

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCTO. 5, 1906.

NO. 36

Furnaces.

Now is the time to put in a good furnace. A saving of time and money as well as additional comfort. If you have any plumbing or fixing to be done just ring up No. 41. and we be pleased to attend to you.

W. S. McBRIDE,

Main St., Lachute.

P.S.—We have always a large stock of Fruit & Confectionery.

Lost, on Thursday, between Brownburg and Lachute, a hand satchel, containing \$10.50 and a laundry ticket. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at this office.

LOST.—Dark Grey Cheviot Coat marked with initials D. C. inside. Finder please leave at this office and be rewarded.

Lumbermen—

Ask to see our X E S and you will become another of our many devotees of the best X E S in America to be had

T. McQUAT & SON

HOUSE TO LET on Hugh St. Apply to J. R. McQUAT, Lachute.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—A Good Brick house, situated on Chatham Street, Liberal terms. For particulars, apply to Watchman Office.

LUMBERMEN.

Say have you seen our Cross Cut saws, this is the reason to select one, we guarantee satisfaction out of any saw we sell.

T. McQuat & Son.

BIRTH.

CALDER.—At Lachute, on Thursday, Sept. 27th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Calder.

DOIG.—At Lachute, on Wednesday, October 3rd, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Doig.

DEATH.

DAVIDSON.—At Bassona, Alberta, August 25, James Davidson, aged 48, son of the late John Davidson, of St. Augustin, Que.

LOCAL NEWS

Dr. Smillie of Arundel spent yesterday in town.

Mr. Hal. Banford is spending his vacation in Chicago.

Mrs. Geo. McGregor of Montreal, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. H. Slater is spending a week's visit with friends in the city.

Mr. Peter Cruise Jr. spent the early part of this week in Montreal.

Miss Mamie Marshall of Montreal, is spending a week's vacation in town.

Miss Minnie Buchanan was in Montreal, Friday & Saturday of last week.

Mr. Rousseau of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. Jim McPaul on Sunday.

Miss Florence McGillivray of Montreal, was the guest of her parents on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Giles are now spending a short visit with friends in the city.

Mrs. (Dr.) and Miss Ryckman of Almonte, are guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Alexander.

(Rev.) Mrs. Beamish of North Wakefield is the guest of her sister Mrs. Geo. Calder.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis & Mrs. Davis, Sr., of Christeville, spent a few days in town this week.

The Annual Sports of Lachute Academy have been postponed until Saturday week, October 6th.

The Rev. Mr. McEwen of Toronto, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church for the coming two weeks.

Mr. Nap. Boivin left on Wednesday morning for a couple of weeks visit with friends in Boston, and Springfield, Mass.

Miss Lucile Elvard of Montreal, arrived in town yesterday and will spend the winter with her grandmother, Mrs. F. Jousse.

The many friends of Mr. J. Bedard will be sorry to learn that he is confined to the house with an attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Mrs. Robinson who has been spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Jason Stewart, returned to St. Therese on Saturday last.

Mr. M. J. Strong, of Cambria, Warden of the County, was in town yesterday and sold his property on James St. to Mr. E. J. Billick of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott of Montreal, are guests of their daughter, Mrs. E. H. Wilson this week. Mr. and Mrs. Budge of the city, were also guests over Sunday.

Before leaving town last week Miss E. Buckham was presented by the choir of the Presbyterian Church with a purse containing a sum of money in token of their friendship and esteem.

We congratulate Mr. Jno. Cruise on having received the red ticket for his Prize Holstein Bull which he sent to the Dominion Exhibition at Halifax. To take first prize there means considerable honor.

Mrs. Jas. McPaul, the Misses Lizzie and Jessie McPaul, Edith Simon, and Mr. Willie McPaul, spent a few days at Cascades this week, guests at the wedding of Mr. Willie G. McPaul to Miss Annie Reed.

Mr. P. F. McGibbon, who has been employed at Mr. Geo. Staniford's during the summer months, was removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital on Monday, passed a successful operation for appendicitis and is now doing well.

The Rev. E. G. Robb, M.A. of Bristol, will preach in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next, both morning and evening. Communion will be administered at morning service and preparatory service will be held on Saturday at 2 p.m.

Miss Marie Berniquier wishes to announce that she is prepared to receive pupils in piano/orte playing after October 1st. Studio at her home near the Methodist parsonage. Miss Berniquier holds a Fener Diploma from the Dominion College of Music, and is thoroughly qualified to give musical instruction.

The Fall Millinery Openings were held on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, both days being greeted with delightful weather. Novelty, daintiness and artistic color arrangements are the features of the new hats for the coming season, which were tastefully arranged to show to their best advantage.

The Blessing of the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross by His Lordship Bishop Zolique Racicot, Bishop of Polga, will take place on Sunday afternoon next at 2.30 p.m. Special services and programme have been arranged for the occasion. The corner stone of the convent was blessed by Bishop Bruchesi on June 21st, '05. The Sisters of the Holy Cross arrived in Lachute on August 30th, 1905, and took possession of the convent on the 2nd of January, 1906. Short hand and typewriting are taught as well as other accomplishments. Lessons are given in garment cutting. The convent programme of studies gives the place of honor to work of common utility such as sewing, knitting, mending, embroidery, etc. Pupils who wish may take a course leading up to the Elementary and Model School certificates. Diplomas are also given to pupils who prefer to take a commercial course.

LOUISA.

Mr. Jno. Boyd was in Lachute, on Thursday.

Mrs. Jas. Robinson of Lakeside, is spending the week the guest of Mrs. Joseph Boyd.

Miss Ella Niel who spent the past two weeks visiting friends in Leopold returned home on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Seale spent a few days last week visiting friends in Morin Falls.

Miss Annie Swails of Arundel, is visiting her uncles, Messrs. Stewart and Sidney Boyd.

Mr. J. A. Wilson is spending the week visiting Mrs. Wilson's parents Mr. and Mrs. Lott. Rowe.

The Misses, Maude E. Seale and Ida M. Watchorn were the guests of Miss L. Mathus on Sunday.

The members of Louisa Orange Lodge No. 717, gave their first annual dinner to their friends on Tuesday last, which proved a great success. The gentlemen certainly excelled themselves in giving a grand dinner and all present enjoyed themselves immensely and hoped that it will not be the last dinner they will have the pleasure of partaking with their Orange friends.

The New Williams' Sewing Machine

Simple in Construction Smooth running.



Ball-bearing Beautifully finished, Quiet in movement.

The New Williams is simple and easy to learn, has fewer working parts than any other first-class machines and all adjustable.

Guaranteed for five years.

Call and see us. We will make the terms and prices to suit.

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

"THE ELITE."



Astonishing values in early Fall Millinery Dress Goods, Jackets, Gloves, Corsets and Hosiery.

Don't fail to see our large assortment of Imported China, and Austrian Near Cut Glass, new and beautiful.

Satisfy yourself by calling on us before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH

There is MONEY in it for You.

Come and Examine my Stock before buying elsewhere

Ladies Diamond Rings, \$10 & up.

Stone Rings, Watches, Bracelets, at prices below the lowest, in fact the right place to buy right. Headquarters for Spectacles and Eyeglasses Scientific Examination Free.

W. H. GREGG

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN,
1st Vice President Canada Association of Opticians,
Watch Repairing a Specialty. LACHUTE.

O. PAQUETTE,

MAIN ST., LACHUTE

BARBER AND TOBACCONIST

Choice Havana & Domestic Cigars

Pipes and Tobaccos of all kinds

Perfumeries and Toilet Articles of the most up-to-date kind always in stock.

What are your Needs For the Winter?

Doesn't something in the following lines interest you?

Mitts and Gloves, Heavy Trousers, Warm Cloth Caps, Warm Unshrinkable Underwear, Warm Top Shirts, Sweaters, Heavy Socks, Hosiery, Flannelette, Dress Goods, Lumbermen's Socks

Everything you need for Fall and Winter. All these goods are of special quality and of special value.

Carpenter Bros,

The Popular Priced Store.

About the House

PICKLES.

Enamelled Kettles should always be used in preference to brass or copper in making catsup and pickles, as the verdigris produced by the vinegar on these metals is extremely poisonous. For some pickles use cold vinegar, as in boiling most of the strength is lost by evaporation.

Pickles should never be put in glazed jars, as salt and vinegar penetrate the glaze and produce a poison. Glass and stone jars are preferable to any other; a small piece of alum in each jar will make the pickles firm and crisp. One tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of vinegar will be found a great improvement to all pickles.

Damson and Cherry Pickles.—To five pounds of fruit put three pounds sugar, one quart vinegar, four tablespoonfuls, or two ounces, cinnamon, one tablespoonful cloves, as much mace. Put the fruit in a jar. Boil the vinegar, sugar, and spices and pour them boiling hot on the fruit. Tie the spices loosely in muslin before boiling.

Ripe Peach Pickles.—Pare the peaches and drop in vinegar that has been boiled, with one teaspoonful sugar to one quart vinegar, and twelve cloves, a teaspoonful of whole allspice, and three large sticks of cinnamon. Always tie the spice in cheesecloth or muslin loosely before boiling.

Spanish Pickles.—Use one peck green tomatoes, four onions thinly sliced, one cup salt, one-half ounce cloves, one-half ounce allspice berries, one-half ounce peppercorns, one-half cup mustard seed, one pound brown sugar, four green peppers finely chopped, cider vinegar. Sprinkle alternate layers of tomatoes and onions with salt and let stand overnight. In the morning drain and put in a preserving kettle, adding remaining ingredients; using enough vinegar to cover all. Heat gradually to boiling point and boil about thirty minutes.

Jumbo Pickle.—Chop fine a head of cabbage, sprinkle with salt; let it remain thus for 12 hours; then mix 1 onion finely minced with the cabbage; drain through a colander; add a good quantity of pepper and celery seed. Put it in a jar and cover with vinegar. Ready for use in three days.

Chow-Chow.—Use two quarts small green tomatoes, twelve small cucumbers, three red peppers, one cauliflower, two bunches celery, one pint small onions, two quarts string beans, one-fourth pound mustard seed, two ounces turmeric, one-half ounce allspice, one-half ounce pepper, one-half ounce cloves, salt, one gallon vinegar; cut the vegetables in small pieces, cover with salt, let it stand twenty-four hours, and drain. Heat vinegar and spices to boiling point, add vegetables, and cook until soft.

APPLE DESSERTS.

Apple Charlotte.—Cut slices of wheat bread or rolls and having rubbed the bottom and sides of a basin with a bit of butter, line it with the sliced bread or rolls; put tart apples, cut them small and nearly fill the pan, strewing bits of butter and sugar between the apples; grate a small nutmeg over; make as many slices of bread or rolls as will cover it, over which put a plate and a weight to keep the bread close upon the apples; bake two hours in a quick oven, then turn it out. Quarter of a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar to half a peck of tart apples.

Rich Baked Apple Pudding.—Half pound the pulp of apples, half loaf sugar, six ounces of butter, the rind of one lemon, six eggs, puff paste. Peel and core and cut the apples as for sauce; put them into a stewpan, with only just sufficient water to prevent them from burning; and let them stew until reduced to a pulp. Weigh the pulp, and to every half pound add sifted sugar, grated lemon peel, and six well beaten eggs. Beat these ingredients well together, then melt the butter, stir it to the other things, put a border of puff paste round the dish, and bake for more than half an hour. The butter should not be added until the pudding is ready for the oven.

Apple Sago Pudding.—One cup sago in a quart of tepid water, baked for one hour, six or eight apples, pared and cored, or quartered and steamed tender, and put in the pudding dish; boil and stir the sago until clear, adding water to make it thin, and pour it over the apples; this is good hot with butter and sugar, or cold with cream and sugar.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—Make in the same way, using a soft dough; place in a shallow pan, bake in a hot oven, and serve with cream and sugar, or place in a pan which is four or five inches deep (do not have the dumplings touch each

other); then pour in hot water, just leaving top of dumplings uncovered. To a pan of four or five dumplings add one teacup and a half a teacup of butter; bake from half to three-quarters of an hour. If water cooks away too much add more. Serve dumplings on a platter and the liquid in sauceboat for dressing. Fresh or canned peaches can be made the same way.

CARE OF HONEY.

The average housekeeper puts honey in the cellar for safe keeping, about the worst place possible. Honey readily attracts moisture. In the cellar extracted honey will become thin, and in time may sour. With comb honey the case is still worse, for the appearance as well as the quality is changed. Instead of keeping honey in a place moist and cool, keep it dry and warm, even hot. It will not hurt to be in a temperature of even 100 degrees. Where salt will keep dry is a good place for honey. Few places are better than the kitchen cupboard. Up in a hot garret next to the roof is a good place, and if it has had enough hot days there through the summer it will stand the freezing winter; for under ordinary circumstances, freezing cracks the combs, and hastens granulation or candying.

If honey be kept for any length of time, especially during cold weather, it has a tendency to change from its original beautiful liquid transparency to a white semi-solid granulated condition, called by bee-keepers, granulated or candied. According to a recent bulletin of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, it sometimes becomes candied so solid that when in a barrel the head has to be taken off, and the honey removed by the spade! This candied condition is not to be taken as an evidence against its genuineness or purity, but the contrary; for the adulterated honeys are less likely to candy than those that are pure.

It is an easy matter to restore honey to its former condition. Simply keep it in hot water bath long enough, but not too hot. If heated above 160 degrees there is danger of spoiling the color and ruining the flavor. Honey contains the most delicate of all flavors, that of the flowers from which it is taken. A good way is to set the vessel containing the honey inside another vessel containing hot water, not allowing the bottom of the one to rest directly on the bottom of the other, put putting a bit of shingle or something of the kind between. Let it stand on the stove, but do not let it boil. It may take half a day or longer to melt the honey. If the honey is set directly on the reservoir of a cook stove it will be all right in a few days. In time it will again granulate.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To ascertain if coffee contains chicory place a spoonful of the ground coffee gently on the surface of a glass of cold water. The pure coffee will float for some time and scarcely color the water; the chicory, if any be present, rapidly absorbs the water and sinks to the bottom, communicating a deep, reddish tint as it falls. Or a small spoonful of ground coffee may be placed in a small bottle of cold water and shaken for a moment; if the sample of coffee is pure it will rise to the surface and hardly tint the water, while if the coffee is adulterated with chicory, the latter will fall to the bottom and discolor the water as before. A similar coloring of the water will be produced, however, if the coffee is adulterated with burnt sugar.

Grandfire can be soldered by adopting the following method: Brush over the edges of the holes to be mended with shellac—both inside and outside—and immediately apply the melted solder, which will adhere firmly.

To Brighten up a Carpet.—A carpet looks much cleaner and brighter if, just before sweeping, some salt is thrown upon it, or, if, after it has been swept, it is wiped over with a cloth or sponge wrung out of clean salt water. This quite removes the dusty look which so soon gathers upon carpets, and will brighten the colors. A cupful of coarse salt to a basin of water is the right proportion.

To Clean Velvet.—Rub with a piece of the same material dipped in spirits of turpentine, turning the piece as it becomes soiled. Velvet, if it happens to get wet, should be shaken thoroughly only, never rubbed with a cloth.

BRITISH DIPLOMATIC VICTORY.

Reforms in Persia are Ascribed to the Influence of Britain.

No student of international politics, writes a well-informed correspondent, can fail to recognize in the sweeping reforms which have been established in Persia a great English diplomatic victory. There are also signs that this victory contains the inception of an Anglo-Russian agreement which will give Russia the southern outlet in Western Asia she so ardently craves and pressingly needs.

While Wilhelmstrasse and German agents were trying to patch up a peace between Turkey and Persia over their frontier dispute which should win the eternal gratitude of the Shah, and the Hamburg-American Line was deciding to inaugurate a monthly service of steamships between German ports and the Persian Gulf in order to take advantage of the expected expression of gratitude, Downing Street gained the ear of an important member of the Mughal family whose father happened to be Persian Minister at St. Petersburg. Mughal-ed-Dowleh had evidently been overlooked by the German agents, who had reposed their hopes in the seemingly congenial behavior of Muzaffar-ed-din him-

self. The latter, however, showed signs of brain trouble about the middle of July—at any rate, he denied himself to the minions from Wilhelmstrasse, and Mughal-ed-Dowleh suddenly became an important man. He had two strings to his bow, both of which he revealed to the invalid Shah. One was that he had information from his father to the effect that the Russian Government would view as a friendly act any attempt on the part of Persia to pave the way toward a mutual agreement of Russian and British interests in that country. The second string was the theory that a British loan might be secured if only the English people could look upon Persia as a modern, trustworthy country which paid its debts.

In order to make these strings more effective Mughal-ed-Dowleh, while still retaining the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, was made Grand Vizier. As Grand Vizier he has presented and carried through a programme of political and financial reforms which were so far beyond the expectations of the Shah that only his desire to be accounted the friend of Russia and his greed for English gold kept him from dismissing the enterprising and reforming Mughal-ed-Dowleh.

Cable despatches from Tcheran have announced the establishment of a National Assembly in Persia, while in London private telegrams have advised that Persia is about to negotiate a loan with Great Britain with the approval and support of Russia. In the present circumstances the tireless efforts of Wilhelmstrasse to prevent Turkey and Persia from coming to blows and the enterprise of the Hamburg-American Line in the Persian Gulf appear to be dwarfed into insignificance.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

She Tells How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her Daughter.

Anaemia is the doctors' name for bloodlessness. It is an ailment that affects almost every girl in her teens. Womanhood makes new demands upon her blood supply that she cannot meet. Month after month her strength, her very life, are being drained away. No food and no care can do her any good. No common medicine can save her. She needs new blood. New blood is the one thing—the only thing—that can make a healthy woman of her. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. That is why they never fail to cure anaemia. That is how they save from an early grave scores of young girls whose health and strength depend upon their blood supply. Mrs. Anson Clark, Arden, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing in my family as two of my daughters have used them with marked success. When my eldest daughter was about seventeen she began to fail in health. Her blood seemed to have turned to water. She was troubled with headaches and dizziness; the least exertion would cause her heart to palpitate violently and she could not walk up stairs without stopping to rest. She doctored for upwards of a year, and the doctor said she did not have as much blood in her body as an ordinarily healthy person would have in one arm. The doctor's treatment did not do her a particle of good. She seemed slowly fading away. Then she became afflicted with salt rheum and her hands were almost raw. About this time a neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she began taking them. After using the pills for a few weeks we could see an improvement, her appetite began to improve and a trace of color came to her cheeks. She continued taking the pills until she had used thirteen boxes when she was as well and strong as ever; every trace of both the anaemia and salt rheum had disappeared and she has since enjoyed the best of health. Later on my youngest daughter, aged fifteen, began to lose her health, but thanks to our experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills we knew where to look for a cure and after using four boxes of pills she was all right again. I have also used the pills myself for nervous troubles with complete success."

Rich red blood is the secret of health—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the secret of rich red blood. They actually make rich red blood, that is why they cure anaemia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, nervous prostration, heart palpitation, neuralgia, rheumatism, scatica, St. Vitus Dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women and growing girls miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Gossip About Some Prominent People on the World's Stage.

The Czarina of Russia is fond of swimming, and when staying at the St. Petersburg Winter Palace indulges in the recreation in a splendid bath of white marble.

The Shah of Persia is supposed never to be off Persian soil. As a matter of fact he never is, though he does travel. To his boots there is a false sole; between the false and the real a portion of the holy earth of Persia is packed. He thus strictly obeys the law.

A good story is told of little Princess Mary of Wales. It was said that one of her aunts, wishing to test her knowledge when she was beginning to talk fluently, pointed to her feet, and asked what she called them. "Ven I has shoes on my feet," was the answer. "Ven very is bare very is Tribbles."

One of the proudest treasures of King Alfonso's nurse is a gold ring in which

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This is the paramount feature of

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Free from dust, dirt and all foreign substances.

Lead Packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all Grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

is set the first tooth shed by her Royal charge. It bears the inscription, "My tooth to my nurse, Alfonso XIII." In making this presentation His Majesty followed a custom which has prevailed in the Spanish Royal family for centuries.

The prettiest hand in the world belongs to Mlle. Marie de Castellane, member of the famous French family of that name, and one of the reigning beauties of Paris. The countess, who gets her title through the dethroned Royal family, long ago dropped the family crest and went upon the stage, where she is known by another name.

Edward Grieg, the great Norwegian composer, when only six years old learnt the piano and the theory of music from his mother. At nine he composed some variations on a German melody, but he was told to stick to his lessons. As a boy he thought of being a painter, but at fifteen it was decided that he should go to Leipzig to study music thoroughly, as he showed such a decided gift.

Sir John Madden, Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria, who is now enjoying the first holiday of his life in London, is a native of Cork who has spent fifty years in Melbourne. He was the first student of the Melbourne University, of which he is now Chancellor, to gain the degree of LL.D. As Dr. Madden he soon became a leader at the Melbourne Bar, a brilliant advocate, M.P., and Minister of Justice. He was also an accomplished athlete and amateur boxer.

Marshal von Wrangel is one of the most autocratic officers of the German army. On one occasion he noticed that a young cavalry lieutenant was wearing a pair of spurs that were not of the regulation pattern. The Field-Marshal promptly gave him twenty-four hours' arrest. The lieutenant, who belonged to the self-sufficient school of officers, took it upon him to point out that the Field-Marshal was wearing just such a pair of spurs. "Good, my son," was the reply; "you can just do twenty-four hours extra for my shortcomings."

The Earl of Egmont had a fairly adventurous career before he succeeded to the family honors in 1897, for he served for twenty years before the mast on vessels trading to the East, and has been, among other things, a member of the London Fire Brigade. He has no children by his marriage to a lady of South Carolina family, and his heir is his brother, who has, like himself, been a sailor, and has also served in the Naval Mounted Police. Cowdray Park, the once magnificent family seat in Sussex, was purchased by the sixth earl some sixty years ago.

General Weyer is the most popular soldier in the Spanish army, where his real ability and passion for efficiency are appreciated by officers and private alike. When a lieutenant-colonel in a crack regiment General Weyer wooed and won a humble peasant girl of rare beauty, who, like himself, was a native of the Balearic Islands. He invited his brother officers to the wedding ceremony at the conclusion of which he committed the bride to the care of the abbess of a neighboring convent. There she remained until she had received an education befitting her new position in life.

STILL UNINSURED.

Experience of Mr. Bromley With a Life Insurance Man.

A life-insurance agent named Gunn was in town the other day, and while there he heard that old Bromley had no insurance upon his life, so Gunn concluded to drop in and see him. Bromley had no acquaintance with Gunn, and when the latter entered the office he introduced himself by saying:—"Mr. Bromley, I've called to see if I could take your life."

"Wh-wh-wh-d'you say?" exclaimed Bromley, in some alarm.

"I say that I've come round to take your life. My name is Gunn. As soon as I heard you were unprotected, that you had nothing on your life, I thought I would just run in and settle the thing with you at once."

Then Bromley got up and went to the other side of the table, and said to himself:—

"By George, it's a lunatic who has broken out of the asylum. He'll kill me if I halloo or run. I must humor him."

Then Gunn, fumbling in his pocket after his mortality tables, followed Bromley around the room and said to him:—

"You can choose your own plan, you know. It's immaterial to me. Some like one and some like another. It's a matter of taste. Which one do you prefer?"

"I'd rather not die at all," said Bromley, in despair.

"But you've got to die, of course," said Gunn; "that's a thing there's no choice about. All I can do is to make death easy for you; to make you feel happy as you go off. Now, which plan will you take?"

"Couldn't you postpone it till to-mor-

row, so as to give me time to think?" "No; I prefer to take you on the spot. I might as well do it now as at any other time. You have a wife and children?"

"Yes; I think you ought to have some consideration for them, and let me off."

"Well, that's a curious kind of argument," said Gunn. "When I take you, your family will be perfectly protected, of course, and not otherwise."

"But why do you want to murder me?"

"Murder you? Murder you? Who in thunder's talking about murdering you?"

"Why, didn't you say—"

"I called to get you to take out a life-insurance policy in our company, and—"

"Oh, you did did you?" said Bromley, suddenly becoming fierce. "Well, I ain't a-going to do it, and I want you to skip out of this office, or I'll brain you with the poker. Come, now, skip!" Then Mr. Gunn withdrew without issuing a policy, and Bromley is still uninsured.

MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

Swedish Scientists Investigate Phenomena of Dead Water.

One of the most curious marine phenomena known to seamen is that called by Norwegian sailors "dead water," which, without any visible cause, makes a vessel lose her speed and refuse to answer her helm. The sailor's only definite knowledge of its origin, says the Scotsman, is that it exists solely where there is a surface layer of fresh water resting upon the salt waters of the sea. Several explanations have been advanced by the captains of ships of the effect of dead water, the commonest of which is that the two water layers move in different directions. The true explanation, however, was recently found by Swedish investigators. At least so it would seem from what follows.

The experiment carried out was an exceedingly pretty one. A large plate-glass tank was first mounted on a wooden frame. The tank was then filled to a certain depth with salt water, and a layer of fresh water was carefully poured on to the surface, so that two separate water layers were obtained. The salt water was blackened with liquid Chinese ink before the water layers were prepared, and in this way the different layers were made clearly visible. A boat model was then towed along the tank, and a silhouette of the waves produced was obtained by placing a white screen at a short distance behind the tank. The waves were also photographed by flashlight, and the results showed conclusively that waves actually were set up at the boundary line between the two liquids.

Further experiments were made to verify the sudden loss of speed due to dead water. The boat model was drawn across the tank, and the towing string suddenly slackened when the boat was about half way across. In cases where the tank contained salt water only the boat stopped gradually, moving some boat lengths after the towing string had been slackened. When the tank contained a layer of fresh water resting on salt water, on the other hand, the boat slackened speed quite suddenly, and moved only a very short distance. These experiments, carried out on a small scale, prove conclusively that the difficulties encountered within a dead-water zone are really due to the resistance experienced by the vessel in generating invisible waves at the fresh water-salt water boundary; although in some particular cases the influence of under currents must also, doubtless, be taken into account.

LOWEST BIRTH-RATE ON RECORD.

The lowest birth-rate in any first quarter of a year since civil registration was established was recorded during the first three months of the present year, according to the quarterly return of marriages, births, and deaths in England and Wales. The actual number of births during this period was 237,396, in the proportion of 27.9 annually per 1,000 of the population. In the ten preceding first quarters the mean rate was 29.2. While the birth-rate has fallen so heavily, it is a remarkable fact that, owing to an even greater decline in the death-rate, the natural increase of population in England and Wales during the quarter was 95,934, as compared with 95,758, 71,666, and 89,740 in the first quarters of 1903, 1904, and 1905 respectively.

THE PESSIMIST.

"It was a sad fate."
"What was a sad fate?"
"Young Brewster's."
"What's happened to Brewster?"
"Married."

Mother's Ear

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

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

Sent free by sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont. and 4c. and 5c. all druggists.

Horse Owners! Use
Caustic Balsam
 A Safe, Speedy, and Positive Cure
 The most effective remedy ever used. Takes the place of all treatments for mild or severe action. Removes all Bunches or Blemishes from Horses and Cattle. SUPERSEDES ALL CAUSTERY OR FERRING. Impossible to produce scurf or bluish. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars.
 The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

OHENILLE CURTAINS
 and all kinds of house hangings, also
LAKE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED
 LIKE NEW.
 Write to us about yours.
 BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO., Box 155, Montreal

TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES IMPROVED
 and unimproved lands in the Penhold fall wheat district: from eight to twenty dollars per acre; correspondence solicited. A. J. STONG, Penhold, Alberta.

Alberta Lands

Parties desirous of purchasing farm lands in Western Canada are invited to communicate with the undersigned, who have for sale 420,000 acres of excellent wheat lands in all parts of Alberta. Prices range from \$9 to \$12 per acre—\$3 per acre at time of purchase and the balance spread over nine years if desired. Special railway rates to purchasers. Correspondence solicited.

DAVIS, SINCLAIR & McCAUSLAND,
 P. O. Box 1694, Calgary, Alberta.

Cut Glass Bowl \$5.
 Only as manufacturers is it possible for us to offer our special eight inch Cut Glass Bowl at \$5—packed at our risk and carriage paid to your door.
 It is of the clearest crystal glass, deeply and brilliantly cut in "hob-nail" star design.
 Our illustrated catalogue ready will tell you of other remarkable price-savings in highest quality cut glass.
Ryrie Bros LIMITED.
 134-138 Yonge Street.

CHINESE BABIES.
 The Heathen Chinese has curious ideas as to the rearing of children, and especially on the amount of cleanliness desirable for them. A Chinese babe is washed on the third day after its birth, and generally with warm water. Occasionally a newborn infant is rubbed all over with raw eggs, but not washed till it is three months old. On the thirtieth day of its life the infant's head is shaved. This ceremony, among wealthy people, is accompanied by feasting and rejoicings, and poorer folk are as festive as their means will allow. A boy is allowed a birthday feast once in ten years. Evil spirits are held in great awe by the Chinese, who do their best to protect their offspring from them. With this end in view a baby is sometimes dressed as a priest, and sometimes decked with all manner of charms, one queer idea being to attach a piece of lamp-wick to its clothing. As boys are more valued by their parents than girls, they are supposed to be most under the eye of evil spirits, and accordingly parents often dress their infant sons as girls, and give them girls' names, hoping thus to deceive the spirits.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
 FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
 CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, etc.
 The pills are sold only in bottles.

its. Often the poor little things are treated to harsh words and even blows to assist in the work of deception.

SPOONING FOR A LIVING.
 A curious industry in Russia, and one which, nevertheless, finds employment for thousands of men, is that of making wooden spoons. In the district of Semenovsk, where they chiefly came from, no fewer than 7,000 men make a living at the trade. The spoons are generally made from birch wood, and a skillful workman can turn out several hundreds a day. No fewer than 12,000,000 spoons are manufactured during the course of the year, which are sold at six to eight roubles (\$3 to \$4) per thousand. They find a ready market, and penetrate as far as Persia, Khiva, Bokhara, and Khokand.

THEY KNOW IT.
 Thousands of people know that the ordinary remedies for piles—ointments, suppositories and appliances—will not cure. The best of them only bring passing relief.

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid is a tablet taken internally that removes the cause of Piles, hence the cure is permanent. Every package sold carries a guarantee with it.

It is perfectly harmless. \$1. All dealers, or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Benevolent Lady: "But, my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it that you have never found any?" Tramp (confidentially): "It's luck, mum; just sheer good luck."

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank.

UNCLE ALLEN.
 "When you hear a fellow always saying, 'the mean mean ain't all dead yet,' moralized Uncle Allen Sparks, "you can generally spot him as one of the survivors."

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

Copper is more elastic than any other metal except steel, more sonorous than any other except aluminum, and more ductile and malleable than any other except the precious metals.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced. me with a Self Educator."

A man always making excuses leaves himself no time to make anything else.

You are right in regarding erysipelas as a dangerous disease. Anoint the swollen, itching skin with Weaver's Ointment: And take Weaver's Syrup internally.

"REINCARNATED" QUAIL.

Novelist's Story of a Second-Hand Restaurant Bird.

"I was dining the other night at one of our best restaurants," writes Mr. Frank Richardson in the Pall Mall Gazette, "and on analyzing my quail, I found that it was only a scenario, that the skeleton existed, but the bulk of the bird had been 'made-up' with potted meat. My neighbor's quail, I noticed, lacked a leg. Now, what happens is this: During a long dinner, the chances are that one only cuts off the breast of the bird. The rest remains intact. The quail is then carefully collected, taken to the kitchen, and reconstructed."

"Most of the best hotels and restaurants are run in connection with cheaper restaurants, and to them the quail reincarnated is sent. It may then, provided it has not been too seriously damaged by the diner, be sent on to a third, fourth and even a fifth restaurant."

"Neither in London nor in Paris is it prudent, we imagine, to inquire too closely into the vicissitudes of fortune undergone by any dismembered bird or beast on the table, even though the restaurant be one which is beyond suspicion of its food coming from Chicago. Curries, minces, salmon, fricassees and vinds in aspic are rarely made of fresh meat, and the wooden, savorless taste of the meat in them is among the least of their disadvantages. They are quite out of fashion, it may be added (with the exception of the aspic) in most first-class restaurants."

Mr. Richardson's quail might, however, be a perfectly honest bird. To pick the flesh from a quail, pound it up, replace it on the skeleton, and serve the bird in aspic is a common, if foolish, effort of cookery, utterly ruining the two or three delicious mouthfuls of which a quail consists. Chickens are sometimes served in this fashion, and in the familiar "canelet rouennais" certain parts of the duck are pounded up into sauce for the rest.

One likes, however, to be well acquainted with the restaurant where these dishes are presented. At a cheap table d'hôte dinner in Soho or the Palais Royal they are best left alone.

TO BE FORGOTTEN.
 "Father," called James, after he had reached home from college, "what shall I do with my diploma?"
 "Forget it," yelled father, "and go out and look for a job."

SEEK ISLAND OF WEALTH.

Mysterious Expedition Has Started From London.

Mystery surrounds the voyage of the steamer Xema, which has sailed from Gravesend on the Thames, for a destination which is a close secret. It is certain, however, that she carries a diamond-seeking expedition financed by a syndicate in London, and it is thought that she is going in search of an uncharted island off the African coast, of whose diamond wealth rumors were recently circulated.

The Xema is owned by Earl Fitzwilliam, who two years ago, fitted out the abortive expedition in the Veronique to Cocos Island in search of a pirates' buried treasure. The Earl, however, has nothing further to do with the expedition, which is the enterprise of the Collis Diamond Syndicate.

The crew signed on for St. Helena, which lends color to the story of the African diamond isle. The ship is fitted up with great luxury and the officers are resplendent in gold lace. In addition she carries as passengers a party of ladies and gentlemen whose identity is a secret. So that nothing is lacking to make the voyage of the Xema romantic and interesting.

Its Power Grows with Age.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

GOING TO BE A GENIUS.

"John's home from college?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "What's he goin' to do now?"
 "Well, twixt you an' me, I think he's just about decided to loaf around and be one o' these geniuses that nobody can understand."

PLEASANT MOMENTS.

It has been said with a great deal of truth that you can never become really acquainted with a man until you have supped with him, and in order to ensure a pleasant time good tea must be used. During the past sixteen years "SALADA" has become a familiar word to every newspaper reader, and the fact that the demand is steadily increasing requires no comment; it tells its own story "SALADA" is king.

IN A CIRCLE.

"Did you ever stop?"
 "What for?"
 "To consider."
 "To consider what?"
 "What you stopped for."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known 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. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

NOT SAFE TO FOLLOW IT.

"Did you follow my prescription?" asked the doctor.
 "No; and if I had it would have killed me," answered the patient.
 "Why, how is that?"
 "I threw it out of the window."

Weak and Sickly People enjoy those in robust health. No need to stay sick when by the use of the best tonic, "Ferrovin," you can get rich blood and renewed strength and vigor.

"Gentlemen," said the professor, "this is one of the most dangerous experiments known to science. The slightest mishap, and the experimenter will be blown to atoms. I will now step into the next room while my assistant performs the experiment."

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

"Miss Lucy—"I don't feel comfortable in this bodice at all." Miss Ascum—"Why not?" Miss Lucy—"It makes me feel uncomfortable because it feels too comfortable to be good fit."

Wilson's FLY PADS
 THE ONLY THING THAT KILLS THEM ALL
 AVOID POOR IMITATIONS.
 Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.
 TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM
ARCHDALE WILSON HAMILTON, ONT.
 ISSUE NO. 35-46.

THE SUNLIGHT WAY



Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Hard rubbing and boiling are things of the past in homes where Sunlight Soap is used as directed.

Sunlight Soap will not injure even the daintiest fabric or the hands, and the clothes will be perfectly white, woollens soft and fluffy.

The reason for this is because Sunlight Soap is absolutely pure, contains no injurious chemicals—indeed, nothing but the active, cleansing, dirt-removing properties of soap that is nothing but soap.

Equally good with hard or soft water.

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

LANDS In Western Canada
 Two cornering sections, selected lands in Saskatchewan, only 5 miles from two railways, C.P.R. & G.T.P. Strong soil, 50 per cent. plough land, spring creek, no sloughs. About 40 miles N.E. of Indian Head. Price \$10.50 per acre. Write for map and full particulars.
 R. PARSONS, 91 Wellesley Street, Toronto, Canada.

The BISSELL
 The only Disk that does Twice the Work while half as long on horses—a Record Not Equaled by anything else built for cultivating. A Success for making Seed Bed on Fall Plowed Land. For Summer Fallows or Stubble Fields after harvest. Look for the name "BISSELL." None genuine without it. For Sale by Agents.
 On exhibition in the new Implement and Process of Manufacture building at Toronto Fair, also on exhibition at Ottawa Fair in the Implement building. Full particulars free. Send your address to
T. E. BISSELL, Dept L, ELORA, ONT

AUTOMOBILE FOR SALE

Fifty Horse Power "THOMAS" Motor Car, in perfect condition, cost \$5,000. Very low price takes it. Address, 5 Dale Ave., Rosedale, Toronto
 TELEPHONE MAIN 15.

NOTHING More Safe and Sure Than an Investment in Toronto Real Estate.

\$34,000—FOR INVESTMENT—Block of new solid brick houses, under five years' lease to pay over 10 per cent. net; most centrally situated on quiet residential street. As owner has other houses under construction these are offered at a bargain.

S. FRANK WILSON, Owner, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
 TELEPHONE MAIN 15.

"OSHAWA" Steel Shingles.

