry
their housekeepers.

Within the past four years France
has recorded 26,000 suicides, while
in Italy the number has been only
8,000.

More cases of consumption appear
among needle-makers and file-makers
than any other class of workers.

More than 2,000 people earn a
living in Paris by fortune-telling,
and their total yearly earnings are
estimated at \$2,000,000.

The finest tomb in Great Britain
is undoubtedly that of the Duke of
Hamilton, in the grounds of the
Duke's seat. It cost over \$1,000,-
000.

A bee, unladen, will fly forty miles
an hour; but one returning to the
hive laden with honey does not travel
faster than twelve miles an hour.

Stockholm has the largest death-
rate from the use of alcohol of any
city in the world. The number of
deaths from this cause is 90 in 1,-
000.

In Switzerland every male between
the ages of twenty and sixty-five is
obliged to vote, unless he be a pau-
per, criminal, or a bankrupt. These
have not the right of voting.

The soil of Siberia at the close of
the summer is found still frozen for
56 inches beneath the surface, and
the dead that have lain in their cof-
fins for 150 years have been taken
up unchanged in the least.

In parts of Australia, where the
average rainfall is not more than 10
inches, a square mile of land will
support only eight or nine sheep. In
Buenos Ayres the same area, with
84 inches of rain, supports 2,560
sheep.

When a Prince of the Austrian
Royal Family dies, his horse follows
the funeral covered with a black
cloth, and lame in one hoof. The
lameness is produced by driving a
nail through the horseshoe. This is
a sign of the deepest possible
mourning.

The children of the Ainos, a peo-
ple living in Northern Japan, do not
receive their names until they are
five years old. It is the father who
then chooses the name by which the
child is afterwards to be called.

In Iceland, that country of gentle
and old-fashioned customs, it has
always been the fashion to present
to the baby, when its first tooth
appeared, a lamb, to be its very
own, cared for and tended as no
other pet could be, and never to
be parted with.

The heat developed by the firing
of heavy guns is remarkable. Dur-
ing some recent tests a gun that had
been fired seventy-five times melted
solder placed upon the chase, while
another was hot enough to soften
lead, indicating a temperature of
600 degrees Fahr.



HOW ANARCHISTS WORK

BY ONE WHO, UNFORTUNATE-
LY, HAS KNOWN THEM.

Their Ranks Are Honeycombed
Through and Through by
Police-Spies.

Though the better-known Anar-
chists are kept under close observa-
tion by the police in every capital
in Europe, and though the various
Anarchist Groups are never with-
out their spies, this constant watch-
ing has in practice lamentably failed
to protect the world's rulers from
assassination or attempted assassina-
tion. The reason is that the as-
sassin is usually a comparatively ob-
scure member of a Group, and keeps
his own counsel. To avoid betrayal
or discovery he disappears quietly
and acts upon his own initiative.
Often his closest friends do not know
what he intends to do. Until the
world echoes with his crime, they
are as ignorant of its planning and
accomplishment as the most unsus-
pecting policeman.

PAID BY DETECTIVES.

Ravochol went about Paris with
a bomb in his pocket. Vaillant had
no difficulty in getting past the po-
lice and exploding a bomb in the
Chamber of Deputies. Six Anarch-
ists could enter the theatre at Bar-
celona without suspicion and throw
their murderous machines into the
crowded stalls beneath. Guarded
as was President Carnot at Lyons,
the Italian Casserio got near enough
to him to stab him to the heart.
The Empress Elizabeth could be shot
in an Italian public square. Sipido
could step out of a crowd and shoot
at our own King as he sat at the
window of a railway carriage in a
Brussels railway-station. King Hum-
bert of Italy could be shot by Bres-
ci while engaged in a public duty
at Monza. President McKinley could
be assassinated by an Anarchist who
held a revolver concealed under a
handkerchief while pretending to
shake his hand.

All this despite the fact that the
ranks of the Anarchists are honey-
combed through and through by the
spies in the pay of the secret police.
In the days of the old Autonomie
Club, in Tottenham Court Road,
England, there was probably not a
single European Government whose
representative was not on the roll
of membership. The spy kept his
employers regularly informed of
every move he had a chance of
knowing anything about. When the
Walsall Anarchists were tried for
bomb conspiracy, it came out that
one of the most prominent witnesses
was in the pay of Scotland Yard,
and Inspector Melville made no se-
cret of the fact that he had paid
secret service money to numbers of
Anarchists.

SPY AND SHOPKEEPER.

One day a man came into London
from France apparently destitute.
He cultivated the Anarchist Groups.
Several members gave him food, and
clothing, and even lodging. His man-
ner was sincere. His principles
seemed violent. He was soon re-
ceived with open arms at secret
meetings. A "comrade" was pre-
sented despatched on business to
Paris. The man, on his own re-
quest, was permitted to accompany
him. In France the "comrade" was
promptly arrested on arrival.

In one of the back streets of Lon-
don, the name of which is known to
the writer, there was at one time a
shop in which Anarchist publica-
tions of all countries were on sale.
The "comrade" who had charge of
it was implicitly trusted, and the
shop became the resort of the most
influential Anarchists in London.
Alas! the comrade turned out to be
a police-spy who was supplying
Scotland Yard not only with valu-
able information, but with photo-
graphs of his comrades. One night
a crowd of outraged Anarchists as-
sembled in front of that shop,
smashed the windows, and ransacked
all the rooms. But the betrayer
was invisible. Another spy had in-
formed him what was going to hap-
pen that evening, and he had flown.

All professions and all occupations
are represented among the Anar-
chists. There is the philosopher who
wraps up the bomb doctrine in gift
paper. There is the visionary jour-
nalist and litterateur who consti-
tutes himself the prophet and the
preacher. There is the trained che-
mist, and the engineer, and the
army man, and the unfrocked priest;
and in addition are the desperadoes
and scum and riff-raff of the gutter;
creatures who, like Ravochol, are as
ready to murder solitary misers for
trinkets as they are to spout at An-
archist meetings on the wrongs of
the proletariat; creatures who throw
bricks through the shop-windows of
jewellers on the chance of "expro-
priating" the proceeds of the com-
motion.

HOW THEY ORGANIZE NOW.

The pivot of Anarchism is the
Group, and this characteristic makes
the ramifications of the movement
difficult to grip. Unlike other se-
cret societies, Fenianism, for in-
stance, it has no organization. A
dozen men may meet to-night, say,
as "The Bond of Right Group." By
to-morrow night the members may
have quarrelled and divided, and
half of them have formed another
group, called "The Lion's Cubs."
Since the smash up of the old Au-
tonomie Anarchism in London is
not quite what it used to be, but



There are very few cleans-
ing operations in which Sunlight
Soap cannot be used to advan-
tage. It makes the home bright
and clean.

let nobody assume that it has dis-
appeared. The public parks and
open spaces soon shatter that de-
lusion.

HELP MYSELF SOCIETIES.

The writer could quote a number
of villainous extracts from Anarchist
newspapers, collected for him by a
man at one time inside the move-
ment. He prefers, however, the
humorous side of the advertising
columns, which certainly yield hu-
mor in plenty. Here is an an-
nouncement from one of them: "The
Anti-Broker Group, having reached
a sufficient strength, is ready to as-
sist all comrades and friends who
require its services, free of charge.
Apply to —, Office of this paper."
The Anti-Brokers, it should be ex-
plained, were gentry who had solved
to their own satisfaction the ques-
tion, "Why Pay Rent?" Here is
another advertisement, which might
be set as a test for the sense of hu-
mor: "A severe winter is inevitable;
therefore advertiser intends making
preparations accordingly. Anyone
willing to help form a 'Help Myself
Society' should communicate with
—, Office of this paper." One
more: "Poacher wants trustworthy
comrade. Mostly night-work. Ap-
ply—."

One day the police got wind of
the early publication of printed mat-
ter to which they had reason to take
objection. The type was placed on
the highest shelf in the printing of-
fice. The place was suddenly raided.

"PIE" SAVED HIS COMRADES.

The police took possession of ev-
erything they saw, and were about
to depart, when one of the officers
remembered that the top shelf had
not been searched. One of the men
in the place was told to bring down
everything from the shelf. Laughing
up his sleeve, probably, he mounted
a pair of rickety steps, grasped the
precious column of type, and, pre-
tending to slip on the steps dropped
it thudding to the floor. The re-
sult was what printers call "pie,"
and the very evidence for which the
police had made the raid was de-
stroyed before their eyes.—London
Answers.

Printer—"I'm sorry that one of
our compositors has made a serious
mistake in your daughter's wedding
invitation. He has made it read:
"Mr. and Mrs. Jones desire your
"presents" instead of "presence.""
Jones—"Oh, well, I think you
needn't trouble to alter it. You
see, that's just what we do desire."

Gunner—"Some scientist remarks
that if you eat onions you will live
for ever." Guyer—"What would be
the use of living for ever when no
girl would ever let you kiss her?"

HONEST PHYSICIAN.

Works With Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that
physicians are always skeptical as to
the curative properties of anything
else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those
who seek to heal with as little use
of drugs as possible and by the use
of correct food and drink. A physi-
cian writes from Calif. to tell how
he made a well man of himself with
Nature's remedy:

"Before I came from Europe, where
I was born," he says, "it was my
custom to take coffee with milk
(cafe au lait) with my morning meal,
a small cup (cafe noir) after my din-
ner and two or three additional
small cups at my club during the
evening."

"In time nervous symptoms de-
veloped, with pains in the cardiac
region, and accompanied by great
depression of spirits, despondency—
in brief, 'the blues!' I at first tried
medicines, but got no relief, and at
last realized that all my troubles
were caused by coffee. I thereupon
quit its use forthwith, substituting
English Breakfast Tea."

"The tea seemed to help me at
first, but in time the old distressing
symptoms returned, and I quit it al-
so, and tried to use milk for my
beverage. This I was compelled,
however, to abandon speedily for
while it relieved the nervousness
somewhat, it brought on constipa-
tion. Then by a happy inspiration
I was led to try the Postum Food
Coffee. This was some months ago
and I still use it. I am no longer
nervous, nor do I suffer from the
pains about the heart, while my
'blues' have left me and life is bright
to me once more. I know that
leaving off coffee and using Postum
healed me, and I make it a rule to
advise my patients to use it." Name
given by Postum Co., Battle Creek,
Mich.

There's a reason.

WRESTLED WITH BEARS.

Fatal Pastime of Millionaire,
Who First Made Them Drunk.

A German millionaire named
Johann Kugler, residing at Tiflis,
has been killed and partly devoured
by a bear.

Kugler, who was an ardent sports-
man, had trapped a number of
bears in the Caucasus. These he
placed in an improvised menagerie
on his estate and plied with liquor.
When the bears were in a suffici-
ently intoxicated state, Kugler was in
the habit of having wrestling bouts
with them, in which, owing to the
helplessness of the animals, he al-
ways was the victor.

On the last occasion, however, a
bear of more formidable strength
than the rest, and rendered more
savage by the spirits which Kugler
had given it to drink, flung itself
upon him and crushed him to death.
The body of Kugler, who, as a
rule, would not permit spectators to
witness his wrestling matches, was
afterwards found in the bears' den,
terribly mutilated, one of his limbs
being partly gnawed away.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's
Cure, removes all kinds of corns,
warts, etc.; even the most difficult to
remove cannot withstand this wonderful
remedy.

Joe—"But, my dear fellow, is your
income enough to justify you mar-
rying?" Fred—"I'm afraid not."
"Then what reason have you for
taking so serious a step?" "I have
no reason. I'm in love."

A Cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness
comes from the refusal of the excretory
organs to perform their duties regular-
ly from contributing causes usually dis-
ordered digestion. Parment's Vegetable
Pills, prepared on scientific principles,
are so compounded that certain ingredi-
ents in them pass through the stom-
ach and act upon the bowels so as to
remove their torpor and arouse them
to proper action. Many thousands are
prepared to bear testimony to their
power in this respect.

"I can argue with anyone here,"
said the contentious man, fiercely.
"I can argue—" "Oh, yes, you
can argue," said the quiet little man
in the corner; "the misfortune is
that you can't reason."

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

Little Ike (who has an inquiring
mind)—"Papa, is it true that der
pen ish mightier dan der sword?"
Old Un—"Yase, ut gourse. How
could a man put his proberby in his
wife's name mit a sword?"

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator
does not require the help of any pur-
gative medicine to complete the cure.
Give it a trial and be convinced.

BARRELS MADE OF PAPER.

Another recent and novel use to
which paper is being put is in the
manufacture of barrels. The wine-
growers of Greece, being badly off
for wood with which to construct
their casks, and the cost of its im-
port being excessive, lately resolved
to employ paper in the manufacture
of their barrels, which will, it is
said, be soon in universal use
throughout the country.

In Nature's Storehouse There Are
Cures.—Medical experiments have shown
conclusively that there are medicinal
virtues in even ordinary plants grow-
ing up around us which give them a
value that cannot be estimated. It is
held by some that Nature provides a
cure for every disease which neglect and
ignorance have visited upon man. How-
ever this may be, it is well known
that Parment's Vegetable Pills, distilled
from roots and herbs, are a sovereign
remedy in curing all disorders of the
digestion.

FOR COUNTING HERRINGS.

Very clever is a Swedish inventor
named Ekenberg, who has construct-
ed a machine which takes herrings
as they come from the net, sorts
them into the four sizes recognized
by the trade, scrapes off their scales,
cuts off their heads, splits, cleans,
and washes them inside and out.
The machine does all this automati-
cally, and turns out 20,000 herrings
per hour.

A Wide Sphere of Usefulness.—The
consumption of Dr. Thomas' Electric
Oil has grown to great proportions.
Notwithstanding the fact that it has
now been on the market for over thirty-
one years, its popularity is as great
as ever, and the demand for it in that
period has very greatly increased. It
is beneficial in all countries, and where-
ever introduced fresh supplies are con-
stantly asked for.

A QUARRELSOME WOMAN.

Schoolmaster (to his wife)—My
dear, I wish you would speak more
carefully; you say that Henry James
came to this town from Sunderland.
Wife—Yes.

Schoolmaster—Well, now wouldn't
it be better to say that he came
from Sunderland to this town?

Wife—I don't see any difference in
the two expressions.

Schoolmaster—But there is a dif-
ference—a rhetorical difference. You
don't hear me make use of such
awkward expressions. By the way I
have a letter from your father in my
pocket.

Wife—But my father is not in your
pocket. You mean you have in your
pocket a letter from my father.

Schoolmaster—There you go, with
your little quibbles. You take a de-
light in harassing me. You are al-
ways taking up a thread and repre-
senting it as a rope.

Wife—Representing it to be rope,
you mean.

Schoolmaster—For goodness' sake,
be quiet. I never saw such a quar-
relsome woman in my life.



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
TORONTO.

Free catalogue T sent on request. Write
T. J. Johnston, W. H. SHAW,
Manager, President.

FOR SALE.—EVERYBODY WHO
keeps hens or pets should send
for 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.

HORSE AND BUGGY STOLEN

ON 25th AUGUST.
Black mare, star in forehead, white
strip down nose, white fetlock joints
behind, bunched at fetlock joints be-
hind, mane stands up a little back of
ears where it was cut. Top buggy,
Brockville Carriage Co. make, tan
short, about 80 or 85 years old, fair
complexion, light moustache English
accent, was representing canned goods,
wore a cow-boy hat with leather band.
If found, detain horse, arrest man and
wire "Chief White," Perth, Ont.

FARMERS' ATTENTION.

Do you want to sell your Farm? If
so, send us a description of it and
lowest price. We will list it in our
next Farm Bulletin, which will be
issued soon. If we sell we charge two
and one-half per cent. commission. If
we do not sell we make no charge.

Do you want to Buy a Farm. Be-
fore doing so, write us for our Farm
Bulletin, there are Hundreds of Farms
to choose from. We can satisfy you
and Save you Money besides.
RUTHERFORD & RILEY,
Hamilton.

Furniture Free

For your assistance in introducing
our household goods we give, with-
out 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 and work to the
"BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."

Look for agents in your town, or send direct.
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec

THE LAND OF THE HUNDRED MILLION BUSHEL WHEAT CROP.

If you want to secure a farm in the
very best part of this wonderful
wheat country

The Canadian North West

write us. We can give you the
very best land in the Canadian
West. Only a very small amount
of capital required to begin with if
you deal with this company.

The Forester's Land Colonization
and Investment Co.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE RICHEST NITRE BED.

The richest bed of nitre in the
world is at Atacama, in Chili. It
covers 5,000 acres, contains 25,-
000,000 tons, and is valued at \$1,-
500,000,000.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial
is prepared from Grange knows to the
profession as thoroughly reliable for the
cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea,
griping pains and summer complaints.
It has been used successfully by medical
practitioners for a number of years
with gratifying results. It suffering
from any summer complaint it is just
the medicine that will cure you. Try a
bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Johnny—"Pa, what is tact?" Pa—
"Tact, Johnny, is knowing how to
do things without appearing to do
them. For instance, I asked Mr.
Aridman to dinner this evening, and
incidentally remarked that your mo-
ther would entertain us on the
piano. Mr. Aridman said he was
so sorry he couldn't come."

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung
Tonic
cures consumption, but don't
leave it too long. Try it now.
Your money back if it doesn't
benefit you.

Prices: S. C. WELLS & Co. 301
25c 50c \$1 LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

Fall and winter goods.

JACKETS.

We have just stocked a large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' Jackets. They are the latest Styles, the Nobbiest of Goods, and considering their excellent quality, the cheapest in town.

Underwear.

That is something which is calling attention just now. We call your attention to the splendid lines that we are carrying and the especial values we are offering. Call in and get your warm winter under-clothing from us

Gloves & Mitts

Our Store is headquarters for your gloves and mitts. Any color, any kind, any price. A large stock from which to make your choice.

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

Bring Your

Pump
and Pipe
problems

To us for solving. This is one of our specialties and we stand prepared to give you entire satisfaction in this as well as the many other lines of our business. Prepare in time as the cold weather will soon be with us.

T. McQuat & Sons.
HARDWARE MERCHANTS
LACHUTE MILLS - QUE

THE ACCOUNTS

Of Corporations, Merchants, and the business community generally, received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safety and sound banking principles. Your saving account is invited in

The BANK of OTTAWA

Capital paid up \$2,500,000 Rest \$2,500,000

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

IF YOU WANT

A Wholesome, Delicious,
Wonderfully Fine

BREAD

The First Prize Winner
at Lachute Exhibition, a
real Twentieth Century
Article, then call at the

Riverside Bakery

While there, leave your
order for any kind of
CAKE. See our line kept
Stock.
All kinds of BREAD,
BUNS, CAKE, and a
choice lot of fine CANDIES
always on hand.
P.S.—These goods are all
fresh. Remember the
place.

RIVERSIDE

BAKERY

W. G. Stanforth, Prop.

Keep Cool

Don't Worry

Go to Hope's if you want satisfaction in ice-cream made with pure fruit flavors.

We have some imitations 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

LADIES' JACKETS!!

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.

W. BANFORD.

P.S.—Fits of Men's and Youths Overcoats & Suits.

AUGUST CASH CLEARING SALE

— IN SUMMER GOODS —

20 per cent off Muslins, Blouses, Dress Goods
Hats 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.

ST PHILIPPE.

— O: —

Mrs. Wm. Davidson is spending a few weeks with friends in Montreal.
Miss M. A. Chambers spent Sunday with her parents.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Veitch of Boston, are the guests of Mr. John Chambers.
Miss Edith Davidson is visiting friends in Montreal, at present.
Miss Kerr of Long Lake, spent a few days the guest of Mrs. Archie Graham.
Mrs. Jas. Paton and Mrs. Cairns of Chesham, spent Thursday the guest of Mrs. Jas. Chambers.
Mr. Josiah Cass has gone to the North-West to visit his many friends there.
Mr. and Mrs. Archie Graham were the guests of Mr. Robert Dobbie on Thursday evening last.

Mr. Andrew Graham sr. is spending a few days at North River, with her many friends.

Miss Alice Davidson visited Miss Mabel Davidson on Thursday.

Quite a number of our young people spent a pleasant evening at the home of Mr. Jas. Chambers on Saturday evening last.

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, buffalo and rober, bob-sleds, 2 sets light harness, double harness, cart harness, pair new collars, iron harrows, plows, wheelbarrows and 1 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 Laronde, 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 cows, 20 milch cows, heifers 1 and 2 years old, spring calves, pigs, rakes, 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.

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 55

Going Sept. 21, 22, 23, '05.

Valid to return until Oct. 9th.

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 particulars, apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1905.

NO. 38

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.

Do You Want

Stove Pipes and Elbows,
Stove Boards, Coal Hods,
Fire Shovels, Coal Sifters,
We have a large assortment from
which you may choose.

We are clearing out our stock
of crockery, glassware, etc., and
offer you great bargains. It
will pay you to call and see.

W. S. McBRIDE,
Main St., Lachute.

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.

MEN'S & BOYS' ULSTERS—We still
carry a large line of these goods; men's at
\$5 are leaders; boys from \$3 up.
W. BANFORD.

In fitting up sheds and stables for winter
remember the place to buy your **Cow**
Ties, Forks, Shovels, 3 Ply Roofing,
Felt Sheeting, Nails, Hinges, Lanterns,
& etc., is at
T. McQUAT & SON.

DINNER SETS—Ninety-seven pieces
in the sets, beautifully gilt, choice colour-
ings, prices low. We will take your poultry
later in payment, select now.
W. BANFORD.

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

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.

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.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. J. Sargison of Ottawa, spent
Sunday in Lachute.

Mr. Richard Cousins of Grenville,
was in town this week.

Miss Ida Geegan is spending a short
visit with friends in Ayoca.

Mr. Guy Tombs of the G. N. R. spent
the latter part of the week in this
vicinity.

Miss Morrison returned home on
Saturday from a three weeks visit
in Arundel.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Paterson left on
Wednesday for a short visit with
friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Win. Paterson of Ply-
mouth, New Hampshire, are visiting
friends in town this week.

Mr. Fessenden of Montreal, was the
guest of his daughter Mrs. (Dr.) A.
Stackhouse on Sunday last.

Mrs. McLaren of Montreal, with her
two little daughters, was the guest of
her sister Mrs. D. Lapointe this week.

A conference of the County W. C.
T. U. will (O. V.) be held in the Me-
thodist Church Lachute, on Thurs-
day, October 19th, at 2 p.m. Afternoon
session only. Collection.

Mr. Wm. Copeland took his son
Melvin down to Montreal on Monday
to undergo an operation for appendi-
citis. We are pleased to report the
operation was successful.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Morrison of De-
Pere, Wis., brother of Mr. T. Morrison
sr. of this place, arrived here Friday
evening and intends spending the
winter with their many friends in this
vicinity.

The Woman's Missionary Society
of the Presbyterian Church will hold
their annual Thank Offering Meeting
on Friday evening, Oct. 20. The Rev.
F. M. Dewey of Montreal will address
the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Martin with their
two children, after spending a pleas-
ant months visit among their many
friends in this county, returned to
their home in Colton, California, on
Monday last.

The Teachers and Principal of our
Academy and many teachers through-
out the county are attending the An-
nual Teachers Convention in Mon-
real this week, consequently the
scholars are enjoying a holiday.

Mr. H. A. Blair, representing the
Perrin Plow Co'y is offering three
special prizes for competition at the
Annual ploughing match for the best
work done by a double mould Sulky
plow. First prize \$5, 2nd, \$3, 3rd, \$2.

MEN'S & BOYS' SUITS—Double breasted
and single, new and fresh goods just in,
hundreds of them. We have too many and
you haven't enough perhaps. Let us divide
with you.
W. BANFORD.

The many friends of Mr. P. Jousse,
of Vankleek Hill, will regret to learn
that his wife is suffering from an at-
tack of typhoid fever. During her
sickness their little daughter, Bertha
is staying with her grandparents, Mr.
and Mrs. I. Jousse.

We acknowledge with thanks the
receipts of a number of heads of very
fine cabbage from Mr. Jas. Chambers
of St. Philippe. They were the lar-
gest and best we have ever seen much
less to own, and would highly recom-
mend any persons wanting some good
winter cabbages to give him a call as
he has many thousands of them.

A shocking incident, almost fatal,
which occurred last Monday calls
fresh attention to the influence of the
liquor trade in our town. It seems
that one of our citizens after spend-
ing freely of his money in the hotels,
flushed up by trying to destroy his
property and himself by drowning.
While driving he forced his horse in-
to the river and but for the efforts of
Mr. Malette his earthly career would
have closed. As it is he was barely
rescued from drowning, a fate which
the innocent horse did not escape.
He is now left to reflect on the loss of
his money, horse and rig, and yet the
victim of this incident, but for the
liquor, might be a credit to society.
He is still however, a fellow man, a
brother and a citizen. Who is re-
sponsible? Shall we say, he alone?

BEARS AT PINE HILL.

Muskoka is not the only place for
big game. Go back to Pine Hill says
young Kennedy who had the pleasure
of killing a bear on Wednesday last
which tipped the scale at 350 lbs.
The affair caused no little excitement,
as the bear proved an ugly customer
to handle. It seems that on Tuesday
Kennedy had noticed the remains of
a sheep lying in the ditch in front of
their home and thinking that it was
the work of a bear determined to
watch, and on the following evening
had only just placed himself in a
quarters when the shambler made his
appearance. Kennedy fired and
wounded the beast and then shouted
for assistance. Some of the Carriere's
soon came upon the scene and the
bear was speedily killed. It is evident
there are more of this in the vicinity
as we understand one was killed last
week in McFaul's shanty back at St.
Michel.

PARISH COUNCIL.

A meeting of the School Commis-
sioners of the Parish of St. Jerusalem
was held on Monday evening last in
District No. 1 School-House, where
were present Wm. Todd, Jno. Wason,
Thomas Black, Walter Smith, Geo.
Morrison, and the Secretary.

The above gentlemen form the full
Board of the Commissioners of the
Parish. Mr. G. Morrison was unani-
mously elected chairman.

The Secretary stated that he had
prepared the collection roll for the
Annual School Tax levied for the yr.
1905-06 and had given due notice of
same, and no complaints had been
made, and that the said Tax was now
payable. The Secretary also stated
that some arrears of Taxes from last
year had not yet been paid in, al-
though the parties had been duly
notified to pay the same. The Secre-
tary was instructed to notify these
parties again to pay up in 15 days,
otherwise legal proceedings would
certainly be taken to collect the
amounts.

An account for wood delivered to
No. 5 School, was presented and the
Secretary was requested to pay the
same.

The chairman, Mr. Morrison, and
Mr. Thos. Black were appointed to
visit the different schools in the mun-
cipality during the 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 man'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 Fla-
nelette.

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.

Kennedy Clad.

The Largest and most up-to-date stock of Men's Goods
ever shown in Argenteuil. Suits, Overcoats, Rain
Water proof Coats, Ready to wear or made to
order. Hats, caps, underwear, etc. In fact

Everything worn by Man, From a Rubber Collar
To a Coon Coat.

Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

Yours for trade,

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

A WESTERN LOCHINVAR

In 1880 New Mexico was the paradise of desperadoes, and the only respected authority was the Colt's .45-calibre single action revolver. Every man carried at least one of these deadly weapons, and when he rode supplemented it with a Winchester repeating rifle in a holster strapped to the saddle under his left leg.

Pitched battles between the cowboys from the plains and the Mexicans were frequent, and in the settlements men quarrelled and fought on the flimsiest pretext. Many a young fellow, after braving the terrors of the arid desert and escaping the marauding bands of Apaches on the plains, reached the pine-covered slopes of the foothills only to find death in a tavern brawl. No man who was not "quick on the shoot"—to use a local idiom—was a good investment for an insurance company, however sound his constitution.

At this time Billy the Kid—a young fiend who at twenty-one had already murdered a man for every year he had lived, and created such a reign of terror that men spoke his name in a whisper—was at the height of his career of crime, and other "bad men" were as plentiful as bucking bronchos. Naturally, in such times, it was easy to acquire the reputation of being a "bad man," and many did so without quite deserving it.

Of these, Dan Devis—famously known as "The Dandy," in consequence of a fastidious attention to his appearance in a region where such a matter received scant respect—was one. He was a professional gambler, a term which must not always be deemed synonymous with card-sharp. Deft manipulation of the cards in dealing was a form of cheating recognized and practised by all the community, and even in self-defence Dan would have been obliged to make use of it, but he never resorted to such tricks as marking or hiding cards. Moreover, he was not a "pigeon" plucker, and it is recorded of him that on one occasion, finding his opponent greatly his inferior in skill, he handed back his winnings and got up from the table with the remark that "he did not take pupils."

For the rest, he was a good-looking fellow of about thirty years of age, a fine rider, a dead shot with any weapon, and possessed of an even temperament which enabled him to accept good or bad fortune with smiling indifference.

Thus, when, on the occasion of his fourth visit to Deep Hollow, he was conducted to the entrance of the settlement by a band of the leading inhabitants, and dismissed with the emphatic intimation that "if he showed up again he would be hung," he merely shrugged his shoulders, smiled pleasantly, and without a word of protest mounted his horse and rode leisurely up the trail in the direction of Santa Fe.

His stay had lasted five days only, yet in that time he had financially crippled many of the community. The climax came when one of the greatest sufferers, an influential man, so far forgot himself as to call the gambler a cheat, which resulted in his being crippled in a more unpleasant way. But for the fact that the accuser was also palpably cheating, and that he was in no danger of dying of his hurt, Dan would have swung then and there; but, in the circumstances, banishment was deemed sufficient, although the verdict was by no means unanimous.

It was about a week after this event that Miss Virginia West made two important discoveries, the first of which may be plainly stated, while the second must be sought for in the course of the story. "Jinny" kept house for her stepfather and only relative, who was the proprietor of the principal saloon in Deep Hollow, and was generally known as "Bad Brown," this being all that remained of his full baptismal name, William Baden Brown. Miss Jinny was eighteen years of age, and the acknowledged—by the male population—belle of the township.

The saloon was a one-story building of rough pine logs, with a sanded floor and a bar—furnished with the usual supply of bottles—running along the farther side, parallel to the entrance. At the back of this bar was a door leading to the living part of the shanty. It was on the other side of this door that Miss Jinny paused, as women do all the world over, to put a reassuring hand to her hair, and in consequence made the first discovery.

As a general rule the fact that there was a customer chatting with her relative would not have made the young girl hesitate, for the "toughest" scamp in the place knew that there were many in her retinue of admirers who would first thank and then shoot anyone who insulted her. But on this occasion she recognized the voice as that of Steve Lupas, a man whom she instinctively feared and avoided.

"He'll come, you bet," he was saying. "He got the note at Santa

Fe, an' Parker sez he colored up like a gal when he read it."

"I was afeard he'd know Jinny's handwrite, or suspicion that it was a mighty sudden affection on her part," Brown said.

"Not he," sneered the other. "The Dandy thinks every woman is in love with him an' his fine clothes. Snakes! It'll be somethin' to see his face when he finds out how he's bin fooled," and the speaker laughed loudly.

"When will he be here?" Brown asked.

"Pretty soon now, I reckon," was the reply. "Some of the boys are goin' to hide a little way up the trail, wait till he passes, and follow him in. Then they'll close up and nail him as soon as he crosses the boundary, an' to-morrow morning he'll swing."

There was a short silence, and then, in a different tone, the younger man, Lupas, remarked:—

"You ain't said anything to Jinny about—about me, I s'pose?"

"No," replied Brown; "it won't do to rush things."

This was untrue, for the speaker had already sounded the young lady about the question of her becoming Mrs. Lupas, and had met with an emphatic negative. But he dared not divulge this, for he was in the unenviable position of a suitor.

"Well, that's your look-out; but I ain't goin' to wait much longer," was the threatening retort. "You're comin' to see the fun, I guess?"

"Yes; Jinny'll take charge." On hearing this that young lady slipped away from the door, and when she appeared in response to Brown's call her face showed no trace of the emotions which the foregoing conversation had aroused; but under her calm exterior rage, shame, and disgust struggled with another feeling which she did not attempt to analyze.

The plot was as plain as vile. Lupas and her stepfather had forged a letter in her name to Devis, as a result of which the latter was coming to his death. She knew as well as they that once in Deep Hollow—on no matter what pretext or errand—the gambler was doomed, for the former sentence of exile had by no means satisfied a large number of the community. And she—she had been used for this. Her cheeks burned at the thought, and then paled again as she reflected that it was now too late to warn the victim.

"Perhaps he won't come after all," she murmured; but somehow, so strangely are women constituted, this possibility brought no sense of comfort to her mind.

A light step outside broke in upon her reflections, and she looked up to find the subject of them standing in the open doorway. For one moment he stood there, hat in hand, and then—

"Jinny!" he cried, and stepped forward with outstretched arms. The girl shrank back.

"How do you do, Mr. Devis?" she said, coldly. Then, remembering his danger, she cried, "Why are you here? You must go—go at once; do you hear?"

Dan gazed at her in amazement, the brightness dying out of his face. "I can't follow suit," he said, slowly. "I haven't the cards. You ask why I'm here; well, that's why."

He took a sheet of paper from his breast and laid it on the counter. She snatched it up and read, "Why did you go away without a word? Don't you care? If you do, come and take me away—Jinny."

"And you believed it?" she cried, sharply, her face flushed and her breast heaving with anger. "You could think me capable of writing that to any man, above all to one who never—"

She stopped, for, although Devis had never spoken of love to her, she had known—as a woman always does—that he cared. And if she had not, his eyes would have told her now.

"Forgive me; I should have known," he said, gently. "I—I am afraid I'm very conceited. Of course, you couldn't care for me?"

This was a question, and the girl turned a flushed but rather scornful face upon the speaker, and replied, coldly:—

"You are forgetting your position, Mr. Devis. This letter has been forged for the purpose of entrapping you. Every moment that you waste here brings death nearer."

The gambler looked at her steadily for a moment, and her eyes dropped before his. There was something new about him which she could not fathom; an earnestness she had never noticed before.

"I guess I'll stay," he said, slowly.

Jinny's pretty brows contracted, and she suffered a little gesture of impatience to escape, as she said:—

"Mr. Devis, I beg you to go, not because I care anything for you, but because my name has been used to bring you here, and I do not wish to be the cause—however innocently—of your death." Then, forgetting her dignity, she added, "Oh, can't you see that to stay here another moment is madness?"

"I can see that I was mad to come, but I'm sane now," he rejoined, with a smile. "You've cured me, Jinny."

"Hands up, Dan!" cried a sharp voice from the doorway, and the sunshine glinted along the barrel

of a Winchester levelled at the gambler's heart.

Dan complied instantly with the request, but his eyes were smiling, for Jinny's face had become pale and her lips had uttered a cry of real pain, and this evidence of interest on her part made this quixotic adventurer forget his danger; so that it was with quite an amused expression that he greeted his captors and suffered himself to be disarmed.

Only a few of the men were in the secret of the treachery which had brought the gambler among them again; the others looked upon his presence as a piece of sheer bravado.

"You must be tired of life, Dan, to come here agin; what's brought you?" asked one.

"A horse and a gamble," replied the prisoner, angrily.

"Pretty high betting; you staked your life," said the other.

"Yes; but it was worth it, if I had won," Dan said, with a slight glance at Jinny.

"But you've lost instead," broke in the sneering tones of Lupas, who understood the allusion.

"True, I've lost," replied the gambler, and this time only Jinny knew the fullness of his meaning.

Then, with a sudden change to his old audacious gaiety, he added:—

"Come, boys, line up. I've still some of your money left, and my old friend Brown will be delighted to 'set up' the drinks."

That the offer was accepted with alacrity did not astonish the maker of it in the least; it was quite in keeping with the customs of time and locality. These men were perfectly willing to drink with him in a friendly spirit; yet they would as certainly hang him in the morning.

The drinks duly consumed, some of the prisoner's former victims proposed a game of cards, and as there was no possible chance of his escaping from the crowded saloon the game began.

"I'll play you for your horse, Deuce, if you like, Dan; you won't require him agin," said Lupas. "I always wanted him."

"You'll have to treat with Miss West, then; I've already presented him to her," said Devis, with a smile and a bow to the girl.

The words were spoken loudly, and the girl looked up to find Lupas watching her narrowly. For a moment she hesitated and then she said:—

"I shouldn't think of parting with him; he's the best animal for twenty miles round."

Her voice was cold, matter-of-fact, without a trace of emotion, and acted like a douche of icewater on Devis. Though she had accepted his impromptu gift, it was apparently only for the value of it. He noticed, too, that she never looked at him, and with a sigh devoted himself to the task of winning money he would never have the chance to spend.

On his rival, however, the words had the opposite effect. He was satisfied that the girl cared nothing for Dan, and he was so elated with the success of his plans that he even lost his money without his temper following, which was deemed a miracle.

The scene next morning formed a fitting sequel to that of the preceding night. One unfamiliar with the comic-opera atmosphere invariably introduced even into the most solemn functions by these tough citizens would have found it difficult to realize that a tragedy was about to take place.

The condemned man walked free and unconcernedly to the place of execution, chatting in a casual way with those about to usher him into eternity. The latter, red-shirted, brown of skin, and jovial of manner extended a like friendliness.

One thing alone betrayed—to the initiated—the fact that Dan was a prisoner; he was unarmed, while his companions were all "heeled," as they would have expressed it. But the idea of escape did not enter the prisoner's mind. He was not tired of life, but he had made a big gamble and lost; so, with the natural philosophy of the perfect gambler, he paid the stake, and long habit made it just as easy to do this with a smiling face as a sombre one.

The preparations were primitive; a tree, a rope with a noose at one end and half-a-dozen stalwart miners at the other. Dan had seen men die in this way before, and he knew the agony of it. Nevertheless, there was a jest on his lips.

"You haven't got that gallows built yet, and you peed it badly," he remarked.

"We didn't expect you back so soon or we'd have had it ready," was the quick retort from one of the crowd. And Dan laughed, for he liked a good return, whether in word or blow.