Wind, Water, Storm and Fire Proof
 Looked on All Four Sides
 Made from Painted or Galvanized Steel, at prices varying from \$2.35 to \$5.10 per hundred square feet covering measure. This is the most durable covering on the market, and is an ideal covering for Houses, Barns, Stores, Elevators, Churches, etc. Any handy man can lay the "OSHAWA" shingles. A hammer and snips are the only tools required.
 We are the largest and oldest company of the kind under the British flag, and have covered thousands of the best buildings throughout Canada, making them
FIRE, WATER AND LIGHTNING-PROOF.
 We also manufacture Corrugated Iron in long sheets, Conductor-Pipe and EAVESTROUGH, Etc.
METAL SIDING, in imitation of brick or stone.
METAL CEILINGS, in 2,000 designs.
 Write for Catalogue No. 14R and free samples of "OSHAWA" Shingles. Write to-day.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE.

Montreal, Que.	Ottawa, Ont.	Toronto, Ont.	London, Ont.	Windsor, Man.	Vancouver, B.C.
221-3 W Craig St.	423 Sussex St.	11 Colborne St.	60 Dundas St.	75 Lombard St.	615 Pender St.

Write your Nearest Office.—HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS—OSHAWA, Ont.

The Coliseum of Rome was built to accommodate 100,000 spectators. It was 130 feet high and covered one and a half acres of land.
 "You seem perfectly satisfied with your new gown." "Yes, I am! It has been approved by the man I like best, and condemned by the woman I hate most!"

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 5, 1906.

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.

LUMBER BURNED.

A fire which destroyed about 25,000, 000 feet of choice red and white pine valued at \$500,000 broke out in the piling yards of the Fraser mill at Deschambault, five miles from Ottawa on the Quebec side, Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, just as the mill hands were gathered for work. The origin of the fire is not thought to be incendiary, but due rather to a workman emptying the ashes from his pipe as he reached the piling grounds where smoking was strictly prohibited. The lumber was well insured, but the loss of so much stock of fine quality must seriously affect the lumber market. The fire raged from morning till evening and was only stopped when there was no material to burn. The Fraser mill, built after the most improved designs, was saved, being situated fully an eighth of a mile from the nearest piling area. The stock had been largely sold to American and English dealers who were fortunately protected their interest by insurance.

CORRUPTION.

Startling disclosures have been made of corrupt methods employed by Liberals in London to secure the election of Hon. Chas. Hyman, when as Minister of Public Works he went back for re-election. One Collins, a liberal worker, has sworn to spending hundreds of dollars in the purchase of votes and he has been corroborated by electors who admit having received \$10 a piece for their votes. A number of prominent London Liberals are said to be compromised. The investigation is proceeding before Magistrate Denison, Toronto, and Premier Whitney has pledged his word that justice will be done whoever may be found to have transgressed.

NOTES.

In the North Renfrew election, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Peter White, there are three candidates in the field: Mr. Gerald White, son of the late member Conservative, Mr. Thomas Murray, nominee of Liberal Convention, and Dr. MacKay, an independent Liberal. Mr. Borden speaks in behalf of Mr. White at Pembroke this evening and the election takes place on Tuesday Oct. 9th.

The revolution in Cuba has ended in the United States taking over the government of the island, after having striven in vain to reconcile the warring factions. All parties appear to have accepted the situation and order is being quickly restored in the several Cuban provinces.

The gold medal given by Mr. Geo. H. Perley, M.P., to the exhibitor from the County of Argenteuil winning the largest number of prizes at the Central Canada Exhibition, has been awarded to Mr. J. A. Woods, of Genoa.

Dan Gallery's appeal from the finding of the trial judges that he was guilty of personal corruption, which finding involved his disqualification for seven years, was heard in the Supreme Court on Tuesday and Wednesday and judgment was reserved. It will be recalled that in the St. Ann's election Mr. Gallery was shown to have spent some six or seven thousand dollars.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

WEDDING BELLS.

WILSON-SOMMERVILLE.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. J. Somerville, St. Philippe, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 26th, when his second daughter Florence, was united in bonds of holy matrimony to Mr. W. R. Wilson of Brownburg.

At 5 o'clock the bridal party entered the parlor to the strains of the Wedding March played by Rev. Mrs. Fraser. The bride was given away by her father, and looked charming in a gown of white silk. She was attended by her sister, Miss Lee, and the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Leonard Wilson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jas. Fraser. After the ceremony and congratulations, the guests sat down to a sumptuous supper, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left amidst showers of rice and best wishes for Montreal. On their return they will reside in Brownburg.

McFAUL-REED.

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday evening last at the home of the bride's father, Robt. Reed, Esq., of Cascades, Que., when his second daughter, Miss Annie E. Reid, was united in marriage to Mr. Willie G. McAul of Brownburg, the Rev. Mr. Gamble of Wakefield, officiating. The bride wore a dress of ecru and cream silk and allover lace and carried a bouquet of white asters. She was attended by her sister, Miss Lena Reed who was gowned in white silk and carried pink asters, while Mr. Willie McAul (cousin) acted as best man. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. McAul left for Ottawa, returning to Lachute on Wednesday evening, when a reception was held for them at Brownburg. The bride's travelling dress was of navy blue silk with velvet hat to match. The presents were both numerous and costly and testify to the high esteem in which the young couple are held.

DONALDSON-MARTIN,

A very pretty wedding took place at the Methodist Parsonage on Wednesday afternoon when Miss Edith Donaldson was united in marriage to Rev. Earnest Thomas of Brownburg. The bride looked charming in a gown of pale blue and white chiffon, and was attended by Miss Donaldson, while Mr. Martin acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson left on the evening train for Smiths Falls, followed by the good wishes of their many friends.

CUSHING,

COOKE-O'BRIEN.

On the afternoon of Wednesday the 3rd, last, a quiet but very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Geo. O'Brien, when his niece and adopted daughter, Miss Hattie O'Brien was united in marriage to Mr. Leonard C. Cooke. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present at the ceremony which was performed at 5 o'clock by Rev. Mr. Budd of the Methodist Ch. assisted by Rev. J. Fraser of St. Mungo's. The bride looked charming in a pretty gown of white silk and was unattended. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion by the girl-friends of the bride with flowers and autumn foliage. Both young people are extremely popular in the community and the prospect of their permanent residence in our midst is looked forward to with great pleasure.

Immediately after the ceremony a delicious repast was served after which the young couple accompanied by a large party of their friends, drove to St. Philippe where they took the east bound train. The honeymoon will be spent amongst the lakes and mountains in the northern part of the county. The bride received a large number of useful and beautiful gifts, among the rest, a solid silver meat-fork and jelly-ladle from the Ladies Aid of Cushing Methodist Ch. of which she has been one of the most prominent members. On Saturday last the bride was invited to the home of Mrs. Geo. Nicholls where a number of her friends met and treated her to a "linear shower" which resulted in her receiving a goodly supply of pretty and useful articles.

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.

Have you tried Land Plaster? It is one of the best fertilizers on the market.

J. W. Cottingham

11th Regt. Rifle Association

The annual matches of the 11th Regt. Rifle Association which were held here on the Lachute ranges on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week terminated most successfully and Mr. Geo. Armstrong has the distinguished honor of heading the list as the best shot in the County. Grand weather favored the shooters and some excellent shooting was made. The names and winners are given in order of merit as follows:—

Association Match.

Name	Score
1 Geo. Armstrong	50
2 J. W. Raitt	53
3 D. Todd	55
4 Lieut. Col. Jekill	55
5 G. H. Creswell	51
6 Capt. Earle	51
7 F. A. Brennan	50
8 Capt. H. A. Blair	49
9 H. Cass	49
10 Jas. Patton	49
11 H. McEwan	49
12 F. R. Temple	49
13 Major Smith	49
14 Major Seale	49
15 T. Smillie	40
16 George E. Blair	45
17 Sergeant Geegan	45
18 R. Brown	44
19 R. McCormick	42
20 J. B. Belair	42
21 S. Derbyshire	42
22 W. Walker	41
23 Capt. J. E. W. Simpson	40
24 Dr. H. McConnell	40
25 P. A. Lafleur	36
26 J. A. McGibbon	33
27 Omer Paquette	31
28 Captain B. Cushing	30
29 Lieutenant Kerr	29
30 E. H. Earle	28
31 D. V. Cameron	16

Patron's Match.

Name	Score
1 G. E. Blair	36
2 J. B. Earle	35
3 Lieut. Col. Jekill	33
4 F. R. Temple	33
5 Lieut. Douglas	32
6 Major Seale	31
7 E. H. Earle	31
8 H. A. Blair	30
9 J. Price	29
10 G. H. Creswell	28
11 Geo. Armstrong	28
12 F. A. Brennan	27
13 Capt. Cushing	27
14 Capt. Earle	26
15 James Patton	26
16 R. McCormick	24
17 H. R. Griffith	23
18 Sgt. Geegan	21
19 H. McEwan	21
20 J. W. Raitt	20
21 R. Brown	20
22 D. Todd	20
23 Capt. J. E. W. Simpson	20
24 Sgt. Major Rodger	19
25 Ed. Gagne	17
26 Dr. H. McConnell	17
27 Lieut. Kerr	15
28 Omer Paquette	15

Nursery.

1 R. F. Temple	18
2 J. F. Price	15
3 H. McEwan	14
4 R. Brown	13
5 R. McCormick	9
6 P. A. Lafleur	9
7 Wm. Derbyshire	9
8 Sgt. Geegan	6
9 E. Gagne	2

Military Match.

1 H. A. Blair	80
2 Lieutenant Douglas	79
3 Captain Cushing	77
4 Lieutenant-Colonel Jekill	77
5 Major Seale	76
6 Captain Earle	74
7 G. E. Blair	70
8 Major Smith	65
9 W. Walker	62
10 Sergeant Geegan	56
11 T. Smillie	54
12 Lieutenant Kerr	54
13 J. E. W. Simpson	13

County Match.

R. Brown	55	Geo. Armstrong	53
Lt. Douglas	53	Major Seale	50
Lt. Col. Jekill	50	G. E. Blair	49
H. A. Blair	49	R. F. Temple	47
Capt. Earle	47	Major Smith	46
Capt. Cushing	46	F. A. Brennan	45
G. H. Creswell	44	D. V. Cameron	43
E. H. Earle	42	Jas. Patton	39
H. McEwan	39	H. R. Griffith	39
J. Price	37	Dr. McConnell	34
Sgt. Geegan	33	N. Robinson	31
Lieut. Kerr	30	M. Derbyshire	30
W. Walker	27	T. Smillie	26

Extra Series.

Lt. Col. Jekill	25	J. B. Barley	24
W. Douglas	24	Geo. Armstrong	24
D. V. Cameron	23	J. W. Raitt	23
H. A. Blair	23	G. H. Creswell	23
O. Paquette	22	F. R. Temple	22
Major Smith	22	Capt. Earle	22
J. Patton	22	H. McEwan	22
H. R. Griffith	22	Thos. Smillie	21
F. Brennan	21	Major Seale	21
Capt. Cushing	20	E. H. Earle	20

Grand Aggregate.

G. Armstrong	141	Lt. Col. Jekill	141
G. E. Blair	130	Major Seale	137
F. R. Temple	129	Lt. H. A. Blair	130
Captain Earle	124	G. H. Creswell	123
F. A. Brennan	122	H. McEwan	119
J. W. Raitt	113		

Nursery Aggregate.

R. F. Temple	147	R. Brown	132
H. McEwan	123	J. Price	114
Sgt. Geegan	105	S. M. Derbyshire	1
R. McCormick	75		

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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

INFANTS - CHILDREN

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

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. Fitch

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb -
Senna -
Licorice -
Ginger -
Cloves -
Mastic -
Sulphur -
Castor Oil

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

Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fitch

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"Maple Leaf Cream Separator."



Have just completed above Separator which combines all the best points of the different separators now on the market, and have decided to offer the same to intending purchasers direct, thus saving commission to agent and enabling us to sell at sixty-five dollars (\$65) payable thirty days or sixty dollars (\$60) when cheque accompanies order. Capacity five hundred pounds per hour guaranteed.

Write for further information direct to:
Canadian Dairy Supply Co. Ltd.
109 to 113 Youville Square,
Montreal, Que.

GOOD GOODS AND GOOD WORKMANSHIP

Go hand in hand and are required by the public now a days. Since our first start in Lachute we have endeavored always to carry out the above, and now that we have gone into our large and commodious new store, we will be better able to supply you with your needs. We will carry full lines of Gents' Furnishings, Collars, Ties, Shirts, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

D. LAPOIN E,
Main St. Lachute.

J. D. CAMPBELL & Co's. Ad.

ALWAYS ON HAND

A large supply of Bran, Shorts, Moullie and Feeds of all kinds.

The ROYAL HOUSEHOLD & GLENORA PATENTS are the best that can be produced.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT is kept well stocked with the best of groceries and all orders will receive our prompt attention.

Main St. & Railway Avenue

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE.

As we have taken thousands of dollars of new goods into Stock, and at the Corner Store, opposite the Post-office, you will find the very newest patterns and designs in Dress Goods.

Dress Lengths

Dress Lengths in beautiful Fabrics, from \$1.75 to \$12. new trimmings and sundries

Boots & Shoes

We carry a complete line of the famous Linton Goods at Popular Prices. We need say no more.

Groceries

In groceries we lead. No more complete stock could be found in the city than you will find in our store. Our aim is to carry the very best that money can buy.

Patent Medicines

In Proprietary and Patent Medicines we carry everything, also the very purest of essences. Give us a call. Farm produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

W. DOIG

ENGLISH SYNDICATE WILL BOOM OTTAWA RIVER ROUTE.

A representative of the English Syndicate which bought out the Ottawa River Navigation company some time ago, has just returned to Montreal from an extended tour of inspection over the company's route. On his return to Montreal he expressed himself as more than pleased with the present status of the company. However, the new management intends making several changes and will invest a considerable amount of new capital in enlarging the sphere of business.

One of their plans at present is to build a line of summer hotels at the different stopping places of the company's steamers along the Ottawa. At Carillon, up on the bluff near the landing stage, an option on a most desirable piece of property has been secured and it is the intention to build a summer hotel, which will rival the famous Bluff Point hotel, on Lake Champlain. Other points along the Ottawa river will also be purchased in due time, opening up this beautiful waterway in such a manner that it will make a strong bid to become the most popular tourist route in the Dominion.

It is also the intention of the company to build a steamer to replace the Sovereign, which was burnt last winter in quarters at Lachine, and to make many improvements in the present fleet plying up and down the river.

A TRAIN DE LUXE.

Anyone who contemplates a trip to the west should not miss the opportunity of travelling on the "International Limited," the finest and fastest train in the Dominion of Canada, which leaves Montreal every day in the year, at 9:00 o'clock in the morning from Bonaventure station, for Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, London, Detroit, Chicago, and other intermediate points. It is the train de luxe of the Grand Trunk Railway System and is known throughout the land as the "Railway Greyhound of Canada." This train has been in existence for a number of years and each year it has been improving until today it stands at the top of the list in Canada.

Its journey of nearly a thousand miles is made over the longest double track railway in the world under one management, and the only double-track railway in Canada with as perfect a roadbed as can be found on the Continent. The trains run through the most thickly populated part of Canada. A most interesting trip, with lovely scenery en route.

First-class coaches, Cafe Parlor and Pullman Sleeping Cars are part of the equipment which offers to the travelling public the maximum of comfort and ease. This train is always on time and the inhabitants along the route set their watches & clocks as she rushes by. The "International Limited" schedule is fast, for instance, Montreal to Cornwall, 67 miles, 1 hour and 20 minutes; Montreal to Brockville, 125 miles 2 hours and 30 minutes; Montreal to Belleville, 220 miles, 4 hours and 33 minutes; Montreal to Toronto, 333 miles, 7 hours and 20 minutes.

A passenger can leave Montreal on this train any morning, be in Toronto at 4.20 in the afternoon, Detroit 9.50 the same evening, or Chicago 7.45 the next morning. It is therefore no wonder this train de luxe has become so popular that during the summer months it had to be run in several sections to accommodate the heavy traffic that offered. When you travel do not miss the chance of getting your transportation for this train or the Fast Limited that leaves Montreal every night at 10.30 o'clock from the same station. The Grand Trunk operates four through passenger trains every day between Montreal and Toronto, two of these trains being fast expresses, and twolimited.

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

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

Dr. A. W. STACKHOUSE.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over J.A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

The Choicest & Best

Are to be seen in our store, because we have the newest and most up-to-date goods on the market.

We have a large variety of Ladies' blouses, Dress Goods, Wrappers, Skirts, Variety of Ladies' collars.

For Gents we have a large assortment of Hats, Dress Shirts, Soft front shirts, etc.

Full lines of first-class groceries always kept.

Highest prices given for farm produce taken in exchange.

Hardie & Co.

Baker and General Merchants, Brownsburg, P.Q.

Ladies & Misses Cotton Vests with straps, short and long, sleeves, all sizes and all prices.

Ladies and Misses Hose in Lisle, Cashmere and Cotton from 10cts. to 75cts. per pair.

Ladies and Misses Tan Hose all sizes.

Special values in Boy's black heavy ribbed Hose, fast co'ors.

Men's 1/2 hose in Cashmere & Cotton, plain, ribbed and fancy.

Boy's Shirt-waists.

Boy's white and colored shirts, stiff & soft fronts in percale, Cotton and Gingham.

Men's Ties, Collars, etc.

Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Pants, double thread, sizes 36 to 44.

Boy's Balbriggan Shirts and Pants, sizes from 24 to 32.

Men's Natural and Cashmere Wool Shirts & Pants.

H. J. GILES & BRO.

...NEW FALL GOODS...

NOBBY FELT HATS,—

Regatta, Negligee and White Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Etc.

READY MADE SUITS,

In Men's, Youths and Boys. Prices ranging from \$2.00 up to \$20 per suit.

WALL PAPERS,

Your choice from the manufacturer's sample books. About 500 samples to select from.

PAINTS, (The Sherwin Williams),

Pure white lead, ready mixed Paints, Pure D.B. Linseed Oil Raw oil, turpentine, varnish, etc.

BARB WIRE, Cut nails, Door locks, hinges, Glass, Patty, Etc.

FLOUR, Shorts, Bran, Coarse Salt.

BOOKS,—

Stock of School Books & Supplies complete.

J. R. McOUAT

Our Store is the Bargain Centre

Now is the time for good warm clothing, and the place to get it is

McFaul Bros.

Ladies and Children's Jackets.

We have the very latest, price, quality, and style. Sure to please you. A big assortment of children's coats which we bought at a big reduction, and we are now selling them at less than wholesale prices.

Furs.—A big sample lot of ruffs and collars suitable for children going to school, also fur lined jackets and capes to be sold at greatly reduced prices.

Underwear.—We are the only agents for "Stanfields" celebrated unshrinkable underwear. Your money refunded if not perfectly satisfied after fully testing them.

We are paying 25c. for Wool.

What about a new suit for yourself? And your boy, What about his? We want to sell you—from our great stock in all sorts and sizes.

What about a carpet? We have tapestries, wools and unions, in great assortment.

W. BANFORD

P.S. Our New Prints and Wash Goods are also now on the counters.

Our Stock in Furniture

Was never more complete than now.

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

THAT CODE WORD

Mr. and Mrs. Corder were sitting one evening in the verandah of their house at Stengahpore. He was a partner in a large firm, and was one of the most successful and shrewdest merchants in the place. But times had been bad lately, as business had been very dull, and the vagaries of Eastern exchange damped all enterprise, and made everyone very cautious.

They had been married only three years, and on the morrow Mrs. Corder was to start for home, as both she and her child needed a change. He was to follow later, if he could make arrangements to get away. She did not want to leave by herself, but her husband was firm on the point, as health was at stake.

"Now, Jim, you must come home soon," said Mrs. Corder, as she rose and sat on the arm of her husband's long chair. She was a bonnie little woman, and devoted to him, and was feeling the approaching separation very keenly.

"Not a chance of it, dear, till next year," said he, taking her hand. "Even if business improves I shall hardly manage it then."

"Oh, but Jim, you used to say that it would be this autumn at latest! And that place in Scotland, with the shooting, where we were to have such a good time—Castle something; I forget the name."

"Castle in Spain, I fear, darling," he replied gently. "When I get home, I fear it will have to be only a cottage somewhere."

"Not a bit of it!" replied his wife gayly, looking round at the long drawing-room, which was luxuriously furnished, even for the house of a big firm. "I won't live in a cottage, even if I have to work for the rent!" she went on, laughing. "Shall I go on the stage, or shall I set up as a society photographer?"

"I think you're a little goose which couldn't lay golden eggs, even if it tried ever so hard. But perhaps I'll manage to shake the pagoda-tree before I come home. And then we'll have the castle, after all." And visions of days on the moor and river floated before him.

Mrs. Corder was to pass some weeks on the Continent on her way home, and Jim told her to be sure and telegraph when she reached London.

"What shall I say?" she said. "Arrived all well—or what?"

"You extravagant little woman! One word will do—any word we agree on." If silence is golden, few words are at least silver when sending cable messages.

"Then what do you say to 'Marlenbad'?" Jim was going to stay there on his way home. So "Marlenbad" was agreed on as their code-word.

Next day Jim saw his wife and child off by the P. & O. mail. It was hard to part, but such partings are inevitable in the East, and husband and wife, parent and child, are often separated for years.

The weeks went by, and Jim went through the old round of work. There were no signs of improvement in trade, and everything was dull as could be. "Nothing doing," the brokers said. And the prospect of a trip home seemed remote then ever, and the "castle" a vain hope.

Things got so dull at last that Jim thought it would be a good opportunity of taking a short holiday up country. So off he went for a few days to spend the time with a friend on a coffee estate, where the telegraph ceased not and letters ceased to worry. He had a share in the coffee estate.

His days were spent pleasantly enough, so far as the weather and the life on the hills were concerned, but the reports of the coffee crop were discouraging, and there seemed to be no prospect of prices going up. So that it was with a little remoter chance of a trip home that he set out on his return journey.

At the little port where he had to catch his steamer he met a friend—a mining engineer—who had just returned from Stengahpore. The latter told him that there was great excitement in the market over the price of tin, and that a great deal of business was being done, and that he was on his way up country to push on operations at the mine under his charge, as there was a prospect of a big demand.

Jim ground his teeth and cursed his luck for being away from the spot at a time when there was a chance of doing good business. He knew that his junior partner was too cautious to take any risks of a speculative nature, and, indeed, he had cautioned him against doing so before he started on his holiday. So that it was in a very depressed state of mind that he reached Stengahpore on the morning of the following day, amid a tropical downpour of rain.

II.

Mrs. Corder reached London safely during Jim's holiday, and lost little time in sending off the prearranged message. To save cost, she directed it to the code address of the firm at Stengahpore. She little thought of the effect of the three words she wrote down at the telegraph office: "Palmons, Stengahpore, Marlenbad."

The message was brought to the house

of the junior partner early one morning. He could not find the word "Marlenbad" in the copy of the code-book which he kept at home. It must be a word in the special code-book which was used only on extraordinary occasions. So he knew it must be something important, and went down to the office earlier than usual on this account.

He quickly got out the special book, and ran his fingers rapidly down the words beginning with "M" till he came to "Marlenbad."

"Buy up all tin available," was its interpretation.

The junior partner started to his feet. Here was a great responsibility thrown upon him. He wished Jim had never gone away, and he knew that it was impossible to communicate with him in time. Action must be taken at once, as, if he were to delay, the opportunity of which the firm at home must know would be lost. He could not seek advice outside, as that might be giving away valuable information, and he might be forestalled. It must be an urgent matter, as the confidential code had been used by the office in London. But Jim had specially instructed him to do nothing speculative during his absence. He was certainly in a difficult position.

But he felt he could not wait, and accepted the responsibility. So he went out, after sending telegrams to other centres of the market inquiring about the price and stocks of tin held there. He found out, on going round the firms who held stocks, that the market was dull, and there had been no change since the previous day. He was rejoiced at this, because he then knew he was the first in the field.

Soon he was in possession of all the information which he needed about stocks and prices. He then had to arrange with the banks for the necessary advances to be made on the security of the tin purchased. Then he began the campaign in earnest, and soon telegraph and telephone were busy making bargains for the purchase of the metal. In a few hours all was done, and his firm held almost complete control of the local market.

The mercantile community was much exercised in its mind as to whether the junior partner had information not vouchsafed to them, or whether, in the absence of his senior, he had been indulging in a great gamble.

They tried to find out from him the truth about the matter; but he would give them no information, and anxiously began to await Jim's return. Before evening tin was unobtainable at anything near the price the junior partner had paid, and he received offers which would have left a handsome profit on the transaction, but he determined to do nothing till Jim's return. Next day was Sunday, and Jim was due on Monday at latest.

It was on the Monday morning that Jim reached Stengahpore, and he went straight to his office. The junior partner was there, and his eager face disclosed that he had important tidings to tell.

"Anything happened since I left?" said Jim.

"Yes; tremendous business. I wish you had been here, but I did my best. On Saturday a wire came from London telling us to buy up all the tin we could."

"What was the wording?"

"It was code, confidential."

"Show me the telegram."

"Here it is—only one word. Here's the code-book. It's all right. Look, Marlenbad."

"Marlenbad!" shrieked Jim. "Good Heavens!"

"Isn't it all right?" anxiously inquired the junior.

"Oh, yes; I suppose so! She—I mean they, must know what they are doing at home. But how much have you bought?" The amount was so large that the junior partner only murmured it in Jim's ear.

"Good gracious! And what advances have you had?"

Again the figures were whispered by the awe-struck junior. Jim was astonished at the total, and very perplexed. He was not the firm's senior partner. The latter lived in London, and Jim could not know what he would think of this speculative transaction, made without any authority from home, as he well knew. Besides, Jim was only a partner for a term of years, with the prospect of a permanency if he were successful.

While he sat thinking a telegram was handed in. Jim wondered as he opened it whether the home office had heard of the transaction, and were asking for an explanation.

It read "Butterfish glaringly." Jim rushed for his codes, and found that it meant "Rise in tin expected. Use discretion." Jim jumped up at once and shouted: "Send out at once and find the price of tin!" As he spoke a broker rushed in, speedily followed by yet another, and then by a third; all anxious to know at what price Jim would sell.

"What offers?" said he. All named a figure which simply took away Jim's breath. "What's up?" he inquired.

The brokers looked at each other and smiled, and one of them said:

"Well, you should know. You've pretty well rigged the market. Big combine at home and in America, and orders coming in here by the sheet!"

Jim looked knowing, and said he would hold for the present, and the brokers went away. He knew he was safe for the present at least, as there could not be an immediate fall in price of anything like the amount of the recent rise, and his home office was evidently well advised.

"By the by," said Jim to his partner. "Did you wire home saying what you had done?"

"No. There was a breakdown in the cable after I had finished."

Jim felt thankful, and said that there was no immediate hurry, as the last telegram gave him full discretion. He knew that it wouldn't do to report what had been done at once, as the home office would wonder at the rapidity of the deal. So he waited till next morning before making his report. By that time tin had taken another bound, and stood at a figure heretofore unknown.

The London office was staggered at the magnitude of the transaction, but was mightily satisfied with the result, for the profit was immense.

Jim went home by the next mail. Almost the first thing his wife asked him was: "Did you get my message?"

He replied: "Yes, bless you, darling! It was the dearest one ever sent!" He didn't tell her to whom it had proved especially dear, nor did anyone know that the rent of the "castle," and much more, was paid for by Mrs. Corder's code-word.

UNCLE JAKE'S PRAYERS.

It was plain that there was trouble on the mind of Uncle Jake.

You could see it in his actions, in his face, and no mistake.

And the cause of all the worry and distress that filled his cup

Was the doings of a youngster he had taken to bring up.

His heart was large and tender, and the action gave him joy

When he took into his childless home the homeless little boy.

But the boy was very human, and the things that he would do

Were such as often proved that Uncle Jake was human, too.

Yet not a word of harshness ever came from Uncle Jake.

Although he often questioned if it was not a mistake.

When he took into his simple home, its comfort to destroy.

Such a lump of aggravation as was that confounded boy.

He sometimes thought that after all he'd have to let him go.

And yet exactly what to do he really didn't know.

But he finally concluded that he'd seek relief in prayer.

He would take his troubles to the Lord and leave the matter there.

So when the cares of day were past and he was all alone.

As simply as a child he took his troubles to the throne.

The youngster who occasioned all his worry was in bed.

And Uncle Jake got down upon his knees: "O Lord," he said,

"The preachers they have told us when in trouble where to go.

An' there's things about this business that I think you order know.

The little feller's doin's all my peace of life destroy.

So I've just about concluded that I will not keep the boy.

"I hope I'm not doin' wrong, but really I can't see

Why I should work an' slave for him, while he just bothers me.

An', knowin' not what else to do, I've brought the case to you

An' hope if I am going wrong you'll tell me what to do."

That night was long for Uncle Jake, he had but little rest.

He thought and thought about the boy, and wondered what was best.

The more he thought the more he felt, as sleepless there he lay.

How hard 'twas going to be for him to send the boy away.

Next morning early he arose and knelt beside a chair.

To offer up, as was his wont, a simple morning prayer.

In which he thanked the Lord for his safe keeping through the night.

And prayed for strength to ever stand steadfastly for the right.

The next few words were somewhat mixed, then came a freer flow:

"O Lord, that little matter that I spoke about, you know.

May be dismissed, for 'tis not in my heart to be unkind.

An' this mornin' I'm prepared to say that I have changed my mind."

"Just what the future holds for me, of misery or joy,

It matters not, but I will be a father to that boy.

I hope that you'll excuse me, Lord, for bothering of you so.

But, bein' as I've changed my mind, I thought you order know."

Now Uncle Jake is happy, for the battle has been fought.

And he has learned the lesson which in prayerfulness was sought.

Which is that in this fleeting life we all must give and take—

While youth has mischief in its blood, old age has Uncle Jake.

—G. B. TORREY.

DIAGNOSED.

Tommy—Father, what is a perfect gentleman?

Father—A perfect gentleman is a man who, when you begin telling him your troubles, does not interrupt by trying to tell you his.

LAWYERS MARRY CLIENTS

SOME CASES WHERE LEGAL ADVICE LED TO LOVE.

New York Lawyer Married a Wealthy Widow — Interesting Cases From Chicago.

One of the most recent cases in which a man of law not only fell in love with his client, but also married her, took place no longer ago than last month, when Mr. Henry R. White, a well-known and wealthy lawyer residing in Orange, N.J., was united to the widow of the late Mr. John Paisley, whose estate he had been called upon to administer.

Something like a year ago Mr. Paisley, a retired shoe manufacturer, died, leaving behind him much valuable property, including a young and attractive widow. Her affairs were placed in the hands of Mr. H. R. White, senior member of the firm of White and Blackford, of New York, who decided to give the matter his undivided attention. Indeed, so much of his time did the case occupy that Mr. Blackford inquired if it was absolutely necessary that he should have such frequent and lengthy interviews with Mrs. Paisley, to which the wily lawyer replied that there were certain "knotty" questions to be discussed which positively necessitated the presence of the widow.

But when Mr. White's visits to the Paisley home began to average something like one a day and two on Sundays the remaining heirs to the late merchant's estate became feverish and began to make inquiries. And then Mr. White, with a coolness which has made the legal profession famous, announced himself as the successor to the late Mr. Paisley, a statement which the widow

HASTENED TO ENDORSE.

Opposition, of course, was made on all sides, but it only strengthened the romance, for a few days later the lawyer married his fair client and bore her away as far as his fee for services rendered.

It must not be supposed that the foregoing, however, that lawyers only fall in love with their wealthy clients, for this would be casting something of an aspersion on an honorable profession. An instance in support of this is given in the following story. Two years ago a wealthy broker died, leaving behind him several children, including one stepdaughter. For some reason or other, probably known only to himself, he omitted the name of this girl in his will, and she was left without money enough to buy herself even a mourning ring.

The young lawyer in whose hands the affairs were placed became greatly interested in the penniless girl, for she was exceedingly pretty and highly accomplished. He appealed to the heirs to at least hand over to her an amount sufficient to keep her from want, but this was declined, and the young girl begged her champion to take no further trouble on her behalf, telling him that her stepfather's mind had been poisoned against her by those who, for some reason which she could not fathom disliked her.

But the girl was clever in spite of her youth—she was barely seventeen—and through a little influence she managed to obtain a situation as secretary to a wealthy woman who was interested in

PHILANTHROPIC WORK.

The lawyer, meanwhile, whose heart had been touched by the bravery with which the child faced her difficulties, no less than by her beauty, did not lose sight of her, and eventually made such excellent progress in his courting that when he did propose she accepted him and the two were married from the house of the wealthy philanthropist, who had long come to regard her clever and pretty secretary with real affection.

An interesting case of a lawyer marrying his client comes from the stockyard city, Chicago, where, it is said, the legal profession is in a very flourishing state.

It appears that last spring a certain young lady named Miss Winifred Sachs was notified that she had fallen heirress to a considerable fortune, and the lawyer administering the estate out of which the legacy was to be paid called upon her in reference to several little legal matters which had to be settled before the money could be handed over to her. Lawyer and client met, and—it was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Many subsequent meetings took place—not altogether of a professional nature—and the fact that the lawyer was an exceedingly wealthy man negatived the idea that he was after his client's money. The wedding was celebrated just six months after the first meeting and then for the first time it became known that the lawyer had insisted upon settling the legacy, which had been the real cause of their happiness, upon his wife, thus finally silencing all who still held the secret belief that he had

MARRIED HER FOR HER MONEY.

In the same city which saw the foregoing romance are many lady lawyers, and one of these at least owes her present happy marriage to a chance client who called upon her with reference to the drawing up of a deed of partnership between himself and another business man. The lawyer, whose maiden name was Payne, went carefully over the document with her client—a Mr. Scott—and pointed out a few clauses which it would be to his advantage to alter. So great an interest did she appear to take in the document that the young man declared it would be more satisfactory if he were to call one afternoon with his friend, Mr. Thompson, and then the legal clauses might be adjusted to their mutual satisfaction.

Miss Payne replied that the suggestion

was an excellent one, and the following day the two men arrived, and what was the astonishment of the lawyer to find that Mr. Thompson was a man whom she had known well in former days. To make a long story short, the deed of partnership was drawn up to the satisfaction of both, after which the foundation of another partnership was laid by the two former friends taking dinner together. Three months later Mr. Thompson and Miss Payne were married.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

About Some Leading People on the World's Stage.

The best-paid British Governor, with the single exception of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is the Earl of Minto, who, as Viceroy of India, receives a salary of \$75,000.

Queen Marie Christina of Spain has a great love of adventurous pursuits, and habitually delights in books written for boys. She is said to be the only woman Sovereign who has made a balloon ascent.

Lord Ronaldshay, though only thirty years of age, has probably done more travelling for his age than any man living. Few people know more than he about the Himalayas and Persia. He has also found time to explore Kashmir, Baluchistan, Ladak, Tibet, and the Persian Gulf, to say nothing of Ceylon.

It is not generally known that the insignia of the Golden Fleece conferred upon the first Duke of Wellington was that actually worn by Columbus, and, as a special mark of Spain's gratitude, this insignia was made hereditary, so that the present Duke is the proud possessor of the star worn by the discoverer of America.

Sarasate, the great violinist, is in one respect very fortunate among musicians. He knows nothing whatever of the drudgery and weariness of practising. Most well-known singers and great exponents go on practising with more or less regularity all their lives. Not so Pablo Sarasate. He takes up his violin for his own amusement; but his fluency and facility are such that he can dispense with the irksome daily task of playing to keep his hand in.

Mme. Clara Butt, the famous singer, states that one of the greatest and sincerest compliments she ever received was given in Paris some years ago. She had been singing in a concert at a private house, when an old lady came up and shook her hands. "My child," she said, "you are an artist; you have tears in your voice. For the first time I have heard my dear husband's song sung as he would have wished to hear it. Let me thank you." The old lady was the widow of Gounod, the great composer.

Captain Sverdrup, the Arctic explorer, who has recently added 100,000 square miles of ice to the King of Sweden's dominions, spent his boyhood on a forest farm. He was brought up to look after himself and be independent; was compelled to run all kinds of errands in all sorts of weather; and, like Nansen, was an adept in the use of snow-shoes almost as soon as he could walk. Captain Sverdrup had many exciting adventures in the Polar seas, including two outbreaks of fire on board the Fram, which almost put an end to the expedition.

Lord Brassey says that he was born with a fondness for the sea. As a child he lived at Rye for some time in a house looking on to the river. "I used to get hold of anything I could, barrels or boxes, or what not, and set them up on the lawn to represent the bulwarks of a ship, and any sticks or poles I came across would go to form my idea of the various rigs. I used to be hugely delighted with my make-believe vessels." Since those days he has owned eight yachts, the most famous being the Sunbeam, and for an amateur has probably created a record in mileage, having covered 300,000 miles.

Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., who has been appointed to succeed the late Sir Wyke Bayliss as President of the Royal Society of British Artists, is a native of Kettering. He could draw before he could talk, and actually used to teach drawing to his schoolfellows while he was still in pinafores. At the age of ten he got his first commission, which was to enlarge pictures for a travelling lecturer, who paid him in tickets for himself and his friends. In spite of this his parents chose a different walk in life for their son, and had not circumstances taken him to Glasgow, where he first made the acquaintance of artists, he might never have become a painter.

Sir Joseph Ward, the New Zealand Postmaster-General, who is spoken of as Mr. Seddon's successor in the Premiership, has Irish blood in his veins. He is a man of great business ability, combined with a probity which might be considered almost Quixotic by some people. About ten years ago the Farmers' Association, of which he was chairman, failed. Mr. Ward, as he was then, set to work, made a new fortune, and, journeying to Britain, paid the creditors in full, though he was not personally indebted to them. The firms thus repaid showed their appreciation of his honorable efforts by offering a present of silver plate and a complete dinner service, suitably inscribed to his wife. Previously Mrs. Ward, at the instance of her husband, had declined a sum of \$90,000, raised by subscription among sympathizers in the Colony.