He watched while one of the men climbed the tree to adjust the rope over a stout branch, and laughed with the others at his clumsiness. Then suddenly he saw the malignant eyes of Lupas tauntingly fixed on him, and for the first time he experienced a feeling of revolt. For a moment the temptation to snatch a pistol from the near at hand, and shoot his enemy, and make a dash for freedom gripped him. But he remembered that even if he succeeded he had still lost, and with a bitter smile at his own weakness he stepped forward.

Erect and with unmoved features he felt the fatal loop tighten around

his throat. Then his indifference vanished, and the spectators saw a look of sharp pain on his face. A moment later came a clatter of hoofs, and Jinny, mounted on the gambler's horse, dashed up. Brown and Lupas both sprang forward.

"What are you doing here, Jinny?" asked her stepfather. "This is no place for a girl."

"I've come to say good-bye," she replied, calmly enough, though her heart was beating furiously. Then, turning to Lupas, she added, "You need not grudge him that, at least."

The tone and the look which accompanied the words were a delightful revelation to the astonished man and with a glance of triumph at his unfortunate rival he stepped back. He was rewarded with a bewildering smile of gratitude, as Jinny, leading her mount, stepped up to where the culprit was standing.

"Dan," she whispered, "I'm going to cut the rope, and then you must jump for Deuce and go."

He looked up and she read refusal in his eyes. He had seen her smile at Lupas. But he did not speak.

"Not—if I—come with you, Dan?" she questioned, softly.

For a moment he could not believe his ears, but then she lifted her eyes to his in one single flash, and he knew the truth; he had won. The touch of her arms round his neck and her warm breath on his cheek recalled him.

"But they'll shoot, and may hit you," he whispered.

But his exhortation came too late. A sharp click told that Jinny's hands had not encircled him uselessly, and the rope was severed. At the same time she released him and stepped back a pace. Life was very sweet now, and Dan did not hesitate.

Two bounds and he was astride his horse, and a moment later his strong arms had lifted Jinny up in front of him. The spectators, paralyzed by the unexpectedness of the event, only recovered their senses when the horse—bearing his double burden with the utmost ease—was a dozen yards away.

Then Lupas, with a wild yell of anger as he realized how he had been tricked, sprang after them, only to stumble headlong with a bullet in his brain. It was his friend Brown who had fired the shot in an attempt, as he afterwards explained, to cripple the fugitive's mount. But as Brown was a notoriously neat shot, and the dead man was hardly in the line of fire, there were some who doubted.

Moreover, the inkeeper showed no overwhelming desire to pursue the runaways. As for the others, their animosity against the gambler had been to a large extent revived and kept alive by Lupas, and died with him. Besides, as one of them put it, "Jinny's 'euchred' us all, an she deserves to have him."

Late in the afternoon the minister of a small, but lively, mining camp some thirty miles from Deep Hollow earned a sum equal to half his yearly income by the performance of a simple ceremony, and Dan Devis, having escaped from one noose, very cheerfully surrendered himself to another. As he himself put it, "Matrimony was his strong suit, and he was going his pile on it."

MUSINGS AT NIGHT.

Late, late, so late
We learn the way to live;
Late, late, so late
We find what life may give;
We spend our years with lavish hand
Their worth we do not understand,
Till, late, late, late, so late.

Late, late, so late
We learn what living means;
Late, late, so late
We prize the dew-hung scenes;
We fling away the coin of youth
And do not learn to prize the truth
Till, late, late, so late.

Late, late, so late
We learn how sweet is love;
Late, late, so late
We find 'tis from above;
We loiter in forbidden ways
And do not learn to hoard our days
Till, late, late, so late.

Late, late, so late
We learn the gold from dross;
Late, late, so late
We learn to kiss the cross;
We prize our youth when it takes flight,
We do not read life's book aright,
Till, late, late, so late.

HE LASTED WELL.

They were in the family portrait section of the gallery, and it seemed to Miss Golithly that her English visitor was deeply impressed.

"Yes, these are all my ancestors," she said, proudly. "Now this is my great-great-grandfather, when he was a young man, of course. Isn't he handsome? My grandfather used to tell my mother that his grandfather—that's this one—was a splendid-looking man as long as he lived, and as popular with women as with men because he was such a hero."

"Brave? I guess he was! Why, he never fought in a battle that he didn't lose an arm or a leg or something—from being right in front of everybody! He was in twenty-three engagements!"

In the long run, the most disagreeable truth is a safer companion than the most pleasant falsehood.

QUEER KINDS OF LIGHT

THERE ARE A GREAT MANY
NATURAL LAMPS.

Some Fungi Are Phosphorescent—
Lots of Insects
Glow.

The lighting of gassy mines has always been one of the chief problems set for scientists to solve. We are all familiar with the so-called "safety" lamp, which cuts off the flame by means of wire gauze. While this form of lamp has proved of enormous value, and has diminished the risk of accidents a thousandfold, yet it is by no means perfect, for in a strong draught of air the flame is sometimes blown through the gauze, and so communicated to the surrounding inflammable gas. Another objection is that the gauze cuts off a large proportion of the light.

Electric lamps are perfectly safe, but their cost is against them. Professor Molisch proposes to obviate both objections by a new discovery, a bacteria lamp, which, he says, is cheap, gives a powerful light, and is so absolutely free from danger that you might leave it in a powder-barrel without the least fear of causing an explosion.

USE BACTERIA FOR LIGHT.

The lamp consists of a glass jar in which a lining of saltpetre and of gelatine, inoculated with a certain form of bacteria, is placed. Within forty-eight hours after inoculation the jar becomes illuminated with a wonderful bluish-green light, which continues undimmed for about 18 to 20 days, and then slowly diminishes in brightness. By its light you can see anything within a radius of seven or eight feet, and even read large print with ease.

He is a wonderful man, this Austrian professor. He recently demonstrated before a large class of students that photographs can be taken by means of the light emitted by hard-boiled eggs which had been inoculated with similar luminiferous germs. He also made a raw potato so brilliantly phosphorescent by a germ culture that it was possible to see fair-sized type over which this vegetable lamp was held.

Of the oil which we burn in our lamps no less than ninety-seven parts in a hundred are wasted in the form of heat, only three per cent. being available as light. It may be easily imagined, therefore, what a fortune awaits the inventor of a form of light which emits no heat at all. Some might imagine that this desired goal had been reached in electric light, but the fact is that the electric lamp is a little less wasteful than the ordinary oil lamp.

THE GLOW-WORM'S GLOW.

Scientists at present are studying the glow-worm and firefly with the utmost interest, for here nature utterly beats man's ingenuity, and provides him with an insoluble puzzle. These and several other insects, as well as certain deep-sea fish, produce a strong glow, which is absolutely unaccompanied by the faintest radiation of heat.

We have, most of us, seen the sea waves breaking in milky phosphorescence on a summer night. At the Maritime Laboratory of Biology at Lyons this form of light, which is absolutely heatless, has been captured, and by its aid photographs have actually been taken, though an exposure of several hours was necessary to effect the plates.

SQUEEZE LIGHT FROM DIAMONDS.

We find many natural lamps, besides the lights afforded by glow-worms, fire-flies, and the like. Certain fungi are brilliantly phosphorescent; rotten wood, and more than one form of living vegetable life also. Diamonds when pressed between the jaws of a vice emit an exquisite, soft, yellow glow, as do several other precious stones under like conditions. Sugar, again—discs of ordinary lump-sugar—if spun on a lathe and at the same time rapidly tapped with a hammer, radiate constant flashes of light.

HUMANS THAT SHINE.

The human body itself undoubtedly emits rays. Prof. Goodspeed has recently taken a number of photographs by means of rays of human light. He worked in a dark room, using only the rays proceeding from one hand, and found that an exposure of five minutes only was sufficient. Though the rays proceeding from the human body are not usually visible to human eyes, their presence can be easily proved by bringing near to a human body in a dark room a piece of cardboard smeared with phosphorescent sulphide of calcium. It at once glows with greatly increased luminosity.

RUSSIA STILL FORMIDABLE.

It is ridiculous to imagine, as many seem to do, that the war with Japan has shattered Russia's strength as a great military land power. It has done nothing of the kind. Russia, if so minded, could easily bring a force against Afghanistan quite sufficient to absorb a certain portion of Afghan territory, and that is all she would do as a first step. The whole weight of the responsibility of taking the second step would devolve on Great Britain—Capital, Calcutta.

REGINA FAIRFIELD;

—OR—

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER II.

I do not know what was the power that attracted me so strongly, so inevitably, so fatally, to Wolfgang Wallraven; whether it was magnetism, sorcery, or destiny, or whether it was the gloom and mystery of his manner and appearance. Certain it is that there was a glamour in his dark and locked-up countenance and in the smoldering fierceness of his hollow eyes that irresistibly drew me on to my fate. He did not seek my acquaintance—he sought the society of no one. On the contrary, he withdrew himself into solitude—into surliness. This was unusual in a schoolboy, and it made him very unpopular. To me, however, his sullen reserve and surly manner had more interest, more fascination, than the openest and blandest demonstrations of social affection from any of the other boys could have. There was evidently something behind and under it. He was not all outside. Perhaps he piqued my curiosity, or interested some feeling more profound than mere curiosity. I inquired about him.

"Who is he? Where did he come from?"

"We call him the Prince of Darkness! Oh! he is a haughty fellow. The eldest son and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginian. You can't make anything of him; let him alone," was the answer.

I turned my eyes on him. He was sitting at his distant desk—a single, solitary desk in the farthest corner of the schoolroom—his elbow leaned upon his desk, his brow supported upon his left palm, his eyes bent upon the book lying open before him, his dark, rich locks hanging over his fingers.

"Why does the professor give him that distant, single desk, apart from all the other boys? Seems to me that would make him unsocial."

"Why? It is his choice. The young prince is an aristocrat, and does not choose to sit upon a form and mix with other boys. I say, you had better let him alone. You can do nothing with him."

I looked at him again and more attentively. There was more suffering than scorn revealed in the charming curves of his mouth—a mouth that would have been perfectly beautiful, had not the lips been too closely compressed and the corners too sadly declined. I gazed at him under the influence of a sort of fascination. Yes, there was more sorrow than hauteur darkly written upon that young regal brow. My heart warmed, glowed toward him with a mysterious and irresistible sympathy that compelled me to saunter toward him. (This was in the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions, a period which, with the exception of a few minutes at the dinner table, he always spent at his solitary studying desk.) I sauntered toward him slowly, for I felt in some degree like an intruder, engaged in opposite and contradictory thoughts and feelings. My intellect was seeking to explain the mystery of his solitude and reserve, and to excuse my own intrusion, by this reasoning.

"He is the eldest son and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginia planter. He is of an old, haughty family, and has been accustomed to 'sovereign sway and masterdom' all his life. He is now, however, in a genuine republican school—and he finds himself in a mixed company of sons whose fathers peddled needles and thread about the town, and whose mothers sold apples under the trees, and made fortunes at it; and, with his senseless and anti-republican, Virginian hauteur, he thinks himself above these, and withdraws himself from them. Ah! I know these proud, aristocratic Virginians well. My haughty uncle was a Virginian, and emigrated to Louisiana. Upon the part of his schoolmates, some are proud as himself, and will not make unwelcome advances; while some are only vain and conceited, ashamed of the newness of their wealth, sore upon that point, secretly honoring old respectability, and, fearful of being suspected of courting it, will not seek the acquaintance of this young aristocrat, lest they be misunderstood. With me, however, it is different. Myself descended from Lord B——, Governor of Colonial Virginia, the possessor of a handsome patrimonial estate in Alabama when I shall become of age, and the heir-apparent of an immense sugar plantation and several hundred resident negroes, I need not fear to approach this young gentleman upon at least an equal footing."

"So I reasoned, as I said, to account for his reserve, and to excuse my own intrusion. But my feelings utterly revolted against my

thoughts. My head might think what it pleased, but my heart felt certain that pride of place had nothing to do with the surliness of the strange, lonely boy. As I drew near him I felt a rising embarrassment—a difficulty in addressing him to whom I had never yet spoken one word. Suddenly a bright idea was inspired. I had by chance my "Thucydides" in my hand. I approached his lonely desk, opened my book, and said:

"Mr. Wallraven, I have a favor to ask of you. I am in a difficulty about a Greek particle. If you assist me I shall feel under a very great obligation."

Never shall I forget the effect of his picturesque attitude and expression of countenance as I stood by him. His form was turned from me, and toward the corner window against which his desk sat. He was leaning, as I said before, with his elbow on the desk, his head on his hand, the fingers of which were lost amid dark, glossy locks which drooped over his temples and side face, concealing his face at first from me; but, as I spoke, he quickly, as a startled raven, turned his head, and gave me a quick, piercing glance from his light-gray, intensely bright eye—a glance dilating as it gazed, until it blazed like a broad sheet-lightning upon me. I had always thought his eyes dark until now. His skin was sallow, his hair, his eyebrows, his sweeping eyelashes, such a jetty, resplendent black that dark eyes were taken for granted. When now, however, he raised the deep veils of those long, black, sweeping lashes, light-gray Saxon eyes, of that insufferable white fire, that vivid lightning, at once so fierce and so intense that none but Saxon eyes possess, flashed broadly forth upon me. He did not reply to me at first. I repeated my request. He silently took the book, examined the indicated passage, presently solved the difficulty, and returned the volume to my hand. As I received it and thanked him I said:

"Mr. Wallraven, we stand in the same class every day. I trust we shall become better acquainted."

He looked at me inquiringly. "You know my name. I am the son of the late Governor Fairfield, of Alabama, formerly of Fairfax County, Virginia. You, being of that State, probably know something of that family, or of the B——s, who are connections."

"Yes, I have heard of the Fairfield of Fairfax, and I know the B——s by reputation."

"Very well! Now you know who I am, I shall be glad to cultivate your acquaintance, hoping that we may be friends," said I, thinking surely that I had made a favorable impression upon the queer, difficult boy.

I was undeceived, however, when, with a dry "Thank you," he dropped the light of his beaming eyes again upon his book. I almost fancied I saw two bright spots on the page, like reflections cast from a sun-glass. There was nothing further for me to do than to turn and leave him. The school bell also summoned us at that moment to our afternoon studies.

My attraction to, my affection for, that strange boy was rising almost to the height of a passion. Never did a lover desire the affections of his sweetheart more than I did the friendship and confidence of my queer, outlandish classmate. Never did a lover scheme interviews with his mistress more adroitly than I planned opportunities of conversing with Wolfgang, without seeming to obtrude myself upon him.

I felt as if, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his rank, and his pride, he was by some circumstance an object of compassion—but respectful compassion—as if, notwithstanding his handsome person and fine intellect, he was in reality suffering in heart and brain; and I felt as if, notwithstanding his proud reserve with me, I was his necessary medicine. I felt upon the whole not disappointed with his reception of me. At last, the ice of non-intercourse was broken, and I might at any time go to him with a Greek exercise and ask his assistance, which was certain to be lent, and at each interview some little progress was sure to be made. It was true that I really never did need his assistance—my classic attainments being as good as his own—as he might have known, had he taken the trouble to think about me at all; but that appeal to his benevolence was the only manner in which it was possible successfully to approach a haughty, reserved, but noble and generous nature, such as I felt his to be—one, too, so determinedly bent upon solitude. What slow progress I made! Good hea-

veness! At the end of six months our acquaintance had scarcely progressed beyond occasional conversations, commencing with a Greek root. This was, however, much more ground than any other boy held in his good graces.

At the end of the winter session a very handsome traveling carriage, with the Wallraven arms painted on its panels, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, a well-dressed colored coachman, and a smart outrider, arrived to convey Wolfgang Wallraven away. I thought—nay, I am sure—that he betrayed some emotion at parting with me. He went, and I also made hasty preparations to return by stage and steamboat to my distant home in Alabama, where I longed to meet again my lovely and beloved young sister, Regina.

The end of the Easter holidays brought us back to school. There, shortly after my arrival, came Wolfgang Wallraven. He was more gloomy, surly, and solitary than ever to all the other boys; of me, however, he was more tolerant. Indeed, in the course of a month or so, our acquaintance began to take the form of intimacy; and as his character began to develop itself to my view, never, I think, did I meet, in life or in books, so strange a being. If I had before been inclined to favor the philosophy of the dual mind, I should then have been in danger of being a convert to that theory. Two natures met, but did not mix or blend in him; two natures as opposite and antagonistic as were his fierce, light-gray Saxon eyes and the sweeping, jet-black lashes, brows and hair. If any one trait of character stood distinctly out one day, it was certain that its very opposite, in all its strength, and even excess of strength, would reveal itself the next.

As his heart gradually, very gradually, unfolded itself to me—or rather to my sympathy—he would occasion me a succession of surprises, and even shocks—pleasing, painful, ecstatic, agonizing, according to the nature and power of new, opposite, and unexpected traits.

He possessed the highest order of talent, but exhibited a very erratic application. If, for one week, he applied himself concentratively to his studies, the next week he would be sure to throw away his books, and pass into the most distraught ennui and despairing mood conceivable, from which no remonstrance, no reproach, of the master professor would arouse him.

As time went on, I still made slow but certain progress in his affections; but little and very precarious ground I held in his confidence; though still in his manner to me, as in everything else, he was inconsistent, contradictory, incomprehensible and often astounding. If, upon one occasion, he would treat me with unusual warmth and kindness, upon the next he would be sure to freeze up in the most frigid reserve.

He was, indeed, a combination of the most discordant elements. As I became intimate with him, I witnessed the most stupendous metamorphoses of character. A sovereign, overmastering haughtiness would alternate with a slavish, almost spaniel-like humility; a fierce and wolfish moroseness of temper give place to an almost womanish tenderness. I confidently, logically expected the time when this frozen ice of his reserve would thaw, and drown me with his confidence; on one particular occasion I felt sure it was coming.

I went to his room after school, by appointment. I saw the boy who distributed, or rather carried around the letters through the house, coming down the stairs as I was going up, and pausing only long enough to take the letter for myself from him. I hurried on, intending then to excuse myself to Wolfgang, and retire to my room to read my letter, which I saw was from my sister. But as I approached his room, the sound of suffocating sobs reached me, and, thringing on the door, I went in and found Wolfgang sitting at his writing-table, his arms extended upon it, his head down upon them, abandoned to the utmost agony of sorrow.

I never shed a tear in my life. I saw my beloved mother, my adored father, die, and I suffered the extremity of bereavement and grief, but never wept, or felt disposed to weep; therefore, it was dreadful to see a tear in the boy's eye, and here was Wolfgang lost, convulsed with anguish; and sobs and sighs, such sobs and sighs as rive the heart in their passage, bursting from his bosom; and copious tears, such tears as scald like molten lead wherever they drop, falling from his burning eyes. I saw, yet scarcely saw, an open letter on the floor. My heart sank within me to see him so violently shaken with agony. I went to him, scarcely knowing whether, in his uncertain mood, he would throw himself into my arms, or knock me down. I went to him, and, stooping and speaking low, said:

"Wolfgang, my dearest Wolfgang, what is this? Can I in any way comfort or assist you?"

"I confess that I was surprised when he turned and fell weeping upon my bosom, in the very collapse of mortal weakness, murmuring:

"Yes—yes; comfort me, if you can. I am weak—weak as a child—weak as an infant. Oh! hold me—comfort me—love me! Love me, if you can."

I set myself to soothe him. I spent some time seeking to console and sustain him, merely by reiterated assurances of sympathy and constant, unflinching friendship. At last I asked:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, nothing! nothing! Only give me your sympathy, or I die! I die without that support."

"You have my sympathy, dearest Wolfgang, my adopted brother; but will you not relieve your bosom of its burden of grief; will you not lay it on my breast, that I may help you to bear it?"

"Not now! Not now! I cannot."

I could only try to strengthen and soothe him by assurances of affection and esteem, until again observing the letter, I said:

"I see you have a letter, Wolfgang. Is it from home? Are your family all well?"

His eyes flew wildly around and fell upon the letter. He sprang from me, stung to a sudden strength and, seizing it, tore it to atoms and flung it from the window, exclaiming, furiously, while his gray eyes blazed with intolerable light:

"By Heaven, if it were me! if it were me! that which I deserved and had a right to, I would seize and make my own, though Satan himself and all his legions stood between!"

"Is this, then, a matter of property, Wolfgang?"

"Property! Property!" he echoed, with bitter scorn. "Do you suppose that all the money, all the 'property' in the world is worth one such tear of blood as the millions my heart has dropped tonight? No," he added, with contemptuous coolness, "it is not 'property.'"

(To be Continued.)

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Truth needs no tinsel.

Weakness cannot wait.

Friends never come in flocks.

Love is the great human lodestone.

Labor is the noblest of all prayers.

Every sin would like to syndicate itself.

All saints are homemade but none are self-made.

The world needs kindness more than creeds.

When religion is only a thing it is worse than nothing.

Enough is as good as a feast; more leads but to famine.

Even a child knows the difference between piety and padding.

No man can be an infidel who has some faith in other men.

A few friends at heart are worth a whole directory in the head.

The day of rest is never the better for making it a day of rust.

Look to your works and your wings will take care of themselves.

It is easy to forgive the man who has wronged the other fellow.

The only doubts for which to apologize are those you feel like advertising.

The "cloth" is an effective insulator between men and the ministry.

Too many hope to bull their own religious stock by bearing that of others.

The top notch of sentiment is gained more easily than the lowest step of service.

Many times do we get the names of our troubles and our treasures transposed.

There is more of the divine in a little diligence than in all the dignity in creation.

The trouble with the habit of criticism is that it soon becomes a cloak for our own faults.

Some men think they are forehand-ed when the truth is that greed has only made them four footed.

Better the man who limps on the road to heaven than the guide post standing forever on the corner.

Some people's repentance turns the search light astern and lets the ship take care of itself.

No man knows just how much religion he has until he goes fishing alone where mosquitoes are busy.

Mrs. Gates—"My new dress is a poem."

Mrs. Yates—"I understand the poetry is rarely paid for."

GIVE THE



1/2 A CHANCE

and it will make one pound of flesh on less food than any other farm animal because its digestive juices are stronger.

It is the ideal meat making machine. Hence every effort should be made to keep it "up" and growing from birth. No let up because it is too much effort to get it back.

It is less effort to draw a wag-on a given distance if constantly in motion than if stopped and started every once in awhile.

Clydesdale Stock Food

will keep your hogs "up" and growing because it gives a better appetite, thereby increasing the digestive fluids, and these dissolve and assimilate more food and at a profit.

It keeps them in tip-top health enabling them better to resist disease, thereby making a firmer flesh. It gets them to market weight much sooner, saving feed bill. Nothing better for runs. Equally good for Horses Cattle and Sheep.

Nothing injurious in it and can stop feeding it without harmful effects.

If you are not satisfied after feeding it your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer. Same for all Clydesdale preparations. Clydesdale Carboline Antiseptic will keep your pens and pigs clean.

TRY HERCULES POULTRY FOOD
CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD CO.,
LIMITED, TORONTO

RELICS OF THE PLAGUE.

Many Skeletons Found Near the Glasgow Hospital.

Ghostly discoveries have been made at the cutting of the foundations in connection with the Glasgow Royal Infirmary reconstruction scheme says the Glasgow Daily Mail. Hundreds of dead bodies have been found in the ground adjacent to the present institution.

It appears that during the cholera epidemic in Glasgow about sixty years ago pits were dug at this place and cartloads of bodies were thrown in daily. The pits were eventually covered up and practically forgotten, although a famous surgeon of the Royal Infirmary once sought to point out that the presence of the bodies, many of which still lie beneath the buildings of the old infirmary itself, was a menace to the health of the patients.

The bodies have been found in great heaps. It is said that in one heap alone there were the remains of sixty persons. The horror of the sights have worked upon the nerves of the laborers employed. Several have refused to work, and special men have had to be brought into service. The work of excavation is being done mostly at night, and in the early morning carts are engaged taking the bones and coffins to a plot of ground at Riddrie, outside the city, where they are reburied.

Bodies have been found turned in the coffins, pointing to interment before death. Many of the bodies have not been put in coffins at all, and a number were completely clad in working clothes—jackets, shirts, mole-skin trousers and boots.



PROSPEROUS CONDITIONS IN THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS.
(Drawn from telegraphic description.)

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 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.

WINE AND SNAKES.

The long-suspected affinity between wine and snakes was proved in a startling manner at the Montreal Customs house last week. An officer who had been testing several carboys of port wine from China, reported that he had discovered snakes in the wine, and, as he had not been in the habit of "seeing things," his statement received credence. Returning to the wine with other officers, he showed how, in testing, in the contents of one of the carboys, he had seen a snake through the wine, and so the vessel was opened for inspection. To the astonishment of all, the remains of several snakes and a lizard were found in the bottom dressed in the manner to indicate that they had been placed there for a purpose. The snakes were taken to the City Hall and the Chief Food Inspector drew a sample of wine to test its properties. The consignment was addressed to a local Chinese merchant, and when an inquiry was made about the snakes all that could be learned from that source was, "Muchee good; cure sole headache; got leumitism, eat some snake."

COST OF WAR.

Russia and Japan are now acknowledging in an official way what every one who followed the progress of the war in the Far East concluded that in addition to making heavy sacrifice of human life on the altar of Mars, each power was incurring financial burdens that they will find through future years, are heavy and grievous to bear.

Last week former Foreign Minister Okuma, leader of the Progressive party before the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Tokio, referring to the sudden expansion of Japan's finance said that when the withdrawal of troops is completed she will find herself confronted with a debt of \$1,250,000,000, the interest of which alone, roughly speaking, will be \$75,000,000, or nearly twice the revenue of the country ten years ago. The per capita rate of taxation before the war was \$2. Now it is \$6. The per capita share in the national debt before the war was \$6. It is now \$25. Count Okuma, however, was not pessimistic. He referred eloquently to the necessity of the business men redoubling their energy in the development of productive works of all kinds, and thus securing victories in peace as well as war.

On the following day the Russian minister published the returns of the state revenue and expenditure for the first six months of the present fiscal year which suggest the addition of an enormous sum to the Russian national debt. The figures published, which it will be remembered are for a half year only—show that the ordinary receipts were \$474,623,000, an increase of \$7,176,000 over the corresponding period of the previous year. The ordinary expenditure was \$439,790,000, a decrease of \$13,365,000. The extraordinary receipts were \$231,031,500, an increase of \$99,297,000. The extraordinary expenditure totaled \$281,202,000, an increase of \$200,348,000.

The cost of the late struggle in the Far East cannot fail to impress upon the powers the duty of considering well whether they may not settle their differences by some other means than resort to the arbitrament of the sword.

CRAZY DOUKS.

The Doukhobors located in the Northwest, continue to supply food for thought to those who desire that Canada shall be settled by the best class of immigrants. Another pilgrimage of the eccentric Douks in search of the Redeemer, was brought to a

CASTORIA.

La Santé Que Vous Avez Toujours Aimée
Signature de *Charles H. Fletcher*

close recently, by the arrest at Carleton Place, a small station on the Canadian Northern Railway, 300 miles north-west of Winnipeg, of a band of 25 religious fanatics who had made a 40 mile trek across the prairies. The agitators of the band started from the Prince Albert district about the end of August, and succeeded in gathering strength in the villages of Thunder Hills and Yorkton districts, till the band numbered 25, of whom 18 were women and children. Sergeant Dunlop of the Mounted Police, at Kamourang, effected the arrest and the party will be taken back to Prince Albert. The women and children were almost naked and their pinched faces bore witness to the frightful privations which they had endured in the long tramp. The feet of some of the band were blistered and bleeding and in the majority of cases they were bound in course hempen rope. These wanderings had been continued in the wild country of the north for a month unknown to the officers of the law and it is surprising that they survived the hardships of the march.

GROWING TIME.

The Canadian fiscal year closed on June 30 last, but the financial statement for the year 1904-5 was not issued till Friday last. The revenue for the year was \$71,180,625, which is half a million in excess of the preceding year. The expenditure during the year was \$63,309,305, as against \$55,611,831 in the year 1903-4. These were an addition to the national debt of \$5,349,113. However loudly the Liberals in Opposition declaimed against the expenditures of the Conservatives and declared that if they were entrusted with power, they would effect a reduction yearly of three or four millions in the cost of government, they have in this matter, as in other particulars, thrown their professions and pledges to the winds and do not blush to confess an expenditure of upwards of \$63,000,000 as against an expenditure of about \$58,000,000 by the Conservatives at the time that Cartwright and Mills made the pledge to reduce expense. Such are Liberal pledges and their redemption.

STEWART-CARPENTER.

A very pretty wedding took place in Brownsburg on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. Geo. Carpenter when his eldest daughter Miss Ethel May was united to Mr. Jason Stewart of Lachute. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Thomas before a large number of friends. The bride was attended by her sister Ellen and the bridegroom was supported by George Carpenter. The couple left for a short stay in Montreal and will, on their return, remain in Lachute for a few days prior to their departure for the West.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Last Friday evening the Beech Ridge School-house was filled with a number of friends who gathered to bid farewell to one of the Ridge's young ladies in the person of Miss F. Hamilton, who leaves tomorrow for California, where she is to be married to Mr. Bernard Leroy, formerly of St. Andrews. The feature of the evening was a "Linen Shower," and the presents were numerous. A pleasant time was spent in refreshment and song and many were the good wishes for Miss Hamilton's happiness in her southern home.

CARILLON.

Mrs. T. P. Kelly and Miss Turney, were in Grenville on Tuesday. Mr. L. J. Conroy of Montreal, was here over Sunday.

Miss G. Sittlington is home for a few days.

Miss M. Allan is spending a few days in Montreal.

Miss Hazel Dawson spent Tuesday night with Miss May Hodgson.

Miss Beatrice Girard is visiting friends in Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 126
District of Terrebonne }

In re:

Joseph Hudon, Chas. P. Hebert, Albert Hebert, Zephirin Hebert & Leandra Brault, all traders of the City and district of Montreal, doing business there as such under the name of "Hudon, Hebert & Co."

Petitioner,

&

Eusebe Gibault of the Town of St. Jerome district of Terrebonne, now absentee.

The said absentee and the Creditors of the said absentee are ordered to appear at the Court House in the village of St. Scholastique, Saturday the twenty-first day of October, 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon to give their advice touching the appointment of a curator and inspectors to the property of the said absentee.

St. Scholastique, the sixth of October, 1905

GAGNON & FORTIER,

Prothonotary S. C.

CUSHING.

—:O:—

Mr. James M. Fraser of the Bank of Commerce at Shelburne N. S. is spending a week's vacation with his parents Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser at St. Mungo's Manse.

Mr. S. Whelehan of Lachine, spent Sunday in Cushing.

The Ladies Association of St. Mungo's held a very pleasant meeting on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. James Watson.

We are pleased to welcome amongst us Mr. and Mrs. O. E. LeRoy of Greenville who have come to reside here with the latter's father Mr. S. Webster.

Miss Simpson of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. F. R. Douglas.

The last husking of the season was held at Mr. E. Whelehan on Friday evening of last week when about sixty young people assembled and passed a few merry hours. Another very enjoyable gathering of the same description took place at Mr. Frank Gaston's earlier in the week.

ST PHILIPPE.

—:O:—

Mrs. Archie and Mr. Archie Graham spent Saturday with Mr. A. Fuller.

The Rev. J. Fraser and nephew, Mr. McDonald paid several welcome calls on his people in this vicinity on Friday.

M. and Mrs. R. J. Graham and family spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. William Graham of North River.

Mrs. Frank Fuller is spending this week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson of Hudson.

Nurse Clend of Montreal has been the guest of Miss Alice Davidson the past week.

Miss Nellie Hodgson attended the teachers' convention in the East End school last week, also Miss Mary Chambers.

Messrs. Frank and Albert Fuller spent last Sunday the guests of Mr. Hodgson of Hudson.

Mrs. Richard Graham, also Mr. J. Grace accompanied by Mr. Barnes of Grenville, were the guests of Mrs. Daniel Byrne, on Sunday last.

Miss Estella Hartley of Cushing, spent a few days last week the guest of Miss Nellie Hodon.

Quite a number of our people attended the Husking-Bee and dance given by Mr. & Mrs. Frank Gaston of Chatham, on Monday evening. All spent an enjoyable time.

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

Professional & Commercial.

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

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

Dr. R. S. STACKHOUSE, S.R.,
Dr. A. W. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON DENTISTS
Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

WANTED.

Wanted able bodied men for the Algoma Commercial Co., Sault Ste. Marie, wages from \$26 to \$30 per month, with \$2 per month bonus if work is done satisfactorily, and they stop till camp breaks, or to the end of the loading season, all camps within twelve miles of railroad, apply to

C. F. KAINS, Cushing.

FOR SALE!

One 3 and one 2 year Ayrshire Bulls, and 3 bull calves. Apply to

WM. HAY, Lachute.

We are paying 2 lots a dozen for eggs, for good butter, good prices, too. Come in and look at our line of dress goods, heavy weight, double width, at 25cts. per yard. Bankrupt price, twelve colours.

(W. BANFORD.

WINTER CELERY FOR SALE.

Parties wanting celery for the winter that reside in any of the following places, Lachute, St. Andrews, Brownsburg, Carillon, or Grenville, will have it delivered to them at 4 cts per dozen heads, by dropping me a postal saying how much they require.

C. F. KAINS, Cushing.

NEW JACKETS—We have already sold many of our new jackets. Our customers are delighted with them. We cannot describe them. You must see them.

W. BANFORD.

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, Purgative, 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

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Watch this space next week, there is something to interest you.

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.

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.
---	-------------------------	---

HOME AGAIN.

"Home again; mother, your boy will remain For a time, at least in the old home again, How good to see you in your cornered nook With knitting, or sewing, or paper, or book; The same sweet mother my boyhood knew, The faithful, the patient, the tender, the true.

"You have little changed; ah, well, maybe A few gray hairs in the brown I see; A mark or two under smiling eyes, So lovingly bent in your glad surprise; 'Tis I who have changed; ah, mother mine, From a teasing lad to manhood's prime.

"No longer I climb on your knee at night For a story told in the soft firelight; No broken plate, or book all torn, Do I bring to you with its edges worn; But I'll come to you with my graver cares; You'll help me bear them with tender prayers.

"I'll come again as of old, and you Will help the man to be brave and true; For the man's the boy, only older grown, And the world has many a sleeping stone. Ah, mother mine, there is always rest When I find you in the old home nest."

THE right kind of a man allows the whole world to see by his manner his expression, and his life when he loves a good woman, but he keeps for her alone those demonstrations of affection which need no audience.

GRAND INSTITUTIONS.

The home and the church are of two of the grandest institutions known to mankind. What can be any nearer to heaven on earth than a happy home with a loving father and mother with their little family? When God created man he said it wasn't good for man to live alone, so he made him a help-mate, not a slave. But men don't seem to understand it that way. If the wife shares our sorrows and trials she should also be partaker of our joys.

If she asks you about your business don't snap her up and tell her it is none of her business. Always speak kindly. Kiss her once in a while, and tell her she is pretty, for no man who loves his wife can fail to see some pretty trait about her. If you haven't done this, try it. Nothing would please her better, and she would repay you a thousand times for it. When she is feeling badly and worried show a disposition to sympathize. And the wife should do the same for her husband. Nothing would please him more when he comes in after a hard day's work than for her to meet him at the door with a loving smile and a kiss. It makes him feel that she appreciates what he has done for her. Nothing can make home more loving than kind words. We thought the loveliest home that we ever was in was when they spoke to each other it was always father, mother, son or daughter, and it is like that old darky once said, when another called him a black African. "It's not so much what you say; as it is the way you speak it."

BABIES IN THE HOME.

There is nothing which brightens and completes a home so much as those merry beams of sunshine called babies, and God pity and forgive the sinful, shallow-minded woman who considers their advent and care a reproach rather than a sacred trust from God. Truly, when conscientiously filled, the office of motherhood is woman's masterpiece of life. Why should the care about woman suffer? "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the nation," and I dare say there are greater powers and mightier possibilities for mothers to attain in the nobler and broader education and culture of the rising generation than in the ballet. There is not a mother so deprived of the luxuries of this world who cannot give to her children, life's sweetest and richest gift, a mother's companionship. She may be unable to adorn their bodies with fine clothing, but she can adorn their minds with pure and lofty ideals, which will be worth more to the world than all the crown jewels of empire. Someone has said that no one can advise so readily as one wanting in experience, but as I assure you the writer is a wife and mother, one who has entertained an unreasonable guest, when the grocery supply was low, the fuel wet and the little girls peevish and cross. My, a real patience breeder, isn't it? We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of storm. When we have everything desirable and things move on systematically, we have no need for patience, but when we stand chin deep in annoyances, it is time for us to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment.

You watch the artist as he touches his canvas again and again, and wonder why he does not dash it on with one stroke. No, it requires 5,000 of those touches. And so it is dear friend, these seemingly humble duties of life, these 10,000 trials patiently borne, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, a glad spectacle for angels to look upon. A READER.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE COUNTY OF BEAUFORT.

From 31st Aug. '04, up to 31st Aug. '05.

RECEIPTS.		1904
To cash on hand as per audit	\$5,143 53	
" premiums paid during year	7,676 20	
" interest plan	1,314 90	
" premiums paid during yr. cash plan	80 37	
" interest on deposit E.T. Bank		\$14,245 00

ASSETS.		
Cash on deposit E.T. Bank	\$2,621 76	
Bal. Note Capital	41,722 90	
Cash in hands of Agents	3,399 40	
		\$47,744 06

LIABILITIES NIL.		
DISBURSEMENTS.		
By paid Directors	161 00	
" Am't losses paid during yr.	7760 00	
" Rebates	99 74	
" A. Philis Commissions	2691 39	
" " yearly Bonus	200 00	
" Government tax	22 11	
" Bal due Sec'y 31st Aug 1904	75 00	
" Sec'y Salary 1904 & 1905	300 00	
" Printing Calendar, etc.	188 00	
" Auditor for 1904	5 00	
" A. Philis expenses	106 00	
" Rent of Council Room	12 00	
" Cash in Bank to Balance	2621 76	
		\$14,245 00

GENERAL STATEMENT OF BUSINESS.
Total No. policies 2631
Am't covered by same \$3,511,650 00
No. of policies issued during year 988
Am't covered by same \$1,219,920 00

I the undersigned auditor, do certify that I have examined the books & vouchers of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of the County of Beaufort, at their office in the village of Huntingdon and the foregoing is a correct statement.

A. MUIR, JR., Auditor.

Secretary's Office,
Huntingdon, Sept. 30, 1905.

MEN'S & YOUTH'S OVERCOATS.—We carry so large a stock, and such variety of patterns and styles that it pays you to buy from us. Any way come and see them. W. BANFORD.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

RALPH W. BARCLAY, St. Andrews.
Tuesday, October 24th, 1905.

Following effects:—"Canadian Forest," an entire horse, 5 years, formerly owned by Fred Gater. 4 year old gelding, 2 work horses, 10 milch cows, 2 heifers 2 years, 1 yearling, 5 spring calves, 7 pigs, McCormick binder, mower and rake, Noxon mower, seeder, 2 Perring gang plows, 2 Massey Harris plows, pea harvester, spring and iron harrows, roller, new Dore thrasher & double power complete, 2 Bain wagons 3 inch tires, and stock rack, tumble cart, 2 sets shanty sloop, and pair 2 inch sloop, new U.S. separator No. 6, churns, cans, honey extractor, and bee-hives, breech loading d.t. shotgun 12 c.a., and ammunition, 1 cedar skiff, 2 buffalo robes, rugs, farmers boiler, 3 sets heavy harness, (leather trace), single heavy and light harness, riding saddle, 1 platform scale, 40 ton horse hay, 30 ton cow hay and straw, 1000 bushel of oats, 75 bush. barley, quantity wheat, 200 bush. ear corn and lot fodder corn.

Household effects:—Williams piano, 1 parlor suite, 4 bedroom suites, springs and mattresses, pillows, quilts, sideboard, extension table, Walnut book case, set dining chairs, rockers, sofas, cook stoves, kitchen utensils, silverware and china dinner & tea sets, carpets, curtains, etc., 30 cord of dry stove wood.

Farm effects new. Everything sold without reserve.

Sale will commence with household effects at 10 a.m. sharp. Any goods left unsold will be disposed of following day at 10 a.m. The residence of Mrs. Wm. Barclay will be sold by public auction on 1st day of sale at 2 p.m. if not disposed of privately.

Terms:—\$10 and under cash over that amount 12 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes. 6 p.c. off for cash.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

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

FOR SALE

The old established bakery, confectionery, flour and feed business, horses, wagons, harness, sleighs, and everything complete to carry on the business. Property also for sale.

WM. BRADSHAW,
Grenville.

Province of Quebec,
District of Terrebonne.
CIRCUIT COURT IN & FOR
THE DISTRICT OF TERREBONNE.

No. 1235:
Wilfrid Corbeil, farmer & laborer, of the parish of St. Adele, district of Terrebonne,

Plaintiff

vs.
FREDERIC THERRIEN, jobber of the township of Marchand, county and district of Ottawa and actually absent in the United States of America,

Defendant,

&
LOUIS THOMAS dit TRANCHE-MONTAGNE of said township of Marchand contractor, and THE RIORDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD., Corporation having its principal place of business at Merriton, in the Province of Ontario

Mis en cause

No. 1236:
ALDERIC CORBEIL, farmer and laborer, of the parish of St. Adele, district of Terrebonne,

Plaintiff

vs.
The said FREDERIC THERRIEN,

Defendant

&
The said RIORDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD., & AL.

Mis en cause

No. 1238:
ARTHUR MARINIER, farmer & laborer, of the parish of St. Adele, district of Terrebonne

Plaintiff

vs.
The said FREDERIC THERRIEN,

Defendant

&
The said RIORDON PAPER MILLS CO. & AL.

Mis en cause

No. 1290:
HONORIUS LABELLE, farmer & laborer of the parish of St. Adele, district of Terrebonne

Plaintiff

vs.
The said FREDERIC THERRIEN,

Defendant.

&
The said RIORDON PAPER MILLS CO. & AL.

Mis en cause

It is ordered to Defendant to appear within a month,

ST. JEBOME, 25th September, 1905.
JOSEPH BOISSEAU,
Clerk of the said Court.

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.

DR. G. CHRISTIE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MAIN STREET LACHUTE, P.Q.

DR. E. LAURIN,
VETERINARY-SURGEON.
Bell Tel. No. 14. Ste. Scholastique.

The PERRIN Plow



Made in three different styles—

Single Furrow, Riding
Double Furrow, Riding
and Two furrow, Gang.

We carry a large stock of Agricultural Machinery, Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Harness, Washing Machines, Wringers, Wheelbarrows, Sewing Machines, Stoves, Etc., Etc.

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 "Stanfords" 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

THEY MADE THIS COUPLE HAPPY

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DOING
GOOD WORK AROUND PORT**

ARTHUR.

Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife Both Had Kidney Troubles and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them.

Port Arthur, Ont., Sept. 18.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said:

"My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. Our sleep was broken on account of urinary troubles and pain in the kidneys. We each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now enjoy good health."

MEN OF WEALTH IN LONDON.

Men Who Owned 250 Millions Between Them.

American millionaires have been as thick as blackberries in London, England, recently. For instance five multi-millionaires slept at Claridge's Hotel recently. Practically the whole of the first floor was given over to these American representatives of the House of Mammon. The millionaires who inscribed their names on the hotel register were:

Mr. William Rockefeller, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, and railway magnate, whose fortune is estimated at \$100,000,000.

Mr. George Westinghouse, the inventor and proprietor of the famous Westinghouse air brake, who is worth \$50,000,000.

Mr. George Jay Gould, banker and railway owner, worth \$30,000,000.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, railway magnate and inventor, worth \$10,000,000.

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, banker and financier, \$10,000,000.

A very simple sum in addition will demonstrate that the elevator boy at Claridge's has enjoyed the novel sensation of hoisting a quintet of capitalists representing about \$250,000,000.

Though they occupied the entire first floor the members of this millionaire quartet, a word from whom would shake the bourses of the world, led the simplest of lives at Claridge's. They entertained little, had few visitors, and paid few calls. So exclusive, so terribly select, was this little coterie of Croesus that except for a daily drive in the park and a little shopping their days passed without event. These millionaires made no attempt at a lavish display. Apparently they went to the other extreme and became adepts in the fine art of cutting down expenses. The wives of these mighty millionaires passed through the stately corridors of Claridge's wearing the plainest of gowns, while the simplest of menus were adopted by the millionaires themselves. Twice a day they met at the table d'hôte. A simple little dinner of a few courses was their favorite meal—clear soup, a sole, a little game, and sweets. No American dishes were served. Little wine was taken. Mr. Rockefeller's beverage being milk.

Conversation at these meals was limited to discussions regarding the weather. Never by any chance did they touch upon the money market.

ONE-TOED WOMEN.

Everybody has heard of the small feet of the ladies of China. But it is not so generally known that they commonly have but one toe. This is, however, the fact. The great toe of the females of the first rank, and of some of the inferior classes also, is the only one left to act with any freedom; the rest are doubled down under the foot in their tenderest infancy, and retained by compresses and tight bandages till they unite with and are buried in the sole.

The lower we stoop to do a kindness the higher we rise.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

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

The Barrow guardians have decided that one shave a week is quite sufficient for paupers.

Madame Albani is said to contemplate retirement after singing at the forthcoming Norwich musical festival.

Insurances for death, accident or disablement are being provided by penny-in-the-slot machines at Bradford.

An unemployed workman who was injured on Bottle Fell lay for four days and nights before help reached him.

The rapidity with which the motor-omnibus movement is developing in England has led to the formation of a Society of Motor-omnibus Engineers.

At Portsmouth County Court a servant was awarded twenty pounds damages because her mistress's daughter had cut off several lengths of her long, dark hair.

Large posters, signed by the mayor, the town clerk, and the medical officer of health at Camberwell appear on the hoardings of the borough warning passers-by against the evil consequences of drunkenness.

At Grimsby County Court a claim by Isaac Solomon, jeweller and general dealer, against Ernest Daniels, fisherman, included money lent at interest which worked out at over 1,000 per cent. per annum. Daniels denied having borrowed any money at all.

A slight fire, which occurred at a private house at Silver street, Edmonton, was attributed by the fire brigade to spontaneous combustion caused by the heat of the sun acting on a number of birds' nests which had been built under the eaves.

Shipowners are agitating for a reduction of the port charges at Liverpool, which they complain is the dearest port in the world. The liner Pretorian was charged £90 the other day for occupying a berth at the landing stage for one hour, during which time only three hundred sheep were landed.

As a thirteen-months-old child named Christina Emma Eason was running across Little Exmouth street, St. Pancras, she was knocked down and run over by a water cart. Just then her father a coal porter, turned the corner of the street, and, learning that a child had been run over, picked it up without knowing it was his own child, and ran with it to the London Temperance Hospital, where it was found to be dead.

A Birmingham girl named Jennie Jones, took a child in her arms to a tap in the yard for the purpose of filling a large jug with water. Without any warning, the bricks on which she was standing fell in with a crash, disclosing a well fully fifty feet deep. The girl managed to push the child into safety, and she herself clung to the water tap till rescued.

Owing to a mistake in the delivery of a telegram a full military band travelled from Reading to Hook, in Hampshire, one Saturday, and furnished music at a cricket match. Major Barker was playing cricket at Hook and wanted another man. He wired to Lieut. Hall at the barracks in Reading, "Come and play." The telegram was addressed simply, "Hall, Barracks, Reading," and was delivered to Drummer Hall. Hall took a band of twenty pieces, and went to play; but it was not cricket that he played.

The new Wesleyan Methodist Church house to be erected in Westminster on the site of the old Royal Aquarium, which was acquired in 1902 at a cost of £230,000, will be a magnificent building of the Renaissance style. The large hall, which is intended to seat 2,500 persons, will have a domed roof surmounted by cupola. Adjoining the central hall will be the various rooms and offices needed for carrying on the organizing work of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, which will make the new church house its headquarters. The facade of the new building with its pillars and flanking towers on each side of the main entrance, looks not unlike a miniature St. Paul's. A statue of John Wesley will occupy a prominent position on the frontage. The cost of building the edifice is estimated at £140,000.

Mr. McWhirter, the well-known Royal Academician, was riding down Regent street, London, in a hansom, when the horse stumbled, and the artist and his wife were thrown out of the vehicle. Mr. McWhirter sustained a broken thigh, which was set at Charing Cross Hospital the same night.

Ella—"May tell me she's taking painting lessons." Hattie—"Yes; I noticed of late how her complexion had improved."

We owe the art of music-printing to Italy, musical notes having first been impressed with movable metal types in 1502 by Ottavio Petrucci.

Shrewd—Jinks, that boss of yours tells such pointless jokes. I don't see how you can tell when to laugh. Wise—That's easy. I just wait and laugh when he does.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

\$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals. Ask for the Octagon Bar.

STEADY COMPANY.

He—There's no doubt about it, "a man is known by the company he keeps."

She—Not always. If the average man were really known by his company she'd shake him right away.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

"Thought it meant death sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—3

The immigrant who was the first in Australia to receive a grant of land was a German named Schaffer. He was given fifty acres in the city of Sydney, and sold them in 1807 for twenty gallons of rum. Shortly afterwards the land was valued at \$500,000.

SENTENCE-SERMONS.

Care calls to prayer.

Waiting works wonders.

Love and laws rule the world.

Many of our crosses come from our crooked ways.

Some men think that grace grows by grumbling.

Most doubts would die if we did not dodge them.

Happiness rests on thoughts more than on things.

Only those who love the world can live above it.

The finicky man always thinks he alone is faithful.

Giving with grunting may be worse than withholding.

Holiness without heart is but a hindrance to humanity.

The man who jumps at conclusions seldom lands on facts.

A man can lie with his tongue while his tongue tells the truth.

The robe of righteousness is not the same as the cloth of the clergy.

Some churches that claim to be working for men are only working men.

Never put off to to-morrow the meanness you might as well give up to-day.

Nothing hurts the feelings of the stuffed martyr worse than letting him alone.

Too many sermons are attempts to feed the people on cook books instead of on bread.

The pessimist dips his head in an antique bog and then begins to discourse on the weather.

Many a preacher thinks the world is wicked for lack of his sermons when it is only weary because of them.

There may be as much religion in a little asphalt here as in a whole lot of auriferous pavement over there.

The man who leaves his head in the office when he goes to church will be first to complain about the preacher's intellect.

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed. All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. 'The Grape-Nuts food did it.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A few days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

"There's a reason."

Your Money's Worth

of fragrance and full rich flavor in every pound of

Blue Ribbon

TEA. Kept there by proper handling from plantation to store.
JUST TRY THE RED LABEL

TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY COMMISSION.

The T. & N. O. Ry., running, at present, from North Bay to New Liskeard, has opened up one of the richest mineral belts of iron, nickel, cobalt and silver mines known. It runs through a district heavily timbered with birch, red and white pine, tamarac, and spruce, and has also opened up the paradise for sportsmen—Temagami. Makes close connection at North Bay with all trains of the Grand Trunk, and Canadian Pacific Railways to and from all points East, West and South.

Mrs. Gushington—"I suppose, now that you have been abroad, you have your own views of foreign life?" Mrs. Newrich—"No, we ain't got no views. We didn't take no camera; it's so common."

A modern weapon in the battle for health. — If disease has taken your citadel of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, South American Nerve is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold "at the point of the bayonet," trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins.—4

Clarissa—"Of course I love you, Clarence. Haven't I just danced eight times with you?" Clarence—"I don't see any proof in that." Clarissa—"But you would if you only knew how you dance."

A Magic Pill.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parlee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

"I love my work because I starved for it," said the artist, dramatically. "Well, I love mine because I starved before I got it," was her companion's inartistic reply.

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

Miss Dashler—"I have a secret for you, my dear; young Wrigglesby called me his dearest love last evening." Miss Biting—"Yes? Well, I knew it wouldn't be your fault if you didn't cost him more than any of his others!"

A Magic Pill.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parlee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

The last great national financial panic in Great Britain was in 1866, at the time of the Overend Gurney crash.

A Liniment for the Logger.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

SHOULD LADIES MAKE LOVE?

The young man was evidently honest in his intentions, but three years of constant courting had failed to overcome his excessive bashfulness. They were sitting in chairs at a respectable distance apart.

Said the young man, having spent five minutes in search of a subject, "How do you get along with your cooking?"

"Nicely," replied the young miss; "I'm improving wonderfully. I can make splendid cake now."

"Can you?" said the young man, in a pleased manner. "What kind do you like best?"

"I like one made with flour, and sugar, and citron, and raisins, and lots of those things, and beautiful frosting on top," responded the young miss.

"Why, that's a wedding cake!" exclaimed the young man, nervously.

"I meant wedding," said the young miss, shyly. They are off on their honeymoon now.

The year 1637 was the last in which messengers were permitted to make a business of letter-carrying in England, except as authorized servants of the King's Postmaster-General.

WOMEN'S \$12 Tailored Suits \$4.50 and up. Send for free samples and styles No. 11. SOUTHCOTT BUILT CO., London, Ont.

30 FARM ACCOUNTS For 75c. post paid. FARM PUB. HOUSE.

FEATHER DYEING Cleaning and Dyeing and K.M. Colors cleaned. These can be sent by post, to you at the best place in BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. MONTREAL.

RAILWAY OPERATING

Is a fine business for a young man. \$40.00 to \$60.00 a month to start. Best place to learn in is

CENTRAL TELEGRAPHY SCHOOL TORONTO.

Free catalogue T sent on request. Write T. J. Johnston, W. M. SHAW, Manager, President.

"What we want," remarked the man who comments on things, "is reform." "Yes," said Senator Badger, "and after you get it you're always clamoring for the good old days."

Catarrah for twenty years and cured in a few days.—Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—1

An old woman met a well-to-do and humorous Irishman, and said: "Kind sir, could you give a copper to a poor old woman who is short of breath?" The Irishman gave her a quarter, with the remark: "There you are, my good woman. Now, don't take any more, for, begorra, ye may be short of breath, but what ye have of it is mighty strong."

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Cholera Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and old. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

Visitor—"Have you nothing better to do than sit on the fence and watch the train go by?" Native—"Wal, stranger, it's better'n to sit on the train and watch the fence go by."

Two years abed. — "For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was."—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2

"What," asked the dreamer, "would you do if you could be a king for a day?" "Me!" answered the practical man. "I'd borrow enough money to live on for the rest of my life."

Halloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

DESIRE FOR ALCOHOL KILLED.

Mr. Wilson, the junior surgeon on the Discovery during Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition, states that the taste for alcoholic drinks dropped suddenly when he and his colleagues entered the ice region, and that the disinclination increased as time went on.

The harder you cough, the worse the cough gets.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

Is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't benefit you, the druggist will give you your money back.

Prices: S. C. WELLS & CO. 225, 50c. 21 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.



About the House

TASTY CATSUPS.

Tomato Catsup.—Boil tomatoes, strain. For each quart of juice take one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup cider vinegar, two teaspoons salt, half a grated nutmeg, half a teaspoon allspice and cloves mixed, wet with juice and add gradually. Boil slowly for several hours and seal. Pickle bottles may be used to good advantage, but must have new corks, and are sealed hermetically after the corks are put in by inverting the bottle for a second in melted beeswax. The flavor of all catsups is so much a matter of individual taste that it is well before following any recipe blindly to add the seasoning sparingly at first, then taste and add more of whatever the taste demands.

Spiced Grape Catsup.—Set an earthen jar containing six pounds of Concord grapes in a larger vessel of boiling water and cook until the skins burst; carefully strain off every particle of juice, and return to the fire, adding to each quart of juice a pint of granulated sugar, one cup of vinegar, two teaspoons of salt, a tablespoon of whole cloves, half a grated nutmeg, a teaspoon of ground allspice and a tablespoon of powdered cinnamon; boil slowly for about one hour and pour boiling hot into self-sealing bottles. Delicious to serve with game.

Mushroom Catsup.—Wipe half a bushel of freshly gathered mushrooms with a damp cloth and arrange in layers in a large stone crock, sprinkling each layer liberally with salt. Let them remain over night, and in the morning mash well with a potato masher, carefully straining off the juice through a fruit sieve or berry press. Add to this liquid half a teaspoon of black pepper, half a dozen whole cloves, and two sticks of cinnamon to a pint, then boil slowly until reduced about one-quarter, strain through cheesecloth and dilute with two tablespoons of spiced vinegar to every pint; seal in bottles.

PRESERVES.

Jellies, pickles, catsups, and so forth, keep best on the floor. Set them in orderly rows beneath the lowest shelf. In front of them hang a thick curtain. Standing in the light makes them insipid and pulpy. All things put up in sugar are improved in color and flavor by sunning for several days just after they go in a glass. Sunlight sometimes reforms jelly that will not jell into beautiful solidity. Any sort of pickles or preserves will run out in spite of hermetic sealing if the cans are set where it is alternately hot and cold. Wine in bottles should also be kept on low pantry shelves.

Whiten and keep white the whole pantry interior, and then moth rust, mold, or any sort of creeping thing is plain at a casual glance. Prevention is better than cure when it comes to cleaning. No matter what the haste do not be untidy in the pantry. If supplemented with thorough cleanings twice a year, a monthly dusting ought to keep the place clean. Spring and fall make everything smell fresh, and soapy, and limey, and let the scoured floor and shelves have a half day to dry. Never put either butter or vinegar in an earthen jar or crock, and to prevent the odor of cabbage in the house put some coffee on a heated shovel and pour on vinegar and keep on back of stove.

Egg stains on silver may be removed by the aid of salt, while strong hot vinegar rubbed well on window glass will remove paint.

To fill cracks in plaster, use vinegar instead of water to mix your plaster; after one-half hour it will set.

To scour knives easily, use one-half raw potato dipped in brick dust. For cleaning glass water bottles, save your coffee grounds, add soapy water, and let stand awhile, then shake thoroughly, wash and rinse.

WITH CORN.

Omelet.—With a sharp knife cut through the grains in each row of kernels and scrape out the pulp. Beat five eggs until you can take up a spoonful, add five tablespoons water, half or three-fourths cup corn pulp, a scant half teaspoon salt, and a dash of pepper. Mix thoroughly. Butter a hot omelet pan, turn in the mixture, and shake the pan, and cook as you would a plain French omelet.

Succotash.—Scrape, wash and

score in quarter inch slices a generous quarter pound salt pork, fat and lean. Put into a saucepan, add a quart of boiling water, and cook, with the water just below the boiling point, for four hours, or until tender. Remove the pork and add one pint freshly shelled lima beans, and, if necessary, more water. When the beans are nearly tender add one pint sweet corn pulp. Cook about fifteen minutes, add one tablespoon butter or a little sweet cream and salt if it be needed. Put the pork into a saucepan long enough to become hot. Pour the succotash into the serving dish, slice the pork in the scorings, arrange on the top of the dish, and serve at once. To remove the pulp from the ears of corn without the hull take a sharp knife and cut down through the center of each row of kernels, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp and leave the hull on the cob. For a change add a cup of reduced tomato pulp to the above, seasoning carefully and accordingly; or an onion may be cooked with the beans and then removed before serving.

GOOD RULES FOR VISITING.

Do not stay too long. It is much to break into the life of any family even for a few days. Pay no attention to urgings to stay longer, however sincere they seem. Set a time to go when you arrive and stick to it.

Conform absolutely to the household arrangements, especially as to times of rising, going to meals and retiring. Be ready in ample time for all drives or other excursions.

Carry with you all needed toilet supplies, that you may not be obliged to mortify your hosts by pointing out possible deficiencies in the guest-room, such as a clothes brush, the article most commonly lacking.

Enter heartily into all plans for entertaining you, but make it plain that you do not care to be entertained all the time or to have every minute filled with amusement.

Be ready to suggest little plans for pleasure when you see your hostess at a loss to entertain you, says an exchange. Try how well you can entertain her for a change. Turn about is fair play in visiting as well as in everything else.

Be pleased with all things. Your high spirits and evident enjoyment are the only thanks your hostess wants.

Take some work with you, so that when your hostess has to work you may keep her in countenance by working also. More good times are to be had over work than over play anyway.

Do not argue or discuss debatable matters. Few things leave a worse taste in your mouth.

Offer to pay the little incidental expenses that will be caused now and then by your visit, but merely offer; do not insist upon it, which would be very rude.

WHEN YOUR PLANTS "SULK."

Sometimes when you first bring rubber plants and palms indoors for the winter they do what florists characterize as "sulking."

They'll get over it after a little, although it may be in that time some of the leaves will yellow and drop.

The best thing to do is to make two or three little holes in the earth, close to the roots, and pour down a tablespoonful or two of olive oil; it seems to feed them in a way that keeps the leaves bright and glossy.

Another way is to wipe each leaf with a cloth moistened in the oil. It makes them look as though varnished—like artificial plants—for a few days, but gradually the oil will become absorbed.

Don't try this latter process, though, if you are about to commence house-cleaning or just before sweeping, unless they are sure to be removed beyond insidious attacks of dust. The oil attracts dust in quantities not only to make the plant repulsive in appearance, but to interfere with its proper breathing through its lungs, the leaves.

SELF-MAKING YEAST.

Boil two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour; strain and let the liquor cool down to the warmth of new milk; then put in a small handful of salt and half a pound of sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor, and then mix well all together. Let this mixture stand until the third day; then add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed; let it stand a day longer, stirring frequently, and keeping it near the fire—i. e., keep warm—in an earthen vessel; then strain and put in bottles and it is ready for use.

The advantage of this yeast is that it ferments spontaneously, not requiring the aid of other yeast. If well cooked and kept in a cool place it will keep six months or more. It has been thoroughly tested, and never fails to make delicious bread.

Paddy Doolan went into a shop one day to buy eggs. "What are eggs to-day?" "Eggs are eggs to-day," replied the shopman, looking quite triumphantly at two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the shop. "Faith I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."

LAYING A GHOST.

Rev. John Todd Tells of a Remarkable Case.

Now and then a circumstance or combination of circumstances, strange and apparently inexplicable, comes to the world's notice. In olden times such phenomena were almost always attributed to a supernatural power, and even to-day there are many who retain the fear of ghosts. Experience and investigation have demonstrated, however, that there is always some reasonable and natural solution to such mysteries. If the Rev. John Todd had not worked on that principle, the residents of his town might have lived out their lives in terror of a haunting spirit. Mr. Todd tells the story in his "Autobiography."

In the village stood a house which was said to be haunted. It was a large, three-story building, well lighted and ventilated, and in a thickly settled neighborhood, the last house one would have connected with the idea of ghosts. The neighbors, however, were much excited. They heard strange sounds proceeding from the closed rooms: groans and sighs and unearthly wails. Some who had ventured to listen at the doors told of the patter of little feet on the bare floors.

"All is not right there," they said. "Strange secrets lie within those walls."

I had been the last one to occupy the house, and just before I had left it I lost a little boy. Of course the good people did not suspect me of ill-doing, but in some way they connected the noises with the death of my son. This made me more anxious to clear up the mystery.

One day I got the keys of the house and made known my determination to investigate. The neighbors gathered about the gate, but would not enter. A few moments satisfied me that the little feet which pattered about were those of the numerous rats. But how to account for the groans?

I went from room to room. All was still. Then I opened the door of the room in which my child died. Instantly I heard a deep, sharp groan. The people about the door heard it, and called out in fear. The room was perfectly bare, but the groans and moans repeated themselves, now low, now shrill.

I went to the chimney and tore away the fire-board. Looking up the flue, I discovered a shingle which had lodged half-way down and which swung back and forward, now almost closing the chimney, now presenting its edge to the draft. Here was the ghost.

With difficulty I persuaded the neighbors to come in. I displayed the "haunt," and then I pulled it down, and the groans ceased forever.

TEETHING WITHOUT TEARS.

Mothers who have suffered the misery of restless nights at teething time, and watched their babies in the unhelped agony of that period, will welcome the safe and certain relief that Baby's Own Tablets bring. Mrs. W. G. Mundie, Yorkton, N.W.T., says: "When my little one was cutting her teeth she suffered a great deal. Her gums were swollen and inflamed, and she was cross and restless. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and after starting their use she began to improve at once, and her teeth came through almost painlessly. The Tablets are truly baby's friend." This medicine is guaranteed to contain no poisonous opiate or harmful drug, it cures all the minor ailments of little ones and may safely be given to a new born child. Full directions with every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DEATH FROM BEE STINGS.

Farmer, Wife and Horses in Fierce Battle.

A man, a woman, and two horses have been stung to death by bees at Pareng, a village close to Budapest, Hungary.

A farmer named Makranszki, returning home from a neighboring town, left his two-horsed cart in the courtyard of his farmhouse. The horses, annoyed by the sun, shifted to a shadier corner. In doing so they kicked over eight beehives.

The bees swarmed out, and began a furious attack on the horses. Makranszki and his wife rushed to the assistance of the animals, but were themselves attacked by the insects.

Their cries brought the farm hands to the spot, but it was found impossible to drive away the bees, and at last the fire brigade was called out, and the hose turned on.

When the bees were driven away it was found that both the horses were dead. The farmer and his wife, terribly stung, were carried away to the infirmary, where they died the same evening from blood poisoning.

LENDING NATURE A HAND.

Flowers which are withered may be wonderfully revived by plunging their stems into hot-water. Fill a flower-pot about half-full with quick-lime, and fill to the top with good soil. Plant the bulbs in the usual way. The heat of the lime will rise through the earth, and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained.

The Cup Drawing Merits of "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea makes it the most satisfactory Tea in the world to use. Black, mixed or green.

Sold only in sealed lead packets, 40c, 50c, 60c. lb. By all Grocers.

JAMAICA

Investment of 50% Per Annum

A return of 50 per cent. is not an unusual one in many TROPICAL INVESTMENTS, indeed many pay much higher than this, but the public generally are not aware of this fact on account of their limited knowledge of the TROPICS.

We have secured land in JAMAICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES, uniting all desirable features and the highest quality of soil for the cultivation of COCOA and BANANAS, and it is the company's intention to put 1000 acres of this land under the highest state of cultivation in COCOA and BANANAS.

BANANAS produce a revenue after the ninth month, and after twenty months will pay \$100 per acre profit.

COCOA will pay \$100 per acre profit after the fifth year. The supply of both COCOA and BANANAS is not equal to the demand, and will not be for many years to come.

They are both staple articles of food, and in daily use, with the demand increasing faster than the supply.

Our managers have had over 20 years' experience in the growing and marketing of both COCOA and BANANAS in the ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

The company are offering a limited number of shares of \$100 each, two of which are equivalent to one fully developed acre, paying the second year \$100 profit, or 50 per cent. on the money invested.

A few shares in this company will give a competency for life. Remember there is no element of speculation about this proposition, no probability of shrinkage in values or failure of development, as contracts are made to have the property turned over to the company in a fully developed state.

Estimates of profits and probable returns to investors are fully warranted by actual experience; the same are being made on many plantations in JAMAICA every year.

\$200 invested in this company will give a permanent income of \$100 yearly.

Write or call for full particulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

Canada-Jamaica Commercial Co., Limited,
73 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

ed at almost any time. The soil should be kept perfectly dry. Do not water potted plants too frequently. It is best to wait until the plant shows that it requires water, then give it a good dousing in the bathtub. A plant with its roots constantly in mud cannot thrive. If hothouse plants are watered once a week with water in which there is a little ammonia they will thrive well. Sometimes small white worms are found in the earth. Ammonia or lime-water will kill them. Stir up

the soil, to expose as many as possible, before pouring it on.

HER METHOD.

Miss Weerie—What a pretty watch for you are wearing. May I see it? Mr. Stoplate—Certainly; here it is. Miss Weerie—Oh, and such a beautiful watch! So charmingly engraved, and—dear me, if it isn't 12 o'clock! Just look! I'd never have thought it was so dreadfully late, would you?



"No, mum, I do not despair of marrying. There is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught!"
"Yes, but in your case, ain't th' bait gettin' a stale?"

Mother's Ear

A WORD IS MOTHER'S EAR! WHEN NURSES AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Sent for free sample, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont., and \$1.00 all druggists.

Fall and winter goods.

JACKETS.

We have just stocked a large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' Jackets. They are the latest Styles, the Nobbiest of Goods, and considering their excellent quality, the cheapest in town.

Underwear.

That is something which is calling attention just now. We call your attention to the splendid lines that we are carrying and the especial values we are offering. Call in and get your warm winter under-clothing from us.

Gloves & Mitts

Our Store is headquarters for your gloves and mitts. Any color, any kind, any price. A large stock from which to make your choice.

White Front,

G. L. Meikle & Co.

OUR NEW

STOCK

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

Bring Your

and Pump
Pipe
problems

To us for solving. This is one of our specialties and we stand prepared to give you entire satisfaction in this as well as the many other lines of our business. Prepare in time as the cold weather will soon be with us.

T. McQuat & Sons.
HARDWARE MERCHANTS
LACHUTE MILLS - QUE

THE ACCOUNTS

Of Corporations, Merchants, and the business community generally, received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safety and sound banking principles. Your savings account is invited in.

The BANK of OTTAWA

Capital paid up (\$2,500,000) Rest \$2,500,000

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

IF YOU WANT

A Wholesome, Delicious,
Wonderfully Fine

BREAD

The First Prize Winner
at Lachute Exhibition, a
real Twentieth Century
Article, then call at the

Riverside Bakery

While there, leave your
order for any kind of
CAKE. See our line kept
Stock.
All kinds of BREAD,
BUNS, CAKE, and a
choice lot of fine CANDIES
always on hand.
P.S.—These goods are all
fresh. Remember the
place.

RIVERSIDE

BAKERY

W. G. Stanforth, Prop.

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

LADIES' JACKETS!

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.

W. BANFORD.

P.S.—Fits of Men's and Youths Overcoats & Suits.

St. Andrews Special.

LADIES LOOK HERE!

We make a Specialty of Costume Cloth (in Tweed Effects) and Dress Goods, Trimmings and Fancy Goods, and we have a large range to select from. Also a large assortment of Ready-to-wear Skirts, Jackets and Coats. If you want flannelette, see our English reversibles, they are good value and are selling well. Get your supply of pure cane Scotch Sugar from us, also your Red Rose Tea which is really a good tea.

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

FARM FOR SALE.

350 acres on 6th range Township of Gore, two hundred acres of it in bush, well timbered with spruce, cedar, pine, and hardwood timber, good buildings, good water. 1 mile from church, school and post-office. For price and further particulars, apply to

S. J. RATHWELL, proprietor,
Shrewsbury, Que.

Buy Our Jackets!—The largest assortment between Montreal & Ottawa we believe. We can't get the prices of the city stores for these fine goods. We don't want to carry a jacket over so prices are low to clear every one.

W. BANFORD.

AUCTION SALE.

I have received instructions from Mr. R. P. de Laramie, 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 milch cows, 1 heifer 1 and 2 years old, spring calves, pigs, rakes, reaper, mowing machiner, plows, ar ows, wagons, steel land roller, carts, heavy & light sleds, new cutter, double & single harness, 600 bush, oats, and a lot of other grain, a large quantity of home 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.

Hardie's
Bread

DO YOU TAKE IT?

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

A Postal Card will fetch us to you by address only.

Hardies' Bakery,

BROWNSBURG.

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. 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 particulars, apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 20, 1905.

NO. 39

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.

Do You Want

Stove Pipes and Elbows,
Stove Boards, Coal Hods,
Fire Shovels, Coal Sifters,
We have a large assortment from
which you may choose.

We are clearing out our stock
of crockery, glassware, etc., and
offer you great bargains. It
will pay you to call and see.

W. S. McBRIDE,
Main St., Lachute.

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. McOUAT & SON.

MEN'S & BOYS' ULSTERS—We still
carry a large line of these goods; men's at
\$5 are leaders; boys from \$3 up.

W. BANFORD.

In fitting up sheds and stables for winter
remember the place to buy your, **Cow**
Ties, Forks, Shovels, 3 Ply Booting,
Felt Booting, Nails, Hinges, Lanterns,
& etc., is at
T. McOUAT & SON.

DINNER SETS—Ninety-seven pieces
in the set, beautifully gilt, choice colour-
ings, prices low. We will take your poultry
later in payment, select now.
W. BANFORD.

Money in the wood business this year,
make your first profit on your labor by
getting, **axes, cross-cut-saws,**
wedges, cant dogs, axe han-
dles, & etc., at The Hardware Head
Quarters of
T. McOUAT & SON

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. S. B. Steele of Montreal, was in
town this week.

Miss L. Smith spent a few days in
Montreal this week.

Mr. Monette spent the latter part
of the week in Montreal.

The Butter-Factory is to be opened
on Monday, November 6th.

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

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bailey are guests of
Mrs. Marshall for a few days.

Mrs. J. S. Giles and Master Robbie
were visiting in Ottawa this week.

Mr. W. Graham of Calumet was the
guest of Mr. McNaughton on Monday
last.

Mr. J. T. Lambly who has been visit-
ing his two sons in Philadelphia,
expects to be home by Nov. 1st.

Miss E. McNaughton spent the latter
part of the week with her brother
Dr. McNaughton of Westmount.

Miss H. N. McLeod of Three Rivers,
is spending a short visit in town, she
is guest of her sister Mrs. T. Christie.

The Misses Moore, Paton, McLean,
and McCuaig, returned on Saturday
from a three days' journey in the city.

Miss Minnie Buchan who has been
spending several weeks with friends
in the city, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. T. Jousse, accompanied by
her sister Miss Piche, are visiting
friends in St. Scholastique this week.

Miss Alma Fraser returned on
Monday after a few weeks spent most
pleasantly with friends in the West.

Messrs. J. W. Todd and Jno. Earle
left yesterday morning for their an-
nual hunting expedition in the back
of Labelle.

Mrs. P. J. McIntosh of New York,
and Miss Annie Wilson of Montreal,
are guests of their brother Mr. E.
H. Wilson.

Miss Emma Burwash left last Fri-
day, in company with Miss Florence
Hamilton, to spend the winter in
California.

Quite a number of the young folk
from Lachute attended the Tea meet-
ing at Dalesville last week, and had
a most enjoyable time.

Mr. Robert McArthur left Monday
for Wakefield, to attend the funeral
of his brother-in-law, Mr. A. McGillis
whose death occurred on Sunday last.

The many friends of Mr. S. Geegan,
will be sorry to learn that he is suffer-
ing from a severe attack of erysipelas.
His sister, Miss Ida, is attending him
in his sickness.

The many friends of Mr. Herbert
Kettyle of Bethany, will be sorry to
learn that he is in the Royal Victoria
Hospital undergoing an operation
for appendicitis.

Dr. J. H. Mason has removed to
Calumet and is now practising in
that thriving little town.

A Sunday School Convention has
been arranged for, particulars of
which will be found in our next issue.
It will be held in the Methodist Ch.
on Nov. 2nd and 3rd.

Mrs. A. Forbair returned last Friday
from a pleasant stay of two weeks
with her daughter at Mount Tremblant.
Mrs. J. Gall accompanied her
mother, and will remain in town for
a short visit.

Miss Mary A. Catton, of the Nur-
sing staff, of the Boston City Hospi-
tal, with her sister Miss Carrie of
Victoriaville, are visiting friends in
this vicinity, and are at present the
guests of their sister Mrs. D. H.
Hammond.

The Board of Trade, which has
been talked of for so long is now
fairly launched, and on Tuesday last
the following officers were appoint-
ed:—P. R. McGibbon, President;
Mayor J. E. Valois, Vice-President;
P. A. Lafleur, Secretary; J. R. Parris,
Treasurer. A council of eight are to
be appointed at the next meeting.