REPEATER.

He—"I never saw such a man repeating things as your brother."

She—"Why, what do you mean?"

He—"I borrowed a fiver from him a year ago and he is repeatedly asking me for it."

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

An amused expression crossed John Dare's face, and he eyed his friend sharply.

"Well, Van," he remarked, "Patonket seems to be rather progressive after all. It possesses a woman who shines to advantage while doing a man's work. But seriously, old fellow, do you think these villagers will submit to a change in the ownership of the Clarion that will work so radical a revolution in its aims? You don't want your mother's barn burned down by a lot of fanatics, you know. It is all very well to look at this affair from our standpoint as a practical joke, but our rural clientele is apt to be lacking in a sense of humor. Frankly, I think we'll get into serious trouble if we attempt to carry out your plan."

Rutger van Slack looked abstruse. "Bah!" he exclaimed. "What does it matter if these farmers do object to our course? The more they grumble, the more fun we'll have with them. I don't believe they care enough about prohibition to commit arson, so you needn't worry about the barn. Besides that, if we buy the Clarion it's ours to do with as we choose, isn't it? What have these people to do with a simple business transaction?"

"Come, come, Rutger," interrupted Dare, who always called his friend by his given name when annoyed at him, "you are not looking at journalism from a reasonable standpoint. The subscribers to a newspaper have certain rights which they are bound to defend. However, I said I would go into this affair with you, and I don't intend to back out. Perhaps it will prove to be a great opportunity for me. You know my friends have always said that I had a future before me, but, as far as I can see, a man never quite overtakes his future. But let everything be as you propose. We'll buy the Clarion, astonish Patonket, and—find out something more about this Mrs. Durkee." The last words had a ring of malice in them.

The force of the sarcasm was lost upon van Slack, however, as at that moment his mother, Hilda, and Baron von Hurstein appeared upon the scene. The two young men arose, and more chairs being brought, the little party seated themselves for a quiet chat before the veranda should grow uncomfortably warm.

Mrs. van Slack, pale and quiet, was dressed in deep mourning. Her gray hair added dignity to a countenance that in earlier years had failed to possess the repose so essential to a truly aristocratic face. And there was still a restless expression in her dark eyes that told of a spirit not yet wholly at peace. Had the choicest fruits of life turned out to be nothing but apples of Sodom to Mrs. Peter van Slack, see Johnson?

Hilda, attired in a tight-fitting dress of heliotrope chambray trimmed with white ribbons, looked cool and wholesome—for that old-fashioned word most fittingly describes her appearance. There are certain women in the world who, no matter what they wear, look as though they had just come from a perfumed bath; who possess, as it were, a balneal beauty. Hilda van Slack was one of these. Her white skin, her wondrous hands, her rounded arms, and the perfect curve of her neck where it met her bosom made one forget her costume and admire alone the glorious perfection of her body. Surely it seemed sad that so handsome a girl should be the betrothed of a man whose only claims to manly beauty lay in a tall, powerful figure and luxuriant blonde beard.

"Well, mother," said van Slack after the morning greetings were at an end, "John and I have had a very busy hour. We had an early breakfast, you know, and have since indulged in a most momentous discussion."

"A busy hour!" exclaimed Hilda, looking at Dare with a gleam of sarcasm in her brilliant eyes. "How tired you must be!—smoking cigars and gazing at the ocean."

"Ah, you do us wrong," said Dare good-naturedly, turning to his assailant. "In all justice you must know, Miss Hilda, that Van and I have endured a great mental strain to-day. We have decided to become missionaries."

"Missionaries!" exclaimed Mrs. van Slack, looking startled.

"Missionaries," said the Baron in a dazed way.

"Missionaries?" repeated Hilda interrogatively.

"Yes," continued Dare, looking dreamily toward the horizon, "missionaries. You see Van and I have received what is known in devout circles as 'a call.' Let me explain. In Central Africa, you know, you can tell in a moment whether a given tribe has been 'converted' or not. All you need to do is to take alcohol for what may be called your civilizationometer. If the members of the tribe ask you for beads and gaudy clothes, you will at once decide that they have not yet been raised from their primitive condition of savagery. The alcohol in the tube registers zero. If, however, they beg from you ruin and

revolvers, you will immediately conclude that the emissaries of enlightenment have been among them. The alcohol in the tube is flowing out of the top. See?"

"No, I don't see," answered Hilda impetuously. "Are you and Rutger going to Central Africa? Is that what you mean?"

"Not at all; not at all," returned Dare. "Charity, they say, begins at home, and so may missionary work."

"Yes," chimed in van Slack; "there lies the field of our endeavors." He pointed to the village that lay beneath them.

"Rutger, Rutger, what do you mean to do?" asked Mrs. van Slack nervously. She knew from experience that her son had been attacked by one of those fits of restlessness that frequently led him into trouble. Mrs. van Slack had always had a warm love for her son, and, like every devoted mother, was blind to the fact that the man of twenty-seven differed in any essential respect from the boy of seventeen. To a mother's eye a favorite son never "grows up."

"Now don't be alarmed, Mrs. van Slack," said Dare gallantly. "There is no danger in our enterprise. We have discovered that, like the unreclaimed of the Dark Continent, the people of Patonket have no knowledge of the civilizing powers which pertain to alcohol. In fact, they publish a newspaper which deliberately asserts that civilization consists in abstinence from intoxicants. Of course this is absurd, is it not, Baron?" Dare turned suddenly toward von Hurstein.

"Well, really," said the German slowly, turning his cold, blue eyes on his questioner. "I can hardly agree with your sweeping generalities. If I understand you, however, you intend to open a saloon in the village. Am I right?"

The purity of the Baron's English made it hard for one to realize that he was a foreigner.

John Dare tugged angrily at his mustache. He felt that he had been rebuked by a man whom he despised. At length, overcoming his annoyance, and again looking out upon the ocean, he answered calmly: "Oh, no, not at all. The fact is that Van, here, has heard rumors that a wonderful beauty presides over the fortunes of a newspaper called, I think, the Patonket Weekly Clarion. Finding that he could not make the acquaintance of this weird being by himself, he sent for me, and now proposes that together we invade the sanctum of the goddess, and, while engaged her husband in conversation, he intends to have a sort of veni, vidi, vici flirtation."

"Bosh!" exclaimed van Slack, rather testily. "Can't you say anything in a straight-forward way, John? You are actually becoming a menace to society in your utter disregard of facts. You see, Baron," and van Slack turned to his prospective brother-in-law, "Mr. Dare and I have decided to buy the only newspaper in this part of the country."

Baron von Hurstein was startled. If he had been less bronzed by the sun he might have turned pale. As it was, the nervousness he displayed was not lost upon Dare, who happened to be watching him at that moment. Recovering himself instantly, von Hurstein said, in his customary cold and courteous way: "And so you intend to carry on your missionary labors in the capacity of editors, do you? Permit me to wish you success."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. van Slack in an excited way that recalled the manners of her girlhood, "what is the matter with you boys? Why can't you remain quiet and keep out of mischief?"

"Please don't worry about us, Mrs. van Slack," pleaded Dare politely. "We simply wish to show our clientele how narrow-minded they have grown. For the rest, we hope to make a reputation as journalists, encourage local talent, and all that sort of thing, don't you know? By the way, Van, we might obtain from Baron von Hurstein a few articles on the aristocracy of Germany. I am sure they would form a most ornamental feature of our paper." Dare uttered these words in a most courteous tone of voice.

Von Hurstein smiled calmly. "I fear," he said, "that the people of Patonket would not be interested in anything I could write. But I should be glad to show my appreciation of your enterprise by becoming a subscriber to the Clarion."

Hilda had been gradually growing impatient. She now broke out impetuously. "Tell me, tell me, about this handsome woman Mr. Dare referred to. Who is she, Rutger? I have seen no one in the village who had the slightest claims to beauty. These country belles are generally fat and freckled, and look as though they ate hay and were never more than half awake. I suppose this newspaper woman is like all the rest of them."

To the astonishment of the entire party Baron von Hurstein spoke up instantly, with more warmth than he had hitherto shown: "You are mistaken,

Miss Hilda. Mrs. Durkee is a woman of wonderful beauty. Not only that, she has proud blood in her veins."

"Of wonderful beauty!" echoed Miss van Slack, while her gray eyes grew almost black from excitement.

"Proud blood in her veins?" repeated Mrs. van Slack at the same instant.

"Yes," continued the Baron, "her father was a French marquis. Her maiden name was Yvonne de Kercabalec." Then as if he regretted his loquacity, the German cast his eyes upon a coasting steamer far out at sea and remained silent. Not even the efforts of his fiancée to learn more about Mrs. Durkee could make him acknowledge that he possessed any further information upon the subject than he had already displayed. He explained nonchalantly that he had overheard a group of villagers indulging in gossip, and that one day he had seen Mrs. Durkee as she left the Clarion office. But the suspicions of John Dare were aroused.

(To be Continued.)

FEW SETTLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Peopling of New Colonies with Britishers Is a Complete Failure.

During the South African War we were repeatedly told that the new colonies were to be peopled with British settlers, who were to show the unprogressive and stupid Boer how to farm. At the close of the war Lord Milner spent some millions in putting settlers on the land, but hitherto the experiment has not been a marked success. In a Blue-book just issued Lord Selborne gives some particulars about the work which has been done, of which the following is a summary:

TRANSVAAL.	
Number of settlers	596
Area allotted	940,800 acres
Expenditure on land purchased	£550,600
Area cultivated	26,323 acres
ORANGE RIVER COLONY.	
Number of settlers	660
Area allotted	1,181,684 acres
Expenditure on land purchased	£846,184
Area cultivated	63,000 acres

Lord Selborne says in a note that 12,000 acres less than the area last year are now under cultivation, owing to severe drought.

To settle these 1,256 persons on the land has cost, one way or another, something like two and a half millions sterling. As for the results, they may be gathered from one or two sentences in the report of the Director of Land Settlement in the Orange River Colony: "The Department has not made the progress it should have, owing to many causes. The seasons, though favorable for stock, have continued dead against agricultural pursuits, and, generally speaking, what crops were saved from drought were eaten off by locusts in many districts of the Colony. Good rains fell in February and March, but too late in many parts to bring the meagre crop to maturity before the frost came."

"There is no doubt that the trend of affairs since the war and the results of the last three years have proved a sad disappointment to many; some of the difficulties which have been experienced must be regarded as part of the aftermath of war—deplorable but inevitable—but other changes which originated independently of the war, and are destined to exercise a profound influence upon the agriculture of the country, are also in progress. It is doubtful whether these changes are as yet clearly recognized or fully appreciated by the farmers."

The Commissioner of Lands at Pretoria lays it down that a farmer starting in business on the High Veldt needs from £4,000 to £5,000 capital. As he would have no difficulty whatever in working a good farm in England with a capital of this amount, the Transvaal can hardly be said to hold out many attractions for him.

THE RABBITS' GOOD POINT.

They Have Proved Beneficial to an Irish Agriculturist.

At last the rabbit—the much-hated, virulently-abused rabbit—has found a friend in the person of a well-known Irish agriculturist, who has discovered that the little animal has at least one good trait, to be numbered henceforth as the farmer's friend.

The gentleman in question owns a considerable tract of pasture land, which being on the banks of a river, has of late years been so overrun with butter cups as to very considerably interfere with the value of the ground as pasture.

A few seasons ago a number of rabbits were introduced upon the farm, and these—as is usual, and as the Australians know to their cost—soon multiplied so fast that they threatened to overrun the whole estate.

The chief warren was situated on a bank near the river, a circumstance which caused but little comment until the farmer accidentally made the discovery that the buttercups, formerly a scourge to the pasturage, had died down to isolated clumps.

It was then discovered that the rabbits had, during the winter, scooped out the centres of the buttercup roots, with the result that these had disappeared beyond all possibility of further growth. Grass had sprung up in the place of the flowers so distasteful to the cattle, with beneficial results that can be well understood.

If a boy doesn't earn more than he gets he will never amount to much as a man.

CHINESE TEACHING.

It Shows Thoroughness and Dependence Upon the Memory.

A description of Chinese schoolroom methods, taken from "A Corner of Cathay," is of interest as showing the contrast between schools in the Orient and schools in this country.

The beginner takes his book to his teacher and hears him read a column or more, after which the pupil returns to his desk and cons this lesson aloud, until he can recite it without looking at it. He then takes his book again to the teacher, turns his back to the master, and recites what he has learned. This is called "backing the lesson." In this way the pupil commits the whole book to memory, and he is expected to learn it so thoroughly that he can at any moment repeat the whole of any passage the initial words of which are mentioned to him.

Just before the noonday recess the teacher writes a sentiment, a proverb or a proposition upon a slip of red paper and pastes it upon the door. Each boy, as he goes out, reads the lines, and in the afternoon renders to the teacher another line which will, with the first, make a couplet. In China, all honors, social, pecuniary and official, await the scholar; and the teacher has always at hand illustrious examples to hold up for the emulation of those who become discouraged. Among the ancients, as among the moderns, many who were poor or stupid rose to eminence by sheer diligence and self-discipline.

The teacher tells of So Chin, who being afflicted with drowsiness when at his nightly studies, thrust a needle through his flesh so that pain might keep him awake; and of the restless Sai Lin, whose active body revolted against sitting at his books, and who cured himself of a constant disposition to rise and leave them by placing a pail of cold water where his feet would be immersed in it whenever he stood up.

A warning is given in the career of the unscrupulous Pang Kien, who cut off the ends of the straws that his teacher told him to arrange evenly, while the careful and honest Sung Pin separated a similar bundle and laid the straws straight, one by one, and found that they were all of uniform length without cutting. The character thus manifested by the two showed their teacher which of his pupils would best repay his efforts, and his judgment was justified by the event, for Pang Kien came to no good, while Sung Pin won renown and wealth, and great honor came through him to his preceptor.

THE SPONGE FISHER.

Description of the Skill and Exertion Needed.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge-fisher, with his water-glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached.

This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge-fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear.

Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water-glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make every sponge-fisher a victim of acute rheumatism. Yet, with all his arduous toil, an expert sponge-fisher earns not more than \$15 a month besides his "keep" on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.

CURZON AS A BOY.

Lord Curzon was a perfect enigma to his masters when he was at Eton. He was always apparently wasting his time, and seemed to pay no attention whatever to lessons; and yet whenever he was called upon suddenly for an answer he was as ready as any boy who had been listening to the master's remarks, and could frequently give an explanation of a difficult matter when no one else could. A master said recently that Curzon gave him more trouble than any other boy, owing to his fondness for playing pranks in class, yet it seemed impossible to score off him.

REAL TREASURE ISLANDS

WHERE COLUMBUS FIRST HEARD OF AMERICA.

Tens of Thousands of Islands Which Strew the Oceans are Laden With Natural Riches.

There are twenty-six islands in the group known as the Faroe Islands, and they were first discovered 1,100 years ago by Tloke—a Norse pirate who put sheep upon them. "Fare" is the old Scandinavian word for sheep. They are famous, too, as being the islands where Columbus first heard of the existence of America.

In 1803 a British cruiser captured these islands, but in 1814 they were abandoned as worthless and went back to Denmark. Yeb-Sudero, the southernmost of the group, which is about 30 miles long by 12 wide, is nothing but one gigantic mass of coal. But ships can steam right into a land-locked bay and there fill their bunkers from the seams which crop through the cliffs. And by steam, this island is only forty-eight hours from England.

THE TREASURE ISLAND

has always been a favorite theme for the writer of fiction, and without doubt there are, in actual fact, such things as pirates' hordes of gold buried in certain island cliffs and beaches. Such men as Admiral Palliser and Earl Fitzwilliam do not risk money and time as they have done for nothing, and there is pretty good proof that Keating's treasure of fifteen million dollars was actually buried in Cocos Island, and that another huge mass of loot was secreted in Trinidad. Whether either will be discovered is quite another matter.

But there is really no need to go and dig for buried millions when so many of the tens of thousands of islands which strew the oceans are laden with such natural riches, like the island of Sudero already mentioned. Another instance is White Island in the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand. About three miles in circumference, and rising in its centre to 800 feet above sea level, this island is a mass of minerals, principally gypsum and sulphur. Of course, it is purely volcanic, and a cloud of steam always hangs over it. In the centre is a lake about fifty acres in extent, which is practically nothing but dilute sulphuric acid. There ought to be money in White Island.

RICH IN NATURE'S TREASURES.

Guano to the value of many millions has been dug from the Chincha Islands, small, barren, sunbaked rocks, off the Southwest coast of South America, and there are islands rich with a similar deposit and known as Plum-pudding and Possession Islands, close to the coast of German South West Africa. Guano is now running short, but there are still a few islands rich in the fertilizing material which have not yet been worked at all. One was recently discovered about 400 miles south-west of Clipperton Island in the Central Pacific. This low coral atoll is covered with the richest phosphates, and has proved a fortune to its discoverers.

Off the coast of Spanish Honduras are the five Bay Islands. The largest of these, Raulan, is a veritable treasure island. It has the richest soil and the most extraordinary climate. The temperature never rises above 88 degrees, nor falls below 66 degrees. The natives hardly ever do any work, for there is no need to do more than plant a patch of coconuts and cane and sweet potatoes. These renew themselves year by year. If anyone could buy that island and had a little money to develop it, he could make

AN IMMENSE FORTUNE.

What is probably the most valuable islands in the world are the Fur Seal Islands in Behring Sea, and Robben Island in the Sea of Okhotsk. The average take of the Kamohakha Industrial Company for years past has been 25,000 fur seals worth \$750,000, and 300 sea otter skins valued on an average at \$750 apiece. During the late war the Japanese raided many rookeries and are said to have secured over a million dollars worth of furs.

The weirdest treasure islands in the world on the Kahlhoos. Frost bound, utterly barren and repulsively desolate, no one could imagine them to be worth landing upon. Yet under their eternal ice are such huge stores of fossil ivory, the remains of long extinct monsters, that the islands produce a revenue of about five million dollars yearly.

It's easy to name the winner of an argument in which a man's words are pitted against a woman's tears.



CHINESE IN SPRING.

CAPS, GLOVES and MITTS.

Fall & Winter

Cloth Caps for men and boys of every shape and kind. Come in and have a look at them.

In Fall and Winter Mitts and Gloves.

Lined and unlined. We have some splendid values to offer at very reasonable prices. Perhaps the best assortment to be found in Lachute, just forty different kind to choose from.

White Front

G. L. Meikle & Co.

Deposit
Your Savings with this Bank,
No matter how small.

The same consideration and courtesy is shown to large and small depositors alike.

Commence the New Year with a deposit. Add to it systematically and at the end of the year the result will prove most beneficial and gratifying.

Interest will be added twice yearly.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

BARGAINS

May always be had by dealing with us. We have always a large and varied stock of all one needs, whether it be to dress you in a nice ready-made suit, and then anything you may want in dry goods, groceries, etc. Our prices are low, and our goods are A 1. You will save money by dealing with us.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Chilly Nights!!



Stoves Needed!
We have them

Ranges
Cook Stoves
Quebec Heaters

Ask to see our
Quebec Heater with Oven.

T. McOUAT & SON.

NOTE.—Our prices are away down and you will save money by dealing with us.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situate in the North Settlement of the Parish of St. Jerome d'Argenteuil, containing 400 acres, the best stock farm in the vicinity, with good modern buildings, first-class house with wood shed and kitchen attached, water in house and stable, good spring, second to none in the County, good orchard, will sell stock and implements, comprising 12 cows, 3 work horses and young stock with plenty of feed. Terms easy to the right man. A good sugar bush of 1,000 trees, well equipped. Close to church, cheese factory, post office and school. Reason for selling old age. JNO. EVANS, Dunany, P.Q.

DR. J. H. MASON,

Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.

Office hours:—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. HUGH B. FRASER, B.A.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thursday, Oct. 18.

Round trip tickets will be sold at
Single First-Class Fare
Between all stations in Canada on
G.T.R'y. System.

Going Dates—Oct. 17th and 18th.
Return Limit—Oct. 22nd.

For particulars apply to nearest C.P.R. Ticket Agent.

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

Headquarters FOR Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and Harness.

I am showing the largest assortment of these lines ever seen in Lachute. Come to suit everybody—in Style, Fit and Price.

A few lines of up-to-date styles in Men's and Boys Suits & Hats.

Bargains in Sewing Machines. Have a look at my stock of them before buying elsewhere.

Men's Long Rubber Boots, Regular price \$4.10, my price \$3.50.

Be in time and buy where everybody gets such good value.

are sole agents for the Genuine Slater Shoes.

WM. BERRY
Main St. • Lachute.



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

H. A. Blair
MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Over Banford's Block,
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L. L. LEGAULT, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block,
Main St. LACHUTE.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No 8056
District of Terrebonne
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT IN AND
FOR THE COUNTY OF ARGENTEUIL

JOHN MILWAY,

Plaintiff,

PETER MOORE, Defendant,

THOMAS P. McANDREWS,
Treasurer,

The defendant is ordered to appear with-
in one month,
Lachute, Aug. 30th, 1906.

J. L. St. JACQUES, THOS. BARRON,
Plaintiff's attorney, C.C.C.

AUCTION SALE.

—O—

GREAT SALE OF AYRSHIRES.

There will be sold by Public Auction at
Riverside Farm, Montebello Village, Que.
HON. WM. OWENS, Montebello, Que.

Wednesday, Oct. 17th, 1906.

The following effects:—50 head of high
class Ayrshire cattle, viz.—30 head of milch
cows (several fresh about date of sale,) 10
head of heifers and calves, 10 head of bulls
and calves, 1 two horse tread power and
thrasher, (Jeffrey Bros.) thrasher (Bissett
1 ensilage cutter Blower (Thoms) 1 ensilage
cutter with 24 ft. carrier (Massey Harris, 2
grain crushers, 2 farming mills, 2 jacks, 1
disc, 1 spring tooth & 1 spike tooth harrow
with lever, 1 single carriage "phantom,"
double carriage "surrey."

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS:—\$10 and under cash, over that
amount approved joint notes for 6 or 12
months with interest at 6 p.c. will be taken.

Send for Live Stock Catalogue.

CAPT. T. E. ROBSON, Auctioneer,
Merton, Ont.

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

MABEL

Potato-digging is the order of the day.
Miss Ida Martin was the guest of Miss J.
McKenzie recently.

Mr. A. Warwick is erecting an addition
to his house, which adds greatly to its ap-
pearance.

Our Cheese-factory which was closed for
a couple of days last week owing to some
repairing which had to be done, is once
more in full swing under the able manage-
ment of Mr. Craig.

The young people of our neighborhood
enjoyed themselves at a hunking bee at Mr.
George Murdock's on Friday evening last
week and all report a good time.

Our "Little Hamlet" was the scene of a
very pleasant event on Wednesday evening,
Sept. 26th, which took place at the home of
Mrs. A. McKenzie, when her daughter Miss
Katie, was united in marriage to Mr. Geo.
Murdock of Mount Mple. The Bride was
attended by her sister Miss Jessie, and the
groom supported by his brother Mr. Archie
Murdock. Rev. Mr. McDonald, B.A., of
Daleville, performed the marriage cere-
mony. The presents were both numerous
and costly. After congratulations, all sat
down to a sumptuous repast where they did
justice to the wants of the inner-man.

IT'S MUCH ENLARGED. WHAT?

The new Photo Studio

Everything New and
Up-to-date.

The "ELITE" Photo Studio.

Opposite the Post office, Lachute.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS From Montreal

Boston and return \$10.00
W. re s er and return 9.85
Springfield and return 9.50
Tickets good going October 2nd and 3rd
Return limit October 13th, 1906.

\$48.90

— TO —

Vancouver } Until
Victoria } Oct. 31st, 1906.
Seattle } SECOND CLASS
Tacoma } From MONTREAL
Portland }

Lower rates to many other points.

W. J. TODD, C.P.R. Agent.

A Real Snap.

A suit of clothes with a pound of tea
would certainly be a fake, but 25c. Ceylon
Green Tea, at 15c. a pound, because we
have too much of it, is what we actually
do while it lasts. Don't get left, but hurry
up and get it.

About 150 Bargains in Boots to Clear.

Our groceries are all right and we want
your butter and eggs.

A. McAllister, BROWNSBURG, P.Q.

AUCTION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

—O—

I have received instructions from Mrs.
P. Lane to sell by Public Auction, on
Saturday, 6th October, 1906.

One double tenement house in good order,
each part containing eight rooms, besides
kitchen and wood shed, said property situ-
ated on Princess ave., near the Wilson
Co.'s Paper Mills, now rented to Mr.
Groulx and Mr. Carpenter. Terms: One-
third cash. Can remain on property
in yearly payment with interest, also a
bush lot of thirty-nine arpents and
seventy-nine perches, No. 1832 situated in
Parish St. Jerome, 6th range, near Sir
John's Lake. Bounded north by the public
road, south by Wm. McFarlane's, east by
Bigas, west by Mrs. Wm. Ingles, said
lot will be sold for cash. Sale of both lots
to take place on property beside Paper
Mills at 1.30 p.m. Any further informa-
tion can be obtained from

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCTO. 12, 1906.

NO. 37

Furnaces.

Now is the time to put in a good furnace. A saving of time and money as well as additional comfort. If you have any plumbing or fixing to be done just ring up No. 41. and we be pleased to attend to you.

W. S. McBRIDE,

Main St., Lachute.

P.S.—We have always a large stock of Fruit & Confectionery.

SHOOTING MATCH.

There will be held a Shooting Match, at the residence of Harvey Matthews, Centerville, on Saturday, October 20th, inst., at 10 a.m. sharp. Cuyaga Ducks, Chicken and Geese.

Lumbermen—

Ask to see our X E S and you will become neither of our many advertisers of the best X E S in America to be had

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FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—A Good Brick house, situated on Chatham Street, Liberal terms. For particulars, apply to Watchman Office.

LUMBERMEN.

See you seen our Cross Cut saws, this is the reason to select one, we guarantee satisfaction out of any saw we sell.

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LOST.—Betw'n Bank of Ottawa and Great Northern Station, a pocket book containing \$45.00 and other papers. Finder please return to Isidore Carriere and be rewarded.

Found.—A pocket book, near the C.P.R. depot, containing a small sum of money. Finder can have same by applying to J. A. SEATON, 718 Park Lane, Montreal, giving description and paying costs of advt.

THE CENTRAL BLACKSMITHING AND CARRIAGE WORKS.

We would announce to the public that we have on hand a large stock of shanty sloops, rack sleighs, cutters, and we also do all kinds of repairs, painting, and general blacksmithing. Our prices are reasonable. Call and see us. J. B. BELAIRE.

CRESWELL'S

— OUR —

ICE CREAM PARLOR

IS NOW IN FULL SWING

We always carry full lines of the choicest confectionery, and fruits in season.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Silas Carpenter Jr., spent yesterday in Montreal.

Miss Cote of Montreal, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. T. Jousa.

Mrs. D. Lapointe and daughter are visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Elsie McIntyre left on Wednesday morning to take a course in music.

Miss Titman of Montreal, is the guest of her sister Mrs. J. S. Gilles for a few days.

Rev. Mr. Robb of Bristol Corners, was the guest of Mrs. R. McArthur over Sunday.

Mrs. Thos. Fessenden of Montreal, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Dr. A. W. Stackhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Benedict of Toronto are guests of Mrs. (Dr.) B. S. Stackhouse for a short time.

Mrs. A. Guilbeault returned on Wednesday from a pleasant visit with friends in Montreal.

A Union Thanksgiving service will be held in the Methodist Church on Thursday, October 18th, at 11 o'clock.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Heale of Ogdensburg, have returned home after a month's visit with friends out West.

Miss Brown of Sherbrooke who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Hallett for the past few weeks returned home on Wednesday.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Saturday last the Academy sports were postponed to this Friday, October 12th, at 10.30 a.m.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Lizzie B. Muir to Mr. Richard McAdam on Wednesday the 17 of October.

Mrs. H. A. Blair who has been on a few weeks trip to friends in Cypress River and Winnipeg, returned home on Friday morning last.

The Rev. Mr. Florence of Arundel, has removed his family to Lachute for the winter months and is now occupying the property owned by Miss Loynachan on Main St.

Mr. Spence of Hawkesbury, is now occupying the vacancy in the Bank of Ottawa, caused by the removal of Mr. Chilcote to Winchester. Mr. Lamb has also returned after a pleasant holiday spent in Chicago and other points.

Mr. Charles Hunter, of St. Andrews, while feeding his cattle on Tuesday night, dropped dead. Deceased was much respected in the community, and his sudden death calls forth much sympathy for those thus bereaved.

The Directors of the Agricultural Society are meeting tonight for the purpose of completing arrangements for the ploughing match which will be held on the farm of Mr. David Touchette, East Settlement, Thursday, October 25th, 1906.

The Rev. A. C. Reeves, B.A., of Campbellford, Ont., will supply the Presbyterian pulpit on the next two Sundays, preaching on the 14th inst. in the morning at Upper Lachute, in the afternoon at the East Settlement, and in the evening in Lachute.

The sale of property of the Lane Estate advertised for last Saturday, was postponed until Saturday, 13th., when Mr. Smith will auction the bush lot No. 1932 in 6th range, Parish of St. Jerusalem, near Sir John's Lake, containing 39 arpents. Sale will be made in Koderique's yard at 10 a.m.

A Parlor Social, also a sale of fancy and useful articles and home-made candy, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, Oshing, will be held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Davidson, St. Philippe, on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 25th. Supper will be served during the evening. An enjoyable time is anticipated. Admission 25cts.

BIRTH.

CRESWELL.—At Lachute on Friday, Oct. 5th, 1906, a daughter to Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Creswell.

DEATH.

ROBERTSON.—At Lachute, Thursday, October 11, Mary Ann Moody, beloved wife of Wm. Robertson, in her 67th year.

OBITUARY.

Many indeed will be sorry to learn of the sad death of Mrs. Wm. Robertson which occurred yesterday morning, October 11th, at her home on Main St. About four weeks ago Mrs. Robertson was attacked with typhoid followed by some septic trouble to which she succumbed in spite of the best medical skill and kind ministrations of two nurses. Deceased was born in Terrebonne on the 2nd of February 1840, and after her marriage to Mr. Wm. Robertson, went with her husband to Belle Riviere, removing subsequently to Lachute where she gained the affectionate regard of all who knew her for her unflinching kindness, broad sympathy and cheery helpfulness. In the life of the poor and the afflicted a vacancy will be created by her removal through death. The sympathy of the town goes out to the husband in his loneliness. The funeral takes place on Saturday at 2 o'clock.

It is our painful duty to record the sudden death of Oron Cook, son of Mr. Hugh Cook of the Scotch Road, Grenville. Deceased was born on March 25th, 1889, having lived with his parents up till the time of his death. While working in the woods with his father on Tuesday, Sept. 25th, he complained of a pain in his side which proved to be appendicitis. He was immediately removed to the General Hospital, Montreal, where the operation was performed, but on Sunday night, Sept. 30th, he took worse and passed away. The funeral was held at the family residence on Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. A. W. Budd, who preached an appropriate sermon from Rev. 14: 13. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in these parts for some time, showing the high esteem in which the young man was held.

From infancy he was surrounded with Christian influences, which had a marked effect upon his life. He was known as a young man of strong moral character, being especially devoted to his parents and to the home. The family have the sympathy of the entire community in their great loss.

The New Williams' Sewing Machine



Simple in Construction Smooth running.

Ball-bearing Beautifully finished, Quiet in movement.

The New Williams is simple and easy to learn, has fewer working parts than any other first-class machines and all adjustable.

Guaranteed for five years.

Call and see us. We will make the terms and prices to suit.

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

"THE ELITE."



Astonishing values in early Fall Millinery Dress Goods, Jackets, Gloves, Corsets and Hosiery.

Don't fail to see our large assortment of Imported China, and Austrian Near Cut Glass, new and beautiful.

Satisfy yourself by calling on us before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH

There is MONEY in it for You.

Come and Examine my Stock before buying elsewhere

Ladies Diamond Rings, \$10 & up.

Stone Rings, Watches, Bracelets, at prices below the lowest, in fact the right place to buy right. Headquarters for Spectacles and Eyeglasses Scientific Examination Free.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN,

1st Vice President Canada Association of Opticians.

Watch Repairing a Specialty. LACHUTE.

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MAIN ST., LACHUTE

BARBER AND TOBACCONIST

Choice Havanna & Domestic Cigars

Pipes and Tobaccos of all kinds

Perfumeries and Toilet Articles of the most up-to-date kind always in stock.

What are your Needs For the Winter?

Doesn't something in the following lines interest you?

Mitts and Gloves, Heavy Trousers, Warm Cloth Caps, Warm Unshrinkable Underwear, Warm Top Shirts, Sweaters, Heavy Socks, Hosiery, Flannelette, Dress Goods, Lumbermen's Socks

Everything you need for Fall and Winter. All these goods are of special quality and of special value.

Carpenter Bros,
The Popular Priced Store.

About the House

JELLIES.

Fruit Jelly.—The fruit should be placed in a jar and the jar set in a steppan of warm water, covered, and allowed to boil until the fruit is broken. Take a strong jelly bag and press the fruit, a little at a time, turning out the skins each time. Allow two pounds of sugar to one pound of juice; set on the stove to boil again. Many good cooks heat the sugar by placing in the oven and stirring now and then to prevent burning. When the juice begins to boil—watch that it does not boil over—twenty-five minutes—add the heated sugar. Stir well and just bring to a boil; remove directly from the stove. Dip the vessel to contain it in hot water, and set them upon a dishcloth wrung out of warm water, pouring the boiling liquid into them. Cover in the usual way.

Quince Jelly.—Ripe quinces, allowing one pint of water to each pound of fruit, three-fourths pound of sugar to each pound of juice. Prepare the quinces and put them in water in the above proportions. Simmer gently till the juice becomes colored, but only pale. Strain the juice through a jelly bag, but do not press the fruit; allow it to drain itself. Put the strained juice in a preserving pan and boil twenty minutes, then stir in the sugar in the above proportions and stir over the fire for twenty minutes, taking off the scum, and pour into glasses to set.

Raspberry Jelly.—Ripe, carefully picked raspberries. Allow three-fourths pound of powdered sugar to every pound of fruit. Boil the raspberries for ten minutes, strain and weigh the juice, and add the sugar in the above proportions and boil for fifteen or twenty minutes. Skim and stir well.

Rhubarb Jelly.—Soak two cups of gelatin in a pint of water with one-half pound best lump sugar. Well wash and slice about two and one-half pounds of rhubarb of a nice bright green color, put it in a steppan to boil with a quart of water. Leave it to get thoroughly stewed, but not long enough to let the juice get thick. Strain the latter and add one and one-half pints of it to the dissolved gelatin, with the whites and shells of three eggs. Whisk it all quickly on the fire, pass it through the jelly bag, and pour it into a mould and leave it to set.

Orange and Tapioca Jelly.—Soak six tablespoonfuls of tapioca for three hours in two cups of salted water. Set it in hot water and boil, adding four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little boiling water if too thick. When like custard add juice of one orange. Cover the bottom of the mold with sliced oranges, and when the jelly is cool pour it over the fruit.

Apple Jelly.—Allow three-fourths pound of sugar to each pound of juice. Peel, core, and quarter the apples and throw them into cold water as they are done. Boil them till tender, then strain the juice from them through a fine sieve and afterward through a jelly bag. If necessary pass it through twice, as the juice should be quite clear. Boil up the juice, add the sugar, stir till melted, and boil for another ten minutes. Add the strained juice of a lemon to every one and one-half pound of juice just before it is finished.

NEW WAYS FOR OLD DRINKS.

Coffee as in Cuba.—Put three pints of sweet, rich milk into the brightest of new coffee pots and let it come to a boil. Put in a teaspoonful of ground coffee and boil five minutes. Strain off and serve.

Chocolate as in Spain.—The Spaniard's usual breakfast is a cup as small as an after-dinner cup of chocolate, a small roll, and a roll-shaped piece of sweet, white substance like the outside of a meringue. The nourishment is in the cup of chocolate, which is so thick that it is eaten instead of sipped from a spoon. To the one cup goes an ounce of sweetened and cinnamon flavored chocolate melted over the fire, with just enough water to stir it smooth.

French Punch.—Pour into a saucepan one quart of California claret, one-quarter pound of sugar, a stick of cinnamon, and the strained juice of two lemons and three oranges. Let it come to the boiling point. Pour into a hot pitcher, add a couple of slices each of orange and lemon cut into tiny pieces; dip a large bunch of dampened mint into powdered sugar and stick in the top of the pitcher, so that the punch will pour through it. A glass pitcher is more attractive if gradually heated.

English Tea.—Use English breakfast tea and if it is of the best every day quality, say \$1 a pound, allow a heaping teaspoonful for each cup. This tea, as in no other cases, is either allowed to boil for just a minute, or is steeped eight or ten minutes. Its color is a bright brown, almost like coffee, and it is never made light like Oolong or Japan teas. Full rich cream is used in it, though skim milk is used for teas with more delicate aroma.

PANCAKES.

Mix a quarter of a pound of flour in a basin with a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, and break in one raw egg; first ascertain it is good. Put about two tablespoonfuls of milk on the egg and stir in smoothly with a wooden spoon. When this is as thick as thick cream,

add more milk till all the flour is mixed in with about a quarter of a pint of milk. Then beat well for five minutes. Now add the remains of half a pint of milk and let this batter stand two hours. When ready to fry, strain it into a jug. Melt three ounces of lard in a little saucepan and pour enough of it to make a thin film of fat over a small frying-pan. When this fat begins to smoke pour in enough batter to thinly cover the bottom of the pan. Let this set over the fire, shake it gently, to be sure it is not sticking, peep underneath, and if a good brown, toss it over to the other side. This requires courage and a little practice. When this side is also brown slip it out of the pan on to a piece of paper dusted over with caster sugar. Squeeze over it a little lemon juice and a little dredge of caster sugar. Roll up lightly, and put on a hot dish in a hot place while you make the others.