Meetings for the study of God's
word, and for mutual edification will
begin in Hugh St. Hall, on Thursday,
Oct. 28th, (Thanksgiving Day), and
continue over Lord's Day following.
On Thursday, meetings will be 10.10
a.m., 2.30 and 7.30 p.m. Friday and
Saturday, 10 a.m., 2.30 and 7.30 p.m.
Sunday, 3 and 7.30 p.m. All invited.

Life is made up of various experien-
ces, and some young men who left
Brownburg on a fishing excursion
last Sunday, had a good share
doled out to them. Reaching mud
lake two of the party embarked on
what apparently was a reliable craft,
but it only got a few yards from the
shore, when they found the boat rap-
idly filling with water, which with
their combined weight, soon sunk to
the bottom. Their position which
was no enviable one, was viewed with
much merriment by the balance of
the party. Imagine oneself planted
waist deep in mud, which contained
all the elements of a "skunkery,"
plunging wildly to reach the shore.
Luckily however, the "boomin' Hin-
glishman" was able to take it in good
part and laughingly replied "Well,
you wouldn't know you were out if
you didn't have some inconvenience."

CUSHING.

— o —

Mr. Wm. James of Lachute Mills,
was the guest of his grand-daughter
Mrs. E. F. Cooke this week.

Miss Whelehan and Miss M. Hart
were in St. Andrews, on Tuesday.

Miss Grace B. Fraser spent a couple
of days at home last week.

Miss Gladys Pinkerton is spending
the week in Carleton.

Mr. George Noyes who has been ab-
sent in the Western States for a num-
ber of years is visiting his mother
Mrs. Thomas Noyes.

A very quiet wedding occurred at
Greeces Point, on Tuesday when Miss
Ida Ranger was united to Mr. A. La-
Rose of Grenville. Immediately
after the ceremony which took place
at the church of St. Philippe, the
young couple left on a trip to Ottawa,
and other points farther West.

Miss Edna Noyes entertained her
young friends at tea on Monday af-
ternoon in honor of her eleventh
birthday. The house was prettily
decorated with autumn leaves and
foliage, and the young hostess was
assisted in entertaining her guests by
Miss Jennie Weir.

MEN'S & BOYS' SUITS—Double breasted
and single, new and fresh goods just in,
hundreds of them. We have too many to
you haven't enough perhaps. Let us divide
with you.
W. BANFORD.

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 Fla-
nelette.

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.

Kennedy Clad.

The Largest and most up-to-date stock of Men's Goods

ever shown in Argenteuil. Suits, Overcoats, Rain

Water proof Coats, Ready to wear or made to

order. Hats, caps, underwear, etc. In fact

Everything worn by Man, From a Rubber Collar
To a Coon Coat.

Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

Yours for trade,

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

Another Snap for the Ladies

Regular 55c flannel blousing for 35c a yd.
We only have about twenty-five lengths
of these goods, so come early as they will
not last long at the price.

Carpenter Bros,

The Popular Priced Store.

A Complete Assortment of Furs now in Stock.

About the House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Ginger Pears.—To 8 lbs. pears after pared and cut in small pieces add 6 lbs. sugar, 3 lemons cut fine, a piece of ginger root an inch long tied in a cloth, 1 pt. water and 1 pint vinegar. Cook until thick.

Bottled Pickles.—These neither turn soft nor shrivel up. Pour boiling water over them and let stand four hours. To every gallon of vinegar, take 1 small cup sugar, 1 of salt, 1 teaspoon pulverized alum, 1 oz. stick cinnamon, 1 oz. cloves. Boil and pour hot over pickles.

Pumpkin Marmalade.—Cut a ripe, yellow pumpkin into large pieces, pare, scrape out the seeds, and weigh. To every pound allow a lb. of sugar and an orange or lemon. Grate the pumpkin on a coarse grater, and put it into a preserving kettle with the sugar, the grated rind of the orange or lemon, and the strained juice. Let it boil slowly, stirring frequently and skimming well until you have a smooth, thick marmalade. While still hot pour it into glass or china jars or tumblers, filling not quite full. When cold, pour over the top a covering of melted paraffin, cover with the lid or brown paper and keep in a cool, dark place.

Potato Pie.—One-fourth pound of suet, onions, one-half pound oatmeal, four pounds of potatoes, one pound of flour, one-fourth pound of lard, baking powder. Chop the suet very fine, cut the onions small, pare the potatoes very thin, and cut in slices. Take a large agate pie dish, scatter some suet in first, then some onions, then some meal, and a layer of potatoes, pepper, and salt, till all is in, put potatoes on the top, then cover with a crust made of the flour, lard, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; bake for two hours in a moderate oven.

Hot Pot.—One pound flank of mutton, carrot, turnip, onion, four pounds of potatoes. Wash and pare potatoes, cut into four or six; pare turnip, cut in slices; scrape carrot and cut in slices; cut onion fine; cut mutton into small pieces; put a little of it into the bottom of the agate stewpan, then potatoes, onion, carrot, turnip, mixed with pepper and salt, then some more mutton, till all is in; add one pint of water, and steam for two hours. Serve hot.

Celery Salad in Apple Cups.—Cut a good-sized head of celery into half-inch pieces, slice two cucumbers thin, cut a dozen stuffed olives in rings. Add half as many English walnut meats as you have pieces of celery. Chop part of them, using some whole to scatter on top of the salad. Mix with a good mayonnaise and fill apples which have been previously scooped out. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Celery with Grated Cheese.—Serve crisp celery upon a low dish. The cheese should be finely grated, heaped upon a dish, and served with a spoon to each guest who desires it. The celery is dipped into the cheese and bitten off.

Grecian Rice Pudding.—Cook three tablespoonfuls of rice in three cupfuls of milk. Sweeten with a small cupful of powdered sugar and season with half a teaspoonful of salt and the grated rind of an orange. Add two ounces of cleaned and dried currants, four ounces of macaroon crumbs, an ounce of finely shredded candied orange peel, four egg yolks, and the white of one, and a gill of brandy. Cook in a double boiler until thick, turn into a pretty serving dish and serve with English orange sauce made as follows: Put into a saucepan four egg yolks and four tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat until the mixture becomes thick and whitish in color. Add one cupful of sweet cream, the grated rind and juice of a sweet orange, and cook over hot water until creamy. Remove the pudding from the fire, let cool, and beat until well frothed.

CEREALS COOKED WITH FRUIT.

Though most housekeepers realize the value of fresh fruit served with cereals, few know how much more satisfactory the breakfast can be made by cooking dried fruit with the cereal used. Any cereal can be used in combination with figs, dates or raisins, and besides being more healthful than when served plain, it is more pleasing to everyone.

Place the required amount of cereal and water in the double boiler and add 1 to 2-3 of a cup of figs or dates for each three cups water used. Cut the fruit in small pieces and stir it in so it will be well distributed, and cook a little longer than when no fruit is used. If any is left after the meal is over it may be put in cups and served cold, being much better than without the fruit.

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 back diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd.,

Toronto, Ont. and 51, 53, all drug stores.

Graham flour can also be used in this way, using two cups boiling water and 1 lb. finely cut figs with enough graham flour to make a stiff mush. Cook in the double boiler like the cereals. By adding half a cup sugar it makes a nice pudding which is best when eaten cold, the addition of the sugar making it unsuitable to serve hot.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

If you wish to keep your hair in curl, beat the white of an egg in a cup to a froth, then fill the cup up with rainwater. Wet the hair in this and roll up on kid curlers.

To soften the hands take 30 grains of gum tragacanth, seven ounces of rose water, and when dissolved add one-half ounce each of glycerine and alcohol. Perfume as you desire.

If you wish to clean and restore a dull mirror, soak a cloth in alcohol and rub thoroughly every portion of it. Follow this with a dry cloth, and you will be surprised at the brilliancy of the glass.

A mustard bath is much superior to the ordinary warm bath for bringing out the rash in eruptive fevers. It is prepared by adding from one to two tablespoonfuls of mustard to one gallon of water.

Croscote should never be put into a hollow tooth for toothache. It relieves pain, but inevitably destroys the substance of the tooth itself, which breaks away soon after leaving only the stump.

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

The white holland window curtains that are discarded, if sent to a laundry to wash and be bleached, make very good shirt waists and white tailored dresses. They are all linen, and work up beautifully in this way.

For a dainty dish of peas, stew the green peas with a little butter, and no water in a covered pit 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.

Ink spilled 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.

A simple expedient for riding the house of mice is to place a little oil of peppermint or sprays of the fresh herb round their haunts, as they have a great antipathy to the odor. For cockroaches, potato ash formed by burning the parings to a cinder on the back of the stove, will effectually banish them if scattered about the places where they congregate. Water bugs, that pest of the city apartment, will vanish if all cracks and crevices where they run are sprayed three or four times a day with water in which carbolic acid has been dissolved in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of acid to one pint of water. Care must be taken in handling the acid.

PULLING ONIONS.

To peel onions, without bringing tears to the eyes, put them in a deep pan and pour boiling water over them, as for skinning tomatoes. By the time you can bear your hands in the water the onion skins are loosened enough to be easily slipped off, often without any aid from a knife. Should there be any not so readily loosened, hold them well under the warm water while peeling. Your eyes will be spared and your hands will absorb less of the odor than in the common way of paring.

BIASED JUDGMENT.

A Singing Contest in the East End of London.

"Daily bread" means "daily bread" to the East End child of London. It is no euphemistic expression for chicken and lemonade. When it is lacking in any home, as it often is, the children of the neighborhood all know it, and sympathize with a feeling born of common suffering. In an East End mission was held one night a week a "Happy Hour for Children," says the author of "Seven Years Hard," in the course of which friendly competitions were held in singing, dancing and games. Small money prizes and ribbons were given the "champions."

One evening it happened that two girls, Connie and Hilda, were opposed in the singing contest. Connie's father was out of work, and there was great distress at her home. The little ones were crying for food, and their parents were half-crazy with worry and hunger. The "Happy Hour" children knew this, but the curate did not. They manifested the most intense interest, buzzing like so many flies when the two girls stepped upon the platform.

There was not the slightest doubt of the superiority of Hilda's voice. She sang in a clear, correct soprano. Connie, on the other hand, whose voice would have been inferior at any time, was further hindered by a severe cold, so that she broke down twice and was croaky and throaty. Yet when the children were asked to vote, with one accord they shouted, "Connie!"

"You should vote for the girl who sang best not the one you like best," said the curate. "We will vote again. Now, then, for Hilda?"

Not a hand went up.

"For Connie?"

A shoal of hands appeared.

"What! Do you mean to say that Connie sang better than Hilda?" expostulated the curate.

"Yes!" they shrieked.

"But, my dear children, Connie broke down twice."

That made no difference. They shouted, "Connie!" and only "Connie!" and would not have Hilda at any price. Her father was earning thirty-eight shillings a week.

In the end the curate yielded, and with a roar of delight the little East Enders applauded while he gave Connie the money prize.

"Lov-ely!" exclaimed a little girl in a front seat. "Now they'll have something to eat at her house!"

Then the curate understood and appreciated the biased judgment of his flock—a judgment in which the defeated Hilda entirely concurred.

MEMORIAL TO DICK KING.

Natal Hero Who Saved a Garrison Sixty Years Ago.

Natal is considering the erection of a suitable memorial to Dick King who saved a British garrison from destruction in the Boer war of over sixty years ago by an heroic ride of more than 600 miles, says the Daily Mail.

Captain Smith, with a small British force, had marched overland to Durban in 1842, and there his troops were defeated by Pretorius, and were in danger of being compelled to surrender, states the Cape Times. On May 25, seeing that his troops were surrounded, he determined at all hazards to send a message to Grahamstown asking for reinforcements.

Mr. Cate, an old Natal pioneer, offered to get the message sent, and at midnight he saw Richard King, an expert horseman and hunter, of Durban. King consented to take the message. Captain Smith provided him with two horses, and Mr. Cate rowed him across the bay to the Bluff, where his famous ride began.

Riding his horses alternately, he reached and had crossed the Umlazi River by daybreak. He was now safe from pursuit by the Boers, but a long and perilous ride through a savage country lay before him.

On the ninth day after leaving Durban he rode into Grahamstown utterly exhausted, having covered 600 miles and crossed numerous rivers, over some of which he had to swim. Urgent messages were sent to the Cape, and thirty-one days later rockets and blue lights from the Southampton in Durban Bay told the anxious garrison, then on the point of surrendering, that relief had arrived.

DEADLY ANAEMIA.

Leads to Consumption Unless Promptly Cured.

Many a young life might be saved from consumption if simple anaemia were promptly treated. Anaemia is the doctors' name for weak, watery blood. When the blood is in this condition the lungs have no strength. The whole system begins to break down. Then the growing girl slips slowly into decline, until at last the cough starts and her doom is sealed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure all weak, anaemic people without doubt or difficulty. They actually make new, rich, health-giving blood—they cure anaemia and prevent consumption. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Mrs. Edward Cochran, Meriton, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter Matilda, when I felt that her case was almost hopeless. For more than a year she was a sufferer from anaemia. She gradually grew weak, was subject to violent headaches, and dark circles appeared under her eyes. She was melancholy, had no appetite and complained of being constantly tired. At different times she was treated by two doctors, but with no improvement. As her case progressed, she was attacked by violent palpitation of the heart, and a suffocating shortness of breath. She had a deathly pallor, took cold easily, and continued to decline in weight, until I felt that she was in a hopeless decline. At this time my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began giving them to her. She had not been taking the pills many weeks when her appetite was greatly improved, and this was the first sign that they were helping her. She continued the pills until she had taken eight or nine boxes, when she was again the picture of healthy girlhood. Every symptom of her trouble had disappeared, she had increased in weight, and is strong and robust. Her recovery is looked upon as marvellous, for the doctors thought her case hopeless."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured this case. The pale, anaemic need only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new, rich, life-giving blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, neuralgia, nervous troubles, and those special ailments that make the lives of so many growing girls and women miserable. Be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Did It Ever Occur to You

THAT WHEN YOUR DEALER OFFERS YOU A SUBSTITUTE FOR . . .

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, his motive is self-gain, because of increased profits. SO BEWARE.

Sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed or Green.

40c, 50c, 60c.

Biggest award, St. Louis, 1904

By all Grocers.

"THE MODERN NEWTON"

HENRY CAVENDISH, THE GREAT SCIENTIST.

Man Who Weighed the World—He Was One of the Shyest of Men.

In a few days the house once occupied by Henry Cavendish on Clapham Common, London, England, will have been sold, the great garden will probably very soon be made a dumping ground for bricks and mortar, says T. P.'s Weekly, and the abode of one of the shyest of men will be open, in its downfall, to the public gaze. Cavendish, so far as we have any record, was only ill once in his life, and that illness killed him at the respectable age of 79.

He told his physician that "any prolongation of life would only prolong its miseries," and he died, as he had lived, alone. For the ordinary human relations of life he seemed to care nothing; he was absorbed in his experiments, and loved his books and his laboratory more than anything else on earth. Henry Cavendish, who has been called "the modern Newton," was born in 1731, only four years after Newton's death. He was educated at a private school at Hackney, from which he passed to Peterhouse, Cambridge, which he left three years later without a degree. Thereafter he was a man of science, devoting his whole life to experimental philosophy.

"The man who weighed the world" wrote Henry Cavendish's cousin, the late Duke of Devonshire, "buried his science and his wealth in solitude at Clapham." His science, however, he did not bury, for he published to the world certain facts which placed him in the first rank of experimental philosophers. It was he who converted oxygen and hydrogen into water, and proved that it consists of these gases; it was he who first stated the difference between animal and common electricity, and it was he who, by a course of ingenious experiments, weighed the world.

Cavendish had no vanity; he cared for no one's praise, avoided society and was, as one must suppose, an unhappy man. For money he cared little; up to his fortieth year he was comparatively poor, probably having an annual income of no more than £500, but in 1778 an uncle died who left him an enormous fortune. Of that he spent very little, he was one of those rare men who have no idea of the value of money. His personal needs were very simple, and the fact that he was rich never seems to have struck him as a matter of interest.

Cavendish had two houses, the one on Clapham Common, to which I have referred, and another near the British Museum, at the corner of Gower-street and Montague-place. He had few visitors, but his library was at the service of any one who cared to use it. Yet, so anxious was he to be undisturbed that he hired a house in Dean street in which to accommodate his books, and paid a librarian to look after them. When he wanted to refer to his books he went around as though to a circulating library, and left a receipt for whatever he took away—an admirable idea, which should be encouraged nowadays.

His house at Clapham was practically a workshop; the upper rooms were converted into an observatory, the drawing room—Cavendish had no use for drawing rooms—was a laboratory, and in an ante-room he had fixed up a forge. On the lawn he erected a stage, which enabled him to reach the top of a large tree, on which secure and isolated perch he could be absolutely alone with his thoughts.

As a host one gathers that this strange being was hardly a success; the very few people who were admitted to his table were always given the same fare—a leg of mutton. On one occasion four scientific men were to dine with him. When his housekeeper consulted him as to what she was to give them to eat he said a leg of mutton. "Sir," said the good soul, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," he replied. And this man who was content to eat mutton overland had no sense of beauty; he cared for nothing beyond his own work. His biographer, Dr. George Wilson, said of him:

"There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic or chivalrous in the nature of Cavendish, and as little was there anything mean, groveling or ignoble. He was almost passionless. All that needed for its apprehension more than pure intellect; or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection or faith was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of won-

derful, acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skillful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials."

He simply left his income to accumulate. One day his bankers, finding that they had a balance of £80,000 to his credit, sent up a messenger to consult him about it. Cavendish was extremely perturbed, but he consented to see the messenger. "What do you come here for?" he asked. "What do you want with me?"

"Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it."

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!"

"Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested."

"Well, well, what do you want to do?"

"Perhaps you would like £40,000 invested?"

"Do so, do so! And don't come here to trouble me, or I'll remove it."

He was essentially a shy man, to whom it was even difficult to speak. Dr. Wollaston said: "The way to talk to Cavendish is never to look at him, but to talk, as it were, into vacancy, and then it is not unlikely you may set him going." And Prof. Playfair, who was a frequent visitor to the Royal Society Club, said: "Mr Cavendish is a member of this meeting. He is of an awkward appearance, and has not much the look of a man of rank. He speaks likewise with great difficulty and hesitation, and very seldom. But the gleams of genius-break often through this unpromising exterior. He never speaks at all but it is exceedingly to the purpose, and either brings some excellent information or draws some important conclusion."

Cavendish's shyness amounted almost to a disease. He shrank from speech with strangers, and if he were approached abruptly he would dart away with a cry like a scared animal. At such entertainments as he attended he would often stand on the landing, afraid to face the company on the other side of the door, nor would he open it until the approach of some one from behind drove him forward.

On one occasion, at a party at Sir Joseph Banks's house, a certain Dr. Ingenhousz took upon himself to praise Cavendish to his face in a high down and pompous manner by way of introduction to an Austrian gentleman who was present. The Austrian promptly took the cue, loaded the unfortunate philosopher with compliments, and assured him that he had come to London mainly to meet him. Cavendish stood with downcast eyes, in abject misery, speaking never a word. Then he saw an opening in the crush, flew to the door, jumped into his carriage and drove home at full speed.

Women he hated; his usual method of communication with his housekeeper was by means of notes left on the hall table, and if any female servant came into his presence she was instantly dismissed. To guard against chance meetings with his household he had a second staircase erected in his Clapham villa. Lord Brougham remembered "the shrill cry he uttered as he shuffled quickly from room to room, seeming to be annoyed if looked at, but sometimes approaching to hear what was passing among others."

This extraordinary man left a fortune of £1,750,000; his heir, Lord George Cavendish, was only permitted to see him once a year, and then for no longer than half an hour. He never changed the fashion of his dress—a fact which naturally drew the attention to him which he was so anxious to avoid. He was indeed a man of pure science, in whose constitution there seemed no room for human kindness.

TWO HALVES MAKE A WHOLE.

"What's become of Miss Giggles?" asked the first bather.

"She's dead," replied the other.

"Gracious! No?"

"Oh! yes; she must be. On one occasion recently, I heard her say she was half drowned and on another that she was half scared to death."

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

Young Man—"Doctor, I am addicted to the liquor habit. Is there any cure for it?"

Doctor—"That depends on circumstances. Are you married?"

Young Man—"No."

Doctor—"Then marry a woman who is more strenuous than you are."

Mr. Isaacs—"Ah, Miss Cohen, I love to see you pleased!" Miss Cohen—"How's that, Mr. Isaacs?" Mr. Isaacs—"Then I see all the beautiful gold in your teeth."

STANDS SEARCH-LIGHT

Michigan's Insurance Commissioner Can Find Only Good to Say of Canada Life.

Lansing, Mich., September 27.—The Michigan Insurance Department has completed an investigation of the Canada Life Assurance Co., and reports its affairs as being in a most satisfactory condition. The examiners' official statement says that "the company is most conservative and careful in regard to its investments," and that there has been "no attempt in any way to inflate the assets." The Canada Life's business is further referred to as being on a stronger reserve basis than that of any other company in America known to the examiners.

The Department is able to report "with no hesitation that the Canada Life Assurance Company has no improper or unprofitable financial relations or alliances with any other institution, and all its affairs seem to be conducted on a purely business basis. Its officers, in our opinion, make the best terms possible for, and in the interests of, the Company. The banking business of the Company is transacted with several of the leading Banks of Canada, preference being given to those banks giving the Company the best terms."

Special mention is made of the policyholders' defined rights in the Company's profits, as follows: "By the Company's Charter it is provided that 90 per cent. of the profits of the Company shall go to the Policyholders, and no more than 10 per cent. of the profits to the Stockholders. Until \$90 is earned for the Policyholders the Stockholders could not receive \$10 Dividend. The Company has thus established a community of interest between the Policyholder and the Stockholder, and has combined the advantages of security and continuity of management inherent in a Stock Company with the most desirable privileges of a Mutual Company."

Reference is made also to the Company's voluntary action in 1899 when it requested the Government to amend its Charter that Policyholders should be allowed to elect six of their number to sit on the Board of Directors. The examiners state: "So far as we know, the Canada Life was the first purely Stock Company to give Policyholders a voice in the management, and it has in this manner succeeded in securing a harmonious blending of the rights of Policyholders and Stockholders. In our opinion this arrangement is a most equitable one."

The report is likely to be regarded as especially reassuring because it comes from Insurance Commissioner, Hon. J. V. Barry, who has a continental reputation as an impartial official. A year ago he was given the distinction of being Chairman of the Convention of State Insurance Commissioners. Of late the press of other states, where the insurance departments are less efficient than Michigan's, has been advocating Mr. Barry's appointment as National Supervisor of Insurance, should the United States Congress establish a Federal Insurance Department.

FUEL IN YUKON.

Coal Being Mined—Some Steamers Are Using Oil.

Fifteen men are employed this summer in the Tantalus coal mine, on the Upper Yukon River, says the Dawson News. Several of the White Pass steamers are using the coal, and are doing well with it. Miller, the owner of the Tantalus coal property, promises to realize a good thing out of it.

The White Pass, notwithstanding it is burning coal to some extent, has 32 wood camps along the river between Dawson and White Horse. An average of two men are engaged at each camp. This means the distribution of considerable money for fuel.

The lower river boats are buying considerable wood also this year, and wood camps are scattered along the entire 1,700 miles from Dawson to St. Michael, but are not patronized so extensively as in some of the years past.

The Northern Commercial Company now burns oil on most of its steamers. The oil is brought from California.

Coal for the river steamers also is being produced on the lower river. At the Coal Creek mines, below Forty-mile, and near Nulato, coal is being produced. Another mine is being opened on Roy Creek, below Eagle. A large traction engine, to be used in drawing coal to the river bank, was sent down the river a few days ago by steamer.

TRIED ALL ELSE TO NO BENEFIT

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS DIABETES.

Startling Case of Thos. Harrison, of St. Mary's Ferry—He Tells the Story Himself.

St. Mary's Ferry, York County, N. B., Sept. 25—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes, one of the most deadly forms of Kidney Disease, has been satisfactorily proved by Mr. Thos. Harrison, of this place. Speaking of his cure Mr. Harrison says:

"I began to suffer with severe pains above the region of the Kidneys. When I lay down it was torture to get up again. My appetite failed and I lost flesh rapidly."

"I doctored with several physicians, but it was all no use. Shortly after this I began to urinate blood and then I knew I was in the grip of that dread monster, Diabetes."

"At this time a friend prevailed on me to try a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they did me so much good I continued the treatment till I had used three boxes. They cured me completely."

JAPAN'S GREAT FISHERIES.

Japan leads the world in the economical and scientific development of its fisheries. It has more persons engaged in this industry, says Dr. H. M. Smith, than any other nation. Sharks are among the commonest food fishes of Japan. They are sent to the markets to be "butchered" like herring in other countries. The

extent of the Japanese fisheries may be judged from the size of the nets employed by the fishermen. Doctor Smith tells, in the National Geographic Magazine, of a net employed for catching yellowtails which was more than a mile long. It had a bag 900 feet long, 250 feet wide at its mouth, and 125 feet deep. On one occasion 10,000 fish, averaging 20 pounds in weight, were taken at a single haul.

A Purely Vegetable Pill—Purmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded from roots, herbs and solid extracts of known virtue in the treatment of liver and kidney complaints and in giving tone to the system whether enfeebled by overwork or deranged through excesses in living. They require no testimony. Their excellent qualities are well known to all those who have used them and they commend themselves to dyspeptics and those subject to biliousness who are in quest of a beneficial medicine.

SHUN THE "BLUES."

"Blues" are unnecessary. They mean one of two things—an unhealthy body or a diseased mind. In either case distraction is the best remedy. One must strive to forget self in work, in reading, or in pleasure. A busy life, judiciously arranged, will crowd vapours to the wall. There are women who never seem to have any resources. Let them cultivate a good-sized feminine acquaintance, with varied types to suit one's moods, to sew with this one, shop with that one, entertain and be entertained. There is always charity work to fill up one's time, even when the social amenities are not pleasing. The best cure for loneliness is a brisk walk through the clear sunshine and pure air. It generally puts a person into a reasonable frame of mind, but is often avoided by sick-minded people.

CARE OF THE EYES.

There are certain rules with regard to the care of the eyesight which should be religiously followed. They might be formulated in the following way: First, do not use the eyes in a poor or flickering light. Second, do not have the light directly in front or behind; the light should fall, without interruption, from one side. Third, do not use the eyes much when you are tired or when recovering from an illness. Fourth, do not use the eyes when they become watery or show signs of indistinctness of vision. Fifth, do not work with the head bent over. This tends to gorge the vessels of the eyes with blood and to produce congestion. Sixth, do not read lying flat on the back or reclining, unless the book is supported in the same relative angle and position as when erect. Seventh, do not remain a single day without glasses after you should put them on.

MUNICIPAL NEWSPAPER.

Dresden, Germany, is one of the few cities possessing a municipal newspaper, and this was bequeathed to the city by the late Dr. Gunt. The bequest is a very valuable property, and consists of a daily newspaper, which, in consequence of its extensive circulation, is the principal advertising medium in the neighborhood. The profits are applied to the beautifying and improvement of the city and to charity.

Finishing up the windows of a new house is a pane-full proceeding. In 1793 the steamboat was first conceived by Robert Fulton, an American.



A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes.

CAPTURING A CROCODILE.

Exciting Experience of Two Men in the Malay Peninsula.

Why should a crocodile leave a river stocked with food, explore for miles an unsuitable tributary, and then wander inland until it finds a pool? One can only say that it does, declares a writer in Blackwoods Magazine. He goes on to speak of the Tai-ping lake, of the Malay Peninsula, whither three crocodiles had found their way. So long as they confined their attention to the fish and an occasional duck, no one objected to their presence; but when one of them began to take sheep off the bank as they came down to drink, it was felt that the brutes ought to be exterminated, and Mr. Maxwell and his servant, Manap, made the attempt. They set bait attached to a heavy rattan and then waited.

The crocodile had seen us coming, and unconscious of the fatal rattan which marked its course, moved into deeper water.

Decks were cleared for action. Manap was, of course, barefooted, and I took off my shoes and stockings, so that my bare feet might have as good a hold as possible on the smooth bottom of the dugout.

As the crocodile moved off into the deep water, dragging the canoe after it, we realized that we had him well hooked. After a protracted struggle, I managed to get the crocodile within a few yards of the canoe. At one moment the open jaws would surge out of the broken water and snap together in unpleasant proximity to our legs; the next moment the heavy tail would swing free of the water, and with the weight of a falling tree would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it shiver. More than once the great claws got on the gunwale of the canoe, and it seemed as if the brute would get on board. There was no little risk of losing one's balance and falling in on top of the raging brute.

As the crocodile surged close to the canoe and the open mouth appeared above the water, Manap slipped a noose of stout cord over the animal's upper jaw and pulled it tight, some six inches behind the point of its nostrils. Then, with a quick turn of his wrist, he slipped the slack of the cord round under the lower jaw. He drew the cord tight, and the teeth of each jaw pressed home into the sockets of the other. Manap now grasped the point of the long, narrow head with one hand, and with the other rapidly wound the cord round the clinched mouth.

Another noose was slipped over a fore leg. It pulled the leg up to the animal's side. Manap slipped the line over the creature's back and caught up the other fore leg. Then he noosed and tied together the two hind legs.

"Sudah," he said. "That is finished." What he had effected was marvelous. In a few minutes he had transformed a ravening water-devil into a trussed-up monstrosity, and his only weapon had been three pieces of box cord.

A few blows despatched the brute, and Manap received the government reward.

A Pleasant Duty.—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdoch, of Hamburg, Pa. "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. 50 cts."—9

Polite Tramp—"Will you oblige me with a little vinegar and a bit of rag, madam? I've bruised my heel." Lady of the House—"I'm very sorry, but our vinegar is all out; wouldn't a little rum do as well?" Tramp—"I don't know, madam, but I'll try it; and—er—never mind the rag."

A celebrated oculist offered to operate on a blind beggar's eyes, and said, "I'll guarantee to restore your sight." "What," exclaimed the beggar, "restore my sight, and so ruin my business! A pretty notion! Do you want to deprive me of my livelihood?"



DO YOU WANT PURE TEA?

not mixed with sweepings, dust or refuse, but the CHOICE YOUNG LEAVES, carefully selected, manufactured and packed in lead to PRESERVE THEIR FRESHNESS. That's why you want

Blue Ribbon

TEA

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded suits would look better dyed. If no agent of ours in your town, write direct, Montreal, Box 112 BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

Practical Every day Lessons on FARM ACCOUNTS For 75c. post paid. FARM PUB. HOUSE, Box 4th, Chatham, Ont.

"But," protested the bridegroom, during their little quarrel, "you promised to love, honor and obey me." "Maybe I did," replied the bride, "but I had my fingers crossed."

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND that what is called a skin disease may be but a symptom of bad blood. In that case, Weaver's Eczema, externally applied, should be supplemented with Weaver's Syrup, taken daily.

"Well," said his wife, "I'll bet you a box of cigars." "No," replied the brute; "I won't bet!" "You're afraid you'll lose." "No; I'm afraid I'd win!"

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller, safe, sure and effective. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Mrs. Littlewit (proudly)—"Only just think! Charles has gone to address a public gathering." Friend—"I didn't know he was a speech-maker." Mrs. Littlewit—"Nor I, but he's been called upon to make a statement before a meeting of his creditors."

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Three gas companies in London consume between them 4,000,000 tons of coal per annum.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap or powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

Doctor—"You seem to have had a relapse. Looks like a severe case of nervous prostration, too." Patient (weakly)—"Nothing—nothing at all except looking over your bill."

WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR with the deep, hoarse bark, grimly called "graveyard cough." Take Allen's Lung Balm, a remedy for pulmonary trouble, highly recommended even in the earlier stages of Consumption.

He—"I think every woman is entitled to be considered man's equal." She—"Well, if she is willing to bring herself down to his level, I don't see why she shouldn't be allowed to pose as his equal."

Eat what you like.—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—3

A very loquacious lady asked a friend what position he would give her were she a man. "I'd make you superintendent of a deaf and dumb asylum," was the reply. "Why?" "Because either the inmates would learn to talk or you to keep silent."

They Never Knew Failure.—Careful observation of the effects of Purmelee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

A prison visitor, recently asked one of the prisoners how he came to be there. "Want," was the answer. "How was that, pray?" "Well, I wanted another man's watch. He wasn't willing I should have it, and the judge wants me to stay here five years."

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.

If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would not be made.

Can anything be fairer?

If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 23, 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.

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The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. QUE.

NELSON CENTENARY.

The victory of Trafalgar will be celebrated tomorrow throughout the British Empire with greatest enthusiasm than ever before—the hundredth anniversary of that great naval battle in which the British fleet, after an engagement which lasted from 12.20 noon till 5.20 p.m., destroyed the combined naval strength of France and Spain, but which cost the life of England's greatest naval hero—Nelson. Around the world, wherever the flag of Britain floats, British subjects, men, women and children, will unite to commemorate that great victory, and on Sunday the pulpits will seek to enforce upon worshipping congregations the lessons of loyalty and devotion to God and their country, to impressively illustrated in the life and death of Admiral Nelson.

The religious side of Nelson's character is revealed in the following entry made by him in his private diary on the morning of Oct. 5, 1905, after having sighted the enemy, and when battle seemed certain:

"May the great God whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature of the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

In the Trafalgar Centenary number of the United Service Magazine, Lord Rosebury deals with the memory of the great national hero. "Nelson stands alone," he says. "There is no figure like his among all those who have plowed the weary seas." He asks why Nelson's memory is so green while that of Wellington is so comparatively dim, and replies:

"The explanation is not easy. A cynic might say that the reason lay in Nelson's avoidance of politics. There is a grain of truth in this. Political generals and political admirals are rarely popular in Great Britain. Others would allege as a cause the glorious circumstances of Nelson's death. There is something in that also; but it is clearly inadequate. For even in life there was this notable difference: Wellington's soldiers trusted him; Nelson's sailors trusted and loved him.

"Again, it must be remembered that the sea is the British element; that our sailors have generally been more popular than our soldiers.

"There are other reasons. There was, perhaps, the fascinating incongruity of so great a warrior's soul being encased in so shriveled a shell. Then there was his chivalrous devotion to his officers and men; their interests and their honor were his own. There was the manifest and surpassing patriotism. There was the easy confidence of victory. In him the pugnacious British instinct was incarnate; with Nelson, to see the foe was to fight him; he only found himself in the fury of battle.

"His unwearied pertinacity was not less remarkable. For twenty-six months he did not set foot on land. He hunted the enemy's fleet from Malta to the mouths of the Orinoco with the relentless and untiring ferocity of a sleuth-hound, and back again to Europe. Again, he was brilliantly single-minded, unselfish, & unswerving. His only covetousness was that of Henry V.:

'But, if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending man alive.'

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.

"All these qualities appealed irresistibly to mankind.

"But the main cause of his popularity, splendor of victory apart is broader and simpler—Nelson was eminently human. Vain and simple as a child; open and generous to a fault; the prey of a vulgar adventures, who hired him to the one discredit of his life; he was easily understood and heartily appreciated by the people. Character sayings and doings of his, such as the people love, were universally bandied about; the racing to the masthead to encourage his timid midshipmen; the placing the telescope to his blind eye, when the signal to withdraw was hoisted, which he was determined not to see; the signal of 'Trafalgar,' Nelson expects every man to do his duty,' happily changed to 'England expects every man to do his duty,' the pithy 'Victory or Westminster Abbey!' Traits like these went home.

"To this was added the scene of ill-usage—a great secret of popularity. Our tape-bound Governments always found some crusty veteran to put over Nelson's head. For his glorious victory of Copenhagen no medal was given. But the more the idyl was flouted, the dearer he became."

Lord Rosebury closes with a glowing tribute to the "supreme British Admiral." "Austere moralists," he says, "may easily, and indeed justly, reprobate glaring parts of his career. He loved not wisely but too well. He committed at Naples an act little, if at all, short of a crime. But spots, even the blackest, are invisible on great luminaries; and only on great luminaries are they invisible. Nor was he heedless of his errors. In the hour of death he was mindful of the day of judgment. Let them that are free of stain cast the stone."

EXIT MULOCK.

Sir William Mulock, Postmaster General in the Laurier Cabinet, has resigned his portfolio and retired from political life, having accepted the Chief Justiceship of the exchequer division of the High Court of Ontario with a salary of \$10,000 a year, to which must be added his pension as an ex-minister of the Crown of five years service and over of \$3,500 a yr. or \$13,500 a year for life. Thus again the Liberals have trampled under foot the principles they professed in the days of Opposition, when they condemned the practice of appointing to office of emolument under the Crown members of Parliament; but in these days the Liberals no longer expect to be held to the platform upon which they climbed to office.

Sir William was sworn in Chief Justice on Monday last and the same day Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., was sworn in Postmaster General of Canada. Thus one by one, the old Liberal leaders have disappeared from the Ottawa Ministry leaving Sir Wilfrid at the mercy of ambitious ministers, whose concern is office without regard to the principles which inspired the men who fought the battles of Liberalism through long years of political adversity.

The assigned reason of Sir William's resignation is said to be impaired health. This was credited when the resignation was first announced, and before it was known that he was to go on the bench where his duties will be scarcely less exacting and arduous. Now it has been stated that he retires because the government has refused to approve his policy of nationalizing the telegraph and telephone services of the country, as in England. Further, it has been reported that Hon. Mr. Fielding has secured such a grip upon the premiership in succession to Sir Wilfrid, that Sir William has resigned rather than see himself, the first Ontario Liberal leader, passed by in any reorganization of the Government which, it is trusted, will take place before another general election.

MOUNT MAPLE.

The cold snap of last week reminds us that winter is approaching. Quite a few from this place attended the Tea-meeting in Dalesville, and report a very enjoyable time.

Miss McKenzie of Brownsburg visited her home here on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Tomalty spent Sunday visiting friends in Edina.

Mrs. Jas. Calder has returned home after spending a couple of weeks visiting friends in Ogdensburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McGibbon of Dalesville spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mason.

Mr. David Tomalty of Brownsburg spent Sunday at his home here.

Miss Bertha Murdoch of Chatham visited her parents on Sunday last.

Quite a number of our young people attended the social held at M. W. Warwick's. They returned home feeling that the evening was all that had been anticipated.

Before the cold weather, secure one of the popular Quebec Heaters with coal. Other stoves and Ranges at.

C. T. WALES SON,

ST. ANDREWS.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A good two story brick double tenement house on Bethany St. Apply to E. LAVIGNE, Foundry St.

Public Notice.

Public Notice is hereby given that, I, will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my son Philip Leger dit Lezault in my name after the date of this notice.

JOSEPH LEGER dit LEGAULT,

Oct. 18, '05, St. Philippe d'Argenteuil, Q.

ST. ANDREWS.

Christ Church St. Andrews held its annual Thanksgiving Service on the 10th of October. Owing to the much regretted departure of their clergyman, Rev. A. E. Mount, a valedictory tea was held at the Temperance House. Addresses were given by Archdeacon Kerr and Revs. H. Charters and B. Day. A purse was presented to Mr. Mount by Dr. Shaw in behalf of the congregation, and Archdeacon Kerr presented him with a handsome hymn book from the choir. At seven o'clock all repaired to the church where a very impressive service was held, Rev. A. E. Mount taking charge of the same, Rev. H. Charters reading the lessons and Archdeacon Kerr gave the address.

Special divine services will be held in the Presbyterian Church, on Sunday 29th inst., when the ordination of three new elders will take place. The pastor will be assisted by Rev. Dr. Patterson of Lachute and Rev. D. W. Reid of Taylor Church, Montreal. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed at the evening service.

On Monday evening Oct. 30th, the Rev. D. W. Reid will deliver his interesting and amusing lecture on "A holiday trip through Ireland" (with limelight views) in the Town Hall, St. Andrews.

LACHUTE CIVILIAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The first annual matches of the above association were held on the Lachute Ranges on Thursday last, October 12th. There were some 30 competitors and the following were prize winners in the various events:

EXTRA SERIES, 500 yds.		
	Score.	Prize.
H. A. Blair,	20	\$4 00
J. W. Ralitt,	29	3 00
H. S. Loundes	17	2 00
J. B. Barley	17	1 00
F. A. Brennlan	16	1 00
W. Burpe	16	1 00
G. H. Creswell	15	1 00
Jas. Carpenter	14	1 00
A. D. Kennedy	13	1 00

ASSOCIATION MATCH, 500 yds.		
H. S. Loundes	30	\$5 00
H. A. Blair	30	4 00
G. H. Creswell	29	3 00
J. W. Ralitt	28	2 00
C. King	25	1 00
E. Smith	25	1 00
J. E. W. Simpson	24	1 00
J. B. Barley	24	1 00
J. A. Brennlan	23	1 00
O. Paquette	22	1 00

ARGENTEUIL MATCH, 500 yds.		
H. A. Blair	37	5 00
H. S. Loundes	35	4 00
F. A. Brennlan	33	3 00
John Cooke	33	2 00
Geo. Armstrong	31	1 00
J. B. Belair	30	1 00
E. H. Wilson	29	1 00
J. D. Campbell	28	1 00
V. McFaul	27	1 00
G. H. Creswell	26	1 00

CIVILIAN MATCH, 200 yards.		
Jas. Ralitt	20	5 00
Geo. Armstrong	20	4 00
H. A. Blair	19	3 00
A. D. Kennedy	19	2 00
F. A. Brennlan	18	1 00
W. Burpe	18	1 00
J. B. Belair	18	1 00
John Barley	17	1 00
G. H. Creswell	17	1 00
H. S. Loundes	16	1 00

STOCK FOOD

If your horses or cattle are not doing well get a few boxes of the International Stock Food from J. D. CAMPBELL & Co., It will fix them up.

WANTED

A smart lad to learn the baking and confectionery, apply to

W. G. STANFORTH, Lachute.

Wanted able bodied men for the Algoma Commercial Co., Sault St. Marie, wages from \$26 to \$30 per month, with \$2 per month bonus if work is done satisfactorily, and they stop till camp breaks, or to the end of the loading season, all camps within twelve miles of railroad, apply to

C. F. KAIN, Cushing.

For Sale Cheap

A butcher's Refrigerator, as good as new, apply to THE WATCHMAN.

We are paying 20cts a dozen for eggs, for good butter, good priors, too. Come in and look at our line of dress goods, heavy weight, double width, at 25cts. per yard. Bankrupt price, twelve colours.

W. BANFORD.

WINTER CELEBRITY FOR SALE. Parties wanting celery for the winter that reside in any of the following places, Lachute, St. Andrews, Brownsburg, Carillon, or Grenville, will have it delivered to them at 40cts per dozen heads, by dropping me a postal saying how much they require.

C. F. KAIN, Cushing.

NEW JACKETS.—We have already sold many of our new jackets. Our customers are delighted with them. We cannot describe them. You must see them.

W. BANFORD.

MEN'S & YOUTH'S OVERCOATS.—We carry so large a stock, and such variety of patterns and styles that it pays you to buy from us. Any way come and see them.

W. BANFORD.

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 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Everything New.

We have a very fine assortment of new Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Ready made clothing, Groceries, Dry Goods. Some excellent lines of flannelette, Underwear, Hats, Caps, Mitts, Gloves, Etc.

Don't forget that our Prices are low and our goods are the best.

E. LAVIGNE.

Foundry Street, Lachute.

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 UP-
TOWN STORE FOR
YOUR GROCERIES

.. Also ..

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 Department.

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

WHERE MOTHER IS.

Old-fashioned flowers with fragrance sweet
 Bloom where mother is,
 Life's a psalm, a song replete
 With joy where mother is.
 There all woes and sorrows cease,
 Naught but rest and heavenly peace
 Dwells where mother is.

The jostling crowd, the wearing din,
 Are not where mother is,
 The haunting rage of shame and sin
 Reach not where mother is.
 Heart-sick, brain-tired, near a wrecked soul
 Before thy tear dimmed eyes a goal,
 Exists where mother is.

All grief and doubt and unbelief
 Flee where mother is.
 Hope and faith and sweet relief
 Come where mother is.
 Mother, mother, name most sweet,
 Heaven guide my weary feet
 Home where mother is.

MILLIONAIRE christians who have just planned a corner on wheat, which shall pauperize thousands of their brother men but shall swell their own millions into billions, will bow their grey heads reverently on the velvet backs of costly pews, and glorify the name of that gentle Being who was born in a manger, and who bade his followers to "Do unto others as they would be done by."

SYMPATHY and encouragement are the spurs to greater deeds. One grain of sympathy can be compared to a grain of mustard seed, but one seed planted and replanted will be enough to finally spread over the largest field. A living seed once fell from a flying bird's beak into the crevice of a rock. It grew and multiplied until finally it burst the rock in twain. This is a scientific fact, a real happening. Be not selfish with your words of encouragement and sympathy. There is nothing so "cheap" and yet nothing can be more valuable.

FATHERS now basking in the sunset of life may not readily recall all their early experiences in life, their struggles and triumphs of early manhood, but every feature of their childhood home, the playhouses they helped their sisters build, are photographed upon the heart's tablet and will never fade away. The golden light of eternity will not dim the brightness of this picture. One will never forget the place of his birth, the little broken cart, the sled and kite, and the older brother who led the way to the hillside where the fairest wild flowers bloomed. These sacred memories will never grow less bright or dim.

If my boy should leave school with his head full of history and grammar and the classics and modern languages, and all the other st. dies of the curriculum, and yet should not have in his heart to yield a willing obedience to law—the law of the school, the law of the community in which he lives, the law of the state and nation—we should feel that his time had been thrown away. We need in all our schools insistence upon obedience to proper authority, for these boys of today are the citizens of tomorrow and everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land, we must have more prompt and willing obedience to law.

FOR DISCOURAGED MEN.

Cheer up! The world is taking your photograph. Look pleasant. Of course you have your troubles—troubles you cannot tell the policeman. A whole lot of things bother you, of course business worries or domestic sorrows, it may be, or what not. You find life a rugged road whose stones hurt your feet. Nevertheless cheer up.

It may be your real disease is selfishness—ingrown selfishness. Your life is too self-centered. You imagine your tribulations are worse than others bear. You feel sorry for yourself—the meanest sort of pity. It is a pathetic illusion. Rid yourself of that, and cheer up.

What right have you to carry a picture of your woe-begone face and funeral ways about among your fellows, who have troubles of their own? If you must whine, or sulk, or scowl, take a car and go to the woods or to the unfrequented lanes.

Cheer up! Your life is largely imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bankruptcy, or if there were no thoroughfare through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth and make the best of it.

Cheer up? You are making a hypothetical case out of your troubles, and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict. You are borrowing trouble, and paying a high rate of interest.

Cheer up! Why, man alive in a 10 minute walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are digging your own grave, and playing pall-bearer into the bargain. Man alive, you must do your work! Smile, even though it be thru your tears, which speedily dry.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES AND ASSETS AND LIABILITIES OF LACHUTE SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS—YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th, 1905.			
Receipts for Year Ending 30th June, 1905.			
To Cash on hand.....	\$208 82		
" School fees \$1186.60 \$19.04.1205 65			
" Elementary Grant.....	35 78		
" Academy Grant.....	321 00		
" Taxes.....	3179 29		
" Interest on taxes.....	37 14		
" Loan (Bank of Ottawa).....	450 00		
" (John R. McQuat).....	700 00		
" 2 p.c. on Teachers Salaries.....	60 70		
" Mortgage & Int. on lot 726 (John Meikle legac).....	135 09		
" G. H. Perley (gift for school books).....	25 00		
" Int. on deposit pt. Bellingham legacy.....	7 00		
Expenditure for year ending June 30, 1905.			
By Cash pd. Jas. Mabon, salary \$1100 00			
" Miss McQuat.....	560 00		
" Moore.....	425 00		
" McLean.....	345 00		
" McNaughton.....	275 00		
" Paton.....	325 00		
" Mr. J. Morell caretaker.....	233 00		
" Jas. W. Raitt, Sec'y.....	90 00		
" Ditto expenses to M'real.....	4 68		
" Debentures (Stan. Life).....	685 82		
" Draft.....	83		
" E. Renouf school supp's.....	8 02		
" H. Fraser, jr.,.....	2 90		
" J. R. McQuat.....	8 57		
" G. Meikle Co.....	8 94		
" H. G. Barwash.....	75		
" McFarlane Son & Hoagson, (school supplies).....	3 03		
" Lyman & Sons.....	4 85		
" Selby & Co.....	2 88		
" Dom. express Co. exp.....	5 15		
" Bell Telop. Co. (messages).....	1 85		
" G.N. Tel. Co. (Tel'grams).....	1 08		
" H. A. Connolly prize books.....	24 22		
" B. L. rest pilow wood.....	7 50		
" J. S. Giles, printing.....	14 50		
" G. E. Hampton (fee).....	13 00		
" M. Speck, cutting grass.....	1 00		
" Wm. Higgins, " hedge.....	2 00		
" and taking care.....	4 00		
" D. Deslaurier, rep. chimneys.....	1 17		
" Frank Lemay, repairs.....	3 00		
" P. Lariviere.....	3 00		
" Geo. Jos.....	2 15		
" Frank Cowan.....	3 42		
" P. Ladouceur.....	4 26		
" Hry. McCrea, ornamental shrubs.....	7 00		
" G. Caron Bellingham scholarship.....	18 00		
" E. Murdoch.....	18 00		
" E. Christie.....	18 00		
" G. J. Walker.....	79 20		
" Hugh McCrea, painting.....	21 15		
" Campbell Meredith & Co. (advice).....	10 00		
" Miss J. McLean, (manual supplies).....	50		
" Laurentian water & power Co. (2 1/2 years water).....	37 50		
" T. McQuat & Son, repair furnaces.....	7 43		
" Dissentient trustees share taxes on incorporated Co's.....	348 07		
" Mrs. Henrietta Giles loan.....	350 00		
" Int. on same.....	24 80		
" John R. McQuat, loan.....	275 00		
" Int. on same.....	19 25		
" Bank of Ottawa.....	450 00		
" Int. on same.....	6 90		
" Henry Lister, wood.....	12 00		
" James Boyd.....	50 00		
" Ellison Bradford.....	75 00		
" Duncan McIlhonnall.....	124 00		
" Arthur McCluskey.....	20 00		
" H. R. Hammond.....	37 12		
" J. Dion, shovelling snow.....	50		
" Jos. Malette.....	60		
" S. McKimkie, cut grass.....	2 50		
" W. S. McBride, rep.....	2 65		
" J. LeFebvre cut, and pile wood.....	23 20		
" Geo. F. Calder, (copies of Documents).....	11 90		
" Canada Stamp Co. school Mont. Witness, (adv.).....	2 65		
" J. Berniqu, haul lumber.....	1 00		
" Rev. H. Chatters, deputy examiner.....	10 00		
" J. Foreman gongs & fittings.....	19 85		
" Postage.....	1 53		
" Cash on hand.....	119 27		
	\$6,366 07		
Statement of Assets & Liabilities for year ending 30th June, 1905.			
ASSETS DIRECT.			
Taxes.....	\$870 68		
Fees.....	53 10		
LIABILITIES DIRECT.			
Loan from Bellingham Legacy.....	\$1575 00		
" John Meikle legacy.....	400 00		
" Interest on L. gages.....	71 25		
" J. R. McQuat, pay sa's.....	700 00		
" Int. on same.....	1 75		
" Balance due caretaker.....	39 00		
" Bellingham Scholarship.....	54 09		
" J. W. Cottingham, rep.....	3 25		
" H. Giles & Bro., paper.....	1 00		
" G. Meikle co. school sup.....	11 57		
" J. R. McQuat.....	4 58		
" J. W. Raitt, (hose).....	9 75		
" Lachute Water works, water.....	15 00		
" R. St. A. clotyre, wood.....	34 50		
" Wm Ewing Co., flowers & plants.....	11 00		
" H. R. Hammond, wood.....	42 63		
" Debentures (Standard Life Ass. Co.).....	277 14		
	\$4,251 62		
ASSETS INDIRECT.			
Academy Buildings & grounds.....	\$14000 00		
Apparatus furniture, etc.....	1000 00		
	\$15000 00		
LIABILITIES INDIRECT.			
Debentures (Stan. Life Ass'd).....	\$10932 73		
Amt. assets over Liabilities ind.....	4017 27		
	\$15000 00		
Lachute, Aug. 29, 1905. Audited & found correct.			
G. J. WALKER, J. W. RAITT, Auditor, Sec. Treas.			
Lachute School Commissioners.			

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 PERRIN Plow.

Made in three different styles—

Single Furrow, Riding

Double Furrow, Riding

and Two furrow, Gang.

We carry a large stock of Agricultural Machinery, Wagons, Buggies, Sleighs, Harness, Washing Machines, Wringers, Wheelbarrows, Sawing Machines, Stoves, Etc., Etc.

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 "Stanfields" 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 Morr's Chairs, La dies' 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

THE... HUNTED MAN

"And you think that everything promises well, Mr. Maurice?"

"My dear Miss Linton, I think that, so far as our efforts are concerned, Sir Ernest Parvyn will be free of Dartmoor by ten o'clock to-night. Thanks to your bribes and the promise of more, the warder will not fail us. He will be securely hidden after his escape until the motor-car can carry him to comparative safety. The chauffeur, I have engaged, can be entirely trusted, the yacht is ready, and you can be well away soon after midnight."

"Ah! how can I thank you for all you have done?"

"I have had a difficult task, I admit, and by way of reward I want you to make me a promise."

"A promise? And what is that?"

"It is simply this. My cousin, Sir Ernest Parvyn, was convicted of forging and negotiating certain bonds. You say he is innocent—well, perhaps; but I know nothing about that. I only know that you desired his escape, and, although you are aware how deeply I love you, I have sunk my own happiness to aid him. So far as I can be certain our plans for to-night will succeed, but should they fail by any chance you will lay yourself open to the charge of attempting the liberation of a convict."

"How will they connect me with the matter?"

"My negotiations with the warder have been conducted in your name. To save himself, he will implicate you. If, therefore, we fail to-night, there is only one way to escape punishment."

"And that is?"

"You must come away with me. The yacht is waiting, and we can quietly escape. We must stay aboard until the affair has blown over, and then you can come back as—"

"Yes?"

"Mrs. George Maurice."

"Your wife? Oh, no, no; I could not do that. I promised Ernest I would wait—I promised."

"You cannot waste the next ten years of your life waiting for a convict. Parvyn may be innocent or guilty, but I do not intend to allow you to run any more risk. If we fail to-night I insist upon your coming away with me and hiding your identity under my name."

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall warn the authorities that Convict Parvyn, aided from outside and within, is about to break prison."

"You would never do it?"

"Do you think that I am made of stone, that I can be kicked along without feeling it? I have sacrificed all hope of happiness in aiding Parvyn's escape, and our plans are so well laid that there is but a bare possibility of failure. I reserve that possibility as a reward for myself. If we succeed you and Parvyn sail in the yacht; if we fail—"

"I must go with you?"

"Precisely. I see nothing else for it. You accept?"

"Since you insist upon making terms, I must."

"Then be ready at ten o'clock, but do not be alarmed if there is any delay in our arrival."

When George Maurice left Mamie Linton he walked home in a very contented frame of mind.

"Things are coming my way at last," he reflected. "Old Sir Rupert Parvyn dead of a broken heart, his saintly successor Sir Ernest in jail, and the scapegrace Jack Parvyn shot in a drunken brawl in San Francisco. Nothing now bars my succession to the Parvyn estates but the jail-bird, and if my friendly warder earns his money and shoots straight my last obstacle will receive decent interment at the expense of the Government. Then to settle down to a jolly life with Mamie. Yes, I'm in luck at last!" With this comfortable reflection he entered his sitting-room with the idea of celebrating the occasion with a brandy and soda. As he did so a man rose from the depths of an easy-chair and confronted him mutely. Maurice started back with a gasp of astonishment.

"Jack Parvyn!"

"Yes; Jack Parvyn."

"But—your reported death?"

"Sorry I couldn't oblige you. I'm not dead just yet, notwithstanding the two narrow escapes I had at the hands of your friends. I found San Francisco wasn't healthy and cleared out, leaving your hired assistants to earn your money by killing an unknown man and identifying the body as yours truly."

"It is not true."

"I am not here to listen to lies. After leaving Frisco I travelled down to Mexico, and there, in an old English newspaper, I saw the announcement of my father's death. What killed him?"

"Heart disease, I believe."

"Rubbish! He was killed by the disgrace of his eldest son and heir being convicted of forging bonds; and you—great Heaven! how can I keep my hands off you? You stood by and saw this injustice committed

without raising a finger to save him. You forged the bonds and made me your innocent tool in negotiating them, after which you frightened me out of the country. I have yet to learn how you managed to implicate Ernest."

"Ernest is such a self-sacrificing fool that perhaps he did not require implicating."

"You mean—"

"I mean that you could not expect me to bang my head against a jail door by incriminating myself, and when your brother discovered your connection with the frauds he was quick enough to shield his father's favorite son by taking his guilt upon himself."

"You scoundrel! I see your game. You knew that two years in jail would kill Ernest, and with my death in Frisco you are next in succession; but you have played your last card, and I take the trick."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to right this matter at once by giving myself up and laying information against you. Ernest must be released immediately."

"Do not do anything foolish, but listen to me. You do not think I intend your brother, and my cousin, to remain in jail. I have been working tooth and nail for him, and to-night he will be free."

"Released?"

"No; escaped. He is, through the connivance of a friendly warder, to be securely hidden on the moor. At a safe time a motor-car will pick him up. I am to meet him at Holgate Quarry. A yacht is waiting at the sea coast, and they will sail together to find their happiness."

"They?"

"Your brother and Mamie Linton."

"Mamie! Thank Heaven she is true to him! But I cannot believe you. Knowing as I do of your love for Miss Linton, you are too big a scoundrel to assist another man to carry off the prize. And what if this plan succeeds? My brother cannot claim his estates, but must live his days a hunted man."

"I assure you—"

"Assure me nothing, for I will not believe you. It is my opinion that you have persuaded my brother to escape, well knowing that he will be shot if his attempt is discovered. There is no time to be lost!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Wire to the governor of the prison of this projected escape, and ask him to safeguard my brother until I arrive."

"You dare not."

"And why?"

"Because, in all probability, Ernest by this time is safe in hiding, and in any case he would not thank you to get Miss Linton into trouble."

"Mamie! What has she got to do with it?"

"Simply that bribing the warders and all other arrangements have been carried out in her name, and assisting a felon to escape carries with it a heavy penalty."

"You consummate blackguard, I might have known that you would not risk your skin in any way."

"Your hands are tied, Jack, and hard words are of no use. The only thing you can do is to join us and come with me to meet Ernest at the Holgate Quarry to-night."

"You have got the whip-hand for the moment, and I accept your proposal, but once Ernest is well away I warn you that I intend to set to work to see him righted, and if one hair of his head is injured in this foolhardy attempt to escape, look to yourself, George Maurice, for you will have Jack Parvyn to reckon with."

II.

A short distance from the Holgate Quarry two prison warders crouched in the shadow of a wall.

"It is long past ten. Are you certain this is the place?" asked one.

"I am sure of it. The fellow that's financing this game is too keen upon getting Sir Ernest out of the way to take any risks, especially as there is a lady in the case."

"Well, he ought to be here by now. Listen!"

As the men listened intently the faint rumble of a motor-car was distinctly heard. Gradually the sound became louder, and then, about a mile up the long lane, the side-lights shone out distinctly. It was the vehicle for which they had been anxiously waiting during the last hour, and both the warders aroused themselves for action.

Nearer and nearer came the lights—half a mile, a quarter; then a hoarse cry was borne upon the still air, followed by a crash. The car had overturned.

Leaving their hiding-place the warders rushed up the lane. Reaching the scene of the accident they found the car in a ditch, and stretched in the road was the senseless form of the chauffeur. Sir Ernest Parvyn, the escaped convict, was nowhere to be seen.

"Our bird has taken wing, unless he is under the car."

"Then if he is we've earned our money, for he'll be as flat as a pancake, and there's no need for shooting."

At that moment the moon shone out, and a few hundred yards away the warders saw a figure speeding along the road.

"That's our man; after him!"

They both set off at top speed,

and the hunted man, perceiving the situation, redoubled his efforts.

On they went, faster and faster, until nearing the Holgate Quarry, and then Parvyn, worn out by anxiety and long fasting, suddenly showed signs of exhaustion. On the warders came relentlessly, gaining yard by yard, and then arose the cry—

"Halt, or I fire!"

The hunted man looked to the right and left. On one hand was the open country with small chance of hiding; on the other, the Holgate Quarry with its tremendous depth of excavations. Without a moment's hesitation Parvyn made a leap for the wall and pulled himself up. There was a ledge of some width running along the other side, where possibly he might hide for a few minutes. As he balanced himself on the top for an instant a shot rang out. With a wild cry he threw up his arms and then crashed backwards into the depths of the quarry. Down, down, clutching wildly at ferns and bushes; pieces of rock dislodged by his passage joined in his flight. Torn, bleeding, despairing, and then, at last—oblivion.

Was it minutes or hours when he recovered consciousness? He knew not. He was only aware that in some miraculous way he had escaped death.

Then a confused murmur of voices reached his ears from far above him, and by the occasional rattle of small stones down the quarry side he knew that he must have been in-sensible but a very few minutes.

As he gathered his senses together a smarting pain in his shoulder told where the bullet had struck. He stretched out his arms to ascertain what other injuries had been caused by his fall, and suddenly he sat up with a cry of horror.

His hand had rested upon the face of a dead man.

It was pitch-dark in that dismal depth. Parvyn was still in his convict garb, and was without matches. Alone with this unknown horror, he at last summoned up sufficient courage to search the dead man's pockets, and was rewarded by finding a match-box.

With trembling hands he struck a light and held it to the dead face. "Great heavens! Jack! My brother!"

Yes; it was Jack Parvyn, sure enough, and the tears coursed down Sir Ernest's cheeks as he gazed at the well-loved face of his brother.

"How did he come by his death?"

And then the convict noticed the ends of at least a dozen matches lying by his brother's side, together with a pencil, and clutched tightly in the dead hand was a small note-book. Gently untwining the cold fingers he took possession of the book and read what the dead man had written:—

"My brother Ernest is innocent. The bonds were forged by George Maurice, and I was made an unsuspecting tool in negotiating them. I came home as soon as I learned the truth in order to clear Ernest. When George Maurice knew that I meant to expose him he lured me to the Holgate Quarry and threw me over. I am dying.—John Parvyn."

The match flickered out, and the man sat silent for a few minutes trying to piece the puzzle together. The chain of circumstantial evidence against him had been so complete that he had often wondered whether it had not been pre-arranged. With this message from the dead in his hands, he now understood many things that had hitherto seemed inexplicable.

One thing was certain. He had miraculously escaped death by falling across the body of his brother, and for a time at least he must keep his liberty. The warders would immediately search the quarry. The entrance was a quarter of a mile away, and they could not possibly reach him for at least twenty minutes.

After a little hesitation he stripped off his convict clothes, and in a few minutes had exchanged garments with his dead brother. There was a chance that when the warders came they would not recognize the difference, and, at any rate, it would give him a little time.

With a mute farewell he turned to grope his way through the darkness. He had gone but a few yards when a huge piece of stone, loosened by his fall, crashed down the quarry to the spot where he had been lately standing.

With an exclamation of horror he struck a light and looked back. The boulder had fallen across the upper part of his brother's body, and poor Jack Parvyn was beyond recognition. Weary and sick at heart—he turned away and stumbled up the wagon path that led to the entrance. His one desire now was rest and sleep; every bone in his body was aching.

Then, half-way up the winding track, a number of lanterns flashed, and he saw the forms of half-a-dozen men. Sinking down in a friendly clump of bracken he watched them slowly file past him, and in the foremost man he recognized his cousin, George Maurice.

In a short time he was free of the quarry and speeding along the road he knew so well. Oh, to be able to rest for a few hours!

There was only one haven near if he could reach it. Mamie! Mamie would take him in. The blood was flowing freely from his shoulder; he was growing weaker with every

step. At last, at last, the house was in sight, the well-remembered garden with its sweet-smelling flowers, the French windows so invitingly open, and a stream of light shedding a welcome to the hunted man.

He stood in the shadow for a moment. The room was empty. He stumbled blindly forward and swayed on the threshold, then faintness seized him and he fell senseless behind the heavy folds of the velvet curtains.

As he lay there he had a dream. It seemed as if Mamie Linton was walking restlessly to and fro before the open window. He could see her beautiful face and hear the caressing sweetness of her tender voice.

"Oh, will they never come? Surely all our plans have not miscarried? Oh, Ernest, Ernest, why are you not here? Ah! if you only knew how I long to see you once again. What is that? Ah! the motor-car at last—at last!"

As a man came dashing up the garden Parvyn completely recovered his senses, and George Maurice rushed into the room.

"Ernest! Ernest! Tell me, where is he?"

"Our plans have gone wrong. There is not a moment to lose. You must come with me without delay."

"But Ernest?"

"The motor-car was overturned close to Holgate Quarry. Sir Ernest made a dash for liberty, but was met by a search-party. He climbed the wall of the quarry and then fired. They brought his body up a few moments ago."

"Dead! Not dead?"

"Yes, my cousin is dead and you are in danger. The warder has confessed, and they will be here any minute. Come!"

"Nay, I will not go. What is the use?"

"I have kept my part of the bargain, and I insist upon you keeping yours. Come, I say—come at once."

He seized her by the arm and forced her towards the window.

"Stop!"

A blood-smear figure emerged from behind the curtains and confronted them.

"Ernest! Ernest!"

With a glad cry Mamie threw herself into his arms, and George Maurice started back at the apparition.

"Sir Ernest—and alive?"

"Yes, George Maurice, I am still alive."

"But I saw your body carried out of the quarry within the last half-hour."

"No; you saw the body of my brother Jack, whom you sent to his death but a few short hours ago."

"It—it is not true."

"Liar! It is true, and your cowardly face shows it. When I exchanged clothes with my dead brother in the quarry I found this note-book, wherein he managed to write before he died. Here is the proof of my innocence and your guilt. You committed the crime of which I was convicted, and you are the murderer of my brother."

With a cry of rage and terror Maurice sprang forward with a revolver in his hand.

"Let me pass quietly, or by Heaven I will shoot."

Parvyn sprang forward and seized him by the throat, and in a few minutes they were engaged in a deadly struggle. Then there was a sharp report and the two men fell. George Maurice had a bullet through his brain, and Sir Ernest Parvyn had fainted from sheer exhaustion and loss of blood.

For many days Parvyn lay delirious, hovering between life and death, and when at last, through the tender nursing of Mamie Linton, he became his natural self, it was to find that he was no longer a hunted man. A considerate Government had extended to him a gracious pardon for a crime of which he was innocent, and the future, with Mamie by his side, seemed to open out into a glorious vista of love and happiness.—London Tit-Bits.

A BASE-BOARD.

Mrs. Dobbs waited until dinner was over before she handed Mr. Dobbs the note Willie had brought from his teacher.

"My boy," said Dobbs, when he had read it, "I understand from this that you are excused from school until the board of education has an opportunity to consider your case?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie, who had begun to whimper.

"Do you know what the board of education is, my son?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Dobbs went into the shed and selected a thin, flexible strip of board. Then he summoned his son, and for several minutes he was busy with Willie.

"That, my son," he said, as he finished, "is the board of education that was of use to me when I was a boy."

"A judge has just decided that umbrellas are private property." "Good! And, by the way, where is the one that you took from my hat rack just two years ago?"

Elvira was dressed for the ball when her girl chum dropped in. "How do I look in this new gown, Stella?" she asked. "Positively handsome," answered Stella. "Why, I really didn't recognize you at first."

BUSY ITALIAN JUDGES

ITALY SHOULD BE A GOOD COUNTRY FOR LAWYERS.

Judges Always on the Bench—Some of the Remarkable Cases.

Italy may be called the land of trials, says a letter from Rome. They are always plentiful and often highly interesting. The Italian judges appear to be the only busy people in the hot weather; they do not really work very hard or exert themselves more than is good for their health, but they sit a great deal; and some long trial or other is always dragging on.

The Ercolessi trial—an army captain and his wife accused of selling important military documents and secrets to France, a sort of Dreyfus affair reversed—is just over. The Bonmartini trial—quite an aristocratic case, in which an unfaithful wife, Countess Bonmartini, instigated her brother to kill her husband, after some experiments with a poison furnished by her doctor lover had failed—has been going on since 1903 at Turin. The Modugno trial—the story of an engineer officer who returned heavily laden with loot from China and shot his wife after making her sign a letter saying she had committed suicide—is on at Perugia. The latest trial, known as the "Benedetti case," is about to begin at Milan, and it deserves a brief description.

INVENTOR OF BREASTPLATE.

Ernesto Benedetti, a young man, ran a small restaurant and wine shop in Rome, and in the intervals between cooking and serving his customers he found relaxation in making several inventions, none of which brought him fame. But the young man was not impatient; he bided his time. Just before hostilities broke out between Russia and Japan, he announced a startling discovery—nothing less than a bullet-proof breastplate, very light and portable, which rendered soldiers absolutely invulnerable!

The Italian Government, to which the invention was first offered by the patriotic Benedetti, refused to have anything to do with it, so the inventor advertised extensively his discovery, and as a consequence the military attaches of all the foreign powers accredited to Rome were for once very busy. They tested the wonderful breastplate, shooting at Benedetti, who wore it and came out unscathed from their volleys, thanks to a chain-mail shirt, his enemies said—and then they reported to their respective War Offices.

RUSSIA PLACES BIG ORDER.

The Russian attaché wrote as follows: "Since the discovery of gun-powder this invention is by far the greatest and most important in the science of war, and it alters the principles which have since then governed modern warfare. The Benedetti breastplate has solved one of the greatest problems. Soldiers can now expose themselves with impunity to the enemy's fire, reach the firing line without any losses, and deliver irresistible assaults." Such an enthusiastic description could not be resisted at headquarters. The Russian Government ordered Benedetti to furnish 100,000 breastplates at once for use in Manchuria.

The young inventor closed his shop, drank his stock of wine, we may presume, to celebrate his good luck, hurried to Milan and floated a company called the "Benedetti monopoly." A few days later he signed a contract with a Russian staff officer, Col. Muller, hot from St. Petersburg, and got \$14,000 in advance for the order given him.

TROUBLE COMES QUICKLY.

But the Japanese legation at Rome somehow got wind of this affair, and as a result a polite reminder was sent to the Italian Government recalling the duties of neutrals. Benedetti, therefore, was notified that his breastplates could not get out of Italy. Without losing any time he returned to Rome and offered the breastplates to Japan. He even went so far as to say that he was quite willing to furnish breastplates both to Russia and Japan. But probably neither country wished the war to drag on for an indefinite time, as it would have done had the soldiers of both armies been invulnerable, so Benedetti's offer was refused and Russia asked to have its \$14,000 back.

Benedetti not only refused to hand the money, but in turn asked Russia for damages. Things came to such a pitch that the police first and the tribunals afterward had to take the matter in hand. A commission of military experts was appointed to examine the celebrated breastplate, and it took them a very short time to conclude that it was a regular fraud and that Benedetti had taken everybody in and swindled Russia out of \$14,000 into the bargain.

The trial is coming on in a few days. It would be difficult to foresee what will be the upshot of it, but very likely Benedetti will be set free, he will reopen his shop, and devote his spare time to some other equally startling discovery.

He—"At what age do you think a girl ought to marry?" She—"Well, I couldn't think of setting the day before next October, George, when I shall be just 29."

REGINA FAIRFIELD;

—OR—

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued).

"Wolfgang," I said, softly, "I have been unjust to fancy for an instant that such a cause could produce such a terrible effect; but what is it, then, my brother?"

"Ah! a matter of heart and soul, of life and immortality, of heaven, and hell—leave me! I am distracted, delirious—leave me! You see that I am mad!"

"Can I not serve you in any manner, Wolfgang?"

"No, in no way but in leaving me alone. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you something—not now."

I reluctantly left the room, my thoughts still continuing absorbed in Wolfgang and dwelling upon his woe.

To have seen him the next morning no one could believe it possible that he would ever, under any circumstances, have yielded to such tempest of grief, or abandoned himself to such a more than womanish weakness. Dark, erect, haughty, reserved he seemed, even to me, quite inaccessible. My affection for him was so great, my wish to do him good so importunate, that in a few days I re-assayed to do so.

We had been sauntering through the lawn together. We sat down on a bench under the shade of an oak tree. He fell into silence—into gloom. I thought that now was a favorable opportunity. His hands were folded and his eyes bent in abstraction upon a ring, which he then evidently saw not, on his little finger. "Of what are you thinking, Wolfgang?" I asked. He started, turned, flashed on me a broad blaze of sheet-lightning from his gray eyes and replied, with a sneer:

"I was thinking whether the coral, or the turquoise made the prettiest seal ring!"

Repelled by his freezing reserve and almost insulting scorn, I arose in anger and left him. That night, as I was in my room alone, he suddenly entered, and, throwing his arms around me, strained me to his bosom, almost distractedly, saying:

"Bear with me, Fairfield! I could not sleep with an estrangement between us. Bear with me. I am always the same. I am an embodied war! I am not always myself!"

The tender, the childish weakness certainly possessed him now. I thought—I wished I knew which was the other one—whether the haughty, regnant scornful spirit, or whether the tender, loving, almost infantile nature, was his own peculiar self. I did not like to be hugged by a boy, either. I never did. There is a physical repulsion about the thing; and I felt the antipathy then, even when the affections of my soul moved so strongly toward him. I returned his embrace in a hurried manner, and then released him, loving him a hundred times more comfortably, after he had withdrawn his arm from around my waist, than I did while they encircled me; but then I possessed a cold, he an ardent, temperament. He left me seemingly the happier for our reconciliation. I certainly was. For the next week or so the prince was in the ascendant, and it was perilous to any one's self-esteem to approach his highness. One day, however, when he seemed unusually gloomy, I took his hand and said:

"Wolfgang, it is useless to try to disguise the fact, or conceal it from one who loves you as well as I do—there is a secret sorrow preying on your breast, eating your heart out—an arrow canker in your festering bosom; let the hand of friendship, of brotherly love, draw it out and dress the wound."

I had better left him alone. He turned on me a look of haughty indignation, and said, in a tone of withering scorn:

"A secret sorrow—a festering wound; verbal prettiness! And then the idea—are you perchance a reader of romances, sir?"

I was nettled, more especially as I had only my own officious impertinence to blame for the affront; but people will take vengeance on any one before their own dear selves, so I answered him, angrily:

"Yes, I am an occasional reader of romances, and they teach me, at least, one lesson of discretion, to wit, that 'where there is much mystery there is more guilt.'"

Again the broad sheet-lightning of his gray eyes blazed forth consumingly upon my face, and he turned white—white as the ashes of an intensely burning coal. I never saw such a diabolical countenance in all my life before, nor have I since. He started from me, and for days I saw nothing of him; he was ill, or sullen, in his own room. Thus ended my last attempt to win his confidence, but not our friendship,

which typhoons of passion seemed to shake only to strengthening.

The summer session was soon over, and we were going home, not again to return to school, but to enter college. When we were about to take leave of each other, Wolfgang gave way to his impulsive and passionate nature, and embraced me cordially again and again, saying, in excuse for his emotion:

"We part, Fairfield! We shall never meet again, probably, in this world. I am not going to return here. I am going to college."