USEFUL HINTS.

Keep honey in a warm, dry place. Moisture is fatal to its keeping qualities, making the contents of the cells thin and watery.

Spirits of camphor rubbed lightly on the gums will allay inflammation.

Greasy baths may be made perfectly clean by lightly scouring with a wet flannel dipped in common salt.

Pieces, stucco, good, can be cut from worn carpets, which, joined together, will make rugs for servants' rooms, etc.

Wallpapers can be cleaned with dough almost better than bread, which sometimes roughens the surface.

If a baby gets a knife in its hand, do not attempt to draw it away, but hold up something else likely to attract it, and it will drop the knife.

To Clean Gilding.—Remove all dust with a soft brush, then wash the gilding lightly and rapidly with warm water in which an onion or two has been boiled. Dry by rubbing lightly with soft cloths. Iron rust can be removed by salt mixed with a little lemon juice.

Mud stains may be removed from tan leather boots and shoes by rubbing them with slices of raw potatoes. When dry polish with cream or paste in the usual way.

To stop bleeding from the lungs, take a teaspoonful of table salt and swallow it dry. Keep perfectly quiet, in a recumbent position, until a physician arrives.

To drink a half-pint of hot milk or hot water will have the effect of producing sleep in eight cases out of ten.

When ironing, if the iron is rough and sticks and is difficult to work, sprinkle a little salt on the ironing board and rub the iron up and down upon it. It will speedily make the iron smooth again, and prevent its sticking.

Do not set earthen dishes in a hot oven or upon the stove. It cracks the glazing and renders them unfit for use. The smell of such dishes is very disagreeable, and cases of poisoning have been traced to their use.

Before making a silk cushion iron the silk on the wrong side with an iron that has been well rubbed with wax. This will form a kind of thin varnish on the material, and prevent the down r feathers used for stuffing working through after a time, as they often do.

TEETHING TIME.

Every mother dreads that period in her baby's life known as teething time. The little gums are swollen, inflamed and tender; the child suffers greatly, and is so cross and irritable that the whole household is on edge. All this is changed in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. This medicine allays the inflammation, softens the swollen, tender gums, brings the teeth through painlessly. In proof Mrs. W. C. McCay, Denbigh, Ont., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine at teething time. My baby was very sick at that time, was cross, restless and had no appetite. After giving her the Tablets there was a marked improvement, and in the course of a few days she was not like the same child. The Tablets are just the medicine to help little ones over the trying teething time." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LOVE'S SWEET DREAM.

The wind swept a cloud of dust about them as they turned the corner of the street.

"Did you get any dust in your eyes, darling?" he asked, fondly, holding her closely to him, as though to keep the too eager wind away.

"Yes," she murmured, searching for her handkerchief.

"Which eye, dearest?"

"The right one, love. Did you get anything in yours?" she asked anxiously, seeing his handkerchief appear.

"Yes, darling."

"Which eye, dearest?"

"The right one, love."

"How sweet!" she exclaimed, with a glad light glowing in her well eye. "Do you suppose, dearest heart, that it could have been part of the same piece of dust that got in our eyes, darling?"

"I hope it was," he said, beaming with one eye and wiping the other.

"Wouldn't it be sweet, dear?"

"Wouldn't it, love?"

And the wind howled round the corner as though it was in pain, and from the house three doors below a dentist's sign fell into the street.

Patience: "When I was young I had at least fifty offers for my hand." Practice: "Those were what you might call your palmy days. I suppose!"

OUT FOR THE SUPREMACY

FIGHT OF STEAMSHIP LINES FOR BLUE RIBBON OF THE OCEAN.

Vessel Must be Gigantic, Indeed, and Well Equipped to Outclass Present Service.

Yet another bid for the blue ribbon of the Atlantic hardly has the colossal Cunarder Lusitania left the slips than the Hamburg-American line announces its determination to take up the challenge for supremacy. Not satisfied with their mammoth Amerika and Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, the Germans are to build a vessel which will exceed in size and speed the Lusitania, at the present the fastest, largest, and heaviest steamship in the world, says the London Express.

The Lusitania and Mauritania, sister ships, each have a gross tonnage of 32,200, as against the Kaiserin's 25,000. The next Hamburg-American must, therefore, very greatly exceed the Kaiserin in size and weight. She must be over 787 feet long and 88 feet broad. Her speed will have to be over 25 knots, her horsepower above 800,000, and she must carry at least 3,200 passengers and 800 crew.

A quarter of a century ago an expert in the Engineers declared an ocean speed of 25 miles an hour an impossibility. But the Lusitania will steam 29½ miles, and the forthcoming Hamburg-American well over 30. Another quarter of a century and ocean speed may have increased another 50 per cent.

AMAZING FORECASTS.

Later experts have made amazing forecasts. In the last third of a century the tonnage of Atlantic liners increased fivefold; if, therefore, their capacity were to increase in like ratio during the next third of a century, the largest steamer in the year 1940 would be nearly 70,000 tons. Her corresponding dimensions would be: Length, 1,000 feet; breadth, extreme, at upper deck, 120 feet; depth, 75 feet. The Lusitania's length is 787 feet, breadth 88 feet, depth 60 feet.

This, however, is merely the modest prognostication of a practical shipbuilder—H. G. Wells, dreamer and romancer, might picture whole cities afloat by 1939.

We are told that the next Hamburg-American will go one better in the matter of luxury as well as size. She is to be equipped with Turkish baths, and a swimming tank for the use of passengers.

But she will have to be a very wonderful creation indeed if she is to excel existing liners in luxury of accommodation. Shipowners vie eagerly with each other in providing accessories to passengers' comfort, as a survey of their recent announcements will show.

Handsomely fitted gymnasia are the latest allurements. The Hamburg-Americans have them, of course, so have the R.M.S.P. Aragon and the North German liner Prinz Eitel Friedrich. The gym on the last-named is 25 feet long, 21 feet wide and fifteen feet high. It contains machines for rowing, swimming and cycling, and Swedish electrical health machines.

A PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN

is a feature of the C.P.R. company's Empress of Ireland. An imitation beach composed of Clyde sand is constructed on the upper deck and here juvenile passengers may shovel and build sand castles all day long. The vessel also has a nursery, well stocked with toys.

Ocean libraries have not been too well stocked heretofore and the companies are beginning to give better consideration to this department. The Cunard line has just undertaken to provide passengers with first-rate service of books, the volumes being renewed after each voyage in order to include the newest and most important works of the day.

The catering system is being revised in a somewhat remarkable way. On the newest Hamburg-Americans meals are now served à la carte. Passengers may take tickets to include the customary dining-saloon meals, or they may book with the liberty of using the restaurant when and as they please.

The Amerika's à la carte restaurant is on the sixth deck, and its accommodations 120 persons. This is in addition to the main dining-room, where 400 persons may take the usual table d'hôte service. The Kaiserin's à la carte restaurant, adapted for 140 people, is the largest afloat.

Bathing facilities on Atlantic liners have been considerably improved of late. The Kaiserin has well-furnished suites of apartments connecting with private bath and toilet-rooms, while many single rooms have their own baths. The Amerika has luxurious electric and hydropathic baths, attended by professional masseurs. On the Carmania even the steerage has its own needle and shower baths.

A GREAT NOVELTY.

aboard the Kaiserin is the palm-court and garden, a delightful lounge where afternoon tea is served and where the surroundings all tend to realize the atmosphere of a palmarium in a London hotel.

The invention of wireless telegraphy is revolutionizing the amenities of ocean travel. A Marconi installation of the most up-to-date type is a feature of the Amerika and the Cunard boats publish a "Marconi daily newspaper." Liners converse with each other by wireless many miles apart in mid-Atlantic, and keep in touch with the shore from Liverpool to Sandy Hook, receiving daily all the current news from both shores. Thus the fear of disaster is lessened, for

Universally Acknowledged

to be superior to the finest Japan grown.

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Get a Trial Packet to-day.

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all Grocers

assistance may be summoned from considerable distances, while the facilities for social and business intercourse are immeasurably increased.

Electricity, indeed, has worked wonders in the development of the ocean greyhound. Lifeboats are now raised and lowered by electric-power; electric motors heave the sounding line, hoist the passenger lifts, and drive all the auxiliary machinery in the stokeholds, bakery, galley, pantry and refrigerating-rooms. Electricity lights and ventilates the ship, works the searchlights and signaling apparatus, conveys stores, mails and baggage and closes the watertight doors, while even the siren is subject to its control.

And the decorative setting of all these luxuries is superb. Smokerooms and drawing-rooms are garnished and upholstered like West End mansions; famous artists have designed and executed the mural adornments; the magnificent sitting and sleeping-rooms, music-rooms and saloons are furnished with Louis XV suites, Sheraton couches and tapestried walls. There is \$10,000,000 worth of comfort and splendor on nearly every liner afloat. And the Hamburg-American liner, envious of the Lusitania, has promised to "go one better" than all this!

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

Blind barristers are rare. One has just been admitted to practice in Sydney, Australia, in the person of Mr. Neville Gilbert M'William, who had taken the degrees of B. A. and B. L. with special distinction.

Count Tolstoy neither drinks, smokes, nor eats meat. It is his boast that he does not possess a single article he could possibly dispense with; and he has even refused to receive a bicycle as a present, on the ground that it was a luxury. His recreations are chess and lawn-tennis, at both of which he became an expert.

Miss Sophie Harris, the well-known opera singer, tells this story of an Australian experience: "One night, just as I went up to top B, there was a breathless silence, and grating through it there came a raucous juvenile voice from the gods: 'My hye, wouldn't she be a stunner to 'awk bananas?' I simply had to laugh, and the top B came down with a run."

Sir Charles Wyndham, the eminent English actor, was intended by his father for the ministry, and was sent to a Moravian school in Germany for that purpose. He was brought up rather strictly at the school, and was taught among other important things, the advantages of early rising, for the boys had to be at their lessons long before most English schoolboys leave their beds. He practised as a doctor before going on the stage.

Lord Charles Beresford is a staunch teetotaler. "I am now sixty years old," he said, recently, "and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits, and beer I find I can do as much work, or more, physically and mentally, than I could do when I was thirty. I am always well; always cheery; laugh at the downs of life equally with the ups; and always feel fit and in condition. If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months, I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again."

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador at the Court of St. James, is generally known to have risen to his present rank from a leader-writer on the New York Tribune. But he began life in a much humbler grade. He was born in a little town in Ohio, the son of a Scottish farmer of Covenantist stock. He learned his Greek in New York sitting on a fence, his mentor being a kinsman, Dr. Hugh McMillan. Then he went from the farm to the University, became a school teacher, and afterwards a country editor. A correspondent in the Civil War for a Cincinnati paper, he migrated to the New York Tribune, when it was under the guidance of Horace Greeley, whom he eventually succeeded, later becoming proprietor.

Hump Back

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

Get the Emulsion from
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, and from all druggists. Canada.

The Earl of Aylesford succeeded to the title on the death of his brother in Texas in 1885. The late Lord Aylesford, with two of his younger brothers, the Hons. Daniel and Clement Finch, bought a ranch near Big Springs, and lived the free and easy life of the West for some years. His extravagance and escapades still serve as stories for the "old-timers" out there. He had hunted in nearly every big-game country in the world, and had a wonderful collection of furs, skins, and heads, unfortunately destroyed when his ranch house was burnt. He died when he was thirty-six, and his brothers also died when they were a little over thirty. The present Lord Aylesford is an excellent sportsman, being an exceptionally good shot and, as becomes the Lord Warden of the Woodmen of Arden, an accomplished archer.

CANCER DISCOVERIES.

The Question of Heredity May Soon be Solved.

There is the happy possibility of the mystery of the terrible disease of cancer being solved at no very remote date.

This was hinted at when the results of the experiments made during the year by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund were described at the annual meeting in London, England, by Dr. Bashford, the general superintendent of the fund's laboratory. He dealt chiefly with the results of the inoculation of 100,000 mice.

The scientists, he said, are now able to reproduce at will in mice all the features of spontaneous cancer, and to protect healthy mice from all the consequences of inoculating them with experimental cancer. "This having been achieved it is not too much to hope that the further development of the experimental study of cancer will yield results having a direct bearing on the nature and treatment of the disease," added Dr. Bashford.

After repeated failures during thirty years the fund have been able to obtain offspring from mice suffering naturally from the disease, and in the near future it may be in consequence be possible to conclude whether cancer in man is or is not hereditary.

Sixty per cent of the "spontaneous" cancers which Dr. Bashford referred to had been got to grow in mice previously healthy, and in the view of the scientists this points to the conclusion that all malignant growths are transplantable.

The "protection" experiments were so successful that, whereas of 100 ordinary mice ninety developed tumors after inoculation, none of the protected animals developed the disease.

At the same time Dr. Bashford added a note of warning in case the results might give rise to exaggerated expectations.

It was not yet possible, he said, to arrest the progress of experimental tumors, much less to effect the cure of the disease occurring naturally.

Sir William Church, in moving the adoption of the report, said that radium had not given satisfactory results.

Lord Strathcona presided at the meeting, and the Prince of Wales, the president of the fund, was represented by Sir Arthur Bigge.

DUST HEAP CURE.

New Health Resort for Fashionable London Women.

The prospect of daintily dressed damsels asking a policeman to direct them to the nearest dust heap is unfolded by Mr. Hugh Colin Smith (ex-governor of the Bank of England), who declared at the quarterly meeting of the Bermondsey Municipal Association that sorting dust heaps was a healthy occupation.

He went further than this, and drew a picture of the time 100 years ago when all the great physicians used to prescribe for the fashionable women who suffered from weak lungs a course of visits to the dust heaps of London, to stand over them and breathe in their fragrance, because the gases emitted from decaying vegetable matter strengthened the chest.

Mr. Hugh Colin Smith is unfortunately unable to give his authority for the "dust heap" cure.

"I read it somewhere, but I cannot recall the name of the book," Mr. Smith told a London Express representative recently. "I am convinced, however, that the women sorters of dust heaps are an extremely healthy lot."

A medical man who was consulted on the dust heap cure contented himself with a few brief remarks.

"The accumulation of refuse," he said, "means the accumulation of dangerous germs, and dust is the worst thing for the lungs. Happily, the physicians of to-day are not what they were 100 years ago."

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1906.

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

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. QUE.

THE HANDWRITING.

Two bye-elections have taken place in Ontario ridings for the House of Commons, both resulting in Conservative victories with greatly increased majorities. In East Elgin, where a vacancy had been created by the retirement of Mr. Andrew Ingram, the Conservative majority was increased from 21 to 77. And at North Renfrew, where a vacancy had been caused by the death of the Hon. Peter White, his son Gerald was chosen to succeed him by a majority of 1041, against about 200 by which the late member was elected. These are significant facts and they point to a notable change in public opinion.

Writing of these results, the Mail and Empire concludes: "No one can fail to understand the victories in East Elgin and North Renfrew. They mean that the Laurier Government has reached the point at which the Ross Government stood when Mr. Dunlop scored his notable triumph in Renfrew, and Donald Sutherland carried South Oxford. They are the handwriting on the wall. Usually a Government in Canada carries all before it. It has the prestige and the influence which make for victory. When a minority is not only unable to win a bye-election, but is in such a helpless plight that a majority of a thousand is rolled up against its nominee in a constituency it once had, it is time for everybody to prepare for a new set of rules."

RIOT.

In a riot at Buckingham on Monday afternoon two men were killed and a number wounded. The conflict was between several hundred mill strikers formerly mill hands employed in the MacLaren Company's Lumber Mills, and a number of strike breakers and special constables sworn in to protect the men who had been brought in to operate the mills. About twenty of the strikers were hit, and twenty-one out of twenty-two police and detectives were also wounded. The dead are:

Thomas Belanger, leader, aged 35, of Ste. Jerome, leaves widow.

Francis Theriault, aged 40, leaves widow and seven children.

DEMANDS REFUSED.—A month ago the employees of the Jas. McLaren & Co.'s lumber mills struck for higher wages. They had been paid \$1.25 per day, and they demanded \$1.50, which is the wages paid by W. H. Kelly, the other important lumber merchant at Buckingham. The McLaren Co. refused to give the raise and 500 men were affected. Three hundred men left the town for the lumber camps, while 200 remained to wait developments.

Matters went on quietly until Monday, when the news leaked out that MacLaren & Co. had brought down a number of strike-breakers. Seventeen of these men began to work at 7 Monday morning and broke two of the booms two miles above the town.

DRIVE MEN FROM TOWN.

A meeting of the men was called and it was decided to drive them out of the town. First Messrs. Albert & Alexander MacLaren were notified, but they refused to listen to compromise and the union men determined to take action after dinner.

At 1 o'clock they gathered on the shore of the Lievre River and marched four abreast along the edge of the river towards the main street landing which is about half way to the mills. The strike breakers had brought some logs down so far.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitcher*

The police and detectives with Albert and Alexander MacLaren, were lined up to bar the way. Again Belanger offered the men's terms, but they were refused and he intimated that the union were determined to drive away the strike-breakers.

The men again advanced and here the testimony varies. The statement most heard is that the police fired first, though the police aver that the strikers were the first to open fire.

POLICE FIRST TO FIRE.

Uninterested witnesses, with the exception of one, state that the police fired a blank shot first, which was replied to by the strikers. At any rate it is admitted by all parties that the riot act was not read and for this omission the police are being strongly censured.

At the first volley by the police who were only ten yards away from the strikers, Thomas Belanger, the union leader, fell mortally wounded. He was shot in five places, one shot pierced his right breast, and tore its way downwards through his body, another went through his heart, another entered his head as he fell and came out at his eye.

POLICE PUT TO ROUT.

Immediately firing became general and men fell groaning on every side. With fury the strikers, now without a leader, charged the police, who turned and fled to the bush. The fire of the unionists was wild and ill-directed, else not a man would have lived. They had several rifles among them and many revolvers.

Firing back as they ran, the police did more damage, and Francois Theriault, who was unarmed, was shot through the heart. He was 40 years of age and leaves a widow and seven young children. Other men fell wounded, and, seeing the slaughter of the French-Canadians, became more savage in the pursuit.

MILITIA REACH SCENE.

With the police totally routed and the strike breakers scattered in every direction the victorious unionists retired quietly to their homes and awaited events. The two MacLarens, who had been fired at, but had escaped injury, sent to Ottawa for the Militia, and late Monday night 111 men of the G.G.F.G. and the 43rd D.C.O.R. and a machine gun squad arrived in Buckingham, under Col. Hodgins and Major Morrison.

STRIKERS MERCIFUL.

Only one of the police party escaped without a scratch. Chief of Police Frank Kernan was shot through the head, but he will recover while his brother, James Kernan also of Buckingham, had his hand shattered. When the pursuing strikers found a policeman prostrate they mercifully let him be. One policeman on his knees, threw away his revolver, and waving a white handkerchief, begged for his life. They spared him.

Work was begun at the mills Wednesday by the strike-breakers under the protection of the troops and in the evening a number of the Ottawa volunteers returned home. A sufficient force yet remains to guard against any renewal of hostilities. The whole matter will be investigated by the Quebec authorities and civil or criminal proceedings instituted as the circumstances may demand.

WEDDING BELLS.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. A. McKenzie, on Wednesday, Sept. 26th, at 7 p.m., when her second daughter, Katie Louise, was married to George David Murdoch of Brownsburg. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. R. MacDonald, B.A., of Dalesville, the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. James A. MacKenzie, and wore a gown of ecru silk and embroidered chiffon. She was attended by her sister, Miss Jessie. Mr. A. Murdoch, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The only ornament worn by the bride was a beautiful gold bracelet—the gift of the groom. After the ceremony, the guests numbering about sixty, sat down to a sumptuous repast. Mr. & Mrs. Murdoch's many friends presented them with a large number of beautiful and well chosen gifts.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Quite a number of cases were disposed of at the session of above court held in the Court House on Thursday October 11th, by His Honor Justice Taschereau, as follows:

Dumas vs. Rozon.—Judgment for plaintiff of \$15 and costs. Mr. McKay for defendant and J. L. St. Jacques for plaintiff.

Noxon Co. vs. George McLellan.—Action dismissed with costs. Mc Cormick & Co. for plaintiff and J. L. St. Jacques for defendant.

Both contested cases and non-applicable.

McAllister vs. Neveu.—Judgment for plaintiff for \$158.90. J. L. St. Jacques for plaintiff and Laronde for defendant.

Dr. B. S. Stackhouse vs. McMillan.—Judgment by default.

McNeely vs. Smith, and Simpson vs. Lydouceur, both cases adjourned to next session.

Benediction of Convent. of Sisters of the Holy Cross.

The citizens of Lachute witnessed an imposing ceremony last Sunday, October 7th, in the solemn benediction of the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, by His Lordship Z. Racicot, Bishop of Poggia. An excellent sermon on education was given by the Rev. Father J. A. Jasmyn. Many priests of the neighboring parishes assisted, among whom were Fathers Montour, Pilon, Lacasse and Demers, not forgetting the devoted cure of the parish, Rev. Father Carriere. At 5 p.m. a reception was given by the pupils of the Convent to His Lordship, who was accompanied by Mayor J. E. Balois and his wife and a large number of guests, who were much pleased with the music and singing.

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.
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Half the joy of life comes from getting good out of things as we go along. Some of us are always putting off our enjoyments. After a while we expect to take a rest, see a friend, read a book. But after a while never comes. The good time we are looking forward to lies as far away as ever. All our life is spent in meaning to overtake it and enjoy it. Meanwhile we toil, drudge, grow old, passing by with unseeing eye the happiness we might get out of every day.

When the jealousies, the petty intrigues, the meanesses in life assail you, rise above them. Be like a lighthouse that illumines and beautifies the snailing swashing waves of the storm that threaten it, that seek to undermine it and try to wash over it. This is Conquest. When the chance to win fame, wealth, success, or the attainment of your heart's desire by sacrifice of honor or principle, comes to you, and it does not affect you long enough to even seem a temptation, you have been a victor. That too, is Conquest. And conquest is a part of the royal road to happiness.

YOUR BOY.

You do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him; clothe him; love him. He is a boy, and most boys are bad. You think him so right-headed, and fear he is light-headed as well. But remember he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger, and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport, and makes him impatient of serious things—rattling, playful, thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and selfish, and make him feel that you are disappointed in him. He is your boy, and you are to live in him. He bears your name, and is to send it on down the stream of time. He inherits your fortune and fame, and is to transmit to generations to come. It cannot be otherwise. A daughter divides your fortune, transmits less of your fame and loses your name. A boy is more nearly yourself than anything else can be. It is through your boy you go down in history; through your boy you are to live in the future; by him you are to act upon the generation that is to come.

It may be difficult to govern him, but be patient. He may seem adverse to everything useful and good; but wait. No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in this way is money spent in vain. There is nothing in him: he has no pride, no aspiration. You don't know. No one can tell what's in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindly spark, an unfanned flame, a latent energy, which the associations of good books and men may arouse, develop and direct, and thus start a boy agoing, with such energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost round in the ladder of fame.

THE PERFECT TEA MONSOON TEA

THE PERFECT TEA IN THE WORLD.
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.
"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best quality of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.
That is why "Monsoon" the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.
It is put up in sealed canisters of 14 lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb., and sold in three flavors at 40c., 50c. and 60c. per lb.
For further information, write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. East, Toronto.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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

INFANTS - CHILDREN

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

Drugs of Old Dr. J. C. FITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Rhubarb -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Magnesia -
Sulphate of Iron -
Sulphate of Potash -
Sulphate of Lime -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Magnesia -
Sulphate of Iron -
Sulphate of Potash -
Sulphate of Lime -

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

Facsimile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitcher*

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

"Maple Leaf Cream Separator."



Have just completed above Separator which combines all the best points of the different separators now on the market, and have decided to offer the same to intending purchasers direct, thus saving commission to agent and enabling us to sell at sixty-five dollars (\$65) payable thirty days or sixty dollars (\$60) when cheque accompanies order. Capacity five hundred pounds per hour guaranteed.

Write for further information direct to:
Canadian Dairy Supply Co'y. Ltd.
109 to 113 Youville Square,
Montreal, Que.

GOOD GOODS AND GOOD WORKMANSHIP

Go hand in hand and are required by the public now a days. Since our first start in Lachute we have endeavored always to carry out the above, and now that we have gone into our large and commodious new store, we will be better able to supply you with your needs. We will carry full lines of Gents' Furnishings, Collars, Ties, Shirts, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE,
Main St. Lachute.

J. D. CAMPBELL & Co's. Ad.

ALWAYS ON HAND

A large supply of Bran, Shorts, Moullie and Feeds of all kinds.

The ROYAL HOUSEHOLD & GLENORA PATENTS are the best that can be produced.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT is kept well stocked with the best of groceries and all orders will receive our prompt attention.

Main St. & Railway Avenue

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE.

As we have taken thousands of dollars of new goods into Stock, and at the Corner Store, opposite the Post-office, you will find the very newest patterns and designs in Dress Goods.

Dress Lengths

Dress Lengths in beautiful Fabrics, from \$1.75 to \$12. new trimmings and sundries

Boots & Shoes

We carry a complete line of the famous Linton Goods at Popular Prices. We need say no more.

Groceries

In groceries we lead. No more complete stock could be found in the city than you will find in our store. Our aim is to carry the very best that money can buy.

Patent Medicines

In Proprietary and Patent Medicines we carry everything, also the very purest of essences. Give us a call. Farm produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

W. DOIG

Financial Statement.

OF THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y OF THE COUNTY OF BEAUFORT, FROM 31st AUG., 1905, UP TO 31st AUG., 1906.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand as per audit, Aug. 31st, 1905.....	\$ 2921 76
Premiums paid during year assessment plan.....	8000 31
Premiums paid during year cash plan.....	1463 65
Interest on deposit E.T. Bank.....	73 10
Total	\$12,160 82

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Directors.....	\$ 164 00
Losses by fire.....	1777 00
Rebates.....	93 37
A Philips Commission.....	2785 74
A Philips yearly bonus.....	200 00
Government Tax.....	31 67
Sec'y Salary \$300, Drawing agreement \$2.....	302 00
Printing Calendars, etc.....	267 60
Auditor for 1905.....	5 00
General expen., telephones, Postage, etc.....	129 50
Rent of Council Room.....	12 00
Cash in Bank to Balance.....	6392 94
Total	\$12,160 82

ASSETS.

Cash on deposit E.T. Bank.....	\$ 6392 94
Bal. note Capital.....	43493 55
Cash in hands of Agents.....	2767 15
Total	\$52653 64

LIABILITIES NIL.

GENERAL STATEMENT OF BUSINESS

Total No. of Policies in force.....	2,728
Am't covered by same.....	\$3,799,600 00
No. Policies issued in year.....	929
Am't covered by same.....	\$1,311,840 00

I, the undersigned Auditor, do certify that I have examined the books and 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, 29th Sept., 1906.

LOUISA.

Messrs. S. & J. Clifford opened their camp on Monday Mr. George Neill going in as log maker.

Miss Lizzie Matthus who has spent the past few weeks visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Matthus returned to Montreal on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wilson and Master Harold were the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. Cleland on Monday evening.

Mr. Archie Crowell was in Montreal, for a few days last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Drennan.

Miss Eva Robinson left for Montreal on Saturday.

Messrs. J. A. Thompson and E. Watchorn were in Lachute on Saturday.

The "CLEVELAND"



We have a few BICYCLES on hand which we will sell cheap, also a good line of PAINTS at a very low price.

All kinds of carriage & SIGN painting done on shortest notice.

Give us a call.

A. C. Bradford.

Opposite the Skating Rink.

The Choicest & Best

Are to be seen in our store, because we have the newest and most up-to-date goods on the market.

We have a large variety of Ladies' blouses, Dress Goods, Wrappers, Skirts, Variety of Ladies' collars.

For Gents we have a large assortment of Hats, Dress Shirts, Soft front shirts, etc.

Full lines of first-class groceries always kept.

Highest prices given for farm produce taken in exchange.

Hardie & Co.

Baker and General Merchants, Brownsburg, P.Q.

...NEW FALL GOODS...

NOBBY FELT HATS,—

Regatta, Negligee and White Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Etc.

READY MADE SUITS,

In Men's, Youths and Boys. Prices ranging from \$2.00 up to \$20 per suit.

WALL PAPERS,

Your choice from the manufacturer's sample books. About 500 samples to select from.

PAINTS, (The Sherwin-Williams),

Pure white lead, ready mixed Paints, Pure D.B. Linseed Oil Raw oil, turpentine, varnish, etc.

BARB WIRE, Cut nails, Door locks, hinges, Glass, Putty, Etc.

FLOUR, Shorts, Bran, Coarse Salt.

BOOKS,—

Stock of School Books & Supplies complete.

J. R. McOUAT

IT'S MUCH ENLARGED.

WHAT?

The new Photo Studio

Everything New and Up-to-date.

The "ELITE" Photo Studio.

Opposite the Post office, Lachute.

A Real Snap.

A suit of clothes with a pound of tea would certainly be a fake, but 25c. Ceylon Green Tea, at 15c. a pound, because we have too much of it, is what we actually do while it lasts. Don't get left, but hurry up and get it.

About 150 Bargains in Boots to Clear.

Our groceries are all right and we want your butter and eggs.

A. McAllister, BROWNSBURG, P.Q.

OASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. H. P. Lachute.

Our Store is the Bargain Centre

Now is the time for good warm clothing, and the place to get it is

McFaul Bros.

Ladies and Children's Jackets.

We have the very latest, price, quality, and style. Sure to please you. A big assortment of children's coats which we bought at a big reduction, and we are now selling them at less than wholesale prices.

Furs.—A big sample lot of ruffs and collars suitable for children going to school, also fur lined jackets and capes to be sold at greatly reduced prices.

Underwear.—We are the only agents for "Stanfields" celebrated unshrinkable underwear. Your money refunded if not perfectly satisfied after fully testing them.

New Goods

We have opened up our New Fall Goods and they offer you some great surprises. They are the finest lot of goods ever seen in Brownsburg and comprises New Groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, and everything you need. Our prices are very low and we are money savers for you.

V. & I. McFAUL, Brownsburg, Prov. Que.

Our Stock in Furniture

Was never more complete than now.

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

Diana's "No"

The course of true love might have run smoothly enough in the case of Diana Mowbray had she not parried the all important question, and implied "No" when she really intended her final answer to be "Yes."

Dick Belton, her lover, was, unfortunately for her, one of those prosaic, matter-of-fact individuals who expect a plain answer to a plain question. He contemplated matrimony with even an unusual degree of seriousness, for he loved Diana truly and felt assured, moreover, that she loved him.

In this momentous question of his life he came straight to the point at once, even though it meant the turning point of his easy-going bachelorhood existence. He put the question in the concise and simple form in which it occurred to him without any preliminary assertions or unnecessary expansiveness of expression, so indulged in by the lovers of to-day.

He never troubled about fluency of speech or flowery language, for he reasoned that Diana understood all that prompted the question. "She knows that I love her," he thought. "What need to talk about what is so apparent?"

It chanced one summer afternoon that Dick found Diana in her favorite nook, among the flowers in her garden, and he stood to watch her for a few moments, for she made a picture fair enough to delight the heart of any man. She was unaware of his coming, her thoughts were far away in the world of romance; she was intent upon a book, an ideal love story, wherein the lover made love in a manner entirely after her own heart. She put herself in the heroine's place and pictured just such another wooing in real life.

Then all at once she heard her lover's footsteps; she closed her book, perhaps a little reluctantly, and waited for the realization of her dream and fancies. There followed the lovers' glance into each other's eyes, the lovers' touch of hand, a few moments speaking silence, and the question fell abruptly on Diana's ears.

"Diana, will you marry me?" Diana's moods were varied as her charms, her mind was wandering in the land of ideals, and so the question came at an unpropitious moment. It sounded too abrupt, and it wounded Diana's romantic susceptibilities. Where were the protestations of love, the endearments, the ardor of the anxious lover?

Diana glanced up surreptitiously at the tall figure beside her, careful, however, not to show in her face all the love that was in her heart, for she knew that she loved this matter-of-fact wooer, but why, oh, why couldn't he make love in the proper way.

She meant to say "Yes" in the end, but, well, she had a fancy to be wooed after a fashion of her own, with vows of eternal fidelity, with more lover-like demonstrativeness, and so she resorted to prevarication as a means to an end, confident of her own power, never doubting what that end would be.

"Marriage? Is absurd," she exclaimed, and made pretence of finding the lost place in her book; and, alas, he did not see the smile which curved Diana's mobile lips, or the light which shone in her deep grey eyes. The words without the smile spoke volumes, and her tone conveyed perhaps more than she had wished. Her lover came hastily to a conclusion.

"And so," he said, "you've just been amusing yourself all this time, you never really cared. Diana, you're just a heartless flirt," and he strode away without even a backward glance in his ladylove's direction.

Little wonder that Diana's pride was hurt—no woman likes to be called a heartless flirt—especially by the man she really loves. Things had assumed an unexpected aspect. Diana had not anticipated such a contingency. She could not raise her voice in protest, she would not now if she could, she would assume complete indifference.

"Absurd," she said to herself, "but he'll come back, I'll wait." And Diana went on waiting and presumably reading till late on that summer afternoon. She waited in vain, for her lover did not come back. She turned the pages of that last romantic chapter of her novel without so much as a glance to see "how the story really ended," and then wended her way across the old world garden to the house beyond, a smile still upon her lips but with the light of battle in her eyes.

The worst of it was that this foolish pair of lovers lived very near to each other—a stone's throw Diana called it, from her own ivy-covered house to Dick Belton's more imposing residence.

Diana had been wont to roam at will across the sunlit meadows through the flower-decked orchard into her lover's domain, and he had grown to watch for her daily coming, and to delight in the moments when they wandered together over the sunny fields. Then they had drifted from friends to lovers, happy in the thought that each knew the other's secret.

Now everything was changed. Diana turned her steps obstinately in the opposite direction and took her daily walks on uninteresting pathways and dusty roads, while Dick ignored the orchard and the meadow and went out of his way to avoid Diana's favorite nooks. Alas for the course of true love.

The days went by and their thoughts

were ever of each other; a fortnight passed, a month, it seemed so long to waiting lovers; Diana grew uneasy, thoughtful lines puckered her smooth brow.

"Everything has a limit," she reflected; "my patience might wear out, Dick's love might grow cold," but somehow it was hoard in picture his love as anything but enduring always; yet the time was ripe for action and Diana was resourceful. She did not, however, mean to be the first to bridge over the little gulf that divided her love and herself, she would not speak the first word of reconciliation, only by some means or other she wanted "things put straight." She pondered on the ways of lovers, their eccentricities, their weakness, and, possibly judging her lover by herself, she came to a conclusion.

"I'll go away," she decided on returning one day after an unusually uninteresting ramble. "Right away, somewhere."

The "somewhere" was vague, but Diana's future destination was at present only in her imagination. "Distance lends enchantment," she remembered, and she meant her lover to be brought to reason by the distance she would put between them.

The distance might be real to him, imaginary to her, that did not matter, the result would be the same—thus Diana reasoned with a lighter heart. She felt sure there would be no need for actual departure. Dick would hear through local gossip of her contemplated flight to lands afar, then old reminiscences would crowd upon him, for the sake of old times he would come to say good-bye to her, if only as a friend, and Diana smiled to herself as she pictured the silent natural process by which she would make him understand.

There were somethings, however, which Diana had not duly considered, and she had yet to learn that man may occasionally act upon impulse or resort to a ruse as a means to an end; moreover, that he may sometimes take upon himself the prerogative of "selling things right" without impairing his own dignity or asking a woman's advice.

Dick had a tiresome feeling that he had been too precipitate in accepting Diana's "No," and he desired nothing more than to be quite sure of the real state of her feelings. So by a strange coincidence he hit upon the same method of procedure as Diana herself. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," he mused, "I'll go away, and if she does care I shall see her coming once more across the meadow. We shall meet and she will try to say 'Good-bye.'"

Dick's lover-like intuition pictured the scene which would follow, and in which he and Diana would once more be made happy.

Hence it came about that the day after these lovers had resolved to put the ocean between them that rural gossip set the ball a-rolling, and with something like dismay Diana heard of Dick's intended voyage to Australia, and he in turn heard that she was off "almost immediately" to America. How terribly distant and unenchanted these countries sounded to their anxious ears.

Diana almost gave in; then she stood her ground once more. For one weak moment she contemplated a complete surrender and an inevitable explanation, then she drew back again into her shell of well-assumed indifference.

Dick's love almost got the better of him; he longed to take Diana in his arms and ask her that same question with ardent protestations of his love; then he scorned his weakness and let the moment pass.

So they waited, each for the other to speak, to give some sign. The waiting grew tense, and apprehension dawned on Diana's lovely face. Each morning they gained new courage with the thought "One more chance," each evening they acknowledged that "Hope deferred made life unbearable."

Obstinate determination at last gave way to desperation, and one morning the early train pulled and panted out of Fairtree station carrying a resolute young man with a huge portmanteau.

Then, reflecting that she would not be behindhand, Diana also packed and made her exit, calmly, judiciously, with a pile of luggage and a deck chair.

Alas for the dreams of youth and the mighty resolutions formed in lover's minds! As the train dashed on, carrying Dick farther and farther away from the home of his youth and from Diana, he sat and gazed moodily out on the passing landscape, the sweet English pastures, the woodland hills, and the quiet homesteads. How peaceful it all looked, how familiar, bathed in the afternoon sunlight, and he was leaving it all for—"Banksmere," called out a porter. The train had stopped, and Dick noticed with an appreciative eye some well-remembered hills over which he had had many a delightful scramble. "I'll give Jack a look up," he decided suddenly. "Australia can wait, Diana won't know where I am," and then he made his way out of the station with the air of a person thoroughly accustomed to his surroundings and with a happier look upon his face.

Diana's train likewise bore her swiftly along; she, like her lover, beguiled the time in sad reflectiveness and mute farewell. "What might have been," she mused in the melancholy quiet of her first-class compartment, "how happy we might have been if only—" "Hillsdene," screamed a voice outside the window. Ah, how well she knew Hillsdene. What jolly times she had often had there. It was near here that she had first met Dick. That dance, how she recalled it now.

Without another moment's hesitation (for the train would have started on) Diana alighted, gathered her belongings, and vanished in a station cab.

"Won't Molly be surprised?" she thought, "and there is no hurry about America, Dick won't know and the rest of the world doesn't matter."

So Diana stayed at Hillsdene and found some consolation in a true friend's sympathy, whilst her lover was at Banksmere with no intention of quitting his friend's hospitable roof—just three miles apart, all unconscious of each other's nearness.

In the rosy hues of morning, life looked somewhat brighter. Diana sauntered out for an early ramble and, passing strange, she wandered love-wards, while Dick, unaware of her proximity, took a walk towards Hillsdene. Presently Diana rested beneath the welcome shade of an overhanging tree; Fate led Dick in that same direction.

She looked up to see a casual passer-by, then a pair of grey eyes and a pair of blue ones met.

"You?" "You?" "I thought—" she stammered, and left her thought unspoken.

"And I thought, too," he remarked, and came to a full stop.

"Australia?" she questioned, veiled sarcasm in her tone.

"America?" he said, reproachfully. There was silence for some moments, and then a smile broke over Diana's face like the one which her lover had missed before. Diana had not spoken, but Dick read all that he wanted to know.

"Why didn't you say before, Diana, that which would have put things right?" he questioned.

After all Diana had to be content with a very simple wooing. — Pearson's Weekly.

"THE THISTLE," FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

Mr. C. T. Christie of Montreal, who was the secretary of the Toronto St. Andrew's Literary Association for several years after its formation in 1853, has recently found among the papers in his library several poems written for the association's magazine in that year by the late Rev. John Campbell of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, who was then a lad of about eighteen. The verses show that Prof. Campbell developed very early in life the talent for the muse. "The Thistle," one of the poems in the "Doric," follows, and may perhaps recall to the few old men now surviving who "met" almost fifty years ago in the Temperance Hall to listen to the reading of the verses some of the pleasures of the past:—

When oor patron saint, St. Andrew, descended frae the skies,
He brocht a Thistle doon wi' him—
Twas a plant o' muckle size,
He set it on the Heelan hills, for a' the world to see,
An' cried: Wow! but he'll nae be wise
That meddle daur wi' thee.

Some fashious Roman bodies cam frae
England's southern plain,
An' thoct to baller doon the Thistle's
head wi' chucky stanes,
But Thistles' leaves are sharp an'
strong, an' sure the lads did flee,
An' cried: "He gets nae muckle scan
that meddle daur wi' thee."

Then frae the Scandinavian north,
proud Denmark's fleet set sail;
But when they saw the Thistle's head,
their courage 'gan to fail,
An' as they fell at Largs red field they
cried, "Ochonie!
It's naught but death or wounds he gets
that meddle daur wi' thee."

An' mony English kings hae tried to
houk the Thistle up,
But found it nae sae easy wark, wi'
Heelan hills to cope,
An' tho' their minds fu' aft they changed
—yet did they a' agree,
That they were nae the richer for
their meddin' wi' thee.

An' noo that to the rose it's joined, an'
strength an' beauty blend,
An' round the three-leaved shamrock
green its keen, sharp blades extend,
It rears its head on Britain's throne,
an' shouts wi' muckle glee,
"Oh, whar's the cheil sae venturesome
that meddle daur wi' me?"

O'er this, oor young society, lang may
the Thistle wave,
An' may we on our name an' laws this
motto bright engrave:
"Let weel alone, an' like unto the
thistle down I'll be,
But woe to the uncanny han' that meddle
daur wi' me."

Clochinnahaggis

WHAT HE COULD DO.

An unkempt-looking fellow stopped at a suburban residence, and asked for employment. The lady of the house, who at the moment was superintending the removal of some plants, emerged from the greenhouse, and asked him if he were a gardener.

"I ain't had much experience," was the reply.

"Well, can you plant these shrubs?" "I shouldn't like to risk spoilin' 'em, ma'am."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Well, ma'am," he replied, meditatively, "if you'll give me one of your husband's cigars, I'll sit in the greenhouse and smoke out the insects that's eatin' up the leaves of them rose bushes."

BUT SHE MINDS THE HELM.

Nubbs: "I understand that the star-board is on the right side of the ship."
Dubbs: "Exactly," and the star-boarder is on the right side of the land-lady.

WON WRONG WOMAN.

Wanted the Daughter, But Her Mother Fell in Love With Him.

At Grenoble, a grocer has just hanged himself, and thereby hangs a story, which, despite its tragic sequel, has in it more of the elements of farce comedy than tragedy.

The grocer had established a snug little business. He was 27, good looking and of good address. He cast around for a wife. His choice fell on the pretty eighteen-year-old daughter and only child of a rich tradesman. From the grocer's point of view it was a most desirable match. But he was aware that it would hardly present itself in the same light to the rich tradesman. A girl with a big dot in France and especially a pretty one, to whatever class she belongs, is considered as entitled to a husband higher in the social scale than a retail grocer.

To overcome this difficulty the grocer decided on the plan which generally proves most effective in overcoming parental obstacles. He resolved to make himself exceedingly agreeable to the rich tradesman's wife—his intended mother-in-law—a buxom woman still under 40 and by no means unprepossessing. He succeeded so well that she soon gave her consent to his suit. Unfortunately for him, his success did not stop there. She found his society much more agreeable than that of her own husband, who was too much engrossed in business to fill a woman's life.

She began to talk of her own heart-hunger, and he listened sympathetically. She said she wished that she had her own life to lead over again and sighed. He soon found that he was seeing considerably more of the mother than of the daughter. She received him with long and tender pressures of the hands and

LANGUISHING GLANCES.

At last the terrifying discovery dawned upon him that he had won not the daughter but the mother. It was an embarrassing situation. Discretion suggested that he should cease visiting the house. But if he did that, he would lose all chances of winning the daughter. So he continued to play the dangerous game. He wasn't cut out to play the role of Joseph to Potiphar's wife.

The death of the rich tradesman left him in a worse plight than ever. The widow wanted to marry him and he wanted to marry the daughter. At last he summoned up courage to tell her that he would never take the place of her departed husband. Tears and protestations, threats and entreaties failed to move him.

He set to work courting the daughter for all he was worth, and dodged her mother as best he could. His wooing prospered. The girl accepted him and they were married.

Scorned and rejected, the affection of the elder woman turned to hate. She planned a terrible revenge. When the bride retired after the wedding, to change her dress for the honeymoon journey, her mother told her all. Then there was a scene. The bride refused to see her husband. The mother saw him, though. It was her hour of triumph and she made the most of it. She just let her tongue loose upon him.

In the commotion the bride was lost sight of. When the grocer finally succeeded in escaping from his mother-in-law and went in search of her, he found she had left the house. The best man was also missing. She had speedily found consolation.

For a week the grocer hunted the couple in vain. Then he closed his shop, shut himself up in his lodgings and hanged himself. Maybe there is a story somewhere. Several dramatists are of the opinion that there is a good play in it—for the French stage—and are working upon it.

FREE FOOD IN SCHOOLS.

British Parliamentary Committee Recommends Midday.

A midday dinner will be provided for hungry children in elementary schools if the suggestions contained in the report of the Select Committee on the Education (Provision of Meals) Bill are acted upon, says the London Daily Mirror. The committee's chief recommendations are:—

The local education authority should be empowered to organize the provision of a midday meal for children attending public elementary schools, and to establish committees to deal with school canteens.

That power should be given for the local education authorities to raise loans and spend money on the provision of suitable accommodation and officials, and for the preparation, cooking, and serving of meals.

That in extreme and exceptional cases, and after the consent of the Board of Education has been obtained, a local authority may have recourse to the rates for the cost of the actual food, the rate for this purpose not to exceed 1/6d in the £.

That steps should be taken to secure that parents able to do so and neglecting to make provision for the feeding of their children shall be proceeded against for recovery of the cost.

The committee urge that it ought not to be part of the conditions of the appointment of any teacher that he (or she) shall assist in dispensing meals provided for children.

In Japan, fish have to be sold alive, and they are hawked through the streets in tanks.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

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

An "Anti-Sweating League to Secure a Minimum Wage" has been started in London.

Lord Ridley unveiled a statue to the late Joseph Cowen at Newcastle on the 7th ult.

The corporation of Brunley are about to provide a time gun to go off each day at one o'clock.

The removal of the War Office Department from Pall Mall to Whitehall, London, will begin shortly.

A workman found a bright half sovereign of the reign of Queen Elizabeth under the flooring of a shop in Colchester.

A statue has been erected to the memory of Mr. Archibald Hood, who did so much for the development of the South Wales industry.

The British Secretary of War has changed the terms of the army meat contract so as to permit the use of cattle feed abroad, but killed in Britain.

The Lord Chancellor's judgments are commendably short. When written, they have never, so far, exceeded a half sheet of notepaper.

The Astronomer-Royal in his annual report refers to the serious danger to Greenwich Observatory caused by the tremors set up by machinery in new works in the vicinity.

The Countess of Aberdeen has won the first prizes in the open and novice classes for West Highland terriers at the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association in London.

The treasurer for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts acknowledges receipt of an anonymous donation of £1,000, and also a donation of £500 for Western Canada.

A cannon ball, which had lain buried since 1631, has been recovered from a field at Helton, Nantwich, the headquarters in Cheshire of the Parliamentary generals, Fairfax and Breton, and where the Royalist forces were located.

A Tunbridge Wells veterinary surgeon received the body of a dog with the request that he would make a post-mortem examination to ascertain the cause of death. Two hours later he had returned the animal as lively as a kitten to its delighted owner.

The Rev. James Davidson, for 52 years vicar of Nafferton, East Yorkshire, died recently in his 91st year. He entered Aberdeen University in 1833, took his degree four years later, and at the time of his death was probably the oldest university graduate.

The amalgamation of the Burton Brewery Company with Allsopp's is a good deal like the lying down of the lion with the lamb. The capital of Allsopp's is £1,870,000, while that of the Burton Brewery Company is a mere £200,000 (£124,000 issued). In 1903 the capital of Allsopp's was £3,300,000.

At a brick kiln on the Surrey Canal, North Camberwell, the kiln fire has never been permitted to go out since it was first set alight 100 years ago. During all that time it has been subject to the heaviest rainfalls. It consists of only a few feet deep of lime and coke, which have been constantly renewed.

Mr. Coffin, who was at the wheel of the troopship Birkenhead when she sank, is living at Hinton road, Lower Easton, near Bristol.

The Somerset County Council has adopted a by-law against loitering or smoking near the entrance to any church or chapel during service.

The ringers at Newbury Parish church have struck on learning that if they did not attend the Sunday services they might be called on to resign.

An order to pay 6d. a week on a debt of £35 was made at the Bow County Court against a man who earns 19s. a week and has a wife and six children. "Perhaps it takes a little education to get used to talking through the telephone. I never tried it myself," Judge Lumley Smith, K. C., said in the city of London court.

HYPNOTIZED IN TRAIN.

Man with "Shining Eyes" Robs a Lady Traveller in Geneva.

A new danger threatens the travelling public. Recently, when the train arrived at Lausanne from Pontarlier, Switzerland, and everybody had departed, the guard found a woman sitting in a rigid position, with her arms and legs held out before her and her eyes fixed in an expressionless stare. He failed to arouse her, and, thinking she was in a fit, called a doctor, who at once stated that the woman had been hypnotized.

The doctor made the regulation passes and the woman recovered slightly, but was unable to speak. On searching her some valuable shares were found, but she had neither purse, money, nor jewels. Her name, according to some papers discovered in her possession is Melaine Verne.

She was conducted to the hospital and placed under the care of Dr. Houdart, who also confirmed the fact that she had been hypnotized in the train and probably robbed. The woman, who is of middle age, has not yet recovered her senses completely, and talks vaguely about "a man with shining eyes."

And sometimes a woman's so-called love grows cold because her husband declines to hand out the cold cash.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER II.

Patonket was a long, straggling village through which ran one broad street. On both sides of the highway willow trees and elms cast their shadows, and almost hid from sight the antique colonial houses with their slanting, shingled roofs and tall brick chimneys. About half-way down the street was situated what might be called, by an effort of courtesy, the business centre of the village. On one side of the broad thoroughfare stood a small wooden building painted white, upon whose unpretentious front various highly colored advertisements informed the public that William Edwards would be glad to provide his patrons with anything they might lack, from a dozen eggs to a silk dress. It was further made known, by a sign that could be read from a great distance, that the federal government had deigned to look with favor upon Edward's store, and had sanctioned the desire of its proprietor to pose as the postmaster of Patonket.

Just opposite this interesting and versatile bazaar stood the building in which the Patonket Weekly Clarion had long sheltered its lares and penates. It was nothing more than a two-story structure of pine, rendered presentable by the skillful application of two shades of brown paint. The building was in good repair, and there were those in Patonket who held that it was second in architectural importance only to the town hall, though another faction placed it third on the list and raised the high-steeped, white church with green blinds to second place. On the ground floor a drug-store of unusual pretensions for so small a place as Patonket lured its victims into pharmaceutical pitfalls. Upstairs, as a printed card informed the visitor, the editor of the Clarion could be found by those who wished to talk business. The thoughtful mind could discover from a perusal of this notice that all loungers and bores were requested to step across the way and seat themselves upon "Bill" Edwards's sugar-barrels, though the carefully worded card made no such unneighborly suggestion in cold type. But it is always the habit of philosophers to read between the lines, and in this instance the uncompromising legend, "Editorial Rooms Upstairs—No Admission Except on Business," meant much more in spirit than it did in letter.

On the morning following the conversation recorded in the last chapter, Leah Durkee, editor and proprietor of the Clarion, sat in his sanctum with his young wife. The room devoted to the intellectual and commercial departments of the paper was not especially attractive, though by no means cheerless. It is seldom that the office of a rural periodical feels the influence of feminine taste, but in this case the artistic hand of a woman had done what it could to make the apartment presentable. A few cheap but really ornamental engravings relieved the monotony of the white walls. The floor was carpeted, and a number of comfortable chairs were scattered about the room. A bouquet of fresh flowers stood upon a large desk that occupied one corner of the sanctum, while at the windows various sturdy plants rejoiced in the warmth of the morning sunlight. It was evident that the material destiny of the "Editorial Rooms Upstairs" did not depend upon the destructive indifference of a man. Here and there a flaring advertisement announcing a country fair or a church festival, marred the decorations, and as most of the functions thus referred to had long since passed into history, these polychromatic hand-bills seemed altogether superfluous. But do not blame Mrs. Durkee for retaining them. Something had to be displayed to indicate the character of the room as a newspaper den, and what so appropriate for such a purpose as obsolete posters. Did any one ever see a journalistic office without them?

On the morning of which we write, a cool breeze coming in through the open windows had scattered about the floor a large pile of exchanges, as though in search of items relating to the weather. Isaiah Durkee sat listlessly watching the frolic which his "esteemed contemporaries" were having with one another in the centre of the room. He was a thin, tired-looking man, whose black Prince Albert coat, high collar, and white choker gave him the appearance of a clergyman somewhat particular about his dress. His small, dark eyes were intelligent and kindly, but there was in them a restless, weary expression that robbed them of much of their natural attractiveness. They were the only pleasing feature of his face. His nose was long and pointed, and had a weather-beaten tinge that no man but an unimpeachable Prohibitionist could have displayed to the gaze of his fellow-men and remained free from the breath of scandal. His forehead was high and narrow, his head bald, and his cheekbones prominent. A thin, firm mouth

gave an expression of sternness to a face seldom lighted by a smile.

Durkee had been for years the leading citizen of Patonket. His paper had made him a power, and he had become somewhat despotic in his ways. A man who does the thinking of public questions for an entire community is apt to beget, after a time, a vast respect for his own importance. He is the pastor, so far as the world's affairs are concerned, for a very large flock, and who can blame him if he handles his crook at times with an air of regal dignity? But this morning Isaiah Durkee's sovereignty did not seem to inspire him with an overpowering sense of obligation to his subjects. "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," he sat in silence, with folded hands, and allowed his potent pen to rest untouched, impatiently awaiting the end of his reverie.

At the desk, engaged in correcting proofs, sat Mrs. Durkee. Never since the days of Gutenberg had so fair a hand wielded the blue pencil. As she bent above her work the sunlight formed a halo about her head through which her hair in golden glory seemed to form a crown of splendor. About her queenly form clung a dress of white muslin, simple in construction but intensely becoming. Her face seemed strangely out of place in those dingy, unromantic surroundings: for it was the face of a grande dame, a proud, calm, delicate countenance such as the world is always glad to worship. Beneath eyebrows arched with perfect grace shown forth eyes of wondrous beauty. They were violet in color, though now and then they seemed to change to a rich, deep green. Her nose and mouth were cut in lines of severe symmetry. Her face was pale, and around her lips an expression of suppressed impatience sometimes played. Every motion that she made was graceful. Once in awhile she would brush the hair back from her brow with a rapid gesture, and a diamond of rare perfection would sparkle for a moment upon her hand. The jewel was the most appropriate thing she wore, and the gleaming stone seemed to realize this, for it glittered and danced and glowed in the sunbeams as though it held a secret in its heart and longed to tell it.

"Well, cheri," she exclaimed after a time, looking up at her husband with a smile and displaying a set of perfect teeth, "so much for the proofs! Here, Fritz."

She raised her voice, and a little, sunburned urchin, with a countenance of German cast, rushed into the room, and seizing the proofs dashed away again as though the fate of the universe depended upon his alacrity.

Mrs. Durkee spoke in a soft, caressing voice, with an accent more French than New-English, and at her words Isaiah Durkee turned toward her.

"Yes, yes, always proofs, copy, or something else to keep you busy," he remarked gloomily. "It is downright selfish of me to let you work so hard."

His wife shrugged her shoulders, and put up her white, long-fingered hand deprecatingly. "Nimpoire. You know I enjoy it all. Surely I am better off than most women. There is some dignity about my work. You see I am emancipated," as Betty says: "is not that a great privilege?" She laughed aloud in a half-mocking way.

Durkee rose slowly and walked to the window. After a moment he turned and said: "I wonder if I will ever get an answer to that advertisement? I fear the young men of the neighborhood are not as ambitious as they used to be." The shadow of a grim smile crossed his face. "The notice has been in the paper for weeks now, and there hasn't even been a nibble at the bait. I wish I could afford to make some body a present of the whole concern."

"Patience, mon ami!" exclaimed Mrs. Durkee cheerfully, rising and placing a hand on her husband's shoulder. "You mustn't worry about the matter. If we don't find a purchaser soon, we'll suspend publication for a while, and you shall take the long vacation you so much need. N'est-ce pas?" "Bah!" ejaculated Durkee, with an almost brutal lack of courtesy, "you talk just like a woman. Your sex never seems to realize that a man can not always consider his own wishes when his business interests are at stake. You really ought to have more sense than Mehetable about this matter, but you haven't. I don't seem able to make either of you understand that I am a poor man—a poor man, Mrs. Durkee."

He turned from the window and set himself near the desk. An expression of annoyance passed over Mrs. Durkee's face. She well knew that compared with his neighbors, Isaiah Durkee was a man of wealth; that he could well afford to pass the remainder of his life in idleness. But of late he had been growing miserably in his ideas. Was his mind begotting one of those strange delusions so often the outcome of advancing age? Mrs. Durkee could not tell, but she was a wise and tactful woman and never tried to argue him out of his false im-

pressions. She realized that nothing would be more likely to confirm him in his growing tendency to practice an unnecessary economy than opposition upon her part.

She remained silent, therefore, and gazed out upon the ocean with a wistful expression in her eyes, out where the bylanders went sailing toward the East and the sunlight glinted across the tops of the dancing waves. In its infinity the sea seemed to mock the petty hopes and fears, the longings and the passions of human life. Some such thought as this was passing through her mind when her husband, who had come to her side, rudely broke the current of her meditations by a petulant exclamation.

"Well, well, I've been in Patonket a great many years, but I've never seen a more unwelcome sight than that."

Durkee pointed toward van Slack and Dare, who at that moment were coming down the village street.

"I fear the peace of the town is at an end. Just as soon as a place like Patonket becomes a summer resort it is ruined. City and country can not mix. Mrs. Durkee, to the advantage of the country. I am sorry this Mrs. van Slack has come here to reside. She and her guests will fill the place with new ideas, honest farmers will want to grow rich on city visitors, modest girls will long to dress in style, young countrymen will desert the ploughshares for the tennis-court. I have seen more than one of our quiet coast towns forever spoiled by the advent of summer guests. I'm sorry they've come my dear—sorry they've come."

Mrs. Durkee made no answer. To tell the truth, she did not agree with her husband in the views he had just expressed. To her mind Patonket seemed to need sadly the invigorating influence of new blood. Isaiah Durkee did not appear to realize how dull the place was, and how narrow were the ideas of its inhabitants. Perhaps he purposely shunned the truth as offensive to his amour-propre. At all events his wife looked the facts squarely in the face, and did not believe that the van Slacks and their friends would fall like a blight upon the village. She had grown tired of the uninteresting people around her, whose petty interests and limited information offended a mind cultured by close study of great books. For a long time past a desire to see new faces, to hear something of the vast world about which her father had so often talked to her, had filled her heart. She had hardly acknowledged all this to herself, but her husband's words had given to her longings an added and aggressive strength.

Watching the young men as they approached, with an unfriendly look in his dark eyes, Durkee continued: "Furthermore, I understand these people on the hill are wine-bibbers. They will be a curse to us all. Have I labored all these years for nothing? Can it be that the good work that I have done, the seed that I have sown, shall come to naught? I fear so. The popping of the cork upon the hill will sound merrily in the ears of our villagers, the hatred of restraint will arise, the example of men of leisure will affect the men of labor, and the bare majority that made Patonket a no-license town will soon be overcome. Oh, I am weary of the struggle. It seems as though all efforts against the powers of evil were fruitless in the end. I am weary—very."

Seating himself in a chair, he leaned his arms upon the desk, and, as his head fell upon them, he presented the picture of a man broken in health and spirit. Instantly his wife was at his side. Her womanly nature felt the sting of conscience, for her recent thoughts seemed cruel and unworthy as she witnessed her husband's sorrow. She alone knew the unselfish devotion he had given for years to the cause of Prohibition, the efforts he had made to enforce the law he had himself brought into being, and how in the struggle his health had given way, and his loyal heart had faintly beneath the weight of the burden he had carried such a weary time.

She bent over him, caressing his thin cheeks, and murmuring in French tender words of endearment. At that instant the door was thrown open hastily, and Fritz rushed in, in great excitement. "Look out!" he cried. "Der was shentlemans gumming upstairs to see you on piness, Mr. Durkee. Dey vas ride here. Look out!"

The words had hardly left his lips when Dare and van Slack entered the room.

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN'S HUMANITY.

Cycles About Streets Giving First Aid to Injured Horses.

A curious feature in the Berlin (Germany) streets just now is a lady, who, under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of Animals, patrols on a bicycle the most frequented thoroughfares, to give immediate relief to horses or other beasts of burden who are in need or assistance.

She applies a salve to sores, binds injured limbs, and renders other first aid in cases where the animals are overcome by heat or hurt by a fall. One day recently she thus treated 13 horses and two dogs.

The drivers were at first suspicious and even antagonistic, and Frau Henze bears marks on her forehead inflicted with a stone thrown by a drunken driver. Gradually, however, she is overcoming these scruples, and will soon be regarded as an inevitable necessity.

Friend—"What a bad cold your husband has got! His sneezing is quite distressing." Sufferer's Wife—"Yes; but it does so amuse the baby."

ARMADA'S TREASURE AGAIN.

One More Attempt to Recover Treasure Ship of Spain.

Another attempt—the third within two years—will shortly be made to recover the treasure said to have been on board the Admiral of Florence, the treasure ship of the Spanish Armada, when she sank off Tobermory, Isle of Mull, in 1588. The difficulty of reaching and exploring the sunken vessel is owing to the fact that the floor of Tobermory Bay is composed of fine shifting sand. Capt. Burns, of the British Marine Salvage Association, who is in charge of the operations, has now invented an apparatus by which this sand may be removed. The expenses of the enterprise are being defrayed by a syndicate of Glasgow merchants to whom the Duke of Argyll delegated his ancient rights conferred on an ancestor by royal charter in 1641.

As early as 1661 a Swede identified the ship with the poop, where the gold bullion is still, standing up, undamaged by the explosion which had blown up the deck from the mizenmast forward. This Swede brought up a heavy iron cannon. Later the ninth Earl of Argyll instituted a search by which a metal-bound chest was recovered. In 1687 William Phipps invented a new form of diving bell, and companies were formed for the recovery of goods and treasure from sunken ships around the coast. The Argyll of the period headed one of these companies, which carried on operations in Tobermory Bay, and on the other side of the Sound of Mull, where another galleon was reported to have been sunk. In 1740 John, Duke of Argyll, recovered a beautiful brass cannon in Tobermory Bay. This was three yards twenty-two inches in length, and of most elaborate and excellent workmanship. The ornamentation and engraving showed it was a French piece, and the metal work was attributed to the great Benvenuto Cellini.

DUTCHMAN IN A BOX.

To Escape Further Domestic Quarrels Travels in Packing Case.

It was not, perhaps, a novel idea that prompted an Amsterdam Holland, tailor, who, after a domestic quarrel, left his home and found himself stranded in Rotterdam, to seek cheap transportation back to his domicile packed in a box.

Some days ago, a case bearing a certain address, and marked "Glass, with Care," was delivered for shipment at the goods office of a cargo boat to Amsterdam. The case was placed on the quay ready to be taken on board, when a nightwatchman became aware of a strange noise, proceeding as it seemed, from the box. Other employees of the line were called, and, as a mysterious murder case had recently occurred in Rotterdam, all sorts of weird theories were hazarded as to what the box might contain. It was finally agreed that there was something wrong about the box, and it was promptly placed on a cart and driven to the nearest police station.

With utmost precaution, the box was opened, and behold! our friend the tailor gasping for air. It appeared that some workmen to whom he had related his sad plight had readily fallen in with his notion to put him in a wooden packing case, and ship him as fragile goods back to his home.

AN OLD PLAN WITH HIM.

Layman: "A railroader friend of mine told me the other day that on nearly every line of road they had changed the make-up of the trains so as to have the sleepers in front."

Minister: "That's no innovation. My congregation have been built on that plan for years."

POPULAR PHYSIC.

Boy: "I want some more of them pills my father bought here yesterday."

Chemist: "Ah, he found them good, did he?"

Boy: "I dunno, but they fit my air gun bully."

FRANCE'S BRAVEST MAN.

He Has Saved One Hundred and Sixty Lives.

One hundred and sixty lives saved is the record of M. Jacques Bommelaert, one time chief pilot of Dunkirk, twenty years captain of the local lifeboat, and now Deputy Mayor of Malo-les Bains, France, says The New York Times. He began the work of rescue at the time of the Crimean war, when cruising in a ship off Gibraltar he personally rescued three of a crew belonging to a British three-master.

His greatest achievement, however, was when captain of the Dunkirk lifeboat Susan Grey, which had been presented to the French town by the Mayor of Margate. One frightful night the three-master bark Vesterle from Sweden stuck on a sand-bank in the Dunkirk roads. The sea was running high and wild, but Bommelaert mustered the crew and they went out into the tempest. So high was the sea that the lifeboat was struck by the heaviest surf and overturned. Two of the crew were drowned, and Bommelaert had three ribs smashed and was wounded on the head. They managed to right the boat again. Then the men wanted to return, saying the case was hopeless, but the captain, wounded and broken as he was, urged them on, and that night the lifeboat came back to Dunkirk with eighteen men, one woman and two children rescued from the wreck.

Many Governments have honored Jacques Bommelaert. He has two silver medals "for gallantry and humanity," presented to him by the British Government. But the proudest time of his life was when the French Government gave him the coveted Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1891. Then he was taken to Paris and remained there a month, the Government paying all his expenses, and honoring him as France knows how to honor brave men.

NAVY DISCIPLINE.

Severe Penalty for not Appearing in Full Dress.

An extraordinary story of petty tyranny in the navy is current at Portsmouth, England.

A destroyer of the attacking fleet in the recent manoeuvres was lying in Portsmouth harbor prior to the opening of hostilities, when a summons from one of the admirals was received for the lieutenant commander.

This officer was absent on duty, and in his place the warrant officer, who was second in command, proceeded ashore to answer the summons.

In his hurry to respond to the message, the warrant officer neglected to change into his full-dress uniform, and on being ushered into the presence of the flag-officer this was pointed out to him. At the time, however, nothing was said of punishment.

The destroyer played a very important part in the manoeuvres, and was one of the vessels that succeeded in entering Portsmouth harbor under cover of night, and laying a string of mines across the harbor.

At the close of the manoeuvres the destroyer returned to Portsmouth with the flotilla for the customary leave following excessive duties, but, much to the surprise of all, the vessel was at once ordered to return to sea and continue cruising for ten days.

No time was allowed for replenishing provisions and the crew had to exist on tinned meat and biscuits, and no mails reached them until orders were received to return.

The officers and the crew were not even told why this severe punishment was meted out to them, but there can be no doubt that it was because the second in command had appeared in undress uniform before the admiral.

CUPID MASTER.

Though Cupid gets the credit for love affairs, we see, There's one matchmaker greater, And that's capidity.



MORE TO THE POINT.

Insurance Agent—Mr. Hapgood, I'd like to talk with you about taking out insurance. I kind write you the best kind of policies—death, fire, burglary, accident or cyclone.

Friend Hapgood—Say, if you've got a insurance policy that insures the insurance companies, I'll talk with you.—Life.

CAPS, GLOVES and MITTS.

Fall & Winter

Cloth Caps for men and boys of every shape and kind. Come in and have a look at them.

In Fall and Winter Mitts and Gloves.

Lined and unlined. We have some splendid values to offer at very reasonable prices. Perhaps the best assortment to be found in Lachute, just forty different kind to choose from.

White Front

G. L. Meikle & Co.

Deposit
Your Savings with this Bank,
No matter how small.

The same consideration and courtesy is shown to large and small depositors alike.

Commence the New Year with a deposit. Add to it systematically and at the end of the year the result will prove most beneficial and gratifying.

Interest will be added twice yearly.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA.

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

BARGAINS

May always be had by dealing with us. We have always a large and varied stock of all one needs, whether it be to dress you in a nice ready-made suit, and then anything you may want in dry goods, groceries, etc.

Our prices are low, and our goods are A 1. You will save money by dealing with us.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Chilly Nights!!



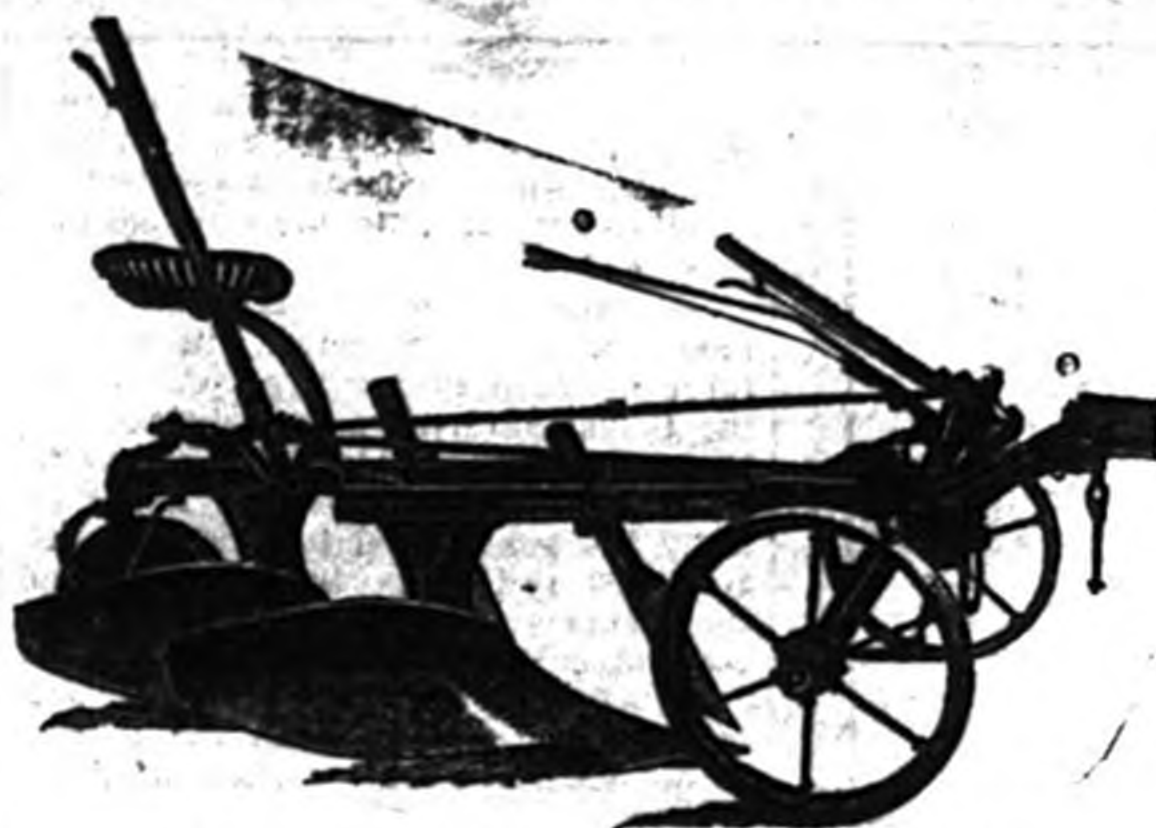
Stoves Needed
We have them

Ranges
Cook Stoves
Quebec Heaters

Ask to see our Quebec Heater with Oven.

T. McOUAT & SON.

NOTE.—Our prices are away down and you will save money by dealing with us.



HILLO! MR. FARMER!!

Why do you not get one of H. A. BLAIR'S two furrowed sulky plows, three horses and one man does four horses and two men's work. Try one and convince yourself. They are given on trial. Full line of supplies always on hand.

H. A. Blair

MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

Headquarters

FOR

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and Harness.

I am showing the largest assortment of these lines ever seen in Lachute. Come to suit everybody—in Style, Fit and Price.

A few lines of up-to-date styles in Men's and Boys Suits & Hats.

Bargains in Sewing Machines. Have a look at my stock of them before buying elsewhere.

Men's Long Rubber Boots, Regular price \$4.10, my price \$3.50.

Be in time and buy where everybody gets such good value.

are sole agents for the Genuine Slater Shoes.

WM. BERRY

Main St. Lachute.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WILL SELL RETURN TICKETS for
THANKSGIVING DAY, '06

At one way Lowest First Class Fare
OCT. 17th & 18th.

Good for return until

OCT. 22nd, 1906.

For particulars apply to nearest C.P.R. Ticket Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THANKSGIVING DAY
Thursday, Oct. 18.

Round trip tickets will be sold at

Single First-Class Fare

Between all stations in Canada on
G.T.R'y. System.

Going Dates—Oct. 17th and 18th

Return Limit—Oct. 22nd.

To Builders.

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

Have you tried Land Plaster? It is one of the best fertilizers on the market.

J. W. Cottingham

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

FARM FOR SALE.

Good farm containing some 400 acres, 200 of which is farmed and 200 in bush lot. Farm is known as the Robinson place, situated four miles from Lachute, and is well fenced, well watered, good house and out-buildings well built. Any further particulars will be made known upon application to the proprietor, THOS. McFAUL.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situate in the North Settlement of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil, containing 400 acres, the best stock farm in the vicinity, with good modern buildings, first-class house with wood shed and kitchen attached, water in house and stable, good spring, second to none in the County, good orchard, will sell stock and implements, comprising 12 cows, 3 work horses and young stock with plenty of feed. Terms easy to the right man. A good sugar bush of 1,000 trees, well equipped. Close to church, cheese factory, post office and school. Reason for selling old age. JNO. EVANS, Danany, P.Q.

AUCTION SALE.

GREAT SALE OF AYRSHIRES.

There will be sold by Public Auction at Riverside Farm, Montebello Village, Que. HON. WM. OWENS, Montebello, Que.

Wednesday, Oct. 17th, 1906.

The following effects:—50 head of high class Ayrshire cattle, viz.—30 head of milch cows (several fresh about date of sale), 10 head of heifers and calves, 10 head of bulls and calves, 1 two horse tread power and thrasher, (Jeffrey Bros.) thrasher (Bissett) 1 ensilage cutter Blower (Thoms) 1 ensilage cutter with 24 ft. carrier (Massey Harris, 2 grain crushers, 2 farrowing mills, 2 jacks, 1 disc, 1 spring tooth & 1 spike tooth harrow with lever, 1 single carriage "phatton," 1 double carriage "surrey."

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS:—\$10 and under cash, over that amount approved joint notes for 6 or 12 months with interest at 6 p.c. will be taken.

Send for Live Stock Catalogue.

CAPT. T. E. ROBSON, Auctioneer, Ilderton, Ont.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of MISS I. McMARTIN, St. Andrews.

Saturday, October 20th, 1906.

The following effects:—All the household effects comprising two bedroom suites complete, parlor and dining chairs, sofas, carpets, crockery, stoves, etc.

Sale at 1 o'clock sharp.

TERMS:—\$10 and under cash over that amount 6 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JNO. M. McLEAN, Dalessville,

Thursday, Oct. 25th, 1906.

The Following Effects:—1 brood mare, 1 mare draught 5 years old, 1 Hackney Sitter 3 yrs., 1 filly rising 2 yrs., 1 sucking colt, 10 milch cows, 2 heifers 1 1/2 yrs old, 4 spring calves, 5 spring pigs, 1 waggon with box and rack, dog cart, tumbler cart, express, 1 milk wagon, wheelbarrow, mowing machine horse rake, pr. heavy bob sleds, rack sleigh, cutter, plow, set spring tooth harrow, cultivator, wheelbarrow, log, rapping and trace chains, dozen cow chains, set double, single and cart harness, cross-cut saw, axes, rakes picks, shovels, forks, hoes, grindstones, 100 sap cans and spoons, 2 ovens, boiler pan, 2 factory cans, milk pails & pans, strainers, 3 barrels, quantity of lumber, 15 tons timothy hay, 5 of cow hay, 3 cow bells, 1 stone-hoe, toboggan, two pair snow-shoes, lot of carpenter's tools, 2 sickles, 3 scythes, fanning mill, hay knife, hand-sled. Also household furniture consisting of chairs, stoves, tables, dishes, lamps, sofa, bedsteads, sideboards, pictures, cooking utensils, and a lot of other articles unmentioned.

All to be sold without reserve as the Proprietor has sold his Farm.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

Terms:—\$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No 60
District of Terrebonne

Dame ASILDA MEUNIER, of the Parish of St. Agathe des Monts, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband, JOSEPH CAMPEAU, laborer of the same place.

PREVOST, RINFRET & MARCHAND, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

St. Scholastique, 8 October, 1906.

CASTORIA.

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

Dr. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours:—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

Dr. HUGH B. FRASER, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Browsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Over Banford's Block,
Main St., Lachute.

L. L. LEGAULT, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block,
Main St. LACHUTE.

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. A. W. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

J. E. W. SIMPSON,
Insurance and Financial Agent,
Fire, Life and Accident Assurance.
Only First-class Companies Represented

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.
ADVOCATE
ST. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P. O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne. Sales conducted in French and English.

The Watchman.

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCTO. 19, 1906.

NO. 38

Furnaces.

Now is the time to put in a good furnace. A saving of time and money as well as additional comfort. If you have any plumbing or fixing to be done just ring up No. 41. and we be pleased to attend to you.

W. S. McBRIDE.

Main St., Lachute.

P.S.—We have always a large stock of Fruit & Confectionery.

FOR SALE.—A small parker wood stove. Apply to MRS. A. FORBES.

WANTED.—A good smart lad to learn the baking and confectionery business. Apply to W. G. STANFORTH.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Agricultural Buildings Company will be held in Raitt's Hall on Thursday, Oct. 25th, at 2.30 p.m. HUGH FRASER, JR. Secretary.

WANTED.—A married couple with no children, to do a little work around the house in exchange for rent. Apply to MRS. M. LIBERTY, Bethany Street.

SHOOTING MATCH.

There will be held a Shooting Match, at the residence of Harvey Matthews, Centerville, on Saturday, October 20th, inst., at 10 a.m. sharp. Cayuga Ducks, Chicken and Geese.

Lumbermen—

ask to see our X E S and you will become neither of our many diversifiers of the best X E S in America to be had

THE CENTRAL BLACKSMITHING AND CARRIAGE WORKS.

We would announce to the public that we have on hand a large stock of shanty slogs, rack sleighs, cutters, and we also do all kinds of repairs, painting, and general blacksmithing. Our prices are reasonable. Call and see us. J. B. BELAIRE.

LUMBERMEN.

Say have you seen our Cross Cut saws, this is the season to select one, we guarantee satisfaction out of any saw we sell.

T. McQuat & Son.

CRESWELL'S

— OUR —
ICE CREAM PARLOR
IS NOW IN FULL SWING

We always carry full lines of the choicest confectionery, and fruits in season.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Isaac Masson spent Tuesday in Montreal.

Mrs. Chas. Calder is spending a few days in Montreal this week.

Mr. Wm. Drennan returned home from California on Monday last.

Mrs. G. H. & W. G. Stanforth are spending the day with friends in Montreal.

Mr. J. Armitage Ewing of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. Thos. Christie on Sunday last.

The Misses Elliott of Chicago, and Miss Gillean of New York, are the guests of Mrs. H. Routh.

Miss Eva Brown of Sherbrooke, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Hallett for a few days this week.

Mr. Gordon McLeod of Three Rivers, left for home after a short visit with his sister Mrs. T. Christie.

Mrs. Burwash and Miss McArthur are attending the Millinery Openings in Montreal this week.

Mrs. McBurnie of Granby arrived here on Saturday last, and is a guest at the Painter House.

Mrs. Harry Smith returned to Lachute on Friday after a pleasant visit with friends in the city.

Mrs. G. Bailey and infant daughter left on Tuesday evening to join her husband at Sault Ste Marie.

Mrs. A. McGillis and daughter Isabel and Mrs. W. Eady of Renfrew, are guests of Mrs. R. McArthur.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Simpson to the Rev. B. Charters, is announced to take place late in November.

Mr. J. B. Bonhomme has commenced building operations on his newly acquired property on Main Street.

Owing to the Teacher's Convention being held in Montreal the end of this week, the Academy is closed until Monday next.

Mrs. Sargeson of Ottawa, is visiting her mother Mrs. George Hunter for a few days. Mr. Sargeson also spent Sunday in town.

NOTICE.—Commencing with the first of November, Miss Katie Beers will give instruction to those desirous of learning the piano.

Messrs W. J. Todd and Capt. Jno. Earle left this morning for their usual hunting expedition back of Labelle.

Mrs. Jas. Fish and Miss D. Barley accompanied by Miss Jessie McAllister are spending Thanksgiving in Montreal.

Several from here left on Wednesday morning to attend the sale of Ayrshire cattle of the Hon. Wm. Owens now being held at Montebello.

There will be a social held at the home of Mr. W. J. Warwick's on Monday evening October 29th. A

good time is expected. All are welcome. Admission 25cts.

The Saw Mill and Real Estate of the late Wade Bros. will be disposed of by public sale at the Court House, Lachute, on Wednesday the 31st of October, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Don't fail to see the great Herrman in the Victoria Hall on Friday and Saturday, October 19 & 20. Tickets may be secured in advance at Omer Paquette's, Main St.

If you want a good entertainment be sure to see the great Herrman at Victoria Hall on Friday and Saturday next. Reserved 35c., general admission 25c., children 15cts.

Special Meetings for Bible Readings and addresses are being held in Hugh Street Hall this week, when the old gospel will be preached by evangelists who hold fast the full inspiration of the Bible.

A Parlor Social, also a sale of fancy and useful articles and home-made candy, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church, Lachute, will be held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Davidson, St. Philippe, on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 26th. Supper will be served during the evening. An enjoyable time is anticipated. Admission 25cts.

A meeting of the Lachute Civilian Rifle Association was held in Blair's hall on Monday evening last when it was decided to hold the annual rifle matches at Lachute on Tuesday next, October 23rd. Association, Civilian, Extra Series, and Grand Aggregate Matches offer scope for a good days sport. See programmes for particulars.

ACADEMY SPORTS.

The Annual Sports of Lachute Academy were held on Friday last, and the weather was very fine and cool affording the contestants every opportunity of doing their prettiest, the following list showing the successful competitors:

100 yards dash, Inter: J. Berniquier, Harry McIntyre.

100 yards dash, Senior: Mossman Gall, Lawrence Smith, 11 sec.

100 yards dash, 12 and under: C. Bradford, David Campbell.

75 yards dash, 9 and under: John McKimmie, Stewart Harkness.

75 yards dash, 7 and under: Tommy Carpenter, A. Barker.

440 yards, Inter: Harry McIntyre, Randolph Stroug.

440 yards, Sr.: L. Smith, W. Boyce.

75 yards, Girls over 14: M. McQuat, E. Bradford.

75 yards, Girls under 14: Bessie Menzies, Jessie McArthur.

75 yards, Girls under 12: E. Hay, Jessie Cruise.

50 yards, Girls under 9: Maggie McKimmie, Edith McDiarmid.

50 yards, Girls under 7: Bessie Cunningham, Bessie Walker.

100 yards, Hardie race, Inter: Jos. Berniquier, Harry McIntyre.

100 yards, Hurdle Race, Sr.: Mossman Gall, 13 sec.

Broad Jump, under 12: W. Calder, C. Bradford.

Broad Jump, under 9: D. Beers, E. Jones.

Broad Jump, under 7: Kenneth Lowe, A. Barker.

Broad Jump, Inter: Jos. Berniquier, W. Christie.

Broad Jump, Sr.: L. Smith, M. Gall 18 ft. 5 in.

Hop, Step & Leap, Inter: Walter Christie, J. Berniquier.

Hop, Step and Leap, Sr.: Lawrence Smith, M. Gall, 36 ft. 11 in.

High Jump, Sr.: L. Smith, M. Gall, 4 ft. 10 in.

Putting 16 lb. shot, (open to school) L. Smith, W. Boyce, 25 ft.

Throwing the Baseball: R. Florence M. Gall, 243 ft.

Class Race: High Jump, Inter: B. Strong, Jos. Berniquier.

The New Williams' Sewing Machine

Simple
in
Construction
Smooth
running.



Ball-bearing
Beautifully
finished,
Quiet in
movement.

The New Williams is simple and easy to learn, has fewer working parts than any other first-class machines and all adjustable.

Guaranteed for five years.

Call and see us. We will make the terms and prices to suit.

J. A. BEDARD & SON
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

"THE ELITE."

Astonishing values in early Fall Millinery Dress Goods, Jackets, Gloves, Corsets and Hosiery.

Don't fail to see our large assortment of Imported China, and Austrian Near Cut Glass, new and beautiful.

Satisfy yourself by calling on us before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH

There is MONEY in it for You.

Come and Examine my Stock before buying elsewhere

Ladies Diamond Rings, \$10 & up.
Stone Rings, Watches, Bracelets, at prices below the lowest, in fact the right place to buy right.
Headquarters for Spectacles and Eyeglasses
Scientific Examination Free.

W. H. GARRETSEE,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN,

1st Vice-President Canada Association of Opticians.

Watch Repairing a Specialty.

LACHUTE.

O. PAQUETTE,
MAIN ST., LACHUTE

BARBER AND TOBACCONIST

Choice Havana & Domestic Cigars

Pipes and Tobaccos of all kinds

Perfumeries and Toilet Articles of the most up-to-date kind always in stock.

What are your Needs For the Winter?

Doesn't something in the following lines interest you?

Mitts and Gloves, Heavy Trousers, Warm Cloth Caps, Warm Unshrinkable Underwear, Warm Top Shirts, Sweaters, Heavy Socks, Hosiery, Flannelette, Dress Goods, Lumbermens Socks

Everything you need for Fall and Winter. All these goods are of special quality and of special value.

Carpenter Bros.
The Popular Priced Store.

WIPING THE SLATE

"I take into consideration what witnesses have said about your previous good character, George Tyneson, but I can find no extenuating circumstances; and the least sentence I could feel justified in passing upon you is eighteen months imprisonment."

"But, my lord, I am innocent!" cried the prisoner, suddenly startled out of lethargy into frenzy. "You have not got at the truth, my lord!"

He shook off the warders who drew him back, and clutched on the rail of the dock.

"Where is William Stevens?" he cried. "He promised me to come here to-day, because he could have proved where I was at the time. Where is he? Why has he not come? I know what his game is, and, on my soul, he shall pay for it when I come out!"

The warders closed on him again, and, weakened by the very strength of his passion, he was no match for them. And as they bundled him down the crooked little staircase leading from the dock, the Clerk's piping voice, calling the next trial, followed him, as if to emphasize the irrevocability of the sentence.

"You don't do yourself no good making those empty threats," said one of the warders, as they stood him on his feet at the end of the passage leading from the dock to the cells.

"By Heaven, it isn't an empty threat!" he cried, shaking himself like a dog, as they released him. "Stevens was with me that night—four miles away; and he promised to come to court and say so, or I could have made him; and I should have been all right. But I see his game! He is after Mary Mason, and thinks this is a fair chance to get me out of the way. Empty—an empty threat! I never harmed a dog yet; but they may as well hang me now as ever let me loose on him!"

"Oh, slow it!" exclaimed the second warder, who was more experienced than his mate, and was accustomed to such threats. "You've got eighteen months to cool in."

That was the literal truth; but though Tyneson lapsed into the sullen, dogged moroseness which is so often indicative of a broken spirit and a crushed heart, his passion did not cool, only it dwelt deeper in his soul; and, sitting solitary in his cell, he fed his hatred with thoughts of Mary Mason.

He pictured her among the gorgeous fields, all ripening in the sweltering heat of summer; her blue print dress and bonnet gleaming like turquoises against the golden crops. He saw her pretty face, pale with shame, as she chanced to hear someone utter his name. She had cared for him; perhaps, she had even loved him; but it had all gone down to burning shame with the news of the jury's verdict, with the conviction that he was guilty, a conviction Stevens would foster, if only to be consistent.

He pictured her standing while the choir filed out, listening to the "Amen" to the brief prayer in the vestry; then she stole out of the church, and went down the path slowly enough to throw a tender glance at her father's grave. And suddenly a figure hurried round the corner of the lower from the vestry, and intercepted her. And the passion sank deeper into the convict's soul.

One day, while Tyneson was still at the "local" prison he chanced to parade near a man whom he knew, who had come from his district, swept up with the social sweepings of the county. The man was a hardened sinner, and he smiled broadly as he looked into Tyneson's dull eyes.

"How do, farmer?" he said bantering. "How do you like this old-established boarding-house? It's cheap, that's one thing; but the company's really shocking; there's a lawyer in the cubicle next mine!"

Tyneson passed on without a word. But a few minutes later the two men drifted together again.

"Mary Mason's walking out with Will Stevens," volunteered the new-comer.

There was just the merest suggestion of a shuffle about Tyneson's next few steps. That was all. He would have liked to have attributed the statement to the new-comer's natural maliciousness, but he could not; and the story was so very probable.

It was this same man, who, following him some weeks later to the penal establishment after himself getting the news in the "local" prison, carried to Tyneson the tidings that Mary had married Stevens.

"I thought you would like to know," said the man spitefully; "you walked out with her before the fall."

Tyneson went on digging at the time, and he went on digging as if he had not heard. But the next day he was "reported" for destroying his Bible.

But even in prison Time does not stand still, and the day came when Tyneson was drafted back in the usual way to the "local" prison, prior to taking his discharge; and one cold November morning a heavy door slammed to behind him, and he looked up and stared at freedom, which offered him nothing sweeter than revenge. He fed his lungs with the air of freedom, and thirsted for the sweetness.

He took out a gun-license for title to provide himself with a revolver, though there was something in his manner which made the gunsmith hesitate to

sell him the weapon; but he sold it, and Tyneson, with it in his pocket, its six chambers loaded, returned to the village where he had been born and bred.

He strode down the hill with his head in the air and his eyes glinting like those of a tiger watching the erratic movements of its prey, and turned straight in at the open door of the hostel.

"You needn't look like that, chaps," he said haughtily, as the men in the tap-room fell back; "I have not come to pick up old friendships. Where's Will Stevens?"

"Gorn—gorn these twelve months" said someone.

"Dead?" exclaimed Tyneson quickly.

"Went out to California with 'e missis."

"Mary Mason that was. Sed 'e 'ad no luck 'ere."

"'Twasn't Californi—'twas Collorado," said a weak voice from the ingle-nook.

"That's it—Collorado," said the innkeeper, nodding. "A place called Loss-winning in Collorado. Alf Gidden 'ad a letter from 'im some time back."

A few weeks later Tyneson, with all his money in crisp notes fresh from the bank—and they were many, for he had prospered up to the time the misfortune of his life befell him—packed away in his belt, started out across the Atlantic for the magnificent State of Colorado.

But it was many weeks before he rode into view of the little township of Loss-winning, built on the short buffalo-grass of the plains.

He put up at the Palace Saloon—for the night as he thought—but it was ten days he tarried there, owing to his inability to discover where he might chance to find Stevens. Even after that delay the threads he had picked up were slight and slender. The strongest yet given him by the post-mistress, who recalled two occasions when a man had ridden in for letters, who said they were for William Stevens. The man was a stranger to her, and she had not taken sufficient notice of him to recollect what he was like. She seemed to remember that the one letter that came for him bore an English postage-stamp.

And Tyneson met in a bar a man who "membered a stranger hailing from some way out Gulch Ferry, a Britisher, broke, on the prospectin' tack."

Determined to scour the Gulch Ferry district, Tyneson set out from Loss-winning early one morning with a good store of provisions in his pack, for he knew he might not be within a day's ride of a town for a week or more. Perhaps, never, he added in his thoughts.

He was fully awake to the dangers and difficulties which lay before him in riding alone through a rugged, open country that was absolutely unknown to him, especially unused as he was to following vague trails. But it did not occur to him to abandon the pursuit. If the plains had been blazing forest and every little gulch had been a raging torrent he would not have turned back; he would not have hesitated to press forward. The man had robbed him of the respect of every decent man and woman, only to take advantage of the circumstances of his misfortune to rob him of the only woman in the world he loved; the only woman who had ever seemed to him to make the world brighter and better by being in it. And now there was nothing for him to live for; nothing to desire but revenge.

He rode forward eagerly, as if he instinctively felt—that his betrayer was hiding in some dark crevasse in those frowning hills. He took the narrow path that wound up and over the shoulder of Big Tree Hill, and descended into the drift at the bottom of the deep, great gulch. He did not pause to survey the wonders of the scene; it might have been a gloomy back alley in a dirty city for all the thought he gave to its magnificence; he rode straight forward, without a single side-glance, through the deep rift in the hills on the farther side, and beyond he found the little settlement of Gulch Ferry.

It consisted of half a dozen weather-worn cabins, which stood dotted over the scene with an air of abject desolation. He stopped at the first cabin and called out loud. But no one answered him; and, pushing open the door, he saw the little shanty was unoccupied. The next cabin was some two hundred yards away, and, as he approached it, a woman came out and stood at the door watching him.

"Good-evening, m'm!" said Tyneson, drawing close.

"Who are you wanting at Gulch Ferry?" she asked, suspiciously.

"I'm looking for some folks named Stevens," he replied.

"Ain't nobody but us an' ther Murphys, over there," she said, nodding her large head at a distant cabin. "Me an' my 'usbun's name is Weeks; bet 'e's way—bin 'way these ten days. You might arst ol' Murphy. You'll fin' 'im choppin' wood—'e's alys choppin' wood w'en 'e isn't prospectin' fer gold w'ere it never was an' never will be."

Tyneson thanked her and went over to the cabin she had indicated. An old man, with an axe in his hand, came round the corner of the dwelling and halted him. Tyneson explained his business.

"Stevens?" repeated the old man, scratching his white locks. "Some folks kem through 'bout two year gorn, and pitched on Dickie's cabin. Stevens—yes, I reckon the name was Stevens. Prospectin' 'e was. Bet whether they're tha' now's more'n I kin say. They was 'bout—oh, not so long gorn, neither."

"How far?" Tyneson asked eagerly.

"Mebbe eight or a bit; bet it's right off ther trail. Still, ye kin find it."

He then described the surest course for Tyneson to take, and bidding him good-evening, the man-hunter sprang into the saddle and rode forward at a hand-gallop.

But he missed his way so many times, and experienced so much difficulty in finding it again, that night had fallen before he came into sight of the narrow strip of forest on the verge of which he expected to find Dickie's cabin.

The night was clear, however, with a strong moon in the second quarter; and reaching the forest he dismounted and began to lead his horse, keeping his eyes and ears alert. Presently he stumbled over an abrupt rise in the ground, and looking down he saw something that made his heart stand still.

It was a mound of rough earth, evidently a grave, for at one end was a little cross of unplanned wood.

Instinctively he took off his hat, and for some moments he stood staring down at the grave blankly. Then, with his head drooping, he went forward. Could he not guess whose grave it was?

A minute later he saw a light twinkling through the undergrowth of the forest.

He turned and entered the forest, breaking through the undergrowth heedlessly, and presently he stood on the little clearing which surrounded the cabin.

The window through which the light shone was draped with a piece of lace curtain, which prevented Tyneson's eyes penetrating into the room.

Very quietly he tied his horse to the nearest tree. Then he took out his revolver and examined it carefully, replacing a cartridge he distrusted by a fresh one from his belt.

Then he stepped to the cabin door, and knocked.

No one answering, he pushed open the door. He opened the door wider, and entered.

The cabin, consisting of two rooms, was poorly furnished. A table and three chairs stood on the bare lugged floor, and a packing-case—nailed to a wall—formed a rude cupboard. Down close to the little stove was another, but smaller, packing-case, containing a bundle. As Tyneson glanced at it, it moved.

He started forward, and plucked at the bit of blanket which lay over it, and saw a little babe.

"Mary's eyes!" he murmured immediately.

The child looked up at him stolidly for a moment, and then, without any apparent reason, burst on the stillness with a lusty cry.

Tyneson walked across to the door of the other room, and pushing it open with one hand, while he held his revolver ready in the other, he looked in.

Suddenly the outer door opened behind him, and, swinging round, he saw a woman. She was small and haggard—so haggard that her fine eyes seemed preternaturally large.

"Mary!" he cried, starting back.

"George Tyneson!" she murmured slowly.

"Where's William?" he asked, abruptly.

"You have come for him?"

He turned and moved away. But she stepped up to him, and laid a hand on his arm.

"He served me in a way no man—" he began fiercely. But she stopped him. "I know," she answered gently. "But George, he is dead. He told me everything before he died, and only because he loved me could I forgive him. You have come all these thousands of miles, thirsting for revenge, only—"

"Only to find you," he said quickly, turning to her and looking deep into her eyes.

"And little Georgie," she said wistfully. "He named the boy George—he would have no other name for him. But your revenge is not to be. The man is dead, and the woman, who deserved almost worse for having doubted you, is not much better, for I am tied down here penniless, friendless, powerless to move to save ourselves."

She turned from him, and going to the stove, looked down at the sleeping child. Tyneson watched her hungrily, his face twitching with emotion.

"You did doubt me?" he said presently.

"I deserved it all," she answered vaguely, throwing off her shawl and keeping her eyes turned from him. "And you needn't fancy I haven't suffered, for I have. I was fond of you, George," she said, in a soft, low tone. "I soon found out I didn't love Will. I know it doesn't matter what I saw now—nothing matters. And it's truth that I married Will because what happened to you broke my heart, and I wanted to forget. But I didn't realize how it was with me; I fancied I was really fond of Will. He was ever so good and kind to me—so thoughtful!"

Tyneson strode to her side and took her by the shoulders, and looking into her face compelled her eyes to meet his own.

"Mary," he said, in a deep, hoarse voice, "Mary, I believe it was not Will I came for, but you—just you, Mary; only I didn't know it."

Her eyelids trembled till they fell over her brimming eyes.

"Mary, will you come home with me? Say you are fond of me again."

"I was never fond of any man but you, George; and if you can forgive me, I will come—oh, I will come, my dear!"—London Answers.

The attendant sighed. "The strap is to rest my jaw when I get tired answering questions," said he.

John Rigley Carter, secretary of the American embassy at London, was piloting some American friends through the museum at Hastings, when he observed an unhappy attendant wearing a military uniform, with a helmet from which a chin-strap hung, at whom an inquisitive tourist was firing all manner of silly questions.

COFFINS OF PURE GOLD

THERE ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN MANY OF SUCH.

Digging for Buddha's Casket in Salsette y Burial of Attila, "The Scourge of God."

Some 30 years ago, when the opium smugglers were more daring and desperate than they are to-day, an American and German on one of the most noted of the craft found themselves in a port on the western coast of Korea, not far from the capital, Seoul. Their vessel was laid up for repairs; and they were free to go on a land cruise if they felt so disposed. The German confided to his Yankee chum that the emperors of the land were buried in caskets of pure gold, and proposed that, purely in the interests of science, they should investigate, to which the American agreed. So to Seoul they went on foot, taking with them some money, but relying chiefly upon a supply of opium pills to smooth their path. In the course of a few days they arrived at the ancient capital, and as every one knew or guessed that they were smugglers, they received the best of treatment from the people, who habitually detest si fan (western barbarians). They wandered about, looking apparently at everything but in reality keeping a sharp lookout for the imperial cemetery, and as the city is of moderate size they found it without much difficulty. They effected an entrance, and were reconnoitering, when suddenly they found themselves surrounded by, not the guardians of the temple and cemetery, but

THE PALACE GUARDS,

who glared at them ferociously. The officer asked in mandarin Chinese what they were doing, and the German, who was highly educated, answered that they had come to sketch the tombs. But as their only drawing materials were a spade and a pickaxe, this answer was deemed contemptuous, and they were conducted to what might very well be called a dungeon, and ornamented with a wooden collar called a cangue. Next day they commenced their journey back to the port whence they had started, on foot and wearing the cangue. They were given no food, but they had opium pills, and these took the place. They were allowed to drink when they came to a spring. More dead than alive they were dragged on board their steamer and released from the torture of the collar. Nothing was said to them, and the officials retired without communicating with any one in the port. It was evidently deemed the part of wisdom to say nothing of their offence, for it might stimulate others to follow their example.

It is a singular fact that in the pages of history there are not a few accounts of golden coffins, but from the special circumstances of each case it has never been possible to verify the statement. So that they have been relegated to the domain of poetry and myth. But there are reasons for thinking that they may have been strictly true, and yet these reasons did not appear in the histories where they should have been, possibly from the same considerations that induced the Korean authorities to deal so lightly with the two smugglers. In all the accounts of the life and death of Gautama Sakamuni, the last Buddha, it is stated that he died in the year 543 B. C., and was cremated somewhere near Benares in India.

HIS BEGGING BOWL

was divided into splinters and sent to the chief lamasery over the whole peninsula. In some of the old manuscripts there were the fullest descriptions of the mounds that covered these relics, with such details about the localities that J. M. Campbell, of the Bombay civil service, thought it possible to identify those that were near the city of Bombay, where he lived. The first mound he opened was on the island of Salsette, and he found an earthen ware case containing a relic shrine of pure copper. In this was a smaller one of silver, and in this a still smaller one of pure gold. Within the last was a small casket of rock crystal, containing two fragments of a gourd, and a little image of Buddha in pure gold. There was the fiercest discussion over this find, because Mr. Campbell asserted that in the earthenware case was a frog, which after a sleep of about 2,000 years (more or less) woke up and displayed some vivacity. It died on the second day of its resuscitation. Many people claimed that Mr. Campbell was an egregious liar. He said nothing, but went to work to identify another mound, and he found one in the neighboring island of Bassein. He opened it and discovered a polished stone coffin, which contained three caskets, one within the other, of native copper, silver and pure gold. In the last were fragments of the gourd bowl of Buddha, and lotus flowers in gold leaf.

But there was no frog. A third time Mr. Campbell verified a huge mound near Janagath in Kailwas as containing a relic shrine, and was rewarded by the discovery of another stone coffin, which contained a similar triple series of relic caskets. Inside the golden casket was a small bone from the little finger of Buddha, four fine rubies, and two small pieces of wood which were not easy of explanation. They may have been pieces from the funeral pyre.

In the history of the Astrogoths, by Jornandes there is a full account of the funeral proceedings of Attila the Hun.

"THE SCOURGE OF GOD,"

as he was pleased to term himself. His body was enclosed in a coffin of gold,

and that in one of silver and that again in one of iron. The course of some river that falls into the Danube was turned by the labor of thousands of captives, the coffin was placed in the centre of the bed at the proper depth, and all his treasures were heaped about and around it. Then the waters of the river were restored to their usual course, and all of those who had labored were massacred so the secret might be kept.

But the historian certainly is in error in some of his facts. We know more about the Ugrian Finns, to whom Attila belonged, than he did, and it may be put down as a certainty that his treasures were divided among his sons and his bassas on the day he died. Nothing went into his coffin save his body, and some jewels which he was accustomed to wear. As for turning the course of any large stream, it may be doubted if there was engineering science among the Huns equal to the task. Even if there was, time was wanting for the work. It is highly probable that some pool in a large brook was the scene of the burial. To turn this would be the work of a few hours, and the result achieved would be the same. It is not probable that any one ever attempted to verify the resting place of the Scourge of God, and the chances are a million to one that it could not be done.

But this is not the case with the sepulchre of Genghiz Khan. There was not the same reason for secrecy as in the case of Attila, for the great founder of the Mongol empire died in his own land in the deepest recesses of Central Asia. His court was at Karakorum, which was on the Selenga river. It rises in the Ili mountains and falls into Lake Balkal. From this point his nomadic hordes could pass into Europe along the pastures and springs at the foot of the southern slopes of the Absai, or they could continue in a vast semi-circle of pasturage along the Tarin river, which falls into

THE FAMOUS LOB NOR,

a lake which was once much larger. At the time when Genghiz Khan was buried there is no doubt that it formed one body with the Dapeau Nor from which it is now separated by a frightful desert. Genghiz Khan died in the valley of the Chaidam, and was buried on the banks of the Bayan Gol river, near its confluence with another river. He was buried in a golden coffin enclosed in a silver coffin, enclosed in a strong coffer of oak. The memory of the exact spot was preserved with the fondest affection, and the Mongols of Sungari pay yearly pilgrimages to it. Being Buddhists, they kill two birds with one stone, for the same pilgrimage takes them to the mountain Burkhan Buddha, sacred to Gautama. Buddhism seems to be a very elastic sort of religion, for it permits tree and serpent worship in India, and ancestor worship among the Mongols and Chinese. Gautama in fact would not have a sacred mountain in eastern Turkestan, if the Mongols were not allowed to make pilgrimages to the burial place of Genghiz Khan, son of the sword. Prof. Pumpelly visited the spot and found along the two rivers the ruins of an ancient Mediterranean sea which united with the Polar Ocean through the Gulf of Obi.

King Arthur of Britain is by no means so shadowy and unreal as some historians have hinted, and there is sufficient reason for believing that in the heart of the aureole of golden mist created by the poets there is a good core of solid fact. But when we come to deal with his tomb we are at a loss. There is a glib, smooth statement that he was buried at Glastonbury, and circumstantial details are given of his having been enclosed in three coffins, the innermost of gold, the next of silver, and the third outer one of lead. On the last was the inscription, "Hic jacet sepultus inclitus Rex Arthurus." But all this is poetry. At the time when Arthur is supposed to have flourished the language of the South and West of Britain was either pure Latin, or a mixture of Iberian—which resembled Irish very strongly, with Latin. The original name of Glastonbury is a proof of this for in Latin it meant

"FATHERS OF THE GLASS MAKERS."

Now in this mixed language the king's name in Latin would be Artus, for Arthur is the Saxon form, and this was much later. So that we know the account to be fabulous. Nevertheless it must be acknowledged that the writer could have had no knowledge of the coffins of gold and silver, etc., of Attila and Genghiz Khan, and there must be some truth in the story, even if King Arthur was not buried at Glastonbury.

We know that in early heraldry, gold signified the white man, silver the Finn or Frank, or Hun, blue the Wend or Slavon, and red the Lapps or Jotuns. It may be that the enclosing a hero in various coffins was symbolical of the races over which he ruled. There is something similar in the names of the colors given to the chieftains in the Roman races. They certainly signify nationalities more closely than they do hues. Indeed, in the days of Justinian the blues belonged to the city man, and the greens represented the stranger elements who came for purposes of traffic. The blues were insiders, and the greens outsiders and outlanders. No doubt a study of Buddhism from the outside point of view would reveal much, for it is not a real religion, but a sort of parasite that has joined itself to genuine cults, and has actually preserved some from oblivion. These early faiths fairly wallowed in symbolism, whilst paying no attention either to morals or those higher planes of view that we call ethics. Sooner or later we shall work out our own symbols, and in that manner shall know the most interesting part of their histories.

A woman isn't necessarily smart because she says things that smart.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER III.

As van Slack and Dare had approached the office of the Clarion the difficulties of their mission had arisen before them with new significance. Would Durkee consider men against whom he must entertain a prejudice "responsible parties?" Would he be willing to sell a newspaper over whose destinies he had watched for years to strangers who were known to indulge in that which he considered the curse of the world? It was not probable.

"You will have to be very careful of your negotiations," van Slack had said to his companion. "I have learned that the old man is much annoyed because we drink wine at the house. But, on the other hand, he is extremely anxious to get rid of the paper, and I understand he is what they call 'close' in this locality. Don't make any conditions about the future policy of the Clarion, but ask him his price for it, and, if necessary, offer him double the money. I have a suspicion that his principles won't long withstand the jingle of hard cash."

As the young men entered the editorial office Isaiah Durkee rose slowly to receive them. The marks of his recent emotion were still visible in his face, and the hand that sought his chair for support trembled perceptibly. Dare was the first to speak. Introducing himself and van Slack, he stated briefly that they had come to talk with him regarding the purchase of the Clarion. Durkee's eyes brightened, and drawing a chair toward his own he motioned Dare to be seated. There was silence for a moment, and van Slack's gaze wandered toward Mrs. Durkee, who had withdrawn to one of the windows and stood looking upon the street. The perfect symmetry of her tall, slender form and the golden-red of her hair thrilled him with a strange excitement.

"If you will kindly present me to your wife, Mr. Durkee," he said courteously to the editor, "I will leave you and Mr. Dare to talk business. You will be more likely to reach a satisfactory conclusion without me than with me, don't you know?"

Durkee was by no means pleased at this suggestion, and plainly showed his annoyance in his manner. His thin face flushed nervously, and an angry gleam flashed in his eyes. He stood up, however, and turning toward his wife said: "Mrs. Durkee, Mr. van Slack would like to meet you." The introduction was worded strangely, but van Slack hardly waited to hear the editor's curt sentence. In an instant he was at the window and looking down into the smiling face of the handsomest woman he had ever seen.

As the young man bent to express in a low voice his pleasure at making her acquaintance, the picture presented was a charming one to the eyes of Dare, though its artistic merit did not appeal to the Clarion's proprietor. Van Slack, as attired in a light-gray suit relieved by a white-striped waistcoat, from the points of his neatly cut collar to the tips of his patent leather shoes he was dressed with all the attention to detail that would have pertained to his costume had he been starting out for a stroll on Fifth Avenue or Pall Mall. He had plucked a deep-red Jacqueminot rose from the conservatory at the cottage, and had placed it in his coat in the full knowledge that it made the dark beauty of his face all the more striking. But Dare could not help thinking, as he glanced toward the window, that the woman who stood there looked as much the mondaine in her simple attire as the man who lingered by her side. He had no time, however, to analyze this impression, for Durkee at that moment recalled him rather harshly to the unromantic details of business.

As van Slack gazed upon the clear-cut features of Mrs. Durkee he felt a surprise so great that it almost displayed itself in his manner. How was it that such a woman as this was buried in the wilds of Patonket?

"Do you know, Mrs. Durkee," he said, as he leaned against the window-frame, "that I have a great deal to thank you for? You once drove away a lot of the 'buses' that were eating my heart out."

"His vis-a-vis looked up at him with surprise in her eyes. 'Indeed, Monsieur van Slack? How can that be?' We have not met before." She spoke with the bewitching vivacity of a Frenchwoman. Her hands, her whole body, in fact, seemed to aid in interpreting her thoughts. The perfume of the woman's presence stole over van Slack like a welcome delirium. His eyes grew strangely bright, and his cheeks glowed.

"No, we have not met," he acknowledged, his voice sinking almost to a whisper. "But I have heard you sing. One evening I was lying on the beach watching the moonbeams play with the waves, and wondering if it were not better 'not to be.' Tennyson's pessimistic voice had the upper hand for a time, and I was debating the most desirable method of shutting off this mortal coil when a voice began to chant an old Breton ballad. The beauty of

the night and the rich music of the song seemed to harmonize, and I felt that I wanted the night and the song to last forever. But pretty soon the music ceased, a decuman, more potent than the rest, washed up and wet my feet, and I realized that the romance of life is very easily destroyed; that the pathos of circumstances is often strongly marked."

Mrs. Durkee's face changed many times as van Slack was speaking. She looked up at him at first with a pleased expression in her countenance, but after a while she seemed to doubt his sincerity, and her eyes flashed as she asked quickly: "But how do you know that mine was the voice you heard? I fear that you jump at conclusions, monsieur."

"Not at all," he returned, smiling. "You look just as your voice sounded. Permit me to testify my gratitude for the song by giving you this rose." He took the flower from his coat. "It typifies your voice,—rich, rounded, and the result of careful culture. Ah, you shake your head? You will not accept my little present?"

"No, Monsieur van Slack," answered Mrs. Durkee demurely, while she put up one white hand in rejection of the flower. "You see it is a rule of the office that no frivolity shall go on within its walls. No one should come up here unless he comes on 'business.' And this is not 'business.' If you had offered me an overgrown pumpkin or a gigantic watermelon, I should have been glad to take it, and would have given it due notice in the columns of the Clarion. But a rose does not come under the head of what we might call a journalistic asset. Vous comprenez, n'est-ce pas?"

Van Slack was piqued. Though not given to gynecolatry, he had been from force of circumstances what the world vulgarly calls "a ladies' man," and he was not pleased at being so cleverly checkmated by a woman who could have had but little practice in coquetry. After a moment he said, as he returned the rose to his buttonhole: "Your argument is a sound one, Mrs. Durkee. You have a more logical mind than is often found in your sex."

The Frenchwoman placed her hand behind her head and smoothed her luxuriant hair upward. This gesture, a favorite one with her, brought out the rounded lines of her long, plump arm, and as her hand stroked the rebellious locks of her abundant tresses, the man before her felt again the thrill of admiration that had warmed him when he had gazed upon her for the first time. She smiled as she looked up into his face and, with almost a caressing echo in her voice, said: "Please do not be sarcastic, Monsieur van Slack; I did not wish to offend you. But the assurance that my little song gave you pleasure is sufficient recompense to me without le joli Jacqueminot."

"But I am much annoyed," said van Slack, looking at her with exaggerated sternness. "You can readily propitiate me, however, if you will promise to sing to me again."

"Mon Dieu! How do you know that I am anxious to propitiate you? And your word 'again' is misleading. I have not yet sung to you. I sang to myself and the ocean that night. Really, Monsieur van Slack, I fear we would not get on well together. Already we seem inclined to disagree."

"Ah, but it takes two to make a quarrel, and I am really the most easy-going person in the world. If I have said anything to displease you, pray forgive me. I am willing to pay any penalty for my indiscretion."

Her brilliant eyes looked into his for a moment, and then she broke into a soft, melodious laugh. "You deceive yourself, monsieur. You have a well-developed temper. You may hold it in firm control, but it exists, and must sometimes give you much trouble to curb."

"And you are a physiognomist? May I ask you to continue your interpretation of my character?"

"O, non. You forget your Shakespeare."

"Look how we can, or sad or merrily. Interpretation will misquote our looks."

It was presuming of me to find temper in your face. I will go no further."

"So," he remarked, changing the subject, "you are fond of Shakespeare?"

"Indeed, yes. Everyone who lives near the ocean must love Shakespeare. He is to literature what the sea is to the earth—a broad, grand, limitless, throbbing expanse with depths so great that the mind can not explore them; and yet reflecting on the surface a thousand changing moods, sometimes playful, sometimes terrible, but always unique."

Meanwhile Dare and Durkee had been earnestly engaged in a contest of diplomacy. For years Isaiah Durkee had been a fanatic in his desire to destroy the liquor traffic. Universal Prohibition had been to him the dream of his existence, the hope of his maturity, the

guiding star of his mental powers. By his vigorous personality he had placed Patonket upon the list of "no license" towns, and, though he had begun to realize that alcohol will always leak in between the chinks of the law, he nevertheless felt that in abandoning his newspaper he ought to leave it in the hands of those who maintain the policy he had followed for so long a time. That Dare had no sympathy with Prohibition Durkee well knew, and so as they talked, the editor found himself assailed by a great temptation. He desired intensely to be relieved of the cares that had so long held him in bondage; he was not well; he needed a vacation; and, above all, he realized that if he did not sell his paper to Dare and van Slack it might be years before he again received so advantageous an offer. Thus on the one hand were allied his personal inclinations and financial interests, while in opposition an unwelcome obligation battled alone.

But the Prohibitionist was by no means a weak character. There was in his nature a vein of sturdy manhood, and as he leaned his head upon his hand, and pondered in silence the problem presented to him, he slowly but firmly determined to sacrifice himself upon the altar of duty. It was not an easy victory over self that he finally gained. He realized, in his innermost being, that his efforts to drive intemperance from Patonket had not been successful; he had begun to doubt the practicability of Prohibitory legislation; he dimly felt that, like the men of Sciron, he had been shooting at the stars; and yet he drove away such thoughts as these, and with his mental ear turned toward the promptings of conscience, came forth from his fiery temptation a bigot, perhaps, but none the less a man who had displayed his moral grandeur.

As Durkee raised his head, the stern expression on his countenance and the almost hostile gleam in his dark eyes conveyed to the quick mind of Dare the assurance that his proposition had been rejected. But at that instant occurred one of those slight incidents that often change the current of important events, and turned the victory of Durkee's better nature into overwhelming defeat. As he was about to address Dare his glance wandered to the window. His cheeks again flushed as they had when van Slack had asked for an introduction to Mrs. Durkee. His long, slim fingers twitched nervously, and his thin lips quivered. Jealousy was painted on his face, and spoke in every motion of his body. Turning quickly to Dare he said, with feverish haste:

"Well, sir, I accept your terms. I make no conditions excepting that I expect an immediate cash payment, and wish you to promise that you will retain in your service the present employees of the paper. I shall probably set out for Europe at once. Are you satisfied with my decision?"

"Entirely," answered Dare, delighted at the unexpected success of his negotiations. He had been watching Durkee closely and had comprehended the motive that had actuated the Prohibitionist in his sudden change of purpose. "After all, Van has done more than I have toward the capture of the Clarion," he thought, as he complacently stroked his mustache.

"To-morrow we will complete the details of the sale," continued Durkee, who had risen hurriedly, and now showed by his manner that he wished to be left alone with his wife. "If you and your friend can be here in the morning by ten, I will see to it that the legal papers are prepared."

Dare agreed to this and arose to go. Taking his hat from the desk he shook hands with Durkee, and raising his voice slightly above its ordinary pitch, said: "Are you going, Van? Mr. Durkee and I have finished our business."

Van Slack was in no hurry to depart. He had been astonished at Mrs. Durkee's wide range of reading, her originality as displayed in her criticism of books and authors, and the shrewd judgment of the world and its ways that showed itself in her conversation. There was a naïveté about her that robbed her words of the slightest suspicion of pedantry, even when she referred to topics that are seldom touched upon by women who wear neither short hair nor gray. To a man who had long been bored by the rapid chatter of women who find it pleasanter to feel than to think, all this was surprisingly refreshing. But he had no excuse for remaining.

"Good-bye," he said, as he held out his hand. "I leave here even more in your debt than when I came."

"How is that?" she asked, looking up at him with a smile.

"I have no time to explain now. I hope to have an opportunity before long, however."

"I hope you may," she returned. "Au revoir, monsieur."

As the two young men turned toward the van Slack villa on leaving the Clarion office, the heat of high noon was bending down upon the quiet village. Long swathes of sunlight lay in golden glory along the avenue of stately firs. The dusty roadway stretched onward like a yellow ribbon on a ground of grass-green silk. No sounds were heard save the rasping rattle of the grasshoppers on both sides of the footpath, and the distant murmur of the crouching sea. It seemed as though man had deserted the little town years before, for the ancient houses were as silent as the sun itself. The branches of the willows hung listless in the heated air. Overhead a cloudless sky stretched away till it seemed to plunge into the far-off waters of the ocean for relief from the burning kisses of the amorous sunbeams. But the air was not oppressive. Filled with sweet odors its dry, warm breath was as intoxicating as a cordial. It was a day in which to

dream of love, to cast aside the petty cares of life, and let the fancy paint the future with the glorious tints of the impossible.

"Handsomeness and clever beyond any one I ever met!" exclaimed van Slack, as they began their long, hot walk.

"Well," drawled Dare mischievously, "he is certainly clever enough, but I didn't consider him especially good-looking."

"Him? him? Of whom are you speaking?" asked van Slack testily. "You know right well that I was talking about Mrs. Durkee. Yvonne Durkee! 'Phoebus, what a name!' But how about the paper, John? Are you to have it?"

"Yes. It will be ours to-morrow." Then looking his companion full in the face, Dare remarked: "The old man and his wife are to start for Europe at once. Our purchase of the Clarion has given him just the opportunity he wanted. He is a very unselfish man, this Durkee. He feels that his wife needs a vacation, and he would rather sacrifice the cause of prohibition than deny her that pleasure. See?"

Van Slack did not answer, but strode forward at a pace that caused his companion to puff and perspire in the effort to keep up with him. After a time he moderated his gait somewhat, and turning to Dare, said in a tone of decision: "They must not go away just now, John. We must try and find some way of keeping them here for a few weeks longer."

Dare smiled. "Ah, I see," he remarked. "You do not wish to let Durkee escape the force of your coming editorials against Prohibition. Well, let me think the matter over for a while. Perhaps you can make an ally of la Marquise, in this attempt to hold her husband within range of your alcoholic guns."

To this van Slack did not deign to reply, and the young men continued their walk in silence.

The immediate outcome of the withdrawal from the Clarion office had been startling. Hardly had the door closed upon them before Isaiah Durkee had thrown himself prone upon the desk, while his whole body shook with passionate sobs. Never before had Mrs. Durkee known her husband to give way to tears, and her face was deadly pale as she bent over him.

"I am a coward! I am a traitor!" he moaned. "I have lost my honor!" Then would he repeat the words as his sobs broke out afresh. Suddenly he arose from his chair, his tear-stained face ghastly in its pallor, and as he raised his hand to his forehead, as though to quiet the throbbing of his fevered brain, he cried out in a voice of agony:

"Great God! They will call me Judas Iscariot!"

Then he fell unconscious, full length upon the floor.

To Be Continued.)

A SPLENDID TRIP.

The best way to begin a trip to the Old World is to take the White Star Line steamers from New York or Boston to the Mediterranean ports. For those who enjoy a sea voyage, this trip cannot be equalled in interest and variety and in the quality of the accommodation afforded by the magnificent boats of this line. The inexpensiveness of the trip when the above points are considered is not the least interesting feature to be considered in planning a European trip. The sum of six dollars a day will pay for every item on a fifteen day trip in the best first-cabin accommodations. The meals provided are the equal of those to be had in the finest hotels in the world, and the service in every particular is absolutely beyond criticism. There are a thousand and one little kindnesses for the passengers' comfort. A fine orchestra in on every steamer, and everything is done to cater to the best class of passenger trade. The steamers themselves are all large, comfortable boats, with unusual deck room for promenading and exercise, and are particularly well ventilated, and therefore suited to the warmer southern voyages.

Passengers are afforded an opportunity of spending a day at the Azores, at Gibraltar, and at Palermo, and Naples, where they may disembark or continue on to Genoa. Even in the heated months this trip is most enjoyable. The weather is particularly pleasant and the sea always smooth in July and August, and no better way can be found of spending a month's vacation than just the trip over and back in one of these floating palaces. In the winter there is no way the equal of this for reaching the heart of Europe or getting to Egypt or the Far East.

EARTHQUAKE A HEALTH TONIC.

There was, too, (in San Francisco) an improvement in the general health of the people after the earthquake, says the London Hospital. It is an undoubted fact that a great many men and women who were in a poor state of health before the shock, with bad appetites and defective digestion, are now eating all they can get and digesting it without trouble, while the mental condition which so often accompanies the dyspeptic state, has equally improved. The explanation is as simple as it is rational. These people were fortunately deprived of their street cars, alcohol, and luxuries; they had nothing but simple food, and they were compelled to take exercise in the open air to get it. The men have found it possible to live without cigars or whiskey and the ladies without candy. They have cooked their simple meals in the streets, to the better ventilation of their houses; for lack of light they have gone to bed early, with the compensation that they have risen with the lark. They have had the enforced benefits of sanitation and good health is the result.

CANADA'S RAIN AND SNOW

UNIQUE COMPILATION BY MR. HUGH V. PAYNE.

Shows the Annual Precipitation in the Several Provinces of the Dominion.

Hugh V. Payne, climatologist of the Dominion Observatory, has compiled a work on the Rain and Snow Fall of Canada, the first of its kind ever published in the Dominion. Mr. Payne has been connected with the department for 31 years and has been for about four years engaged upon the work just issued by the Department of Marine under the direction of Chief Stupart. The work is a mass of figures and a faithful daily record of over 60 years. The following is a brief statement as to the distribution of precipitation over the Dominion.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

British Columbia is a territory with very pronounced geographic features, several lofty chains of mountains paralleling the coast from the extreme north to the most southerly boundary. Along the exposed western coast the precipitation is somewhere between 110 and 135 inches, and eastward over Vancouver Island and the mainland the western slopes of the various ranges each claim a much larger percentage of moisture from the Pacific winds than do the valleys and interior plateaus. Near the more eastern shores of Vancouver Island, the annual precipitation ranges between 35 and 50 inches, while across the Straits of Georgia in the valley of the lower Fraser, it is very generally over 60 and less than 80 inches. Eastward of the coast ranges the climate of Yale, Kamloops and Okanagan District is decidedly drier and an annual precipitation ranging from about seven to eighteen inches, according to orographic situation, is an approximate valuation. Approaching the Selkirk range the precipitation increases, and at the higher altitudes is very great, chiefly owing to a heavy snowfall between October and April.

A feature of very pronounced importance in connection with precipitation over the northwest provinces of Canada, is that in Manitoba 50 per cent., and further west more than 62 per cent. of the total for the year falls between May and August, and June is the month of heaviest rainfall, just the very period when moisture is required for the growing crops.

In Manitoba the rainfall is greater than in the Northwest Provinces. The normal annual precipitation over the province is approximately 22 inches, and the May to August rainfall is 11.6 inches; drought is therefore not much to be feared here, but westward the danger increases. From Regina westward to Medicine Hat and northward to Saskatoon there are very few rainfall records of over a few years, but there is fair evidence that the average annual precipitation over this area nowhere exceeds 15 inches, and at many points is less than that amount, but extremes may vary from 9 inches at Medicine Hat to 22 inches at Qu'Appelle. By reference to the tables it will be seen that the records of 20 years indicate an average rainfall of 11 inches in Saskatchewan and 12 inches in Alberta, which with a snowfall of about 55 inches, gives a total annual precipitation of 16 or 17 inches over the larger part of Saskatchewan and 17 or 18 inches in Alberta. But it is to be remembered that the seasonal precipitation in the far west is very variable. At Calgary in 1892 the total precipitation of the year was but 7.91 inches, while in 1902 it was 34 inches.

ONTARIO'S RANGE.

The precipitation in the older portions of Ontario ranges very generally between 30 and 40 inches, but something less than the lower value obtains north of Lake Superior and an excess of the latter value is found on the western slopes of the counties lying to the eastward of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay.

WAY DOWN EAST.

In Quebec the precipitation ranges between 30 and 45 inches; in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island between 35 and 47 inches and in Nova Scotia from 42 to 56 inches.

CONVINCING A LOVER.

"Yes, we used to sit out in the old summer-house in the beautiful moonlight. Strange to say, Jack never believed he kissed me as often as I accused him of doing."

"Ah, how did you convince him?"

"Why, the next night I told him to cut a notch in the summer-house each time he took a kiss."

"How did the scheme work?"

"Very well for a while, but—er—by the end of the week there was no summer-house left."

HOW OLD IS THAT EGG?

A simple method of finding out the age of an egg is by means of the air space, which is situated towards the broad end of the shell. If the egg is held up between the hands before a light in a dark room, the air space can be easily discerned. In a perfectly fresh egg the air space is very small, but as age increases it extends, until, when the egg is three weeks old, the air space is about a sixth of the entire egg-space. With practice the age can be told to within twenty-four hours.

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1906.

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.

BANK FAILURE.

Through the unwise investments and speculations of General Manager McGill of the Ontario Bank, that institution has become insolvent and its affairs have been taken over by the Bank of Montreal. Note holders and depositors will not lose anything, but the shareholders stand to lose a considerable portion of their holdings. It was at first thought they would lose all, but later reports indicate that they may not lose more than half the par value of the shares. It has not yet been decided to proceed criminally against the general manager, who claims that his speculations were made on the bank's account. His losses are variously stated to be a million and upwards. The disclosures which are being made in connection with the failure of this bank should serve as a warning to the directors of other financial institutions.

ROTFENNESS.

The probing into the Hyman election scandal in London continues and the revelations are of the most startling character. The testimony of Collins, deputy returning officer, that he purchased scores of voters at \$10 each to vote for Hon. Charles Hyman, Minister of Public Works is being confirmed by the admissions of scores of witnesses that they received the money and voted for Mr. Hyman.

A most interesting witness last week was J. O. Pritchett, contractor, who some years ago made affidavit as to the part he took in stealing the seats of West Huron and Brockville in a federal by-election. It will be remembered that Sir Wilfrid Laurier choked off the parliamentary investigation into these frauds at the time they became dangerous. However, Mr. Pritchett is still alive, and the story he was not allowed to tell them has now come out. Pritchett swears that he had close relations in elections with O'Gorman, who is now on trial for arranging the London crimes. He says that O'Gorman and others paid him money on different occasions to go into constituencies and teach the deputy returning officers the art of "switching" ballots. He was paid \$50 at one time and \$100 another for such services. Deputies were paid five dollars per vote for every one that was switched. A switched ballot is one which the voter marks for one candidate and the returning officer counts for another. Sometimes he does it by destroying the ballot given and substituting another in its place, sometimes it is arranged by the simpler method of calling the wrong name when the vote is counted. Occasionally the trick is to destroy the Conservative ballot by making an additional mark with a lead pencil or piece of lead under the finger nail.

NOTES.

Mr. Geo. H. Perley, M. P., returned to Ottawa on Monday last from an eight-week trip to London & Paris. Mrs. Perley, who preceded him to Europe to place their daughter in school, returned with her husband.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, according to report, has recently made the university of Laval the beneficiary of an insurance policy for \$5,000 on his own life. It is furthermore stated that his example has been followed by a number of French-Canadians who are friends of the University, and that the amount of these policies in favor of the institution already reaches quite a figure. Of late a large amount of money, aggregating not much less than \$100,000 has been donated in different ways to the French-Canadian University, which has thus been put in splendid financial position for the pursuance of its educational work.

Academy Exams.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

GEOMETRY.

Class I—Ethel Bailey 97, Willie Boyce and Katie McGibbon 78, Miles Walker 77.

Class II—Egbert McQuat 65, Clara Banford 60.

GRADE II ACADEMY.

Class I—Amy Hammond 88, Kenny Smith 87, Alice Arthur 78.

Class II—Effe Cooke 72, D Watt 71.

Class III—Laurence Smith 50, May McGibbon, Robt Kennedy and Isabel Raitt equal 40.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

HONOR ROLL—ARITHMETIC.

Class I—M. Hay, W. Cameron, V. Joss.

Class II—D. Bates, B. Fraser, M. Cottingham and M. Patterson equal, R. Ewan, R. Strong.

Class III—J. McLean, L. Gall, Etta Latta, M. Cameron, M. McPhee, L. Palliser.

GRADE III MODEL.

LITERATURE.

Class I—J. McCrea, A. McClure, H. Thomas, G. Rodgers.

Class II—L. Banford, N. Ivall, C. Black, L. Brown, H. McQuat, John Calder, A. Miller, R. Smith.

Class III—Earl Todd, R. Giles, H. Giles, E. Winters, E. Fraser, Emma Morrell, K. Giles, W. Riddel, Violet Kennedy, L. McGregor.

GRADE II MODEL.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

HONORS: Irene Riddell 90.

Class I—Sadie Scott 89, Elmer Giles 88, Bessie Fraser 88, Charlie Palliser 83, H. McIntyre and W. McArthur 77.

Class II—Edward Ivall 72, Carrie Bennett 64.

Class III—Walter Christie & Winnie Banford 59, Geo. Hay 54, Judith Bondesen 52, Marian Slater & Mary Smith 45, Maude McQuat 43, M. McVicar 40.

GRADE I MODEL.

SPELLING.

HONORS: Harry Hammond 95, Nora Christie 92.

Class I—Harry Joss and Lizzie Paul 88, Jennie Forbes 87, Jessie McArthur and May Cruise 81, Nettie Kettyle 79, Grace Bradford 77, Cecil Bradford & Reid Giles 72.

Class II—Arthur Joss 69, Bessie Menzies & Bessie McGibbon 67, Gay Douglas & Douglas McGibbon 63, Aggie McGillivray 60.

Class III—Chas. Bedard 48, Ruby Todd 45.

GRADE III ELEM.

Cameron Hay and Grace McQuat, Catherine McGibbon, Maggie Walker, Mary McDiarmid, Alda Patterson, Gertrude Hammond, Georgina Baldwin.

GRADE II ELEM.

Roy Kennedy, Eleanor Hay and Frances Joss equal, Helen Barrie, Jessie Earle, Annie McCoy, Jessie Cruise, Gordon Harkness, Robby Carpenter, Everett McGibbon, Vernon Hammond, Willie Calder, Vern Riddell, David Campbell, Willie Hay.

Pupils taking marks of 80 and over for spelling: 2nd Primary Dept.

Jean McGibbon 100, John Drennan 100, Grace Carpenter, Hazel McGibbon, Grace Marshall, Roy McCrea, J. Veitch, M. McKimmie, E. McDiarmid 98, E. Neill 97, Muriel Joss, S. Harkness 96, G. Fraser, R. McQuat, A. Cottingham, E. McQuat, Douglas Simon 94, Laura Campbell 93, E. Jones 92, Kyle Patterson, Inez Giles, Constance Banford, Eric Low 92, Lila Giles 90, Dell Mitchell, E. Hammond 88, Mary Hope 84, Donald Beers 81, Lena Garretsee 80.

OBITUARY.

George T. Patterson, youngest son of the late Richard Patterson of this town, passed away last Sunday afternoon, although he has been in poor health for about a year, the end came as a surprise to his many friends. He was able to be around until a few days before his death, and as late as Saturday was making plans for Christmas celebration.

Mr. Patterson was born Oct. 10th, 1869. He was married about nine years ago to Mary Leishman of Upper Lachute, who survives him. He is also survived by two brothers, T. W. P. Patterson of Montreal, and R. M. Patterson of Wilson, N.Y., also five sisters, Mrs. R. Armstrong, Mrs. Thos. Chambers of Brandon, Man., Mrs. S. E. Smith, Mrs. W. J. Hammond, and Miss Lizzie Patterson.

The death of Miss Norah Howard, while on a visit to friends in Montreal, occurred on Tuesday, Oct. 16th.

The deceased was in her usual health until a couple of weeks ago when, while quietly walking along the street she was suddenly seized with shortness of breath, resulting from heart trouble. Since that time it was impossible to remove her to her home in Lachute and she passed peacefully away surrounded by her relatives and friends. Deceased was in her 68th year and was a devoted member and ardent worker of the Episcopal Church from whose ranks they will be greatly missed. Three sisters and one brother survive, Mrs. T. B. Meikle of Carman, Man., Mrs. Benedict of Brooklyn, Mass., Mary F. Howard of Lachute and H. Howard, notary, of St. Andrews.

CUSHING.

—:o:—

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cooke visited friends at Lachute and Hill Head on Sunday.

Miss Dolly Nicholls spent part of last week with friends in Hawkesbury.

Mr. Ernest Noyes who returned recently from the West, is visiting his mother, Mrs. John O. Noyes.

Mr. Geo. O'Brien is leaving this week to visit friends in the Western States and expects to be absent some time. Mrs. R. O'Brien of Pickford, Mich., who has spent the past few months here is also leaving for home this week.

The residence of Mr. J. Bradford was totally destroyed by fire Thursday evening of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford were out milking when the fire started, supposedly by a spark from the stove and was well under way before it was discovered so that almost all the contents of the house—a comfortable brick building—were consumed and we understand there was no insurance. The sympathy of the community is extended to them in their misfortune.

Miss May Pinkerton who underwent an operation for appendicitis at her home here last week, is now, we are pleased to state making satisfactory progress toward recovery. The operation was performed by Dr. Archibald of the Royal Victoria assisted by Dr. Shaw of St. Andrews, who has charge of the case, and was a critical one as the disease was making rapid headway and in a few hours more would have been too late.

The Methodist Church has been beautifully decorated for Thanksgiving with flowers, fruit and foliage by the young ladies of the congregation, and presented a very nice appearance on Sunday afternoon. Remember the social and fancy sale at Mrs. Wm. Davidson's on Thursday evening, 25th inst., which is sure to be the occasion for a good time.

Much surprise and regret were felt here last week when the news reached here of the somewhat sudden death of Mr. John Halsey of Carillon, supt. of the C. & G. R., which took place on Thursday last at the Glen-garry Hospital, Montreal, whither he had gone for treatment. The deceased was known for a man of sterling worth and upright character and will be sadly missed from his place when the season opens on the old line once more. Amongst those who attended his funeral at St. Andrews on Sunday afternoon from this vicinity, were Rev. Jas. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dobbie, Messrs. L. Gaston and R. Stillington, and Mr. E. and Miss M. Whelan.

CALUMET.

—:o:—

Death has again carried off a member of this community under sad circumstances, when on the 27th of Sept. at St. Michel Des Saints, Wm. Fitzgerald, "Bert" so called by his many friends, died after an illness of three weeks during which time he was attended by his father, brother and uncle in his illness, but in spite of all medical skill he succumbed. The remains were brought to Calumet and buried in the R.C. cemetery on the 29th. He leaves a large circle of friends to mourn as he was well liked by all and his death, coming at the age of 21 years is extremely sad.

PINE HILL.

—:o:—

Owing to the very dry condition of the weather, our farmers are somewhat behind in their fall work.

Mr. and Mrs. David Kennedy of Rawcliffe, spent Sunday last at Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kennedy's.

Miss D. J. Jamieson spent part of last week at her home in Lachute.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kennedy were recent visitors at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Jos. Moncrieff of Grenville.

Rev. Mr. Budd occupied the Methodist pulpit on Sunday last.

Mr. G. M. Tomalty has gone to the lumber woods where he has been employed by Mr. L. O. Barron of Lachute.

Messrs. L. & W. Carriere accompanied by M. Black spent Sunday last in Edina.

Mr. W. A. Jamieson of Lachute, paid us a flying visit recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wiggins of Montreal were welcome visitors in Edina last week.

Mr. D. L. Kennedy is slightly indisposed at present. We all wish him a very speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Tomalty intend taking a pleasant trip to Rivington on Monday next.

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Gauley and little daughter spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Murdock at Mt. Maple.

Messrs. J. and A. Dixon of Dalesville, were most welcome visitors in our vicinity part of last week.

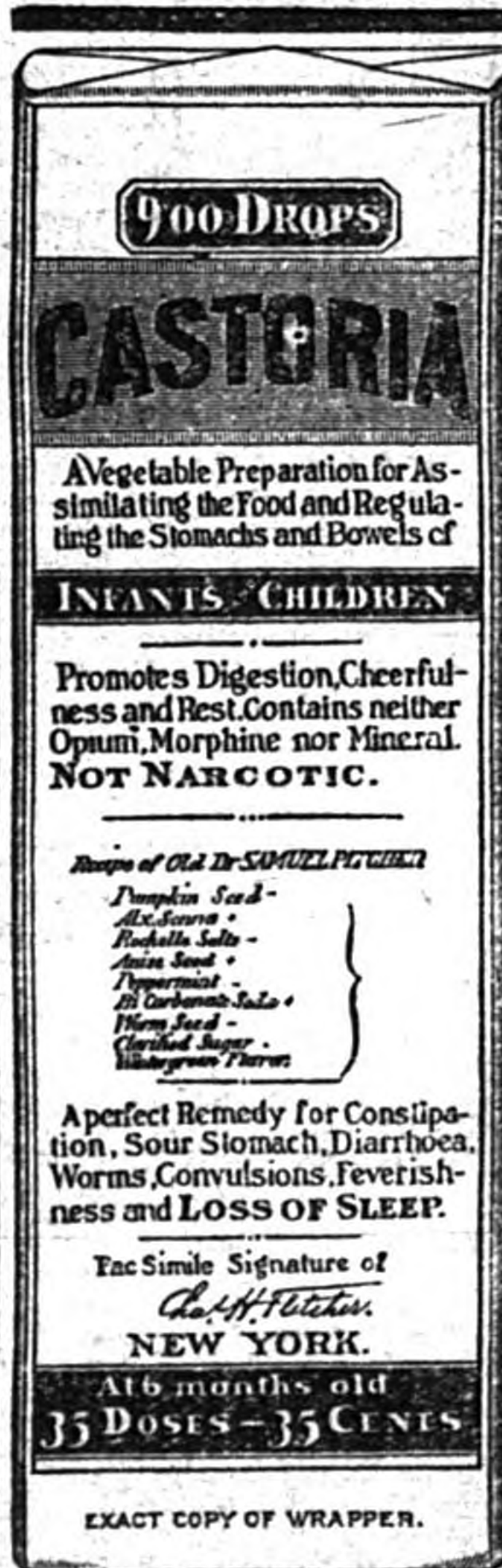
Mrs. Jos. Gauley of Grenville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Tomalty of Edina on Saturday last.

Mr. L. O. Barron recently paid a short visit to his many friends and acquaintances in Edina & Grenville.

We are sorry to report that Mr. T. B. Tomalty has gone to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, for to undergo medical treatment from the effects of a sore eye.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chat. H. Fletcher*



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

Chat. H. Fletcher

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"Maple Leaf Cream Separator."



Have just completed above Separator which combines all the best points of the different separators now on the market, and have decided to offer the same to intending purchasers direct, thus saving commission to agent and enabling us to sell at sixty-five dollars (\$65) payable thirty days or sixty dollars (\$60) when cheque accompanies order. Capacity five hundred pounds per hour guaranteed.

Write for further information direct to:

Canadian Dairy Supply Co.'s, Ltd.
109 to 113, Youville Square,
Montreal, Que.

GOOD GOODS AND GOOD WORKMANSHIP

Go hand in hand and are required by the public now a days. Since our first start in Lachute we have endeavored always to carry out the above, and now that we have gone into our large and commodious new store, we will be better able to supply you with your needs. We will carry full lines of Gents' Furnishings, Collars, Ties, Shirts, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE,

Main St. Lachute.

J. D. CAMPBELL & Co's. Ad.

ALWAYS ON HAND

A large supply of Bran, Shorts, Moullie and Feeds of all kinds

The ROYAL HOUSEHOLD & GLENORA PATENTS are the best that can be produced.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT is kept well stocked with the best of groceries and all orders will receive our prompt attention .

Main St. & Railway Avenue

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE.

As we have taken thousands of dollars of new goods into Stock, and at the Corner Store, opposite the Post-office, you will find the very newest patterns and designs in Dress Goods.

Dress Lengths

Dress Lengths in beautiful Fabrics, from \$1.75 to \$12. new trimmings and sundries

Boots & Shoes

We carry a complete line of the famous Linton Goods at Popular Prices. We need say no more.

Groceries

In groceries we lead. No more complete stock could be found in the city than you will find in our store. Our aim is to carry the very best that money can buy.

Patent Medicines

In Proprietary and Patent Medicines we carry everything, also the very purest of essences. Give us a call. Farm produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

W. DOUG

BROWNSBURG.
A SPLENDID MOVE ON THE PART OF THE EMPLOYEES OF THE DOMINION CARTRIDGE CARTRIDGE CO. AT BROWNSBURG.

It has been felt for some time past that some means should be provided for passing the long winter evenings, and with this object in view Mr. McDonald, the Superintendent of the Dominion Cartridge Coy's factory suggested that the employees should get together and endeavour to organize a Night School. Mr. McDonald met the employees recently during the noon hour with the result that each Department appointed representatives to meet as a General Committee named. Messrs. E. Hazen, J. A. Morehouse, H. Mosley, L. Hunter, F. Vowles, J. Neven, O. Brisson and N. Dixon.

The committee met on Monday of last week at which it was decided to go forward with the good work and sub-committees were appointed to find the ways and means, also for the drawing up of By-Laws etc. These sub-committees reported to the General Committee on Monday the 15th inst., the result being the formation of "The Dominion Cartridge Coy Employees School." It is proposed to hold classes in Reading, Writing and Arithmetic and other Elementary subjects. Examinations will be held at stated periods and those who prove themselves qualified for more advanced subjects will have the opportunity of taking higher courses, as it is proposed to hold classes in Mechanical drawing etc. The classes will be held in the evenings after working hours. The fees have been fixed at a figure within the reach of all. Any employee or resident of Brownsburg 14 years of age or over will be eligible to enter.

As an example of the enthusiastic manner in which the proposal has been taken hold of by the employees, it might be stated that the school promises to start with over a hundred students. This in itself is most gratifying to those who have promoted the scheme and demonstrates what can be done, and the committee are to be congratulated on the encouraging outlook, for not only will it prove of inestimable benefit to each member intellectually but will also be a help to them in their respective duties and will also enable the employees to become better acquainted with each other.

Not to be outdone by their brothers the ladies are also organizing a Social Club and have formed the following committee, Mrs. M. Blinnett, Mrs. Tourney and the Misses C. Trudeau, A. Reilly, J. Starkey, A. Shanahan and Bond. Mr. McDonald has kindly set apart furnished rooms for use of the club and the club will not interfere with the Employees school, on the other hand members of the club may be members of the School and the one will undoubtedly help the other.

In addition to the Social side, it is the intention to have instruction given in Fancy Work, Dress-making and other branches, affording at the same time instruction and recreation.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of MISS L. McMARTIN, St. Andrews. Saturday, October 20th, 1906.

The following effects:—All the household effects comprising two bedroom suites complete, parlor and dining chairs, sofas, carpets, crockery, stoves, etc.

Sale at 1 o'clock sharp. TERMS:—\$10, and under cash over that amount 6 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

The Choicest & Best

Are to be seen in our store, because we have the newest and most up-to-date goods on the market. We have a large variety of Ladies' blouses, Dress Goods, Wrappers, Skirts, Variety of Ladies' collars. For Gents we have a large assortment of Hats, Dress Shirts, Soft front shirts, etc. Full lines of first-class groceries always kept. Highest prices given for farm produce taken in exchange.

Hardie & Co.

Baker and General Merchants, Brownsburg, P.Q.

... NEW FALL GOODS ...

NOBBY FELT HATS,— Regatta, Negligee and White Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Etc.
READY MADE SUITS. In Men's, Youths and Boys. Prices ranging from \$2.00 up to \$20 per suit.
WALL PAPERS, Your choice from the manufacturer's sample books. About 500 samples to select from.
PAINTS, (The Sherwin Williams), Pure white lead, ready mixed Paints, Para D.B. Linseed Oil Raw oil, turpentine, varnish etc.
BARB WIRE, Cut nails, Door locks, hinges, Glass, Patty, Etc.
FLOUR, Shorts, Bran, Coarse Salt.
BOOKS,— Stock of School Books & Supplies complete.

J. R. McOUAT

IT'S MUCH ENLARGED.

WHAT?

The new Photo Studio

Everything New and Up-to-date.

The "ELITE" Photo Studio. Opposite the Post office, Lachute.

A Real Snap.

A suit of clothes with a pound of tea would certainly be a fake, but 25c. Ceylon Green Tea, at 15c. a pound, because we have too much of it, is what we actually do while it lasts. Don't get left, but hurry up and get it.

About 150 Bargains in Boots to Clear.

Our groceries are all right and we want your butter and eggs.

A. McAllister, BROWNSBURG, P.Q.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. H. Hutchinson

Our Store is the Bargain Centre

Now is the time for good warm clothing, and the place to get it is

McFaul Bros.

Ladies and Children's Jackets.

We have the very latest, price, quality, and style. Sure to please you. A big assortment of children's coats which we bought at a big reduction, and we are now selling them at less than wholesale prices.

Furs.—A big sample lot of ruffs and collars suitable for children going to school, also fur lined jackets and capes to be sold at greatly reduced prices.

Underwear.—We are the only agents for "Stanfields" celebrated unshrinkable underwear. Your money refunded if not perfectly satisfied after fully testing them.

New Goods

We have opened up our New Fall Goods and they offer you some great surprises. They are the finest lot of goods ever seen in Brownsburg and comprises New Groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, and everything you need. Our prices are very low and we are money savers for you.

V. & I. McFAUL, Brownsburg, Prov. Que.

Our Stock in Furniture

Was never more complete than now.

Baby Carriages and Go-Carts.

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



Lachute Furniture Factory

About the House

WAFFLES.

Rice Waffles.—One teaspoonful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder, one coffee cupful of cold boiled rice, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and three beaten eggs. Mash the rice fine, add the butter, then two teaspoonfuls of milk with the flour, and finish with the eggs. Beat all together. Have the waffle irons hot and well greased with butter. Fill three-quarters full and let the first side be well browned before turning.

Wilhelm Waffles.—Mix one quart of flour with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt; work in two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter and add four beaten eggs with one pint of milk and the grated rind of a lemon. Beat until smooth, stiff batter and bake in hot, well greased waffle irons. Sprinkle with sugar before serving.

Soft Waffles.—Sift together one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt; rub in butter and add two beaten eggs with one and a half pints of milk. Mix the whole into a smooth batter and pour into hot and well greased waffle iron. Sprinkle with sifted sugar and serve hot.

Waffles with Yeast.—Two eggs, one pint of milk, one-half ounce butter, one-half gill yeast, salt to taste, and flour enough to form a thick batter; warm the milk and butter together; beat the eggs and add them by turns with the flour; stir in the yeast and salt; when they are light, heat your waffle irons and butter them, pour in some of the batter, and brown them on both sides; butter them and serve them with sugar and cinnamon.

Waffles Without Yeast.—Three eggs, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful butter, as much as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately; melt the butter and while lukewarm stir it into the milk; whisk the yolks lightly, add to them the milk and flour alternately; beat it well, lastly, stir in the whites, which should be whisked dry. The batter should not be beaten after the whites are in. Grease your waffle irons after having heated them; fill them nearly full of the batter, close them, and place them over the fire; turn the irons so as to bake the waffle on both sides. When done take it out and butter it. These must be baked the moment they are mixed.

SOME ENGLISH RECIPES.

Rhubarb Wine.—Have perfectly ripe fruit. Into one gallon of rain water cut eight pounds of rhubarb into thin slices, put it into a tub, and cover closely with a thick cloth. Stir thrice daily for a week, then strain through a cloth, and add four pounds of preserving loaf sugar the juice of two lemons, and the rind of one. To fine this, take one ounce of isinglass and dissolve it in one pint of the liquor in a china lined saucepan. When quite cold add it to the rest of the wine and cask it. When the fermentation is over bung it down.

Cornish Pasties.—Make a short crust paste with half a pound of flour (sifted), a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, two ounces of butter, and the necessary quantity of cold water to form a smooth but fairly firm paste. Roll it out, not too thinly, and stamp into rounds about three and a half inches in diameter. Cut into quite small dice a quarter of a pound of raw lean beef or mutton, mix it with an equal quantity of raw potatoes cut similarly, season well, and moisten with a little water. Put a dessert spoonful of this in the centre of each round of paste, wet the edges, and shape each into a neat pasty, pressing the edges together, trimming and fluting same. Place them on a baking sheet, brush over with a little beaten egg, and bake in a moderate oven from forty-five to sixty minutes.

Fresh Lettuce.—To keep Lettuce fresh from one day to the next, wet thoroughly and roll up lightly in paper, tucking the ends in firmly to exclude the air. A paper bag, the neck tied lightly with a string, will do. Celery may be kept crisp a long time in the same way. Cabbages keep well tied in bags and hung up.

Rusk.—To four cupfuls of light bread dough add one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, and three eggs; mix thoroughly, adding enough flour to mold easily; with the hands form into high, narrow shapes; let rise again, wash over the top with sweetened water, and bake in a brisk oven.

THE KITCHEN.

Should be the focal point of our aggression, for herein lie many of the un-

We like best to call

SCOTT'S EMULSION

a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto and 21, Ave. all druggists.

seen possibilities to make or mar the health and contentment of a household. Rules looking to the preservation of health should be impressed on the mind of the one in charge of the kitchen, and in order to facilitate this matter—at the same time simplify it—a slate should be kept hanging in some convenient place in the kitchen containing rules regarding the sanitary care of food and everything appertaining thereto.

It should be remembered that boiling water is a valuable disinfectant within the reach of every household and should be used lavishly. All cooking utensils should not only be washed thoroughly, but rinsed in boiling water and dried before being put away. Soap or washing powder, added to boiling water, for scrubbing purposes, enhances its qualities of disinfection.

The majority of us know—for we have had many examples in the past and recently—the misery resultant from the use of impure water.

In cities and towns where there is the slightest suspicion that impure water exists it should not only be boiled for drinking purposes but for washing all uncooked vegetables, such as lettuce, celery, radishes, onions, etc.

Few women there are who do not know how salient an item is the scrupulous care of the icebox, yet how many of us take the trouble to see that this important work rightly is accomplished. It is monotonous reading to be told that this receptacle should be cleaned twice a week and wiped out daily. The waste pipe leading from the ice chamber top often proves a medium for the "solid food" culture of germs, as the constant dripping of melted ice, unless unusual care is taken, will form a gelatinous coat, on which the germs of fermentation thrive.

A strong alkali—such as potash—or chloride of lime should be poured down this pipe at least twice a week.

Sinks, washstands and toilets should receive careful attention and disinfectants should be used. Receptacles for garbage, of course should be kept covered, and as far removed as possible from the house. They should be scalded at least twice a week.

Cellar walls should receive their semi-annual coat of whitewash in the spring and fall of the year.

Lime, aside from being a disinfectant, will keep the cellar free from dampness. On clear days a circulation of air should be permitted. Cleanliness, pure air, and sunshine are within the reach of all, and constitute a strong ally to sanitary living.

UNFERMENTED FRUIT JUICES.

The value of pure, unfermented fruit juices for the sick and the healthy alike is just beginning to be appreciated. By the following method (for those who do not use the excellent preparations which can be bought) I have successfully kept cider and grape juice sweet for a period of two years; and could doubtless have retained it in that condition indefinitely, says a writer. Take the juice immediately as soon as it comes from the press (and it's better to have it pressed as early in the morning as possible), and place it, one gallon at a time, in an agate-ware or porcelain-lined kettle over a brisk fire. When the juice in the kettle begins to steam, place a like amount in a second kettle over the fire. Skim off very carefully all the scum that arises. Have ready a quantity of clean pint and quart bottles with corks or a number of clean pint and quart glass fruit cans. I use the latter. Just the moment before the juice comes to a boil remove it from the fire, pour it through a funnel in which a piece of flannel cloth has been placed, to strain out the possible impurities left in the juice in spite of skimming, and then cork tightly, if bottles are used, or screw the can tops down and seal, if fruit jars are employed. As a special precaution, when bottles are used, I take corks that can be pushed well into the neck of the bottles, cover the cork (one-fourth of an inch) with melted spermaceti or white wax. I also store the bottles on the cellar shelves, placing them flat on their sides. Repeat the foregoing process until the required quantity is prepared. Be sure to get juice from fruit of good quality.

MEDIUM'S PROPHECY.

Is Fulfilled by Death in a Strange Manner.

A spiritualist medium's prophecy was fulfilled in a remarkable manner recently in Paris by the death of Antoine Fleuriot, who was killed at midnight by a motor car.

M. Fleuriot, who was himself a spiritualist, was dining the other night with some bachelor friends, who noticed that he was downcast and silent.

They rallied him for being glum, when M. Fleuriot said he had been told by a medium that he would be killed by a motor car at midnight that evening.

"I have arranged all my affairs, and made my will," he said. "And before leaving you all to-night I shall say goodbye to you forever, for I am certain you will never see me alive again."

After the party broke up at 11.30 p.m., Fleuriot and a friend who lives in the same neighborhood failed to find a cab. They started to walk home together, and had not gone far when the hoot of a motor car horn was heard as they were crossing a road.

There was plenty of time for them to get across the road, but M. Fleuriot, who seemed to be hypnotized with terror, remained in the middle of it and was run down.

He was picked up and hurried to a hospital, where he died at midnight.

The Young Husband (growling)—This chicken is like a piece of India rubber. The Young Wife (in tears)—Please don't scold, Tom; it is all my fault; I asked for a spring chicken.

READY TO LISTEN.

"And so," said her haughty father, "you wish to marry into my family?" "No, I haven't any desire to do that," replied the candid young man, "and if you can tell me of any other way in which I may have your daughter I'll be mighty glad to hear it."

SUFFERING WOMEN.

Need Just the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

From girlhood to middle life the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood. If her blood is poor and watery she becomes weak, languid, pale and nervous. If her blood supply is irregular she suffers from headaches and backaches, and other unspeakable distress which only women know. At every stage of woman's life Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are her best friend, because they actually make the rich, red blood which gives help and strength and tone to every organ of the body. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. Mrs. H. Gagnon, who for twenty years has been one of the best known residents of St. Rochs, Que., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me. I was weak, worn out and scarcely able to drag myself about. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, my appetite was poor, and to attempt housework left me utterly worn out. I slept badly at night, and what sleep I got did not refresh me. For nearly three years I was in this condition, and was constantly taking medicine, but found no benefit from it. One of my neighbors, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, advised me to try them. I did so, and the whole story is told in the words 'I am well again.' There are times yet when I take the pills for they seem to me a guarantee against the troubles from which so many women suffer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills don't act on the bowels. They contain just the elements that actually make new blood, and strengthen the nerves. That's why they cure anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, headaches, backaches and heart palpitation, and skin diseases like pimples and eczema. That is why they are the greatest help in the world for growing girls who need new blood and for women who are troubled with irregular health. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE REAL SECRET

OF THE POPULARITY OF

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CEYLON GREEN TEA

NO ADULTERATION.

NO IMPURITIES.

NO COLORING MATTER.

ABSOLUTE PURITY TELLS THE STORY

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

FRAGMENT OF GOSPEL.

Excavation in Southern Egypt Reveals Portion of Lost Gospel.

A singularly rich harvest has been yielded by the excavations which for years past have been carried on at Oxyrhynchus in southern Egypt under the direction of Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt, of Oxford. Portions of hitherto unknown poems by Pindar and Euripides, a portion of a history of Greece written with great detail, and of critical commentary on the second book of Thucydides are among the most valuable items recently brought to light. The manuscripts are the work of the first, second and third centuries of our era, and are written on papyrus and on parchment. These fragments of the literature of classical antiquity will, without doubt, excite the interest and occupy the attention of scholars all over the world; but another item in the recent find will appeal powerfully to a far wider public. This is a fragment of a lost gospel written in very small but perfectly legible characters on a sheet of vellum and containing about 300 words arranged in 45 lines.

Dr. Grenfell described its contents as follows: "The subject dealt with is a visit of Jesus and his disciples to the temple at Jerusalem and their meeting with a Pharisee, who reproaches them with their failure to perform the necessary ceremonial of purification before entering the holy place. After a question and answer, in which the pharisee describes in some detail the formalities which he had himself observed, Jesus makes an eloquent and crushing reply, contrasting outward with inward purity. The whole incident, the account of which is practically complete, is very

striking, and is quite different from anything recorded in the canonical Gospels. Among the most remarkable features of the fragment are its cultivated literary style, the vigor and picturesqueness of the phraseology, and the display of a familiarity with the topography of the temple, and with Jewish ceremonies of purification."

A correspondent writes to a Vienna newspaper: "The gospel fragment recently discovered among the ruins of Oxyrhynchus is the object of much attention and speculation in German theological circles. It is supposed by many to be likely to prove of equal value and importance with 'The Words of Christ,' brought to light on the same site some years ago. It includes a more complete and detailed description of the Jewish ceremony of purification as performed in the time of Christ than we had hitherto possessed, and we learn from it some details previously unknown respecting the temple at Jerusalem."

Jack: "So you are engaged to Miss Goltrox. I understand?" Tom: "I am," Jack: "Well, I hardly know whether to congratulate you or not. She is very exacting, I hear, and if you marry her you will have to give up drinking and smoking." Tom: "Oh! well, it might be worse. If I don't marry her I'll probably have to give up eating."

"It is simply impossible for me to find bread for my family," said the loafer. "Same way here," remarked the grocer; "I have to work for it."

An empty purse is no evidence of an empty head.

STEADILY ADVANCING ONWARD--In Development, UPWARD--In Value.

For months we have been recommending the purchase of

WHITE BEAR MINE SHARES

FOR DIVIDENDS AND SENSATIONAL PROFITS BUY NOW—TO HOLD—Not for a small profit, but for many

times present figure. There is the strongest possibility and probability that it will repeat the history of Le Roi—its next door neighbors—and a few months from now your hesitating friends will point to you as "SUCH A LUCKY FELLOW"—and will remember that you "ALWAYS WERE LUCKY," etc., etc. Read, analyze and act—

LE ROI—adjoining mine—sold at one time 50 per share

PRESENT MARKET PRICE, \$10.00 PER SHARE

WHITE BEAR—Present market price about 10c per share—

the management state, with a few months' development will be on a dividend-paying basis. We consider the Company's last monthly report so satisfactory that we have had a number printed. Send for one and judge whether it is unreasonable to expect it to advance to

ONE DOLLAR PER SHARE

Buy Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate.

Paying regular 10 per cent. dividends. See buying and selling quotations in Standard Stock Exchange list.

Buy Amalgamated Cobalt.

See buying and selling quotations in Standard Stock Exchange List.

Write us for fuller particulars and send us your buying or selling orders in these or any mining or industrial stocks.

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TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES IMPROVED and unimproved lands, in the Fenhold fall wheat district; from eight to twenty dollars per acre; correspondence solicited. A. J. STRONG, Fenhold, Alberta.

FOR SALE—Muskoka district, Stevenson, 320 acres, lots 21, 22; good soil, 95 cleared, balance bush; half mile from school, church, P.O. Uterson station, 4 miles; Huntsville, 8; good water, buildings fair. James Inch, Allansville, Ont.

Fruit Growers, Attention

Having no commission to pay, and selling for cash, The Eastern Townships Nurseries are thus able to offer you Standard Apple Trees 4 to 6 feet high, growing here, hardy and thrifty stock for Fall and Spring delivery, for \$15.00 per hundred.

LOUIS GERVAIN, Prop.,
Laurencetown, Que.

\$25.00 MEN AND WOMEN wanted at once to address letters and postcards only at their own homes; no canvassing; send fifty cents (no stamps) and stamped addressed envelope to-day for full instructions, and begin work at once at above salary. Address E. Van Allan, 50 Russell St., Toronto, Canada.

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

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We make a specialty of Farm Lands in
**Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta.**

Special bargains on the new G. T. P.
Ry. in the greatest wheat country in the
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able prices—we attend to the repair-
ing of Watches and Jewelry of all
kinds. A special mailing box in
which to forward your watch to us
will be sent you free on request.

We have unequalled facilities, too,
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of special articles in Jewelry, Silver-
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We buy old Gold Jewelry at high-
est prices.

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Parties desirous of purchasing
farm lands in Western Canada
are invited to communicate with
the undersigned, who have for sale

420,000 ACRES
—OF—

Excellent Wheat Lands
in all parts of Alberta.

PRICES RANGE FROM
\$9 TO \$12 PER ACRE

\$3 per acre at time of purchase
and the balance spread over
nine years if desired.

Special railway rates to pur-
chasers.

Correspondence solicited.

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CALGARY, ALBERTA.

LE ROI MINE GOES DEEPER.

The Le Roi has reached 1,750 feet, the
lowest depth of any mine in the pro-
vince.

WHITE BEAR.—In the old north
drift, on the 850-foot level, east of the
shaft, a chute of ore five feet in width
has been struck, which runs about 225,
and looks as though it would continue
for a considerable distance further. All
the ore shipped from this chute is that
which is extracted in the course of the
development. Drifting is in progress on
No. 3 ledge on the 700-foot level, and
the entire face of the drift is in ore of a
pay grade, which runs about \$37 to
the ton. Drifting is in progress on the
1,000-foot level. The intention is to start
the mill within the next day or two,
with one shift, in order to use up the
second-class ore that is taken out in the
course of the development work. The
mine is looking better than ever.

Mother (horrified): "Oh, Bobby, what
will your father say when he sees that
you have smashed his shaving mug and
broken the front gate?" Bobby: "Well,
mamma, I don't think I would like to
repeat it before you."

A good medicine requires little adver-
tising. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil gained
the good name it now enjoys, not
through elaborate advertising, but on
its great merits as a remedy for bodily
pains and ailments of the respiratory
organs. It has carried its fame with it
wherever it has gone, and it is prized
at the antipodes as well as at home.
Dose small, effect sure.

He (who has just become engaged to
his typewriter): "And now that we are
engaged, dear, I suppose I must look
out for another typewriter?" She:
"Oh, don't let that worry you, darling.
I'll select her for you myself."

"Tommy," said a father to his son,
"have you been at those six peaches I
put in the cupboard?" "Father," said
Tommy, looking into his eyes, "I have
not touched one." "Then how is it your
mother found five peach stones in your
bedroom, and there is only one left on
the plate?" "That," said Tommy, as he
dashed wildly for the door, "is the one I
didn't touch."

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps,
but is best when used in the Sunlight way.
Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

First Young Doctor (to second ditto):
"Hullo, old man, what's the matter?
You're looking very glum." "No won-
der," was the reply. "I'm attending that
wealthy Mr. Golding, you know, and
I've sent him the wrong medicine."
"Indeed! Is it a serious blunder?"
"Very serious. The medicine I've sent
him will cure him in two days."

"I saw a queer thing the other day,"
said the story-teller. "It was a duck
swimming across a pond and a cat sit-
ting on its tail." "Oh, nonsense," cried
the audience, incredulously. "How could
a duck swim across a pond and a cat
on its tail?" "Nevertheless," said the
story-teller, "it's perfectly true. I should
explain, however, that the cat was sit-
ting on its tail on a wall."

THEY MEAN IT.

No one should suffer a moment longer
with Piles, for Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid
will cure any case.

No matter what kind you have, Blind,
Bleeding, Internal, External, Itching or
Suppurating, Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid
will cure you.

This statement is supported by a thou-
sand testimonials from those who have
been permanently cured.

If you are not cured you get your
money back. \$1.00. All dealers, or
The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara
Falls, Ont.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Ap-
petite.—To have the stomach well is to
have the nervous system well. Very
delicate are the digestive organs. In
some so sensitive are they that atmos-
pheric changes affect them. When they
become disarranged no better regula-
tor is procurable than Parmelee's Vege-
table Pills. They will assist the diges-
tion so that the hearty eater will suffer
no inconvenience and will derive all the
benefits of his food.

Orator: "On the surface things are
often right, but it is when we explore
the depths of things that we see the de-
ceptions of our fellow-creatures." One
of the crowd: "Guv'nor, you've just
been buyin' a barrel of apples, haven't
you?"

If your children are troubled with
worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm
Exterminator; safe, sure and ef-
fectual. Try it, and mark the improve-
ment in your child.

A memorial statue to the late Mar-
quis of Dufferin was unveiled at Bel-
fast by the Marquis of Londonderry.
The figures on either side of the ped-
estal represent India and Canada.

Six young men went out for a sail
on the River Shannon, near Limerick,
on Sunday, the 15th ult. When three
miles west of the city the boat was
struck by a squall and capsized, with
the result that five of the occupants
were drowned.

Negotiations are proceeding between
the tenants of the Marquis of Ely's Per-
manaugh estate and the landlord's
agents for the purchase of their hold-
ings. It is stated that about seven
hundred tenants are willing to pay 23%
years' purchase, but it appears a hitch
has occurred regarding the sporting
rights which the tenants refuse to con-
cede to the Marquis of Ely.



\$5,000 REWARD will
be paid to any
person who proves that
Sunlight Soap contains any
injurious chemicals or any
form of adulteration.

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is a perfect cleaner and will
not injure anything.

Best for all household pur-
poses, Sunlight Soap's super-
iority is most conspicuous in
the washing of clothes.

Common soaps destroy
the painted or varnished
surfaces of woodwork and
take the color out of clothes.

Even the daintiest linen
or lace, or the most delicate
colors may be safely washed
with Sunlight Soap in the
Sunlight way (follow direc-
tions).

Equally good with hard
or soft water.

Your money refunded by the dealer
from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you
find any cause for complaint.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

HIS POSITION IN THE MATTER.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the fond wife,
coming in her husband's den and find-
ing him smoking his pipe and reading.
"This room is thick with smoke. I don't
see how you can stand to sit in here."
"You can't," responded the brutal
husband. "Well, I don't stand to sit in
here; I sit to sit in here. Did you think
you had married a freak?"
It is said that this was the first time
in their married life that she slammed a
door on leaving him.

No person should go from home with-
out a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dy-
senery Cordial in their possession, as
change of water, cooking, climate, etc.,
frequently brings on summer complaint,
and there is nothing like being ready
with a sure remedy at hand, which of-
tentimes saves great suffering and fre-
quently valuable lives. This Cordial
has gained for itself a widespread repu-
tation for affording prompt relief from
all summer complaints.

"My wife was rather worried when I
left her this morning." "What was the
matter?" "Well, she had been worrying
about something or other yesterday
evening, and this morning she couldn't
remember what it was."

Regain Your Strength by taking "Ferrovin."
It's the best tonic ever compounded. It nourishes
and strengthens the whole system.

"Do you know," remarked the mo-
ther of the new baby, thoughtfully, "I
believe he has his father's hair." "I
wouldn't be surprised," replied the can-
did friend; "his father certainly hasn't
got it now."



"OSHAWA" Steel Shingles.

Wind,
Water,
Storm
and
Fire
Proof



Looked
on
All
Four
Sides

Made from Painted or Galvanized Steel, at prices varying from \$2.85 to \$5.10
per hundred square feet covering measure. This is the most durable cover-
ing on the market, and is an ideal covering for Houses, Barns, Stores, Ele-
vators, Churches, etc. Any handy man can lay the "OSHAWA" shingles. A
hammer and snips are the only tools required.

We are the largest and oldest company of the kind under the British
flag, and have covered thousands of the best buildings throughout Canada,
making them

FIRE, WATER AND LIGHTNING-PROOF.

We also manufacture Corrugated Iron in long sheets, Conductor Pipe and
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METAL SIDING, in imitation of brick or stone.

METAL CEILINGS, in 2,000 designs.

Write for Catalogue No. 14R and free samples of "OSHAWA" Shingles.
Write to-day.

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A LOW FIGURE. THIS MINE HAS

WONDERFUL PROSPECTS. GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

And Stock will advance in the near future 100% to 200%
and will soon be PAYING DIVIDENDS. Do not hesitate. Write us
to-day, and make your SAVINGS EARN YOUR INDEPENDENCE.

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Two cornering
sections, mixed
land in
Saskatchewan, only 8 miles from two railways, C.P.R. & G.T.P.
Strong soil, 50 per cent. plough land, spring wheat, no sloughs.
About 40 miles N.E. of Indian Head. Price \$1500 per acre.
Write for map and full particulars.

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IT'S THE HOT SPARK THAT COUNTS

"Vulcan Sparker"

ONE CHARGE OF THE

"Vulcan Sparker"

costing FIFTY CENTS will run you
BETTER and FARTHER than \$5.00
worth of Dry Cells. Ask 300 users in
Canada. They know. GUARANTEED
FOR ONE YEAR.

JUST GET BUSY AND WRITE US.

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NOT HIS STYLE.

"Did you ever indulge in piscatorial
excursions, Mr. Oldbody?"
"No, I don't take to them new
fashioned sports. A fishing party is
good enough for me."

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring
the digestive organs into symmetrical
working is the aim of physicians when
they find a patient suffering from
stomachic irregularities, and for this
purpose they can prescribe nothing bet-
ter than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills,
which will be found a pleasant me-
dicine of surprising virtue in bringing the
refractory organs into subjection and
restoring them to normal action, in
which condition only can they perform
their duties properly.

The cost of running a big ocean liner
from Liverpool to New York and back
is something over \$90,000.

Put out the fire in a hot, itching, unhealthy
skin with Weaver's Ointment. Use it for eczema,
nettle rash, better and salt rheum.

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

On a Western railroad there is a
brakeman who has lost the forefinger of
his right hand. The wonderful works of
nature along the road keep the brake-
man busy answering the passengers'
questions.

One day, after the brakeman had been
pointing out the window and explain-
ing the scenery, one of the passengers
whispered to the conductor, "Conduc-
tor, can you tell me how that brakeman
lost his finger? He seems to be a very
nice fellow. It seems a pity he should
be crippled."

"That's just it, ma'am. He is a good
fellow. He is so obliging that he just
wore his finger off pointing out the
scenery along the line."

"You say, Mr. Timmid," said the girl,
in a low, thoughtful, this-is-a-serious-
matter sort of tone, "that you have loved
me for five years, and have never dared
to tell me so until to-night?" "Yes," he
replied. "Well, I cannot be your wife.
A man who has no more courage than
that would feign to be asleep while a
burglar stole his baby's shoes."

DRUG BUSINESS FOR SALE—CEN-
TRAL—good location; prosperous
condition. Apply N. W. Emerson, Lon-
don, Ont. Good reasons for selling.

WANTED—RELIABLE PARTIES to
do machine knitting for us at
home; \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned;
wool, etc., furnished free; distance no
hindrance. For full particulars address
the Dominion Knitting Co., Dept. M.,
Orillia, Ont.

"Yes, marriage is indeed a lottery,"
remarked Mr. Brown. "One gets a prize,
another gets a blank." "Very true,
dear," remarked Mrs. Brown; "you got
me and I got you."

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.

A patent medicine testimonial occa-
sionally thrusts greatness on a small
man.

For Family Colds

A reliable cough and cold cure should
be always in the house ready for use the
moment the first symptoms appear.

It is always easier, cheaper and better
to check a cold in the very beginning.

It is safer, too.

Shilo's Consumption Cure, the Lung
Tonic, has been tested for thirty-three
years, and has cured thousands of homes in
Canada and the United States to-day are
never without it.

A dealer writes: "Shilo's Consumption Cure
is without doubt the best remedy for Coughs and
Colds on the market. Once used, my patients
will buy no other."—L. Elder, Minneapolis, Ont.

If it were anything but the best would
this be so? Try it in your own family.
If it does not cure, you get back all it cost
you. We take all the chances. Neither
you nor your dealer can lose. Isn't that
his? 25c is the price. All dealers in
medicine sell.

SHILOH

ISSUE NO. 25-64.

CAPS, GLOVES and MITTS.

Fall & Winter

Cloth Caps for men and boys of every shape and kind. Come in and have a look at them.

In Fall and Winter Mitts and Gloves.

Lined and unlined. We have some splendid values to offer at very reasonable prices. Perhaps the best assortment to be found in Lachute, just forty different kind to choose from.

White Front

G. L. Meikle & Co.

Deposit Your Savings with this Bank, No matter how small.

The same consideration and courtesy is shown to large and small depositors alike.

Commence the New Year with a deposit. Add to it systematically and at the end of the year the result will prove most beneficial and gratifying.

Interest will be added twice yearly.
No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA.

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

BARGAINS

May always be had by dealing with us. We have always a large and varied stock of all one needs, whether it be to dress you in a nice ready-made suit, and then anything you may want in dry goods, groceries, etc.

Our prices are low, and our goods are A 1. You will save money by dealing with us.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Chilly Nights!!

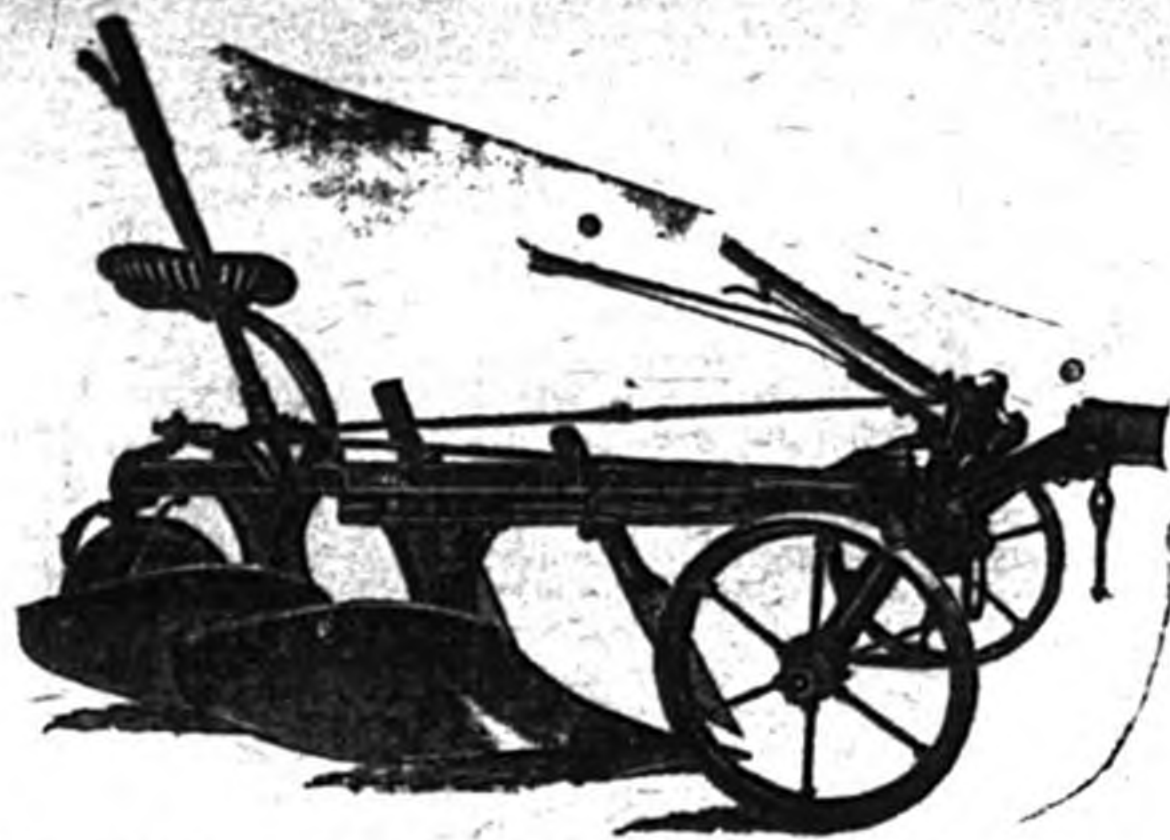


Stoves Needed.
We have them

Ranges
Cook Stoves
Quebec Heaters

T. McOUAT & SON.

NOTE.—Our prices are away down and you will save money by dealing with us.



HELLO! MR. FARMER!!

Why do you not get one of H. A. BLAIR'S two furrowed sulky plows, three horses and one man does four horses and two men's work. Try one and convince yourself. They are given on trial. Full line of supplies always on hand.

H. A. Blair

MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

Headquarters FOR Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and Harness.

I am showing the largest assortment of these lines ever seen in Lachute. Come to suit everybody—in Style, Fit and Price.

A few lines of up-to-date styles in Men's and Boys Suits & Hats.

Bargains in Sewing Machines. Have a look at my stock of them before buying elsewhere.

Men's Long Rubber Boots, Regular price \$4.10, my price \$3.50.

Be in time and buy where everybody gets such good value.

are sole agents for the Genuine Slater Shoes.

WM. BERRY

Main St. • Lachute.

FARM FOR SALE.

Good farm containing some 400 acres, 200 of which is farmed and 200 in bush lot. Farm is known as the Robinson place, situated four miles from Lachute, and is well fenced, well watered, good house and out-buildings well built. Any further particulars will be made known upon application to the proprietor, THOS. McFAUL.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated in the North Settlement of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil, containing 400 acres, the best stock farm in the vicinity, with good modern buildings, first-class house with wood shed and kitchen attached, water in house and stable, good spring, second to none in the County, good orchard, will sell stock and implements, comprising 12 cows, 3 work horses and young stock with plenty of feed. Terms easy to the right man. A good sugar bush of 1,000 trees, well equipped. Close to church, cheese factory, post office and school. Reason for selling old age. JNO. EVANS, Dunsmuir, P.Q.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JNO. M. McLEAN, Dalesville,
Thursday, Oct. 25th, 1906.

The following effects:—1 brood mare, 1 mare draught 5 years old, 1 Hackney filly 3 yrs., 1 filly rising 2 yrs., 1 sucking colt, 10 milch cows, 2 heifers 1½ yrs old, 4 spring calves, 5 spring pigs, 1 wagon with box and rack, dog cart, tumbler cart, express, 1 milk wagon, wheelbarrow, mowing machine horse rake, pr. heavy bob sleds, rack sleigh, cutter, plow, set spring tooth harrow, cultivator, wheelbarrow, log, rapping and trace chains, dozen cow chains, set double, single and cart harness, cross-cut saw, axes, rakes, picks, shovels, forks, hoes, grindstones, 100 cap cans and spoons, 2 coolers, boiling pan, 2 factory cans, milk pails & pans, strainers, 3 barrels, quantity of lumber, 15 tons timothy hay, 5 of cow hay, 3 cow bales, 1 stone-bone, toboggan, two pair snow-shoes, lot of carpenter's tools, 2 sickles, 3 scythes, fanning mill, hay knife, hand-eled. Also household furniture consisting of chairs, stoves, tables, dishes, lamps, sofa, bedsteads, sideboards, pictures, cooking utensils, and a lot of other articles unmentioned.

All to be sold without reserve as the Proprietor has sold his Farm.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp. Terms:—\$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer

CASTORIA.

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

BIRTH.

BARKER.—At Lachute Mills, on Tuesday, October 9th, 1906, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barker.

THOMPSON.—At Genoa, on Monday, October 15th, 1906, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. William Thompson.

DEATH.

HUNTER.—At St. Andrews, on Monday, October 8th, '06, Chas. Hunter, in his 71st year.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

Our dear father left us at the mystic (ing)
One by one we
Gather in the Father's kingdom
Till all the crown have won.
Farewell to earthly friendship's greet.

To heaven we come,
Renewing there the broken circle
In the Eternal Home.

Oh, our hearts are fondly yearning
Yonder courts to roam
There our weary feet are turning
And we are going Home

DR. J. H. MASON,

Physician & Surgeon.

Main St., Lachute.

Office hours:—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. HUGH B. FRASER, B.A.

Physician and Surgeon,
Brownburg, Que.

Graduate of McGill Medical College

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,

ADVOCATE,

Over Banford's Block,
Main St., Lachute.

L. L. LEGAULT, B.C.L.,

ADVOCATE,

Roby's Block,
Main St. LACHUTE.

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.

ADVOCATE

ST. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

Prof. HERRMAN at the
Victoria Hall on Friday
& Saturday, Oct. 19 & 20.



The great Herrman, the most expert adept in the art of magic the world has ever seen, will amuse, mystify and delight everybody who is able to attend. Herrman is a name synonymous with all that is mysterious and awe inspiring. The most mystifying and incomprehensible feats of magic are performed by him with a charm of manner and a running fire of wit, that would lure a confirmed cynic into admiration. For his engagement in our town he has many novelties. Several sensational illusions presented by him have set all America talking. He also brings with him the marvelous Renee Louise and the press of Europe, Asia and Africa vie with each other in praising her wonderful achievements. She seems to read the inner soul, unveil the secrets of the most secretive mind and at the same time provide a deeply interesting and most provoking entertainment. People are kept guessing and wondering whether this strange phenomenon is a child of earth or of the Unknown. No test of public service and answer any question that may be put to her of the past, present or future, is her greatest delight.

CARILLON.

On Sunday, Oct. 14th, the funeral of the late John Halsey took place from his late residence at Carillon. Mr. Halsey was at the time of his death in Montreal, where he had gone to have an operation on his brain. He died on Thursday, October 11th, before the operation was performed, and his body was brought home on Friday evening. The funeral proceeded to the Presbyterian Church, St. Andrews, where the funeral service was conducted by the Revs. Ballantyne, Day & Fraser, thence to the Protestant Cemetery, where the sorrowful duty of interment took place.

The pall-bearers were the elders of the Presbyterian Church of which the deceased was a devout member. Mr. Halsey was a true friend to all and his presence will be much missed in our little community. Among those who are left to mourn his loss are Mrs. Halsey, and the deceased six sons, Robt., Jas., Edward, Gordon, Albert and Herman. Much sympathy is extended by the community to the distressed family in their great bereavement.

ANNUAL PLOUGHING MATCH.

Annual Ploughing Match of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil will be held in the East Settlement in the Parish of St. Jerusalem on Mr. David Touchette's farm, on 25th of October inst.

There will be three classes, Men's Special, Men's General & Boys' class (young men under 21 years). There will be 5 prizes offered in each class: 1st prize \$8, 2nd \$7, 3rd \$6, 4th \$5, and 5th \$4. Besides these prizes it has been decided to award to the man taking the first prize in the special class the lever harrow given by M. Moody & Son, and to the man taking the first prize in the general class the pair of horse blankets given by Messrs. Frothingham & Workman and to the boy, or young man taking the first prize in the boy's class, the buggy rug given by Messrs. Hodgson Sumner and Co.

The Board of Directors also offer a prize of \$3 for the best ploughing done in the field and a prize of \$3 to the hatching done in the field.

For word done by a two furrowed sulky plow, 1st prize \$5, 2nd \$3, 3rd \$2, given by Mr. H. A. Blair. The rules laid down for Ploughing Matches by Board of Directors will be strictly enforced.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No 60
District of Terrebonne

Dame ARILDA MEUNIER, of the Parish of St. Agathe des Monts, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband, JOSEPH CAMPEAU, laborer of the same place. PREVOST, RINFRET & MARCHAND, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

St. Scholastique, 8 October, 1906.

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

The Watchman.

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI.

LACHUTE, FRIDAY, OCTO. 26, 1906.

NO. 39

Furnaces.

Now is the time to put in a good furnace. A saving of time and money as well as additional comfort. If you have any plumbing or fixing to be done just ring up No. 41. and we be pleased to attend to you.

W. S. McBRIDE.

Main St., Lachute.

P.S.—We have always a large stock of Fruit & Confectionery.

LOT—On Wednesday, Oct. 17th, the sum of \$12. between Roderique's Hotel and Upper Lachute. A reward will be given. Apply to the WATCHMAN.

SHOOTING MATCH.

A Shooting Match of turkeys, geese and chickens will be held at Mr. Ellison Bradfords, Chatham, on Wednesday, October 31st, at 12 o'clock sharp.

Car load of choice Winter Apples will be here next week. Leave your order at G. H. CRESWELL'S.

WANTED.—A young man with one or two years experience in general store. Apply by letter to WATCHMAN OFFICE.

Advance in prices.—All stove makers have advanced prices of stoves 5 p.c. We will sell all stoves now on hand at old prices for two weeks. If you want a stove decide at once.

T. McQuat & Son.

For Hay, Grain and Good Feed of all kinds call at J. D. CAMPBELL'S Stores or at the Mill. Ogilvie's Royal Household Glenora Patents our specialties.

Special Values in Stoves, and Ranges for wood and coal. Also coal for sale.

C. T. WALEY, & SON, St. Andrews. Full line of Cortelli Silk Spools, Braids and Bindings of all colors at DOIG'S.

FOR SALE.—A small parker wood stove. Apply to MRS. A. FORBES.

WANTED.—A married couple with no children, to do a little work around the house in exchange for rent. Apply to MRS. M. LIBERTY, Bethany Street.

THE CENTRAL BLACKSMITHING AND CARRIAGE WORKS.

We would announce to the public that we have on hand a large stock of stoves, stoves, rack stoves, cutters, and we also do all kinds of repairs, painting, and general blacksmithing. Our prices are reasonable. Call and see us. J. B. BELAIRE.

CRESWELL'S

— OUR —
ICE CREAM PARLOR
IS NOW IN FULL SWING

We always carry full lines of the choicest confectionery, and fruits in season.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

What are your Needs For the Winter?

Doesn't something in the following lines interest you?

Mitts and Gloves, Heavy Trousers, Warm Cloth Caps, Warm Unshrinkable Underwear, Warm Top Shirts, Sweaters, Heavy Socks, Hosiery, Flannelette, Dress Goods, Lumbermen's Socks

Everything you need for Fall and Winter. All these goods are of special quality and of special value.

Carpenter Bros.
The Popular Priced Store.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Parris spent Thursday in Montreal.

Miss McDougall spent Thursday in Montreal.

Miss McLean spent Thanksgiving in town.

Miss Ida Murray is visiting Mrs. Verda Joss.

Miss Jessie McConnell is visiting friends in Hamilton.

Miss Emily Macle of Montreal, spent Thanksgiving in town.

The boys will meet in the