I was very much affected at his manner. I was surprised also at his announcement.

"Going to college? What college are you going to?"

"To Harvard University," he said, embracing me again.

"To Harvard? I was to have entered the University of Virginia; but, Wolfgang, why need we part, since we are Damon and Pythias—come you also to the University of Virginia."

A thundercloud darkened his brow, and once more the vivid lightning flashed from his eyes.

"No! Impossible! I cannot go there!"

"Cannot?"

"Cannot—you understand!"

"Your father is obstinate in his own choice of a university, irrespective of your taste and wishes?"

"My father is the soul of kindness and moderation! But, as you say, he prefers that I should enter Harvard."

"Well! my guardian will acquiesce in my wishes in that respect, and, as you cannot accompany me to Charlottesville, I must meet you at Harvard. Au revoir!"

We took a brotherly leave of each other, and separated to meet, at the opening of the winter term, at the university.

When I reached home my guardian was alarmed at what he called my consumptive looks; attributed it to too much confinement and too severe study, and insisted upon my remaining at home, visiting my Louisiana relations, or travelling a year before going to the university.

My strength, in fact, for the last six months, had suffered some decline, but it had been so gradual that I had scarcely observed it. The change was apparent to those who had seen me in full health a half year previous.

Every one likes upon occasion to find themselves an object of interest, especially every one who, like me, had sadly missed parental affection and solicitude. I had no objection to be petted, coddled and indulged. I was easily persuaded to give up the contemplated seclusion and monotony of the university for twelve months of pleasing travel-variety.

I pass over the incidents of my year of travel, as they have little to do with the subject of my story, with one exception to wit: I found, on visiting the plantation of my bachelor uncle in East Feliciana, that he had just taken unto himself a wife; a circumstance that might seriously affect my future in one very important respect—reduce my prospects from those of a millionaire to that of a man of very modest competence, such as my moderate patrimony would afford.

However, the discovery of the fact had no effect upon my mind beyond exciting my mirthfulness at the amazing secretiveness of the old gentleman about his marriage, for which I could see no rational cause. Why should he not make himself happy at fifty-five? It was late in the day to be sure, and seemed a great deal queerer in an old bachelor who had lived half a century in single blessedness than it would have looked in a widower even older. The probable loss of the heirship of his wealth gave me no sort of uneasiness. The mercenary capacities of a youth of eighteen are not usually expanded enough to take the extent, strong enough to weigh the specific gravity, or shrewd enough to estimate the value of millions. All they want at present is plenty of pocket money for passing fancies and follies.

My twelve months of freedom expired, and, with invigorated health and renewed ardor for study, I prepared to enter Harvard University.

It was at the opening of the winter term that I reached that place, and there I met again Wolfgang Wallraven, so changed as to be no longer the same, not as to be unrecognizable, for his dark and wild individuality would have revealed itself through all atmospheres.

But could this tall, dignified, self-possessed and graceful young gentleman be indeed the development of that fierce, morose boy, with his sudden gushes of tenderness, his

collapse of utter weakness, and his prostrations of despair? And could this be the work of only a year?

I inquired how long he had been at the university.

He replied, "twelve months," adding that he had remained there during the intermission between the two terms.

"That is it," thought I. "There is something in that home of his that warps, degrades, and stunts him. Ever after going home, he has returned more acrid, morose, fierce, and dangerous than before. That home! What an interest it has for me. With what a glamour it attracts me! I wish he would invite me to it!"

As time passed, I discovered that the character of Wallraven had undergone a change, or perhaps only an apparent change, scarcely less surprising than that of his person and manners; the wild and wayward temper, the fierce outbreaks of passion, the morose surliness, were gone or governed; the fitful, loving, tender, childlike nature had disappeared, or was suppressed; the almost servile humility with which, without giving me his confidence, he would cast himself upon my sympathy for support—fits of feebleness, or idiocy, that almost fatally betrayed his nobler nature, were utterly sunk, and the haughty, the regnant spirit had arisen upon it. There was an air of regal beauty, of commanding grace, in his person and manner, such as I have never since seen in but one other man. The prince had certainly gained the permanent ascendancy, and now governed the whole inner kingdom, once so discordant, conflicting and rebellious.

And yet—yet—there were times when certain gleams from his eyes seemed to warn me that all that was worst and most dangerous in his character was not dead, but sleeping, and gathering gigantic strength in repose; that some day, and under some circumstances, the fiend within him might break out with terrible and destroying fury.

Our mutual esteem and affection constantly increased. He was my confidant at least, and if I were not his, my matured reason convinced me that it was because the secrets of his bosom, whatever they were, could not be imparted, but he compensated me by the most devoted affection.

At the end of the term, I invited him to accompany me home; but he declined the visit. I thought that he might possibly return the courtesy by a similar invitation to me, which on parsonage I should certainly have accepted; but he did not. To be brief, we spent a few days and a half together at college before either of us knew anything personally of the family of the other. At the end of every term, I renewed my invitation, which he always declined. At the close of our third term, as a matter now of habit more than of expectation, I invited him to go home with me, and to my surprise and delight, he accepted my invitation, and prepared to accompany me.

It was while we were on our journey that I told him my sister, Regina, would be home for the holidays, and that, above all things, I was desirous of presenting him to her, my "Queen of Beauty," my "fair one with gold locks."

(To be Continued.)

Blinkins—"How can I make my chimney stop smoking?" Jenks—"Give it one of those cigars you gave me this morning."

The other night a man gave an open-air lecture. At the conclusion he said that, with the permission of the crowd, he would send his hat round, and would be thankful for some little encouragement. The hat was passed around, and came back to him empty. He gave a sigh, and then said:—"Well, when I come to look at what I've been talking to, all I have got to say is, 'Thank goodness I've got my hat back.'"

The Chinaman—"Me no like to fight."

The Chief—"You are charged with conduct unbecoming an officer."

The Policeman—"How's that, sir?" The Chief—"You were seen entering the front door of a saloon last night instead of the family entrance."

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The Farm

RIGHT LIVING ON THE FARM.

Now, the writer of this article was born on a Virginia farm and raised at the plow handles. His father who was a poor boy and started at the bottom, was one of the best farmers in the country. He taught his boys that the only way to do a thing was the best way. No excuse was accepted for any task that had not been done just as well as it possibly could be.

Plowing was made an art. The study of the soil and its requirements was a daily lesson. Cultivation of crops was no haphazard, slipshod work, but was satisfactory only when it could not be improved with the time and means at our disposal. The care of live stock was taught the boys of the family as faithfully and intelligently as their lessons were taught by the strict, whole-souled old bachelor in the little log schoolhouse.

Our father loved the farm and he taught his boys the secret of it, and they, too, learned to love it, because it gave them pleasure and profit.

There was hard work on the farm and plenty of it. We still have vivid recollections of the cold, raw days in the spring when we followed a pair of horses hitched one at each end of a 16-foot pole, and dragged down the corn stalks; the calf at daylight, in plowing time, when a fellow could not believe he had been asleep more than an hour, to plod the furrow until dark; the long, hot days in the harvest field when the burning sun seemed to hang at exactly one spot in the sky for hours, and the beads of the wheat became longer and sharper and more insistent upon forcing their way inside our shirts as the day wore on; the straining with long-handled forks at the haystacks in the meadow, one man on each side pitching on the tall wagon, the stifling dust in the haymow, the struggle to keep from being buried when the big fork loads came crowding in through the door propelled by the lusty arms of the boys on the wagon; the cutting of fodder in the crisp fall days; the hauling of the winter wood in the late fall; the storing of the vegetables; the care of the stock, night and morning, and the many other duties of farm life are all familiar to the boys that are left of the family.

The milking and the small chores were left to the servants, but the real work of the farm was done by the father and the boys. It was honest, manly, ennobling work and we were all proud of being farmers.

We tried to be the best in our neighborhood. Each boy had a share in some crop for his own. One or two calves, pigs or sheep were his to dispose of as he chose for his own benefit. Each boy had his own saddle-horse or driving horse. These were colts bred on the farm, and broken by their owners to suit their own taste and usages.

The family drove to church or town in a three-seated light wagon behind a team that took nobody's dust. We went to every public meeting of importance and took a hand in politics.

Father kept open house and our table was always big enough to seat a neighbor or two besides the family. We had family prayer night and morning, at which all the servants were present. This worship was omitted only three times in one period of twelve years, and the memory of those hallowed moments when all the world was shut out, and we knelt in humble devotion in the big, old-fashioned living-room has always been an influence for good in the lives of every one of us.

And so we lived on the farm and grew up to love every foot of it, and so lived many of our neighbors. Those who found farm life hard and unprofitable were unfortunate, because they were unfitted for farm work, or were handicapped by ill

health or lack of energy. The farmers who carried on their work in the right way, and made farming a business, and not a mere hopeless drudgery of digging a bare living out of the soil, were prosperous and happy, just as that class of men is prosperous and happy to-day.

The conditions of farm life are better now than ever—many times—and the opportunities afforded young men to obtain scientific, and therefore useful knowledge of farming, through the Agricultural colleges, farmers' institutes and modern farm magazines are greater than ever before. There are better markets, better transportation and better facilities of every kind for making farming profitable and pleasant, and the young man who adopts it as a life business can be as rich, independent and useful as he chooses. There is no limit to the field for his ambition.

THE MARE AND COLT.

David Irmie, a very successful breeder of horses, gives the following good advice to beginners in colt-handling.

When you find a horse that breeds well with your mares, use him right along as long as you get good colts and you will have a lot of colts of the same disposition, conformation and color, so that you can match up teams, for it takes all three of these to make a perfectly matched team. You can sometimes put a 3-year-old and 4-year-old, or a 4 and 5, or 5 and 6-year-old together, and mate them up better, as a nicely matched team always brings a little more money than it not-matched, but the least defect in a matched team is color. After all there is no bad color for a good horse.

The brood mares, in fact all horses and colts that are not at work in the winter, should be turned in a good-sized yard every day unless it is stormy, this yard should not be icy as there is danger of their falling and getting hurt. We stable all our horses and colts nights and feed them twice a day oats and clover hay with some bran.

When spring comes be careful with the brood mares and any other horses that may have been idle during the winter. Work them lightly at first, taking some time to get them used to the work. In this way you can do more work, and have your horses in better condition when you are through with the spring work.

I prefer to have the colts come about the first of June, as by that time we have our spring work done and can give the mares a better chance. Have a clean, roomy box-stall—it is well to whitewash it every year, disinfect it with kerosene or some other good disinfectant; be on hand when the little fellow appears.

Feed the mare lightly for a few days, increasing her feed gradually. If you have to work the mare never let the colt follow her. Keep it in the stable and bring the mother in, in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon, to let the colt suck. The colt will soon learn to eat oats with its mother, give him all he will eat twice a day or leave the lid of the oat box open and let him help himself. If the mare and colt are on pasture, feed her night and morning so that the colt will learn to eat oats.

When we want to wean them they are eating oats and hay and they do not get a backset. I have seen farmers let their mares and colts run on pasture alone and when they wanted to work the mares, would shut the colts up in the barn where they could worry and fret, and not knowing how to eat oats would go a backset that they would never get over.

Weaning time is a critical period in the life of the colt. Put a halter on it and tie it beside its mother at night, letting it run with her in the daytime for a few days, then wean it altogether, but do not keep it tied in the stable all of the time; give it a box-stall, or a yard, or better, a pasture with some other colts, yearlings or 2-year-olds that it is acquainted with, and it will grow right along. Feed it well the first winter—give it the best hay you have, some corn fodder, plenty of oats, a little bran, and some carrots if you have them, so that it never loses its colt fat.

After the pasture is good gradually decrease the oats until it is on pasture alone. It will grow fast and go into winter quarters in fine condition. Feed them well the next winter; in fact, always feed well.

I have heard farmers say that if you wanted a good, tough horse you should let them rough it outdoors in storms with little or no grain. I have seen some of these colts and the only toughness I could see about them was their looks—they did look pretty tough.

I like to break these colts to harness in the winter or spring, before they are three years old. Hitch them up with their mother if she is a good, steady animal, or some other steady horse that they are acquainted with. Work them lightly until they get accustomed to the work. Never work a colt until it is very tired. Some seem to think you should tire them out the first time you hitch them up. Don't do it; you may spoil them altogether.

Don't break them but educate them, and don't try to educate them at once.

CALLED DOWN.

The Chief—"You are charged with conduct unbecoming an officer."

The Policeman—"How's that, sir?" The Chief—"You were seen entering the front door of a saloon last night instead of the family entrance."

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For tickets and further information apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXX.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1905.

NO. 40

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.

Do You Want

Stove Pipes and Elbows,
Stove Boards, Coal Hods,
Fire Shovels, Coal Sifters,
We have a large assortment from
which you may choose.

We are clearing out our stock
of crockery, glassware, etc., and
offer you great bargains. It
will pay you to call and see.

W. S. McBRIDE,
Main St., Lachute.

LOST.

On the road between Brownburg and
Lachute. A pay envelope containing \$40.00.
Eider returning same to John Carpenter,
Brownburg, will be suitably rewarded.

Traps—Don't be trapped with
buying your supply of **Steel Traps**
for the hunting season until you call and
see the bargains we have for you.

T. McQUAT & SON.

MEN'S & BOYS' ULSTERS—We still
carry a large line of these goods; men's at
\$5 are leaders; boys from \$3 up.

W. BANFORD.

Weather probabilities—For
the next few weeks turning colder.
Call and pick out your Horse Blankets we
have the most complete stock to choose
from and the prices—well say you must see
them to believe it. T. McQUAT & SON.

DINNER SETS—Ninety-seven pieces
in the set, beautifully gilt, choice colour-
ings, prices low. We will take your poultry
later in payment, select now.
W. BANFORD.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. A. D. Kennedy spent Monday
in Rockland.

Miss G. McQuat is visiting friends
in the city.

Mrs. (Dr.) Alexander spent Wednes-
day in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Staniforth, are
visiting in Montreal.

The Butter-Factory is to be opened
on Monday, November 6th.

Miss Buckham left this morning for
a short visit to her parents in King-
ston.

Mrs. Jas. McFaul returned on Sat-
urday from a month's stay in Mont-
real.

Messrs. E. T. Ayers and H. Tessier
left on Monday for a trip to Oakland,
Maine.

Owing to Thanksgiving, the Acad-
emy will be closed on Thursday and
Friday.

Mrs. T. C. Evans and her son Mr. G.
Evans, are visiting friends in town
and vicinity.

Mr. J. N. A. McKay of St. Andrews,
has disposed of the De Beauvoir farm
at Carillon to Mr. Jos. Bradley of
Le aux Chats.

Mr. Jas. W. Griffith returned on
Monday last from a business trip to
Sault Ste Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burwash of Ot-
tawa are spending Thanksgiving with
his brother, Mr. H. E. Burwash.

Rev. Dr. Young of Montreal, is ex-
pected to speak at the S.S. Con-
vention in the Methodist church on Nov.
2nd, at 8.15 p.m.

Miss McCallum of the Children's
Memorial Hospital, Montreal, who
has been spending several weeks in
town, has returned home.

A Sunday School Convention has
been arranged for, particulars of
which will be found in our next issue.
It will be held in the Methodist
Church on Nov. 2nd and 3rd.

The shooting match to be held in
the Victoria Rink on Friday next for
some fifty turkeys, is being much
talked of. The match is promoted by
Messrs. O. Paquette and H. A. Blair.

Messrs. Geo. and Jno. Hay arrived
home on the S.S. Dominion of the
Dominion Line on Tuesday last, and
brought with them some fourteen im-
portations of Clydes, Hackneys and
Shires.

Mr. G. H. Perley, M.P., has again
shown his generosity and interest in
the Lachute Academy by donating a
number of very useful and instructive
books for use in the Elementary and
Model Departments.

The many friends of Mrs. Waddell
will rejoice to learn that she has so
far recovered from the serious opera-

tion which she underwent a few weeks
ago as to be able to return to her
home.

The Misses L. and I. Kearns of Mon-
real, are visiting friends in town.

Mr. A. A. Ireland of Philipburg,
spent Thanksgiving in town visiting
friends.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas
were in Cornwall, on Monday night.
Mr. Thomas lectured on the subject of
the idea of society, and Mrs. Thomas re-
cited a series of facts to illus-
trate the lecture. Next week they
have other engagements in Eastern
Ontario towns.

The Rev. M. E. Styan has resigned his
pastorate of the Lachute Baptist
Church, and expects to remove with
his family to Magog on Nov. the 1st.
Next Sunday being his last in town,
the services will be of a farewell na-
ture.

The services in the Methodist
Church on Sunday, will be conducted
by the Rev. Geo. Armstrong of Mont-
real. The Rev. E. Thomas will be
preaching in the Church of
Green's University Church, Kingston.
He has also been invited to be the
guest of the Conference of Green's Uni-
versity Graduates next week.

The Literary Society meets in its
usual place on Tuesday next the sub-
ject being "Nelson and Trafalgar."
It has been decided to omit from the
winter's programme anything of mer-
entertainment and to make the work
purely literary. Thus a course of
reading has been arranged dealing
with Tennyson's "Idylls of the King,"
Shakespeare's "As you like it" and
"The Tempest." Short papers on
special aspects of the subject will be
given at each meeting by the mem-
bers.

BIRTH.

GRAY.—At Bethany, Saturday Oct.
21st, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Gray, of Woodlawn, Ont.

MARRIAGE.

DONALDSON.—PINKETON.—At
Chatham, Que. on Wednesday, the
11th of Oct., 1905, by the Rev. Jas.
Fraser, Mary Pinkerton to Mr. Jno.
Donaldson.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THEIR ANIMAL PETS.

—:—:—

A picture that at present is the talk
of all England is entitled "Queen
Alexandra. Her Grandchildren, and
Dogs." We have seen a sample of
this famous picture reproduced, and
it certainly is a charming and interest-
ing subject. As usual, the Family
Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal,
always on the lookout for the latest
and best, have secured the American
rights, and their subscribers this sea-
son are in for the treat of their lives.
The picture must be seen to be appre-
ciated. It shows Queen Alexandra,
accompanied by her three Grand-
children, Prince Edward, the King
of England; Prince Albert, his brother,
and their sister, Princess Victoria
all on a visit to the Royal Kennels.
The picture of the Queen and grand-
children are excellent, and the lovely
colours and tones are reproduced
true to life. It is certainly the best
the Family Herald has ever offered
its readers, and there is bound to be a
big demand for it. The publishers
have also issued a book entitled:
"The Farmer's Manual and Veteri-
nary Guide," that our farmer readers
would do well to enquire about. A
sample may be seen at this office, or
full particulars may be had by writ-
ing to the Family Herald office. No
farmer should overlook it. All sub-
scribers receive the beautiful picture
absolutely free.

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 Fla-
nelette.

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.

Kennedy Clad.

The Largest and most up-to-date stock of Men's Goods
ever shown in Argenteuil. Suits, Overcoats, Rain
Water proof Coats, Ready to wear or made to
order. Hats, caps, underwear, etc. In fact

Everything worn by Man, From a Rubber Collar
To a Coon Coat.

Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

Yours for trade,

A. D. KENNEDY, The Gent's Outfitter

Another Snap for the Ladies.

Regular 55c flannel blousing for 35c a yd.
We only have about twenty-five lengths
of these goods, so come early as they will
not last long at the price.

Carpenter Bros.

The Popular Priced Store.

A Complete Assortment of Furs now in Stock.

About the House

SELECTED RECIPES.

The aitch or rump roast is one which is much neglected. To get it would be unwise for a small family as the bone is large, but for one of average size it is much less expensive than the so-called "best cuts," and much more uniformly tender. The rib roasts are not as profitable for a family whose members dislike fat or gristle, and most little people do both, and the porterhouse and sirloin have the tough bit at the end, but the aitch roast gives large slices of tender meat, and, over and above, abundance of clear fat which is better than lard for many kinds of sautéing and drip frying. Much of this should be removed and rendered separately to keep it light in color.

When tired of ordinary apple pie, line the bottom of a rather deep pie tin with paste as for a custard pie. To three cups of well-beaten apple sauce add the yolk of an egg and two level tablespoons of cornstarch, wet with water, sweeten to taste, and flavor if desired; bake in paste shell, and cover with a meringue of the white of the egg and two tablespoons of sugar. A good way is to measure before beginning to bake how many cups the pie tin will hold, as some only hold two.

To make a lemon rice pudding, boil a cup of well-washed rice in a quart of milk until very soft. Add to it while hot the beaten yolks of three eggs, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, eight tablespoons of sugar, and a pinch of salt. If too thick add a little milk. It should be rather thicker than boiled custard. Turn it into a pudding dish, beat the whites of the eggs very stiff with six tablespoons of powdered sugar, spread over the top and brown delicately in a slow oven.

A convenient and dainty way to have liver and bacon for breakfast is to alternate small pieces of liver and bacon on skewers and bake in the oven or broil until done.

Press dry cooked squash through a sieve; to a half-pint add two tablespoons of melted butter, quarter of a cup of milk, seasoning of salt and pepper, and two beaten egg yolks. Mix thoroughly, fold in two beaten egg whites, and turn into a buttered mold, set in a pan of hot water and bake in the oven until the center is firm. Serve turned from the mold and accompanied by a rich cream sauce made from one tablespoon each of flour and butter with a cup of scalded cream or rich milk, and seasoning of salt, pepper, celery salt, and mace. This can be baked in individual timbale molds if desired.

Eggs in a nest on baked tomatoes is made by cutting a slice from the stem end of each tomato and after scooping out very slightly, bake in the usual manner. Remove from the oven before quite done and mound a whipped white of egg on each. Drop a yolk of which the skin must not be ruptured, in the center of each mound, and replace in the oven until all the little peaks are lightly browned. Serve at once, garnishing with toast and parsley. This can also be carried out, using peppers in place of the tomatoes; either green or red ones may be used.

Corn fritters are preferred by many to the barbarous (?) fashion of eating that vegetable from the cob. To two cups of grated sweet corn add one cup of flour sifted with one teaspoon of baking powder, two teaspoons of salt, and a quarter-teaspoon of paprika; add also half a cup of finely chopped celery and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix thoroughly and then fold in the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and slowly fry to a pale brown. The fat should

be about half an inch in depth in the pan—deeper than is required for sautéing, but not deep enough to cover the fritters.

Grapes in Jelly.—This is a dish pleasing to the eye and to the palate, and is not very expensive. Soak half a box of gelatin in one cupful cold grape juice until it softens; then stir until dissolved into one quart of hot, purple grape juice, to which add the juice of one lemon; strain into a bowl set in shaved ice, and when commencing to congeal turn into an oval mould containing a perfect bunch of white grapes. Set on ice for half an hour, and when ready to serve dip into boiling water for an instant and slip on to a cold dish. Garnish with grapes.

WITH CUCUMBERS.

Cucumber and Lettuce Salad.—Let a cucumber chill thoroughly in ice water. Pare, then cut in slices lattice fashion on a handy slicer. Cut one slice, turn the cucumber half way round, and cut the next, and continue in the same manner. Let the slices stand in ice fifteen minutes. In the meanwhile cut off the root from a head of fresh, crisp curly lettuce, discarding the outer leaves. Wash each leaf thoroughly. Shake in a cheese cloth or a wire basket to free from the water, and wipe with cheese cloth or expose to the air a few minutes so turned as to drain off any water. Oil will not adhere to a wet surface. Pile the outer leaves one above the other, first removing any imperfections, and cut with a sharp knife into narrow ribbons. Pour four tablespoons of oil into a bowl, add a dash of paprika, and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, then beat in, little by little, one or two tablespoons of vinegar or lemon juice, and when an emulsion is formed pour over the lettuce placed in the bowl. Lift the lettuce with the spoon and fork to mix with the dressing. Drain and dry the cucumber slices between folds of the cloth and dress in the same manner, using enough oil and vinegar to coat the slices. Turn upon the lettuce and sprinkle the whole with fine chopped chives. If a clove of garlic be at hand cut it in halves and with it rub over both sides of a small slice of stale bread freed of crust. Cut the prepared bread into cubes and put them in the salad bowl first that they may catch any dressing that falls from the salad. Serve a cube of bread in each dish of salad.

Stewed Cucumber Sauce Supreme.—Pare three green cucumbers of medium size and cut in quarters crosswise. Cut each quarter into halves lengthwise and take out the seeds. Cook slowly half an hour in a quart of boiling water salted. Drain in a colander and then on a cloth and re-heat in a cup of sauce made of two tablespoons each of butter and flour, three-fourths cup chicken or veal broth, one-fourth cup cream, one teaspoon lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste.

Consomme with Stuffed Cucumber.—For three quarts consomme prepare three cucumbers. Pare the cucumbers, taking a thicker paring from the ends than the sides. With an apple corer remove the seeds, inserting the corer at both ends if needed. Parboil two minutes, rinsing in cold water, and drain on a cloth. Fill the opening with chicken or veal force meat. Let simmer half an hour in white broth with a dozen bits of salt pork, salt and pepper. When cooked cut in crosswise slices half an inch thick. Serve three or four in each portion of soup.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

Very strong tea will stop the bleeding from a cut.

A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not blister.

Keep honey in the dark. If exposed to the light it will quickly granulate.

Woolen clothes should be washed in two suds and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them.

Always heat new iron, such as ranges, very gradually at first, as this will prevent cracking.

Prunes are greatly improved by adding a little cider to the water in which they are cooked.

Stews of any kind of meat should merely bubble at the sides of the kettle and never really boil.

When making ginger snaps add a teaspoonful of vinegar and see what an improvement it will make.

The wax from dripping candles can be removed from table linen by a generous application of alcohol.

If potatoes are soaked in cold water two or three hours after peeling they will be whiter when cooked.

Young beets, boiled and chopped fine, make a delicious salad in combination with white lettuce leaves.

If mustard is made with boiling water with a little salt added it will not dry and cake in the mustard pot.

A few drops of coal oil dropped in the water with which windows are to be washed will save time and labor.

The flavor of most clear soups is improved by adding a small lump of sugar just before taking them from the fire.

Blinds can be nicely cleaned and brightened if after dusting and washing they are rinsed in clear water and ammonia.

If the housewife wants her consomme to jelly, she should be sure to crack the bones and cut away the meat from them.

Steak will be found much more tender if vinegar is rubbed all over it. It should then be left for half an hour before cooking.

Kerosene is an excellent purifier. In cleaning damp cellars rub it on

all the shelves and woodwork very thoroughly, using it without water.

A tablespoonful of borax is an agreeable addition to the dishwater and helps to keep the hands soft, instead of irritating them, as soda does.

Is it known that small pears make delicious pickles when made after the recipe for sweet pickle peaches? The fruit should be pared, but not quartered or cored.

The best thing for burns is linsed oil and lime water in equal portions. Cover the wound with sterilized cotton, dress carefully from time to time, and it will gradually heal.

THE KOGMOLLYCKS.

Something About More Northerly Fellow-Canadians.

A report received at the Mounted Police Department at Ottawa from Sergt. Fitzgerald, a very capable officer, who until recently was in command of the Mounted Police post at Fort McPherson, which is well up in the Arctic circle, contains considerable information with respect to the Eskimos and their habits.

"The Eskimos belong to this shore," he writes, "are called Kogmollycks. There are two tribes, one being Co-puck natives, and the other Herschel Island natives. They are fairly well built, the men averaging 5 feet 3 or 4 inches in height. All the older men have their lower jaws pierced in labrets, and the women have their chins tattooed. Of late years they have stopped this, and men and women of about twenty years have no marks. There are about 250 Kogmollycks, but they are very dirty in their habits and never wash."

"The Minatimutes, or Deermen, are inland Eskimos. Their hunting grounds start from about forty miles from Herschel Island, on Beaufort Sea, and run west of Point Barrow. They are a strongly-built people, the men being about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches in height. The older natives have the labrets and tattooing, the same as the Kogmollycks. They number in all about 100. There are a few families of Eskimos from Bering Straits who call themselves Masinkas. There is no marriage law with them. When a man is ready to take a wife, as a rule about the age of eighteen, he goes and lives with her in the house of her parents. That is the only form gone through. If they cannot agree they separate, but they generally get on well together. There are always a few medicine men in each tribe. If anything is about to happen he has a dance and tells the tribe all about it. If a native is sick the medicine man is called to drive the devil out of him. If the natives can get a doctor they always prefer it, so it would seem that they do not put much faith in the medicine man at the present time. I have found these natives very honest, and all the time I have been at Herschel Island I never heard of a case of stealing among them. They are a very hospitable people, and if a stranger comes to their house or tent everything they have is at his disposal. They are very healthy-looking, but I do not think that they live to a great age, as there are few men over fifty years of age among them. Eight died last year. The Eskimo is very much like the Indian. He will do anything to get liquor."

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

Your little one may be well and happy to-day, but would you know what to do if it awoke to-night with the croup, or went into convulsions or spasms to-morrow? The doctor may come too late. Have you a reliable remedy at hand? Baby's Own Tablets break up colds, prevent croup, reduce fever, check diarrhoea, cure constipation and stomach troubles, help the obstinate little teeth through painlessly, and give sound, healthful sleep. And they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff"—this is guaranteed. They are equally good for the new-born infant or the well-grown child. Mrs. Susan E. Mackenzie, Burk's Corners, Que., says:—"Before I began using Baby's Own Tablets, my little one was weak and delicate, since then she has had splendid health and is growing nicely. I find nothing so good as the Tablets when any of my children are ill." Sold by all druggists, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I asked my Pa a simple thing, "Where holes in doughnuts go?" Pa read his paper, then he said; "Oh, you're too young to know."

I asked my Ma about the wind, "Why can't you see it blow?" Ma thought a moment, then she said: "Oh, you're too young to know."

Now, why on earth do you suppose They went and licked me so? Ma asked, "Where is that jam?" I said: "Oh, I'm too young to know."

THAT'S THE QUESTION.

"It was only five years ago that I started in with our firm at \$5 a week," said Bragg, "and now I earn \$50 a week without trouble." "That's so; it's easy to earn that," replied Newitt, "but how much do you get?"

Full of Goodness

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is Pure, Delicious and Wholesome

Sold only in lead packets.

40c, 50c, and 60c. per lb.

By all Grocers.

Highest award, St. Louis, 1904

POSTMEN OF GREENLAND

HOW NEWS TRAVELS IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Story of the Franklin Expedition Held a Secret Eleven Years.

Even in the remote polar regions there are post offices within the international postal union.

For two cents a postal card can be sent, at least during the short tourist summer season, writes Gen. A. W. Greely in the Youth's Companion, from Australia, in the southern hemisphere, or indeed from anywhere else in the postal union, to the far away Norwegian post office on the shores of Advent Bay, in Ice Fjord, on the western coast of Spitzbergen, which is the most northerly postal station in the world.

Along the barren strip of coast of both east and west Greenland a few hundred Danes and 10,000 Eskimos form the most northerly settlements of the round earth. Here news travels under an adverse environment, with the iceclad sea on the one hand and the eternal ice cap on continental Greenland on the other.

But news, although it be long in arriving and although the word there stands for all occurrences previously unknown, is eagerly sought by the cultivated Danish men and women, who give their best effort, largely from a spirit of self-sacrifice, to promote the welfare of the native Greenlanders and of the Eskimos, who constitute the main population.

The regular mails arrive in Greenland between May and August by four slow sailing ships. In olden times the earliest news came from Europe by the

DAIRING SCOTTISH WHALERS.

but the almost complete discontinuance of the whale fishery in Davis Strait and adjacent waters has put an end to this service.

The Greenland postal service is unique, if for no other reason than that it carries all letters without either stamps or charges. Letters for Greenland go free by the ships of the Royal Trade, but as these ships touch only at the larger ports there are four local boats, used ordinarily for freighting and oil, which serve to distribute the more important mail packages from the port of arrival to the adjacent trading stations.

In Greenland, however, by far the greater part of the news travels by means of that most extraordinary sea boat the Eskimo kaiaik, which is, as Crantz pointed out more than a century ago, the most serviceable of all types of boat, its size considered.

Shaped like a weaver's shuttle, of a length of eighteen feet, and made of oil-tanned sealskin, the kaiaik is only eighteen inches wide in its broadest part and scarcely a foot deep. Its sharp ends at the head and stern are strengthened with an edge of bone that terminates in a knob.

These carriers of news encounter endless danger in their long and lonely voyages. Sometimes the sea is covered with a dense haze, while the spray, freezing as it drives, covers with an ice crust both the kaiaik and the paddler's clothes. Sometimes a gale sets in, and the unfortunate kaiaiker, with empty stomach and wet garments, plies his paddle for hours without being able to lift his hand to protect or thaw out his frostbitten face. Yet with utmost patience and uncomplaining effort the Eskimo mail carrier passes from the one settlement to another without boasting either of courage or endurance.

SEVERAL TIMES EACH YEAR

a kaiaik post travels from southern to northern Greenland, and as a rule the extreme points are Julianehaab and Omenak. Even under favorable circumstances the journey occupies about five weeks, and the expense account amounts to some \$80.

Greenland has its newspapers. Since 1862 there has been printed at Godthaab, in Eskimo text, a newspaper, with the title of Atuagagdliutit, that is, "Something for Reading," of which about sixteen quarto sheets are published annually. Among the news articles therein published are such as describe the perils of the kaiaikers, the fortune of hunters at sea after walrus and seals, and on land after reindeer and the polar bear.

When one turns to the inhabited parts of Arctic America, it is found that news travels almost entirely by chance meetings of the Eskimos or other natives, although occasions

are not unknown where couriers have been sent to carry news that was of special import to a family or settlement; and, as occasion requires, the wandering Eskimo families send a courier telling of abundant seals and lands of musk oxen, or in dire scarcity asking how elsewhere goes the hunt.

Arctic news that travels relates almost entirely to means of maintaining life, and this applies to polar expeditions and to regular denizens of the barren regions of the white north. Such messages as pass to and fro are not simply news, but rather brief statements of hard conditions with a view to their alleviation.

I recall Franklin at Fort Enterprise, Hudson Bay territory, when he wished to send to Chippewyan the news that an influx of starving Indian bands in winter threatened to doom his own party to destruction unless powder and other supplies were soon received. Back and Bellanger carried the news, which involved foot travel of more than

ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES.

It was a winter of extraordinary severity, when trees froze to their centres, axes in use broke daily, and the temperature sank in Franklin's bedroom to 70 degrees below freezing. Back traveled on snowshoes, slept in the open air with no covering but a deerskin and a single blanket, and more than once was two days without food.

The hardships of the news carriers may be imagined from Franklin's description of Bellanger when he arrived in the darkness of the polar night:

"His locks were matted with snow and he was encrusted with ice from head to foot, so that we scarcely recognized him when he burst in on us."

It is only by similar endurance and suffering that news travels now in some Arctic localities.

A complete narrative of how the news of critical conditions in the field has reached the main party of Arctic explorers would include some of the most striking examples of energy and courage in the annals of history. For instance, the news of the fall of Zaninovich through a snowbridge into a deep crevasse of Middelendf glacier, Franz Josef Land traveled to the party that rescued him through the supreme effort of Prayer, his commander, who says:

"I pressed on at the top of my speed. Bathed in perspiration, I threw on my birdskin garments, my boots, my gloves and my shawl, and ran in my stockings through the deep snow. . . . Encompassed by glaciers, I was absolutely alone. . . . With head bent down I trudged on, counting my steps. . . . After seven miles of travel, at last I came to the friends we had left behind."

If others have not always struggled with as intense an effort as Prayer, yet many Arctic men have emulated his courage and endurance under stress of dire emergencies.

IN THE POLAR REGIONS

man's power is often manifestly inadequate to send news by messenger to any other centre of human activity. Then the unique news exchange of Arctic explorers becomes of prime importance. It is the building of a cairn, so that he who comes after will find therein a message telling of those who have passed. To fulfil its mission as a news carrier, the cairn must not only be so built as to keep safely the news record from stress of storm and assaults of wild beasts, but it must be so placed that as a prominent feature of the landscape it will catch the eye of the passing traveler, no matter from what quarter he comes and by its form at once impress him as being the work of human hands.

Of all the fateful cairns the most important from an Arctic point of view was that put up by the men of Franklin's lost expedition, near Victory Point, King William Land. It contained the only absolutely authentic news that ever traveled to the great world from Franklin's party, comprising 129 souls.

This brief document, scarcely 250 words, told the story of Franklin's explorations during the three preceding years of his early success, of his death, of the besetment of the ships, of their abandonment and the plans of the 105 surviving souls, who then passed forever from our direct knowledge.

Fourteen years had elapsed since Franklin sailed, and for eleven years this cairn guarded its news until 1859, when through the wisely devoted efforts of Lady Franklin and the magnificent efforts of McClintock in the Fox, Lieut. Hobson found the precious document.

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Com-

It is stated that 228 persons in the borough of Stepney died of old age during 1904.

Rochdale is known to the world as the home of John Bright and the cradle of co-operation.

The White Star and Cunard lines are fitting their ships with the submarine signaling apparatus.

The English money denomination a pound was once a pound weight of silver in its pure state.

The first life insurance society was started in London in 1698, and another in 1700. Neither was successful.

There are 326 places of public entertainment in London, with a combined seating capacity for 400,000 people.

An aristocratic looking man, the grandson of a duke, is selling matches in London in very shabby clothes.

A parcel of tea has been sold at Mincing Lane for 25s 6d per pound, said to be the highest price paid for several years.

With the retirement of Gen. Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., a notable name disappears from the active list of the army.

Mr. Samuel Wilson, 82 years old, stated to be the oldest Oddfellow in England, died at Bury St. Edmunds on the 26th ult.

Col. Romilly, C.B., will next month take over command of the Scots Guards, in succession to Col. Jones who retires.

Roberts' career as a billiard player has lasted over 30 years, and now he is to retire, not in the Sims Reeves' sense, but forever.

Not one of Blackpool's numerous municipal enterprises showed a loss last year, and the rates were reduced by £21,946 from the profits.

In the course of eight hours' point duty, a London constable avers, that he is asked, on an average, 250 times where such-and-such a street is.

The late Mr. John Innes of Merton, Surrey, who left estate of the gross value of £338,026, has bequeathed £200,000 for charitable purposes.

Southport has a bowling green which is lighted by electricity in the evenings, in order to allow working men to play bowls after dark. It is carried on by the corporation.

General Booth, so far as food is concerned, lives a simple life. Toast and tea for breakfast, soup, toast and a few vegetables for lunch; tea the same as breakfast, and rice and milk for supper.

By his will the Rev. Francis Slater, M.A., of Oxford, directed that in the event of his dying abroad his heart should be cut out and placed on his wife's coffin at Disley churchyard, near Macclesfield.

A large number of London's discarded horse trams have been sent to Lincolnshire, where they are used as sleeping rooms for potato pickers. One has become a small Sunday school at Sputterton Downyke.

The bagpipe is now being introduced into the navy. That well-known Scot, Lord Walter Kerr, was the innovator. Several battleships are equipped with bagpipes, while a triq are attached to the Royal Naval Barracks at Portsmouth.

British fishing fleets sweep the seas from the shores of Iceland to the coast of Portugal. At the present time there are at least 27,000 vessels, manned by over 90,000 fishermen, engaged in fishing from the ports of the United Kingdom.

A clergyman at Yarmouth, who was attending a "rummage sale" that was being held for charity, laid a new straw hat on a stall, and when he turned round to get it a minute or two later, found that the energetic stallkeeper had sold it to an unknown purchaser.

A speaker at the North-east Lancashire Conference of Women's Co-operative Guilds, said she had been told by a nurse that the number of whiskey babies in workhouses was appalling. They had the utmost difficulty in getting them to take food unless it tasted of whiskey.

The presence of hatless women in the Canterbury Cathedral was brought recently to the attention of the chapter of the cathedral, who decided that this departure from the rule laid down by St. Paul was not to be tolerated. The exclusion of several bareheaded women created a mild sensation in England.

Scalds—"You say he left no money? Baggs—"No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost his wealth trying to get healthy."

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THE POSTMASTER IS THANKFUL

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ENABLED HIM TO SLEEP IN PEACE.

Grand Work they are Doing For Thousands of Canadians Every Year.

Tabucintac, Cumberland Co., N.B., Oct. 2.—(Special).—Mr. H. J. Lee, postmaster here, is one of the great army of Canadians who, rescued from pain and weakness by Dodd's Kidney Pills, are shouting the praises of the great Kidney Remedy.

"Yes," the postmaster says, "I want to express my thankfulness for the great benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My trouble was having to urinate too freely. I had to rise eight or ten times each night so that my rest was broken. My feet and legs also swelled. Then I got Dodd's Kidney Pills and I took six boxes all told. Now I am all right.

"It will be a comfort to me if by making my case public I can lead some other sufferer to find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease. They also annually bring relief to hundreds of thousands of Canadians who are bothered with earlier Kidney Troubles.

RICE CROP FAILS.

Blow Suffered by Japan as a Result of Incessant Rains.

The rice crop of Japan has been almost totally ruined by incessant rains. Less than a quarter crop will be gathered. This is a very serious calamity for Japan, as a large proportion of her inhabitants gain their livelihood from its cultivation. Even with a good crop Japan is obliged to import more and more rice each year to supply the ever-growing demand. Last year, for example, the rice harvest was one of unprecedented abundance, being twenty-one per cent. above the average. The crop realized 264,000,000 bushels.

Nevertheless, the value of rice imported was considerably higher than the previous record level, reached in 1903. The figures were \$30,000,000, as compared with \$25,000,000. Of this amount India's share was more than one-half.

The cultivable area being limited, the increase in population and prosperity largely accounts for the marked increase in the amount of imported rice. The cultivable area is about 7,000,000 acres. The last serious deficiency occurred in 1902, when the crop was but 183,184,242 bushels. In 1903 it rose to 230,516,188 bushels.

Tailor—"You have recently inherited a nice lump of money from your uncle; why don't you pay me?" Customer—"I hate all outward show. I don't want it to be said that my newly-acquired wealth has caused a departure from my former simple habits."

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11.

"Some men say," remarked the beautiful heiress, "that I have no heart." "Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the poor but willing youth. "I'll give you mine."

A SKIN THAT BURNS with eczema, and is covered with eruptions that discharge a thin fluid, may be made smooth and slightly with Weave's Cerate. It is an ointment that has brought relief to thousands.

FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.

How much better it would be, certainly in the interests of their children, if parents, and mothers especially, realized more than they appear to do the importance of fresh air and sunshine. Children should live out of doors, they ought to be brought up in the fresh air and sunshine. Without it they droop and die, for "life is a sun child," and its beginnings cannot thrive deprived of its native element. In childhood the foundation is laid for mature life. Pale, delicate, hothouse children, when brought up in the heated atmosphere of the luxurious modern home, have no stamina for the future. A robust, hardy childhood, secured by plenty of outdoor life, even in cold weather, simple nourishing food at regular hours, without meat, cake, pastry, or sweets, clothing that permits of perfect freedom in the making of mud pies and other childish delights, besides the early to bed of the old nursery rhyme, would help to lessen the terrible mortality among children, and ensure to them some backbone for the needs of adult life.

WOOD FOR PENCILS.

The amount of wood which is used every year for the manufacture of pencils is almost incredible. Nearly 4,000 acres of cedar trees are cut down annually for this purpose alone, and of these 2,000 acres are in Florida. In Bavaria alone there are some forty pencil factories.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woollens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

BIGGEST THEFT ON RECORD.

Three thousand million gallons of water have been stolen from the Brooklyn Water Department, and detectives are being employed to search for unauthorized connections to the mains. The loss to the borough is estimated at \$400,000. It is suspected that large consumers have tapped the mains without applying to the Water Department for the installation of meters.

MONTH AFTER MONTH a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balm? Cough and worry no longer.

"According to this paper," said Mrs. Naggs, "widows make the best wives." "I don't doubt it, my dear," replied Naggs; "but, nevertheless, I don't feel justified in shuffling off at the present moment merely for the sake of making a good wife of you."

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

GIFT TO JAPAN'S EMPRESS.

President Roosevelt Sends an American Sewing Machine.

The Singer Sewing Machine Company, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has just completed a sewing machine for the Empress of Japan on the order of President Roosevelt. It is a present to the Empress by the President in recognition of the courtesy extended to his daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, during her recent visit to Japan.

The selection of a sewing machine as a gift came about from a conversation Miss Roosevelt had with the Empress. The latter expressed a desire to have an American sewing machine, and Miss Roosevelt communicated the wish to her father, who immediately gave the order. The machine is of the V. S. pattern and is probably the most costly that has ever been turned out of any factory. Every part of it where there is no friction is gold-plated.

On one end of the machine attached to the gold-plated ironwork is the American and Japanese coat of arms. Underneath the coat of arms of the two countries in Japanese characters is the date and then follows the reason for the presentation. From the time that the machine was started until it received its final test in the operating room the utmost care and secrecy was maintained and none but the most trusted employees were allowed to do any part of the work upon it. The machine will be placed in a mahogany cabinet inlaid with silk and push in Japanese colors. It is said that it will be sent to Japan by a special messenger.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

"Now, Miss Caustique," said young Borem, who had dropped in to spend the evening, "pray do not put yourself out on my account. Just act as if I were not here."

"Thank you, Mr. Borem," she replied. "I will do as you suggest and proceed to enjoy myself."

NOTICED IT.

A Young Lady From New Jersey Put Her Wits to Work.

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down.

"If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down I spent hours in great misery.

"I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause.

"Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

A Pleasant Surprise

For tea drinkers is to give them a hot, steaming cup of fragrant

Blue Ribbon

TEA instead of the ordinary kind. They'll notice the difference quick enough, then nothing will do them but Blue Ribbon Tea.

TRY THE RED LABEL.

"Why do the roses fade slowly away?" she inquired poetically. "Well," replied the baldheaded young man, "when you think it over it's all for the best. It's most comfortable to have them fade slowly away then to go off all of a sudden, like a torpedo."

It is the Farmer's Friend.—The farmer will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a potent remedy for wounds or pains in the body or for affections of the respiratory organs and for household use generally. He will also find it a convenient friend in treating injured horses, cattle, etc., or relieving them when attacked by colds, coughs or any kindred ailments to which they are subject.

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Cumrox. "We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son. "I hope you will be very attentive and practise constantly. I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't make it stay in his eye."

Kidney Duty.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

"What nonsense all this is about men getting on their knees when they propose," said Mrs. Parslow to her dear friend. "My husband didn't do any such absurd thing when he asked me to marry him." "He did when he proposed to me," said the dear friend, without thinking.

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

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice." "Perhaps not," replied the plain man; "but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it!"

Great Things From Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated man, in health, condition and all will be well. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

He—"I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket of yours?" She—"Precisely. It is a lock of my husband's hair." He—"But your husband is still alive!" She—"But his hair is all gone."

Those Worrying Piles.—One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—15

DON'T GIVE ADVICE.

It is a good scheme to act on the theory that people not only don't know what is best for them, but don't want to.

DO NOT ALLOW yourself to become alarmed because you have lost your appetite and are losing flesh, but commence taking "Ferrovin" the best tonic. It will build you up quickly.

INCENTIVES TO MARRIAGE.

Apparently the German town of Haschmann does not believe in a state of single blessedness. Annual prizes are offered to the men who wed the ugliest, the most deformed, and the oldest woman in the town. Eighty dollars is paid to the man who marries the ugliest, while but \$60 is the reward for the one marrying the cripple. All women over forty who have been jilted at least twice bring their spouses sums which vary according to the state of the fund, which was left by a rich resident of the town. The average price paid is \$50 to each, unless they should be unusually numerous; while the trustees are empowered to pay a larger sum when, in their judgment, it seems wise to hold forth a special inducement to procure the marriage of some particularly undesirable woman.

NEGROES ARE LONG-LIVED.

Among the negro races centenarians are extremely numerous, and it is merely because they unconsciously obey the laws of Nature. They sleep so much, for instance, that a negro centenarian only spends fifty or sixty years out of his 100 awake, while a white man would be awake for seventy-five years of the time.

OHEVILLE CURTAINS

and all kinds of house hangings, also LACE CURTAINS. DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW. Write to us about yours.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO., Box 155, Montreal

Practical Every day Lessons on FARM ACCOUNTS For 75c, post paid. FARM PUB. HOUSE, Box 123, Chatham, Ont.

FARMERS, ATTENTION.

Do you want to sell your farm? If so, send us a description of it and lowest price. We will list it in our next Farm Bulletin, which will be issued soon. If we sell we charge two and one-half per cent. commission. If we do not sell we make no charge.

Do you want to buy a Farm? Before doing so, write us for our Farm Bulletin. There are hundreds of Farms to choose from. We can satisfy you and save you money besides.

RUTHERFORD & EILETT, Hamilton

LUMINOUS SHRIMPS.

Luminous shrimps have been discovered by the Prince of Monaco in the course of his deep-sea fishing in the Mediterranean. They live at a depth of from 1,100 to 1,600 fathoms. They are of the size of, and resemble, prawns, and are studded with small phosphorescent spots. These light their way in the gloom of the deep waters.

THE JAPS did it. They supplied the Monthol found in the "D & L" Monthol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica.

Bank Teller—"This cheque has your husband's name signed to it, Mrs. Nuwed, but he has neglected to fill in the amount wanted." Mrs. Nuwed—"Oh, that doesn't matter. Just give me all there is to his credit."

Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nervine. Thomas Hoskins of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12.

Miss Passaye—"I prize that book very highly. It is a very old edition." Miss Budde—"Yes, dear, I thought it must be when I saw on the fly-leaf that it was presented to you on your twenty-first birthday."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

She—"Mr. Riche says very bitter things about those lazy sons of his, but his wife is always making excuses for them." He—"Yes, she makes excuses, but he has to make allowances for them; that's what angers him."

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

Old Grabbenheimer (tearfully)—"Bromise, bromise me, mein dear boy, det you vill make mein daughter happy." Young Nickelbaum (briskly)—"I guarantee perfect satisfaction; Meester Grabbenheimer, or I returns der goots."

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator.

Lady of the House—Well, Professor, I hope you are enjoying your dinner. Professor—Oh, yes; I have to-day an appetite worthy of a better cause.

For 33 Years

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been before the public, and this, together with the fact that its sales have steadily increased year by year, is the best proof of the merit of

Shiloh

as a cure for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the lungs and air passages. Those who have used Shiloh would not be without it. Those who have never used it should know that every bottle is sold with a positive guarantee that, if it doesn't cure you, the dealer will refund what you paid for it. Shiloh

Has Cured

thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you.

"Last winter I coughed for three months and thought I was going into Consumption. I took all sorts of medicines, but nothing did me any good until I used Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Four bottles cured me. This winter I had a very bad cold, was not able to speak, my lungs were sore on the side and back. Six bottles of Shiloh made me well again. I have given it to several people and every one of them have been cured.—D. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Que."

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee at all druggists

ISSUE NO. 40-05.



The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1905.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada and the United States for \$1.00 in advance, or \$1.50 at the end of the year.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

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

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. QUE.

POULTRY.

This is the season when farmers and others are marketing their poultry. A little attention to the subject will serve to secure better prices for the fowls. There is a good demand this year for good stock, but dealers do not want the poor scrub, and those who offer the latter quality will find that the price for such is very low. A little feeding will give poultry an extra market value, whether sold alive or dressed, and will well pay for the trouble. At the Dominion Experimental Farm it has been demonstrated that one can make a lb. of chicken as cheaply as he can make a pound of pork or beef and receive a much higher price per lb. thereof. Then, too, much depends upon the condition in which the birds are marketed. A well dressed fowl is much more attractive than a poor one, and will easily realize an extra cent or two per lb. A recent circular issued by the Experimental Farm contains the following directions for plucking poultry for the market:

DIRECTIONS FOR PLUCKING.—While still holding the chicken in the left hand, extract the tail feathers and the quill feathers of the wing. Allow the chicken's head to hang down and commence plucking the feathers on the back and wings; then pluck the breast and lower part of the neck, work back on the body to the tail, and, turning the bird over again, finish the back and wings. Leave the feathers on the neck for three inches from the head, a ring of feathers around the legs at the hock joints, and the small feathers on the outside joint of each wing. Clean pluck the rest of the chicken. Remove all pin feathers and make the bird as attractive as possible. Be careful not to tear the skin. If a tear is made, have the flesh brought together with white thread.

For fattening a satisfactory ration is one that is palatable and that will produce a white flesh. Oats, finely ground or with the coarser hulls sifted out, should form the basis of all the grain mixtures. Ground corn fed in excess will result in a yellow flesh of inferior quality; ground peas impart a hardness that is not desirable. Ground oats, buckwheat, barley and low grade flour are the most suitable meals.

CONSUMPTION CURE.

Prof. Von Behring, who discovered the serum treatment for diphtheria and one of the most famous of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, claims to have discovered a cure for tuberculosis, which, if he make good his claim, will give hope to millions of men and women who deem themselves the hopeless victims of the "White Plague." At the recent meeting of the International Tuberculosis Congress, Paris, he made a statement relative to his discovery, as follows:

"In the course of the last two years I recognized with certainty the existence of a curative principle completely different from the anti-toxic principle. This new principle plays an essential role in the operation of the immunity derived from my bovine vaccine, which has proved effective against animal tuberculosis during the past four years. It reposes upon the impregnation of the living cells of the organism with a substance originating from tuberculous virus, which substance I designate 'T.C.'"

Prof. Behring then gave a lengthy, technical description of how 'T.C.' was introduced into the cellular organism, and said it had already given marked results in the treatment of animals. The professor expressed confident belief that his researches would permit similar curative results in humans, though he was unable to say how soon positive results would be obtained.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Arrangements are now completed to hold the annual Sunday School convention for the County of Argenteuil in the Methodist Church, Lachute, on Nov. 2nd and 3rd.

The first session is to begin at 7.30 p.m. on Nov. 2nd and will consist of two addresses on "The Home responsibility for the Sunday School" and "The Church responsibility for the Sunday School." Speakers from Montreal are expected to treat these subjects.

The session on Nov. 3rd are to begin at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., and a good program of subjects and competent speakers is being prepared of which more may be said later.

Every Sunday School is requested to send as many teachers and delegates as possible. Rev. E. T. Capel, general Secretary of Quebec Province will also take up several aspects of Sunday School work and a very profitable convention is expected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR:—I desire through your columns to call the attention of your readers, especially School officials, to the 'Conference of School Boards' to be held in Lachute Academy, on Wednesday, Nov. 1st at 2 p.m., for the purpose of considering the needs of our public schools and of conferring with the representative of the department of public instruction upon any difficulties relating to the duties of school boards.

Dr. G. W. Parmelee and Dr. Robertson are expected to address the meeting, the latter in regard to "The McDonald College and its relation to our public schools," also regarding the "Concentration of Schools" according to the scheme proposed by Sir W. O. McDonald in which he offers terms of assistance to such boards as adopt his system.

The public will be welcome, if interested, to the general conference, after which a separate conference with school officials is desired Dr. Parmelee and Dr. Robertson.

J. W. McQUAT, Convener.

Lachute, Oct. 23, 1905

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union met for their annual Conference for the County on the 19th inst. in the Methodist Church, Lachute. There was only an afternoon session. The weather was beautiful, and many ladies besides members of the Union, were present. St. Andrews and Pt. Fortune Unions were well represented. The President, Mrs. (Rev.) J. Fraser Cushing, was in the chair, while Mrs. T. Christie presided at the organ.

After devotional exercises by the President, the minutes of last conference and those of executive meetings held later, were read and confirmed.

The corresponding Secretary gave a brief account of the conditions, numbers and present standing of the different unions. Each union gave a detailed report of the work done during the year. Mrs. Dr. G. Christie for Lachute, Mrs. Wales for St. Andrews and Miss Brown for Pt. Fortune. Lachute Union has gone steadily on amid much discouragements and many losses of useful members by removals. They have lost no opportunity to prevent the inroads of the enemy and their efforts have not been in vain. There must be many more sisters in Lachute who have this work at heart. Come join our little band and help and cheer us by your presence and labour to serve our homes and loved ones in this growing centre of population. St. Andrews has a large membership, and does good work in many departments. It is largely owing to their efforts, that only one liquor license has been granted in the village for many years. Pt. Fortune has a band of active members who have great financial genius and achieve a wonderful amount of work.

Mrs. Barron gave a nice talk on Flower Mission whose cheering ministrations are felt and appreciated, but whose records are difficult to obtain.

Mrs. McIntyre reported literature distributed at the Lachute Fair also among the lumbermen which she has had the charge of for many years.

Mrs. (Rev.) Fraser gave a thoughtful and interesting paper on Local Parity with special reference to conditions in India, while Mrs. Jackson made a strong plea for work amongst the young, the most hopeful of all fields and reported "The White Army," being started in the Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday School, Lachute.

Mrs. Mabon contributed an able and helpful paper, sparkling with bright ideas and full of useful suggestions.

A very pleasant feature of the meeting was a recitation by Mrs. (Rev.) E. Thomas who in her own inimitable manner gave "The Search for the Holy Grail" from Tennyson, lifting her audience into a higher sphere and giving a glimpse of what may be attained at and what we may attain.

Election of officers and superintendents brought the meeting to a close and resulted as follows:—

Pres.: Mrs. McAdie, Grenville. Vice-Pres.: Mrs. E. Thomas, Lachute. Corr. Sec.: Mrs. J. Fraser, Cushing. Rec. Sec.: Miss Brown, Pt. Fortune. Treas.: Mrs. J. R. McQuat, Lachute. All the Superintendents were re-elected.

A bountiful tea provided by the ladies of Lachute Union was served in the Hall of the Church.

MRS. J. S. McADIE,
Grenville, Oct. 24th, 1905.

WEDDING BELLS.

A very pretty wedding took place in Brownsburg on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 11, at the home of Mr. Jno. Carpenter, when his eldest daughter Miss Ethel May was united to Mr. Jason Stewart of Lachute. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Thomas before a large number of friends. The bride was attended by Miss Etta Stewart, & the bridegroom was supported by George Carpenter. The couple left for a short stay in Montreal, and on their return, they will reside in Brownsburg for a short time, prior to their departure for the West.

DROPPED DEAD IN THE STATION.

A sad fatality occurred in the waiting room of the C. P. R. Station yesterday, when Miss Elizabeth Hammond, of Lakefield, died suddenly. The deceased lady had just parted with her sister who left for Ottawa on the 10 train, and while waiting for the Montreal train, where she intended to spend her Thanksgiving with friends, she suddenly turned faint and though medical assistance was at once procured, she passed away before their arrival. Deputy Coroner Legault was notified and did not consider an inquest necessary so the remains were taken back to Lakefield for interment.

Great Chance For BARGAINS.

Crockery.....20 p.c. discount
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, & Sippers.....15 p.c.
Dry Goods, Rain Coats, Overalls & Jumpers.....20 p.c.
Paints, Machines & Harness Oil.....20 p.c.
Patent Medicines.....20 p.c.

GROCERIES IN PROPORTION.
Windsor Fine Salt 10c bags.....2 for 14c.
R. d. p. t. s. extra gran. Sugar, 5 lb. 10lb for 50
Rice worth 5c.....7 lb for 25c.
Soaps, Comfort, Sunlight, or Strachans G. L. Elge Soap.....6 for 25c.
Best Tea at 12 1/2, 20, 25, and 35c. a lb.
Best Coffee.....23 and 37c.
Self raising flour, 6 lb. pkg. 30c.....for 25c.
Best and purest Lard.....14 cts a lb.
All Spices.....20 p.c.
Pearlins, 5c pkg.....6 for 25c.

While we will try and fill all orders, we cannot guarantee to fill orders for more than the quantity of goods on hand.

No reasonable offer refused on all other goods.

Net cash, no discounts.
Our accounts are 30 days, dating from 15th of each month. Accounts must be settled every 30 days by cash or note.

Call and get a Calendar for 1906.

A. McALLISTER,
Brownsburg, Que.

Wanted able bodied men for the Algoma Commercial Co., Sault Ste. Marie, wages from \$26 to \$30 per month, with \$2 per month bonus if work is done satisfactorily, and they stop till camp breaks, or to the end of the loading season, all camps within twelve miles of railroad, apply to

C. F. KAINS, Cushing.

House for Sale.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A good, warm, comfortable frame house situated in rear of Foundry St., near the convent. For particulars apply to GEO. LOW, Lachute.

Good feed Wheat \$1.20 per bag at J. D. Campbell & Co.

To rent—

HOUSE TO RENT.—A double tenement brick house on Bethany St., near Catholic Church, apply to MOISE PAQUETTE.

Parties wanting good grinding done will bring their grain to J. D. CAMPBELL, & Co's new mill.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A good two story brick double tenement house on Bethany St. Apply to E. LAVIGNE, Foundry St.

Public Notice.

Public Notice is hereby given that, I, will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my son Philip Legault dit Legault in my name after the date of this notice.
JOSEPH LEGER dit LEGAULT,
Oct. 18, '05, S. Philippe d'Argenteuil, Q.

STOCK FOOD

If your horses or cattle are not doing well get a few boxes of the International Stock Food from J. D. CAMPBELL & Co., it will fix them.

We are paying a dozen for eggs, for good butter, good poultry, etc. Come in and look at our line of dress goods, heavy weight, double width, at 25cts. per yard. Bankrupt price, twelve colours.

W. BANFORD.

WINTER CELERY FOR SALE.

Parties wanting celery for the winter that reside in any of the following places, Lachute, St. Andrews, Brownsburg, Carillon, or Grenville, will have it delivered to them at 40cts per dozen heads, by dropping me a postal saying how much they require.

C. F. KAINS, Cushing.

NEW JACKETS.—We have already sold many of our new jackets. Our customers are delighted with them. We cannot describe them. You must see them.

W. BANFORD.

MEN'S & YOUTH'S OVERCOATS.—We carry so large a stock, and such variety of patterns and styles that it pays you to buy from us. Any way, come and see them.

W. BANFORD.

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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 11 HURDY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Everything New.

We have a very fine assortment of new Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Ready made clothing, Groceries, Dry Goods. Some excellent lines of flannelette, Underwear, Hats, Caps, Mitts, Gloves, Etc.

Don't forget that our Prices are low and our goods are the best.

E. LAVIGNE.

Foundry Street, Lachute.

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 UP-
TOWN STORE FOR
YOUR GROCERIES

.. Also ..

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

Flour and Feed Merchants
LACHUTE, QUE.

Home Circle Department

HERE'S A DADDY'S SONG.
 "Must a' thy songs be mother songs,
 My b'nny boy boy?
 Do poets write no other songs,
 Than father's name employ?
 Then I'll right the monstrous wrong;
 Come, boy, and hear thy daddy's song.
 But first a toss high in the air,
 To hear his merry shout,
 And then a tickle here and there,
 To bring the dimples out.
 And then a romp upon the bed,
 Oh, precious little tot's head!
 Now, then, wee barefoot boy, take care?
 Run swiftly o'er the floor,
 And father'll be a bruin bear,
 And growl and bite and paw!
 Why, bless us boy what fun'st thou!
 Dad's song is rag time, sure o' no' g't.
 There, now of play we've had our fill,
 'Tis cuddle time, I know
 (How very bright his eyes are still!)
 "Hush, baby mine, by low!"
 Come, come, you little rascal, you.
 Dad's had enough of peck-a-boo!
 Hush, hush, my boy, to sleep with thee!
 (I wish his mamm'd come!)
 Thy father'll turn into a bee
 If longer he must hum.
 Ah, well, to lull a child to rest,
 A mother song, perchance, is best.

NO GLOOM AT HOME.
 Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent & fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large, black shapes like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits gathered there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures greater or purer than thine.
 And let the husband strive to forgo his cares as he winds around the long narrow street, and behold the soft, light illuminating his little parlour, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved him self up to an energy so desperate, that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed. And now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with pain-heat caused by too constant application. He scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile or sit down cheerfully to their little meal, which she has provided with so much care.
 But the door is open—the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet singing voice falls upon his ear and the tones are so soft, and glad that hope, like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.
 A home where gloom is banished—presided over by one who has learned to rule her household. Oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials. It is impossible he can be unhappy.
 That sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's care?

PURE WATER.
 Fire and water are two elements, which man cannot get along without—especially water. The water we are writing about in this article however, is not the fluid that ships sail upon; or boys swim in, or in which fish live, but a different brand. It is just as powerful as the kind which flows in its magnificence over Niagara Falls or turns the wheels of the mighty mills and factories situated along the banks of some swiftly running stream. Its action is like the tiny drop which finally wears away the largest stone. Unlike the pure, cold, crystal water of our forefathers, for the sweet and tasty fluid drawn from the well by means of the moss-covered and iron-bound bucket, its action is evil, cruel and heart breaking.
 The cold water referred to comes in different colored bottles with variegated labels. Nagging is one brand. The habit of finding fault. Picking flaws and never scattering a ray of sunshine in the shape of a gentle word of praise for a good act or a person, whether a grown up or a growing child, when conscientiously trying to do right, to be harped at because he did not do better, and, when persisted in, breeds discontent and rebellion. There is a difference between reproof and fault-finding just as there are different kinds of water, health-giving springs and the disease breeding stagnant kind found in blackened pools.
 Another kind of water is the icy-cold brand, discolored under the name of discouragement, ridicule and belittlement of worthy actions. All singers cannot rise to the greatness of a Jenny Lind or an Aida or a Patti. All artists cannot equal Raphael; or all writers cannot reach the Shakespearean height in literature. Because of this limitation, do not throw cold water on the hopes and aspirations of those who may some day reach a reasonable, if somewhat lesser plain of greatness, but encourage every good and perfect action which tends to lift aspiration from the rut of the commonplace. A little cold water in such cases may be necessary—but in the main Turkish baths are more appreciated than the Russian kind.

CORRESPONDENCE.
 To the Editor of the WATCHMAN.
 —O—
 DEAR SIR:—In reading over your report of our Annual Exhibition, held a short time ago, I was struck with the very glowing account you gave it, as there are so many who are ready to cry it down. I have been a member of the society for over 30 years and know quite a little of its history. How in the early stages there were only about 70 or 80 members, (hardly enough to draw the government grant,) and the exhibition was almost looked upon as a travelling menagerie going from one place to another. A few of us who saw this folly, decided to have permanent grounds and this created rivalry as to where it should be located. Some thought St. Andrews, and some Lachute, and at last Lachute was chosen as the most central. There was no end of bad feeling and even law suits. There was to med the buildings society, and quite a few took shares and erected the present buildings. It cost a lot of money and trouble, and we got the usual recompense, (grumbling.) It was our intention that the society would take the buildings over and we offered to throw all a big percentage, and some offered the whole of their shares, but the farmers apparently wanted us to give them the whole thing, which we were not quite prepared to do. Now there are a lot of wealthy farmers who grow lots of prize but never give one cent to help and they should do so, for the exhibition should be for mutual benefit. Now, my suggestion I want to make is this, could we not arrange for a harvest home. Let us all go to the buildings and everyone give so much to get up a dinner, and suppose the older people go to the dinner, and the younger folk the supper, and take their friends and have a good time. Then the exhibition could be for 3 days, the 1st day for getting ready and judging, 2nd day, the building would be opened all day, and let us have some sports on the grounds too, then the people would be able to enjoy the lives as they do in other fairs.
 I hope some one will follow these suggestions so as we can improve our exhibition.
 A FARMER.

Great Chance For Bargains. 3 Weeks Only
Everything Sold at Cost. A Very Large Stock Ready-made Clothing
 Crockery & Tinware 15 p.c. off.
 Dry Goods 20 p.c. "
 Groceries 10 p.c. "
 Also 4 buggies, 3 cutters and 1 three seated express.
H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe

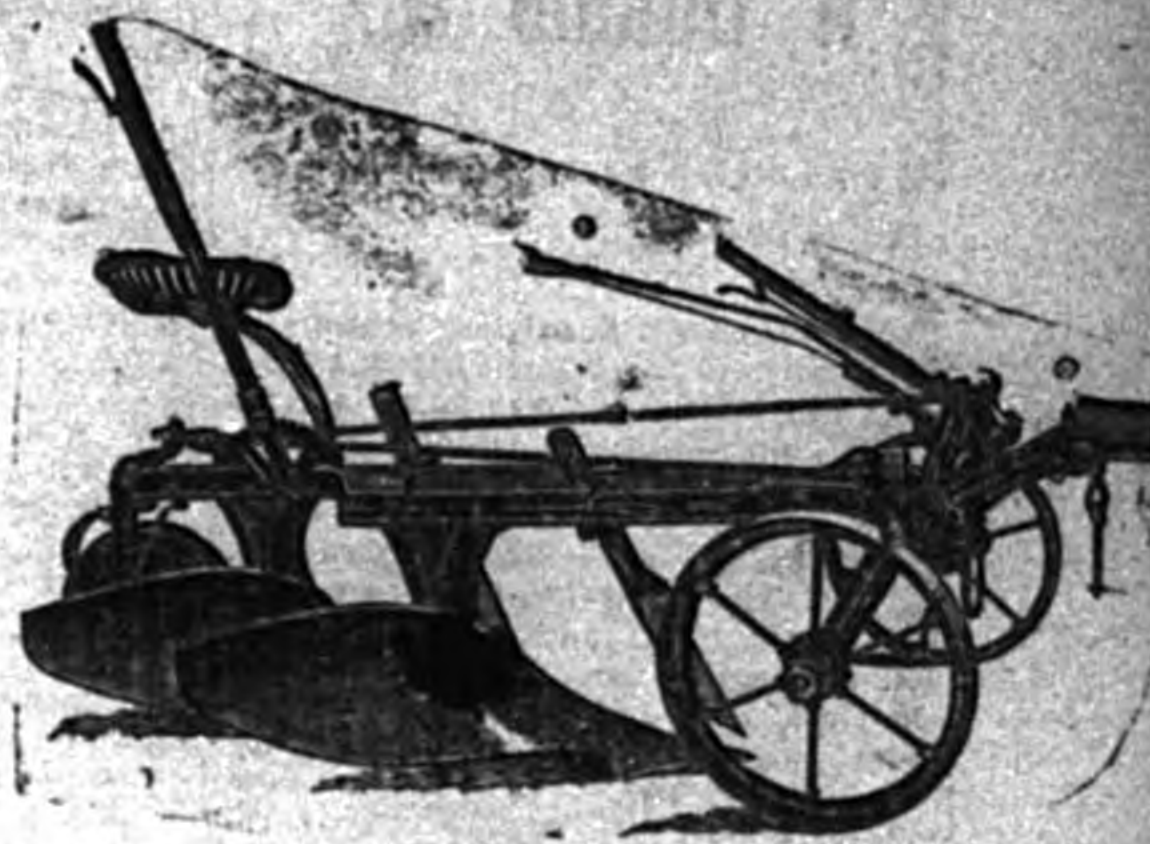
UNDERWEAR.
 Good heavy ribbed, Scotch knit, Heavy all wool ribbed unshrinkable, Turnbull's all wool, Turnbull's heavy hand knit, Renmanes, Eiderdown Scotch pure wool, sizes from 36 to 44. Socks, G oves, Mitts, Shirts, Ties, Braces, etc.
Men's
Women's Vests, prices from 30c. to 1.25 each, Drawers to match, White in a few lines, Corset cover with sleeves, tights
Misses' Vests and Drawers from size 1 to size 9.
Infant's Vests, White and natural, open and closed, sizes 1 to 3.

H. J. GILES & BRO.
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

PLOUGHING MATCH.
 —O—
 The Annual Ploughing Match of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil was held on Mrs. J. Hewitt's farm, St. Lawrence, Chatham, on Wednesday, the 25th of October inst.
 Eleven ploughs were in the field: 2 sally double moulded ploughs and 9 other ploughs. The following premiums were awarded:—
 Men's Special:—Wm. Bradley 1st, W. J. Barke 2nd.
 Men's General:—Robt. Creighton 1st, A. Griffith 2nd.
 Boys' Class:—Ernest Gordon 1st, Walter Bradley 2nd, Allan Todd 3rd, Harry Veitch 4th, James Hewitt 5th.
 Sally Double Moulded Plough:—John Millar 1st, Wm. Nicholls 2nd.
 The land was rather too dry to make the plow go well, but the work done was excellent and a credit to the ploughmen. Several old ploughmen at these matches, viz.: John Doug, Thomas Morin, Jno. Black, Jas. Hay, William Hay, were on the field all day watching the work.
 The following Directors of the Society were also present: Jno. Hay, President; M. W. Albright, Vice-President; John Cruise, Andrew Doug, Jas. Chambers, O. R. Rodger, Wm. Nicholls, W. J. Burke, Ed. McGregor. The Judges were Geo. Hay, W. J. Rodger, Robert Lashmar, and Nelson Oullette.
 Mr. Moody & Son, Props of a root cutter was awarded to Ernest Gordon for the best ploughed ridge in the Boy's class. The thanks of the Board of Directors, the ploughmen and many other persons present were unanimously given to Mrs. J. Hewitt, Mrs. W. Nicholls, Misses Williams, Misses Hewitt, and Miss Hutchins, for their kind hospitality and attention to them.
 The Secretary, Mr. G. J. Walker, after reading over the premiums awarded, announced that he was now prepared to pay the premiums awarded during the year by the Society.

— WANTED —
 A smart lad to learn the baking and confectionery, apply to
W. G. STANFORTH, Lachute.
 Before the cold weather, secure one of the popular Quebec Heaters with coal. Other stoves and ranges at
C. T. WALES SON, ST. ANDREWS.
— For Sale Cheap —
 A butcher's Refrigerator, as good as new, apply to THE WATCHMAN.
CIRCUIT COURT.
 Canada }
 Province of Quebec } No. 2986
 District of Terrebonne }
 James W. Veitch, of the Township of Chatham, said county and district, farmer.
 vs
 Plaintiff.
 George L. Veitch, formerly of the same place, now absent from the country, farmer.
 Defendant.
 The Defendant is ordered to appear in one month.
 Lachute, 18th October, 1905.
THOMAS BARRON, Clerk, C.C.

The PERRIN Plow



Made in three different styles—
 Single Farrow, Riding
 Double Farrow, Riding
 and Two furrow, Gang.

We carry a large stock of Agricultural Machinery, Wagons, B Sleighs, Harness, Washing Machines, Wringers, Wheelbarrows, Sewing Machines, Stoves, Etc., Etc.

H. A. Blain

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Jackets
 Take a look at our new Ladies and Children's Jackets before buying; they are so 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 satisfy 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 "Stanfields" unshrinkable underwear for Ladies 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 and our prices as low : : :
 10, 15 and 20 p.c. discount

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

A Double Six

"Eight!"

"Eleven!"

The two men placed their elbows on the table and faced each other across it. Somersby, the younger, stared at his opponent, as though unable to comprehend the meaning of the throw.

The Captain gave a quick glance at the dice and then fixed his eyes on the other's in a manner that resembled nothing so much as the eager, relentless glance of the hawk.

The afternoon was oppressively hot. Through the open windows there rushed a hot, stifling air that reminded its victims of the scorching vapors of a torrid zone.

There was a deathlike silence for some moments, and then the younger man threw up his hands despairingly.

"It's no use!" he ejaculated. "Luck is dead against me. May I be shot if I ever saw such a combination of throws! The dice seem possessed with a fatalism for me!"

The Captain stroked his long moustache thoughtfully.

"Your turn will come," he remarked.

"You can, and will, retrieve your position yet."

"Retrieve, did you say?" exclaimed

the other, in a sudden access of passion. "Retrieve? I have lost a fortune this afternoon. What's the use of talking about retrieving? Why, man, I'm cleaned out!"

The Captain lit another cigar.

"You can go on," he said, quietly. "I will accept your note of hand up to, say, another thousand."

The other hesitated for a moment

and then took up the dice again. "Very well—in for a penny, in for a pound."

The Captain resumed, with the ghost of a smile on his thin lips. Half an hour later the young man dropped his head on the table and gave vent to a groan.

The Captain rose and stood with his back to the mantelpiece. His keen face was stamped with the grim seriousness of purpose of a man determined to pursue his antagonist to the bitter end.

"Come, Somersby," he said, lightly, "you surely have some property you can stake?"

Somersby sprang to his feet.

"Not another throw for me," he exclaimed, and then he paused and pained his hand over his temples. "Yes, I think I will. I can stake the reversion under my father's will. Come on!"

They sat down again. Just as they recommenced play a girl of about twenty, with a wealth of dark hair and sallow-black eyes, entered the room.

"Frank," she exclaimed, "this is too bad of you! Surely you have had enough of this. We want to play tennis. Flora has come. Captain, you will join us, won't you? It's a shame to stay indoors."

The Captain made a gesture of helplessness.

"I am bound to give your brother his revenge," he said.

"Revenge! Nonsense!" cried the girl. "You don't want to play any more, do you, Frank?"

The young man looked at the Captain and paused for an instant before replying.

"Yes; go away, there's a good soul; we can't come this afternoon," he said.

The girl turned away in high dudgeon.

Somersby threw eagerly, with an almost frenzied look on his face. His ill-luck still continued, and soon he had lost even the reversion—his last available asset.

He rose from the table unsteadily. His face was flushed, and it was apparent that he had been drinking heavily.

The Captain, on the other hand,

was perfectly cool and self-possessed. "It's all over," said Somersby, with an air of utter dejection.

There was silence for a few moments, and then the Captain remarked:

"You didn't expect the pleasure of Miss Scourfield's company this afternoon, I presume?"

The other turned and confronted him with an angry flush.

"No; what of it?" he said, huskily.

The Captain threw away his cigar

and lit a cigarette.

"I was thinking," he remarked, as

he inhaled a mouthful of smoke, "that perhaps she would be surprised if she knew of your losses."

"What do you mean?" said Somersby, growing redder than ever.

"I understand you cherish hopes in that direction," rejoined the Captain.

The other staggered into a seat with a groan of despair.

"It seems to me," he said, bitterly, "it's a waste of time hoping. I dare not offer her marriage. What does she want with a penniless man—a ruined gambler—tell me that?"

The Captain made a deprecatory gesture.

"Oh, it's as clear as daylight that I've done for my chances," continued Somersby. "I resign her to a better man."

The Captain was twirling his black moustache meditatively.

"It would have been an easy conquest were it not for this," he remarked.

"I can't say that," said the other, "but I fancied she cared a little for

me—fool though I be. Of course, she doesn't know of my excessive gambling."

"I'll give you another chance," said the Captain, slowly, as though weighing his words carefully.

"How do you mean?" said the other.

"I mean," said the Captain, "that as you are pretty certain of her—apart from this—it will not damage your chances if you accept the proposition which I am about to make. I will play you one more game on condition that you will stake your right to ask her to marry you—for, say, twelve months—against all I have won to-day. In other words, if you win you will regain everything; if you lose you will pledge your word of honor not to speak of love to the lady for twelve months. Do you agree?"

The young man rose and scanned the Captain's face carefully for a moment before replying.

"Do I understand that you desire to marry her?" he asked at length.

The Captain bowed.

"I have already some acquaintance with the charming young lady," he replied, "and I certainly should like to marry her."

There was a deep silence, broken only by Somersby's quick breathing. It was plain that the wine had had a decided effect upon his faculties.

"Very well," he said, at length, and the pair sat down again.

Before a couple of throws had been made a young girl entered the room. She was strikingly beautiful, with a mass of hair crowning a high, well-shaped forehead in an aureole of glory; her face was oval, her chin firm, and there was an expression of dignity and intellect in her eyes.

Both men rose and greeted her—Somersby with averted face and halting speech, the Captain with an obsequious bow.

"How do you do?" she said, smiling, shaking hands with them.

"It is too bad of you to stay here at this wretched game while the sun is shining outside and tennis is waiting."

There was a mumbling response from the players, and then the game proceeded. The young man was flushed and agitated; his hand shook, his whole frame quivered with excitement.

The girl sat watching them with an expressionless face—now glancing through the window, now turning over the leaves of a book, but ever and anon keeping an eye on the game.

Presently Somersby gave vent to a little cry.

"We are even!" he exclaimed. "This throw will decide it."

All through that game he had fought doggedly on against his bad luck, always with a lot of leeway to make up, and now, at length, with the last few throws, fortune had rewarded him.

"Yes, this will decide it," said the Captain, under his breath.

Somersby took the dice-box in his hand and rattled it unsteadily again and again, as if loth to throw it down and learn what the fates had in store for him.

"Eleven!" he cried, at length, in tense tones, his eyes fixed on the cubes.

The Captain seized the dice and threw hurriedly.

Then both men leaned over the table, their eyes fascinated by the tiny black dots on the cubes.

When at length they had grasped the result a remarkable contrast was observable in their bearing.

The Captain leaned back in his seat and drew a long breath.

The other rose from his seat with a half-smothered cry of despair.

"Finis!" he ejaculated, staggering blindly from the room like a man who had seen a ghost.

The Captain had thrown a double six.

Five minutes later Alice Somersby saw her brother go upstairs to his room with a half-dazed look in his eyes that sent a shudder through her frame and made her clench her tiny hands and long that she were a man and could do something to rescue him from his greatest enemy—himself. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of Flora Scourfield, her bosom friend, whose name had long been coupled with her light-hearted, generous, but easily-led brother. But what could a mere girl do to avert disaster if the only son—the fool of the family—persisted in rushing headlong into it?

Bursting with indignation, she sought her friend, and the two girls spent half an hour together discussing matters.

It was while thus engaged that they presently heard two men, who were staying in the house, discussing Somersby and the Captain.

"I fear Somersby has been cleaned out," said one.

"It's a downright shame," said the other. "Somebody ought to stop it. Wherever did he pick the Captain up? Nobody seems to know much about him."

"He came from India," rejoined his companion, "and brought a pretty bad reputation with him, if what I hear is true. The man is a notorious cheat and a regular low-down fellow."

The other gave a snort of indignation.

"It's beastly hard lines for Somersby," he muttered. "But what can we—guests of his—do? We can't interfere."

"Somersby's badly hit," said the other. "The last stake," he continued, in a lower tone, "was a very extraordinary one. I heard that

he played for his liberty of action in regard to Miss Scourfield. He lost, of course, and now he has passed his word of honor that he will not speak of love to her for the next twelve months."

"Whew!" ejaculated the other, surprisedly. "Presumably the Captain means to cut him out."

Then the conversation went out of earshot. The two girls clasped hands tightly and clung to each other. They could scarcely believe their own senses.

When Alice caught sight of her friend's face she saw that it was wet with tears.

"Don't, dear," she whispered, kissing her.

"It's the shame—oh, the utter shame of it all that hurts," responded Flora, trembling with injured pride and indignation.

But this was only for a moment, for presently there came into her eyes such a look of determination and dignity as her friend had never seen before.

"You will excuse me, dear," she said. "I must go home for a few minutes. I shall not be long."

Alice watched, in amazement, her beautiful, stately figure go down the gravel path, and she wondered.

Ten minutes later Flora returned and went straight to the room where she had watched the fateful game in progress.

The Captain was still at the dice, throwing left hand against right; but he sprang to his feet and was all attention when she entered.

"That is a profitless occupation, Captain," she exclaimed, with a strange laugh—such a laugh as one seldom hears from the lips of innocence and beauty. "I will play with you."

"You?" cried the Captain, starting

back. "Yes, I wish to do so," replied the girl, firmly.

The Captain protested. He was staggered, he said, by the bare idea of playing for money with a young lady, and especially with one whom he

He was interrupted by a sharp reminder that she was waiting, and, seeing the inflexible look in her eyes, he shrugged his shoulders and sat down, with a quick glance at the pile of gold and notes at his opponent's side.

The glory of the afternoon faded into evening while the players sat there, courting the fickle goddess of fortune. Now the game favored one, now another; but the pile at the girl's side steadily increased, and the Captain's face wore an odd look, half amused, half patronizing. There was scarcely a word uttered; only the rattle of the dice fell on their ears monotonously.

Dinner was announced; but, to the wonderment of everyone, the young lady sent a message of excuse, and the game proceeded.

Lying face downwards on a couch in his room, Somersby was a prey to the bitterest pangs of remorse and shame. The effects of the wine had worn off, and his brain was alive with a thousand sharp and bitter thoughts. He—the only son—the one to whom the family naturally looked for guidance and support—he, the heir to the estate—an inheritance which, alas! he had now forfeited—had sunk so low as to barter away his patrimony, his self-respect, his right to woo and win the girl to whom he had studiously paid court for the last year—all—aye, honor itself—had gone; and he was bereft, through his weakness and folly, of all that life held out to him.

He rose at length with a sad, white face, and, descending the stairs, entered the room where he had staked and lost all.

He started back affrighted, stupefied, by the sight that met his gaze—Flora playing with the Captain—for money!

The young man rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then, as the horror of the truth rushed upon him, he would fain have fled from the spot rather than witness such a scene.

A wave of indignation passed over him, and he cast a stern, inquiring glance at the Captain. But the players were too much engrossed to notice the intruder.

He sat down and watched them fascinated by the spectacle.

The Captain's luck had changed, and little by little the girl's winnings mounted up.

"By Jove! You have exhausted my money!" said the Captain at length, with a cracked, high-pitched laugh.

"You can stake the paper you won this afternoon," said the girl, in a low voice.

The Captain glanced at her face, which was pale and expressionless, and then proceeded.

The girl's luck continued in the ascendant, and the Captain grew flurried and anxious.

"I have nothing left but Mr. Somersby's reversion," he whispered.

"Stake that," said the girl.

The Captain hesitated for a moment, but a warning look from his opponent's eyes daunted him, and he went on recklessly. He lost again, and threw up his hands with an attempt at a smile.

"The dice are bewitched!" he cried.

"There is something else!" said the girl, fixing her eyes on his.

"Do you wish me to give you a note of hand or to pledge my watch?" he said with a sneer. "I am afraid you are a heartless player."

The girl placed her elbows on the table and confronted him with set lips.

"You have something more that you can stake," she said hoarsely.

"I will risk all I have here against—she paused, as though the words cost her an effort—"against what was staked last" by Mr. Somersby this afternoon and lost."

The Captain's face grew dark. He saw the whole thing clearly now, and he hated her.

"I will play no more!" he cried. Somersby sprang from his seat and strode towards him.

"By Heaven, you had better!" he cried, through his chattering teeth.

The two men's eyes met for an instant, and then the Captain sat down and fingered the dice his face glowing anger.

The game proceeded. Somersby stood watching with unbelieving eyes. When it came to the last throw the Captain dallied for a long time with the cubes. He gave a quick glance at the girl's face—a picture of impassivity—then at the pile of gold and notes at her side, and finally he threw.

"Eleven!" he cried.

The girl seized the dice-box, thrust the cubes in, and threw.

"A double six!" cried the Captain, in a voice that sounded like the snarl of a wild animal.

Then he rose from his seat, threw a glance full of malice at his opponent, and went into the hall. A moment later they heard his footsteps on the gravel path.

Somersby stood silent, a statuesque figure, his face a study in emotions. Shame, anguish, and bitterness fought for supremacy in his heart and brain. The past and the future were swallowed up in the present. He felt like a drowning man before whose eyes there moves a panorama of the past—the black past, with all its sin and folly. Oh, what a fool he had been! It was too late now to repent—too late! One glance at the white, reproachful face before him was sufficient to show him how low he had sunk.

In the bitterness of his despair he turned to her and, in a voice shaking with emotion, said:

"Why have you done this?"

The girl rose and confronted him with bloodless lips.

"Because I loved you—fool that I was!" she replied, with ineffable scorn in her tones.

Somersby gave vent to a groan of despair.

The girl counted out a pile of notes and gold.

"There is your money," she said, with an attempt at calmness. "I trust you will use it better in the future."

Somersby covered his face with his hands, utterly abashed.

From the other room came the sound of voices, merry laughter, and the clink of glasses. Through the open window filtered the scent of flowers in the beautiful grounds surrounding the home of his fathers—men long gone to their rest in honor but living even now in their good works—while he, the last of the race, stood weltering in his own folly and shame.

The girl's voice fell on his senses like a knife.

"I give you back your word of honor—the last thing you pledged when you banded my name over the gaming table this afternoon—I give it back to you." Her voice grew stronger, her accents swelled with scorn and injured pride. "I give you back your freedom in the matter, and now," she turned on him almost fiercely, "I dare you to take advantage of it!"

At the door she turned and looked back.

Was it something in the pose, the picture of broken, humble manhood, the utter, unrelieved misery of the abject figure, that touched a chord of pity and caused her resolution to waver?

A half-stifled sob escaped her.

She held out her hands to him. "Frank!"

"Flora—forgive—"

The next moment he was showering kisses on her wet cheeks and calling her his angel and every other endearing name he could think of.

He had learnt his lesson, and if in the future he had cause to be thankful that he had buried the past, he remembered that he owed it all to his wife.—London Tit-Bits.

13 CHICKS OUT OF 12 EGGS.

The hatching of a double-yolked egg is not by any means a rarity. But it is a very rare occurrence indeed for such an egg to produce two perfect chickens. Cases of this kind, however, occurred from time to time. One was duly authenticated in an English agricultural paper some years ago, and the stuffed figures of a couple of chickens, which emerged from one and the same egg, are to be found in the British Museum. A few cases have been authenticated of the appearance from a single egg of two chickens joined together by a wing or a leg, but, as a general rule, when a double-yolked egg is hatched, the result is a monstrosity in the shape of a chick with two heads or two pairs of legs. Many people think that the production of two perfect chickens from a double-yolked egg is by no means uncommon, because sittings which they have placed under fowls have yielded one more chicken than the number of eggs. It is, however, far more probable that cases of this kind result from the fowl having laid another egg after she had commenced her task of incubation.

Gladys—"What! Mrs. De Style not entertaining this month?" Gerald—"No. Sickens in the family." Gladys—"It must be very serious," Gerald—"It is. Her poodle has pneumonia."

DISCOVERED BY TRIFLES

CRIMINALS TRACKED BY LITTLE MISTAKES.

Cobwebs on the Elbow of a Frock Coat Convicted a Robber.

The eye of the law is remarkably keen nowadays. A few weeks back a man was brought up at the Central Criminal Court who found himself in the dock mainly through a cobweb, says London Answers. A detective had been attracted to pay him peculiar attention by the fact that, fashionably attired, he was walking down the street with a mass of cobwebs on the elbow of his frock-coat. The news received later that a robbery had been effected at a wine-merchant's office in the neighborhood suggested the question whether there were in the cellars, where the thief might have concealed himself, cobwebs of the same description. There were, and the immaculately dressed man will in future probably take a clothes-brush with him when engaged in like pursuits. He will not need one, however, for over two years.

"It is the little thing that catches the criminal," declared M. Mace, the great head of the Paris police. He caught a criminal named Avinet by a scent the offender used. The crime was a terrible one—the murder of a lady for her jewels and certain bonds in her possession. The lady was discovered lying upon the floor of her room dead.

SHE HAD BEEN STRANGLED.

No one had been seen going in or departing from her rooms. There appeared to be no clue. The unfortunate lady had evidently been suddenly attacked while engaged in friendly conversation with a visitor, for a bottle of wine and two partly filled glasses stood upon the table. A handkerchief—a lady's—was on the floor beside her. It was at once assumed that the handkerchief was madame's, and that it had fallen from her hand. But it was scented, and no one had ever known madame to use that peculiar scent.

Mace came to the conclusion that it belonged to the murderer, and that the assassin was a man of effeminate and dandyish habits. What man was there likely to commit that crime who used such a scent, and preferred not to hug his pocket out with a handkerchief which was larger than a lady's? Within four days Mace had found his man. It was the scent that led to his head falling into M. Deibler's basket.

In the Black Museum at Scotland Yard is the plaster cast of a bitten apple, which was the only clue the police had to the identity of the perpetrator of a most sensational crime. The murderer's victim was a woman who was found dead in a room in a house in Great Corn Street, London. The assassin had eaten part of the apple, and a very fair impression of his teeth remained in the fruit. Unfortunately, the clue was not sufficient, and the guilty man was never discovered.

In a case tried on the Western Circuit some years since, a man suspected of murder was discovered to have on two fingers of his right hand marks which had clearly been made by peculiarly shaped human teeth. The teeth of the dead man were shown to exactly fit into the marks, and the

PRISONER WAS CONVICTED.

The mystery surrounding the death of a great Continental banker was cleared by means of a cigar-holder found in the room with the body. No one could identify the holder. No one had ever seen the banker using it. But in the holder was a small piece of unconsumed cigar-end. Experts pronounced it a cigar of the finest quality—one which only a person of wealth could afford to purchase. This evidence appeared to confirm the notion that the cigar-holder had belonged to the dead plutocrat. He had cigars in the house, too, of the same brand. One of the detectives, however, engaged in the case was not satisfied. The cigar-holder was peculiarly worn in two places. Its owner had evidently been accustomed to bite it hard. Two teeth had almost bitten it through. The detective inserted the holder in the mouth of the dead man, but his teeth would not fit these hollows. The holder had evidently belonged to the murderer. He was discovered at last in the person of the banker's cook, whose teeth corresponded to the worn places. He had been accustomed to help himself to his master's choice cigars.

TOLD BY THE TYPEWRITER.

The following correspondence explains itself:

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, an begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his ground."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and requests that in future he will not spell his piggs with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and he will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

There's a heap of fellers with not enough sense to keep hogs out of the cornfield that think they can run the Government.

REGINA FAIRFIELD,

—OR—

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER III.

"The Fair One with Golden Locks," was the title of a beautiful fairy tale of an enchanted princess, of which my sister Regina used to be very fond; and in gay reference to her penchant for this, and in compliment to her high style of blond beauty, we gave her this sobriquet. We also called her "Queen Blanche," in flattery of her regal grace, and her exceeding, her wonderful fairness. She was, in fact, the very fairest living thing I ever saw. You have seen the wreck! amazing, beautiful, even in ruins, but that thing bears no more resemblance to my resplendent Regina than does the charred skeleton of the lightning-blasted tree to the green and stately mountain pine—heaven receive her! To return.

I had not seen my sister Regina for two years, during which time she had been absent at a "finishing school." I was, therefore, curious as anxious to meet her, now that she had returned home permanently. I wished to see what these two years from sixteen to eighteen, spent at the finishing school, had done for her, who, bating pride, already embodied my idea of womanly perfection.

We reached our journey's end. It was late in a lovely March day that we arrived at Willow Hill. We had changed our travelling dresses for drawing-room costume at the little town of A—, two miles distant, while waiting for a carriage that was to meet us there.

Therefore, upon our arrival, we were ushered at once into my sister's presence, who was already expecting us. Much as I was prepared for improvement, I confess I was surprised, delighted, and somewhat abashed, at the sight of the elegant woman awaiting our approach.

She sat erect, but at ease, in a high-backed armchair, covered with purple velvet, whose dark, rich background threw out her beautiful and graceful form in fine relief. She was arrayed in rich white satin, whose glossy and ample folds, descending to her feet, merely permitted the tip of one tiny embroidered slipper to be visible. Her arms and neck fairer than the satin itself, were bare, except for being delicately shaded by falls of the richest and finest lace, and encircled by pearl bracelets and necklace. Her hair, her "golden locks," were rolled off from her temples in rich and heavy folds à la Pompadour, and bound back by Oriental pearls, exposing a brow of frosty fairness and sovereign pride. There was a coldness in this statuesque dignity of my sister that prevented me from meeting her with any demonstration of fraternal love or joy. I think I met her then as I should have met any other "proud lady" to whom I might have been introduced, and then I turned, and, presenting my college friend named:

"Mr. Wallraven, of Virginia."

Regina slightly inclined her graceful head, in acknowledgment of Wallraven's profound and deferential bow, and, raising her eyes with a quick and quickly-withdrawn glance, held out her hand to welcome him to Willow Hill, saying, quite graciously:

"I know the Wallravens, of Hickory Hall, by reputation."

Here Wolfgang gave a violent start, reeled as under an unexpected and overwhelming blow, made a mighty effort and recovered his self-command, all in a passage of a few seconds, while I looked inquiringly at Regina, and she, with calm surprise, regarded him.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Wallraven, and you Ferdinand?" she said.

We sat down; and Regina, possibly to fill an awkward pause in the conversation, observed:

"Yes—I know the Wallravens of Hickory Hall, by history and report. Wolfgang Wallraven—your American ancestor and namesake, sir—I heard my father say was a Lutheran refugee, who came to Virginia in the company of his intimate friend, our ancestor, Lord B—, and who, as long as his lordship remained governor of Virginia, retained a place in his council. I hope, sir, that we may become better known to each other."

On concluding these gracious words, my princess raised her eyes to those of Wallraven; but they swiftly fell again, while the faintest color dawned on her fair cheek. Wallraven had bowed, and bowed, at the close of every condescending sentence; but now, when common civility required him to say something, he was dumb. I came to his relief.

"Miss Fairfield," said I, "is quite a fait to the early history, antiquities, and traditions of the Old Dominion, for which she had a great

veneration. She is rich in legendary lore, and, though born in Alabama, evidently considers Virginia her mother country, and infinitely prefers it to her native soil."

"For many excellent reasons, without a doubt," said Wallraven, with a bow toward my fair queen, who, with her snowy eyelids drooped till her long, golden lashes rested on her delicately-roseate cheek, remained silent. Now I came to her succor.

"Regina liked the conservative pride of the Old Dominion—the prevalence of old English feeling—family pride, which Mother England herself has outlived, but that still survives in her eldest daughter, Virginia, the child that most resembles her. It is a prejudice—an anti-republican thing, contrary to the spirit of the nineteenth century. You are lagging behind the age, Regina, but you will get over this."

A cold smile chilled the fair face of my sister, who deigned no other reply.

"This is not so, lady, my friend exaggerates; these are not your sentiments," said Wallraven in his deep, rich tones, and with a manner in which was strangely blended deprecation and dignity.

She quietly raised those golden eyelashes, to drop them again instantly, as she replied:

"Yes! since I am constrained to confess it; and surely I may so without offence in the presence of one of so old and pure a stock as the Wallravens, of Hickory Hall, whose family can be traced back to the time of the Saxon Heptarchy. Yes, I do think that the much-ridiculed family pride of Maryland and Virginia, ridiculed, however, only by vulgar wits among the nouveaux riches of other States, is, at least, far more worthy of respect than the low pride of new wealth, or appearance of wealth, which is oftentimes no more than superficial finery. The ancient pride of the old families of Maryland and Virginia is assuredly well grounded. Many of them, the Wallravens among the rest," (inclining her head graciously to Wolfgang) "are assuredly descended from the very flower of the old English aristocracy—many among them dating back to a period long anterior to the Norman Conquest, and numbering in their line some of the most illustrious among the warriors, statesmen, and churchmen of England—noble scions of noble houses, who, for their conservatism, and attachment to the ancient regime were driven out by that fanatical spirit of radicalism which, even in the reign of James, began to manifest itself in Great Britain."

"It is true, lady, that the rich valleys and plains of Maryland and Virginia were settled by a very different set of men, actuated by a very opposite set of motives, to those that sent the hardy Puritans to the sterile shores of New England; and that may go far to account for different domestic and social manners, and a different State policy."

"I confess I prefer the ancestral pride of a Virginia planter to the purse of a Yankee peddler."

"Those are extreme cases, lady."

"Sir, have you no pride of ancestry? Is it not a matter of self-esteem to you that your remote progenitor was a Saxon noble instead of being a Saxon serf?"

"No, lady, it is not a matter of pride to me," said Wolfgang, in a tone so mournful that I looked anxiously upon him. "I own, I honor New England for the perfectly level platform on which all her sons stand with equal rights."

"Let us change the subject," said I.

"With pleasure," said Regina; and, turning to Wolfgang, she asked: "Do you like music, Mr. Wallraven? I have a very rich pianoforte, in fine tune just now."

Wolfgang instantly declared a passion for music, and, as Regina arose, he offered her his arm, to take her across the room; but she declined the civility with a stately inclination of the head, and, dropping her golden eyelashes, swept on alone in sovereign grace and beauty, and seated herself before the instrument. We followed her. Wolfgang took a station at the back of her chair, to turn the leaves of her music book. She played and sang several pieces in a very masterly style; but they were all of one character—grand, martial, heroic. At the end of the last piece the folding doors were thrown open, and a servant appeared and announced supper. Now rising, and again courteously declining the proffered arm of Wallraven, and moving on alone in her regal pride and purity, she preceded us to the supper-room.

After supper, we adjourned to the

drawing-room, where we passed the evening in conversation, in music, in the examination of new books, prints, such articles of vertu as were scattered around, and in projecting plans for the next day's occupation and amusement; no very difficult thing for three persons alone in a country house together, for our guardian was absent.

Soon after this we separated for the night. I accompanied Wallraven to his room.

"Well, Wallraven," said I, as soon as we were alone, "how do you like my sister? Is she all my fancy painted her, or am I a blind enthusiast?"

"Brothers are, of all persons, the least apt to be," dryly replied Wolfgang, who seemed to be threatened with a return of his old boyish surliness.

"And brothers' friends are in no danger of becoming so," said I, good-humoredly.

Without noticing my last remark, he said, in the slow oracular tone of a judge balancing the weight of every word:

"Miss Fairfield is beautiful—she is beauty; but, like the mountain snow she is high, cold, pure, fair, frosty."

"Ah!" said I, "the least lovely of Regina's traits of character has revealed itself this evening. Lofty principles, high-toned sense of honor, perfect truthfulness, large benevolence, generosity, a rich and well-cultivated intellect—the treasures of the heart and mind—remain to be discovered!"

"Fairfield! don't fling your sister into my arms so determinedly, lest I catch her!" replied Wallraven, with a sarcastic smile that raised my anger to such a pitch as very nearly to make me forget that he was my guest. I replied in a cold and haughty tone:

"Miss Fairfield is not a woman to be thrown or caught, or by any means to suggest such a thought."

"Of course not! It is you who suggest it! Pooh, Fairfield! 'an arrow from Cupid's bow'—to express the thing as you would express it—is slightly quivering in my flesh. I can easily pluck it out and cast it from me, if you will allow me to do so. Do not you drive it to my heart, impale me with it—for nothing would ensue but death! Miss Fairfield will probably bestow her hand upon some 'magnificent son of Achar' who will be quite worthy of her!"

"I should like to know what you mean by presuming to consider what I have said to you in the light you do. What right have you to do so?"

"Only the right of knowledge, a fatal gift of insight into the hearts of others, and a dangerous habit of reading aloud what I find written therein," he replied with mournful sarcasm.

I looked at him from head to foot. He was sitting in an easy-chair, with his hands joined on his knees, his brigand-looking head bent forward, his piercing eyes fixed on the floor, and his veil of jet-black hair falling forward and shading his darkening countenance. There was so much bitter sorrow in his attitude, expression, and tone, that my displeasure fled.

"Wolfgang!" said I, "what is it that makes me love you so? You say the most exasperating things to me, and then disarm my wrath by a look, a tone?"

"What—! Is it, perhaps, that you feel I am your friend? Fairfield, my dear fellow, put me in no future plans of your own. The greatest injury I could do myself, the greatest benefit I could confer upon you, is to tell you this. Leave me. Good-night!"

We met next morning early. Like most houses in this neighborhood, our houses had long piazzas, upstairs and down, running around three sides of the house, with the front room windows all opening on hinges upon them. Therefore, as I opened my chamber door and stepped out upon the piazza, I saw that Wallraven had come out of his room and was promenading there. He turned, smiling, to meet me, took my arm, and said something complimentary of the "beautiful country," now in full spring bloom, though the month was March. After promenading there for some time, enjoying the pure morning air and the extensive prospect, we went below and entered the morning-room. It was a long, handsomely-furnished apartment.

Regina was standing at the upper end of the room, attended by two maid-servants, to whom she was giving some directions, and who, as we entered, left her, and passed out by a side door.

Regina came to meet us. She wore a pure white morning-dress of some very transparent light tissue, with the skirt made very full, whose gossamer folds floated gracefully with every movement of her queenly form. Her golden hair was rolled back from her snowy forehead, as on the evening before, only, instead of the jeweled bandeau, it was bound by a narrow white ribbon. She held in her hand a few white lilies, whose perfume filled the air. If I could find a word to express the union of the loftiest hauteur with the clearest purity and the most aerial delicacy, I would use that word to describe Regina, as, waiting fragrance with every motion, she floated on to meet us.

"Do you like lilies, Mr. Wallraven? Those are the first the gardener has sent me. They are very fine," she



Healthy Horses

Man's Best Friend Deserves Man's Best Treatment

For his many ailments there is nothing better than the following Clydesdale Remedies, made from the purest of ingredients, and sold under a positive guarantee of satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded by dealer.

Heavy Cure—one package will often cure a slight attack; six packages will cure nearly every case.

Embrocation Linctus, no ache or pain can escape its penetrating effect.

Tar Foot Remedy, keeps the hoof in a soft natural condition.

Worm Powder does the business. It cleanses and purifies the horse's system.

Gall Cure is the quickest and safest remedy for sore shoulders, collar galls, Cures while working.

Bismarck Pine Healing Oil for bruises, burns, cuts, scalds is a marvellous remedy. It soothes and cleanses.

Colic Cure gives immediate relief and should always be handy. It will save many a horse.

Carbolized Antiseptic means clean stables.

FEED CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD.

CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

said, separating one from her bunch and offering it to Wolfgang.

"It is your favorite flower, Miss Fairfield."

"Why do you think so?"

"They resemble you—more! they express you!"

Regina dropped those white eyelids again, and, moving on before us, said:

"Come, then, and I will show you how much I like lilies;" and, leaving the room, she floated on, followed by us through the wide hall, and into an elegant little boudoir, whose glass doors opened upon a small but beautiful garden of white lilies, in the centre of which was a clear pond, its borders fringed with white lilies, and its water reflecting the graceful forms of two white swans that sailed upon its bosom.

"This is the way I like lilies."

"And all things that express elegance, purity, and pride," said Wolfgang, pointing to the swans.

Yes! the unity and harmony of purity, pride, and elegance, revealed itself in Regina's whole being—her form, features, and complexion—her tastes, habits, and occupations.

We spent the hour before breakfast in the boudoir.

(To be Continued.)

MORE WHEAT GROWN.

Larger Area Under Cultivation in England.

The English agricultural returns for the year 1905 have just been published. The report sets forth the general results of the agricultural census, which is annually taken throughout the country in the first week in June. Compared with the crop areas of the preceding year, the following increases have been noted: Wheat, 421,701 acres; rye, 6,483 acres; beans, 1,983 acres; potatoes, 38,262 acres; mangels, 5,296 acres; cabbage, 8,151 acres; kohlrabi, 1,980 acres; vetches or tares, 8,200 acres; permanent grass (not for hay) 179,321 acres; hops, 1,169 acres; small fruit, 875 acres; orchards, 1,315 acres. Associated with these are the following decreases on the year: Barley, 127,020 acres; oats, 201,586 acres; peas, 373 acres; turnips and swedes, 14,831 acres; rape, 3,891 acres; lucerne, 2,314 acres; clover, sainfoin and grasses grown in rotation, 193,975 acres; permanent grass (for hay), 76,883 acres; flax, 122 acres; bare fallow, 83,377 acres. The total area under all crops and grass (excluding mountain and heath land used for grazing) is 32,286,832 acres, or 30,778 acres less than in 1904.

Nothing is more remarkable in this table than the new figures relating to the area of the wheat crop. The movement this year is almost as large as the memorable one ten years ago in 1895, but it is in the opposite direction. In

1895 the wheat area of Great Britain receded to 1,417,483 acres, this representing a decline of more than half a million acres from the preceding year. On the other hand, this year, as compared with last, shows an expansion of 421,701 acres in wheat-sown land.

SAVED BY A TERRIER.

Experiences of a Man Who Was

Attacked by Lioness.

The story of how a little terrier saved its master from the clutches of an enraged lioness is told in a letter from Mr. Martin Drew, of M'Putzeni, Matabeleland, Africa, recently published in the Bulawayo Chronicle.

A man named De Beer, of Shiloh, travelling on foot, had started from camp early, leaving his "boy" to pack up and follow him.

He had not gone half a mile when he heard a growl, and, turning, found an immense lioness about fifty yards away, and rapidly approaching. As quickly as possible he raised his magazine rifle. She was within twenty paces when he fired, and the shot broke her jaw.

Her fierce roar mingled with the sound of the second shot, which broke one of her forelegs; and the third shot, fired just as she sprang on De Beer, missed her altogether, and the man was borne down by the ferocious brute.

He was severely mauled and bitten, his left hand being badly injured by the maddened animal.

"He had," says the letter, "a little terrier dog with him, and the dog now fastened on to the beast's ear, and hung grimly on. This made the brute shift a little and De Beer was able to get hold of the rifle, again with his right hand and shoot the lioness through the chest. She fell dead on top of him—his left hand still in her mouth."

After being doctored by natives, he walked on to M'Putzeni, and was attended to by medical men there.

"Won't you try the chicken salad, judge?" said the boarding-house keeper. "I tried it yesterday, ma'am," replied the witty judge, "and the chicken proved an alibi."

Hostess—"Do take some more of the pudding, Mr. Borewell." Borewell—"My dear Mrs. Bunderby, I couldn't eat another mouthful. I've eaten so much already that I can hardly speak." Hostess—"Do try a little more—just a little more, if only to please me, Mr. Borewell."

(Cecil sentimentally)—"Don't you feel gloomy when the sky is overcast with grey, when the rhythmic rain sounds a dirge upon the roof, and the landscape's beauties are hid by the weeping mist?" Hazel (sweetly)—"Yes; it's dreadfully annoying. It does make one's hair come out of curl so."



THE DEBT THAT CAN NEVER BE REPAYED

Fall and winter goods.

JACKETS.

We have just stocked a large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' Jackets. They are the latest Styles, the Nobbiest of Goods, and considering their excellent quality, the cheapest in town.

Underwear.

That is something which is calling attention just now. We call your attention to the splendid lines that we are carrying and the especial values we are offering. Call in and get your warm winter under-clothing from us.

Gloves & Mitts

Our Store is headquarters for your gloves and mitts. Any color, any kind, any price. A large stock from which to make your choice.

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 a'out variety. We have it in every line and in large quantity.

EVERY DEPT. IS FULL

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

J. N. A. CARRIERE

St. Philippe

Bring Your

and Pump
Pipe
problems

To us for solving. This is one of our specialties and we stand prepared to give you entire satisfaction in this as well as the many other lines of our business. Prepare in time as the cold weather will soon be with us.

T. McQuat & Sons.
HARDWARE MERCHANTS
LACHUTE MILLS - QUE

THE ACCOUNTS

Of Corporations, Merchants, and the business community generally, received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safety and sound banking principles. Your savings account is invited in.

The BANK of OTTAWA

Capital paid up \$2,500,000 Real \$2,500,000

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

IF YOU WANT

A Wholesome, Delicious,
Wonderfully Fine

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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.

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BAKERY

W. G. Stanforth, Prop.

Keep Cool

Don't Worry

Go to Hope's if you want satisfaction in ice-cream made with pure fruit flavors.

We have some imitations 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

LADIES' JACKETS!!

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.

W. BANFORD.

P.S.—Piles of Men's and Youths Overcoats & Suits.

St. Andrews Special.

LADIES LOOK HERE!

We make a Specialty of Costume Cloth (in Tweed Effects) and Dress Goods, Trimmings and Fancy Goods, and we have a large range to select from. Also a large assortment of Ready-to-wear Skirts, Jackets and Coats. If you want flannelette, see our English reversibles, they are good value and are selling well. Get your supply of pure cane Scotch Sugar from us, also your Red Ross Tea which is really a good tea.

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

A Sporting match will be held at Ellsboro, N.S., on Saturday, Oct. 21st. 25 turkey, 4 geese and a number of chickens. Shooting match will commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

FARM FOR SALE.

350 acres on 6th range Township of Gore, two hundred acres of it in bush, well timbered with spruce, cedar, pine, and hardwood timber, good buildings, good water, 1 mile from church, school and post-office. For price and further particulars, apply to S. J. RATHWELL, proprietor, Shrewsbury, Que.

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.

Buy Our Jackets!—The largest assortment between Montreal & Ottawa we believe. We can't get the prices of the city stores for these fine goods. We don't want to carry a jacket over so prices are low to clear every one. W. BANFORD.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JAMES PARADIS.

Rodrigues Farm, Lachute,
Friday, October 27th, 1905.

The following effects:—Two milk cows, 1 working horse, 1 four year old colt, 1 year and a half filly, good new Moody Mower, 1 iron harrow, Scotch Trestle Fleury plow, 1 lumber wagon, tumbrel cart, 1 top buggy, 1 light cutter, set of robes, set of double harness, set single light harness, set cart harness, 1 cooking stove, a quantity of hay, 100 bags of potato, 100 bushel of white hanner oats, and many other articles unmentioned.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS:—\$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. Smith, Licensed Auctioneer.

FOR SALE

The old established bakery, confectionery, flour and feed business, horses, wagons, harness, sleighs, and everything complete to carry on the business. Property also for sale.

WM. BRADSHAW,
Grenville.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Thanksgiving
Day, October 26th 1905.

Round trip tickets will be sold between all stations in Canada at
Single First-Class Fare
Gbing dates—Oct. 25th and 26th
Return limit—Oct. 30, 1905.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Thanksgiving Day
1905.

AT ONE WAY LOWEST
FIRST-CLASS FARE.

Oct. 25th and 26th
Good for return until

Oct. 30th, 1905

For tickets and further information apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent.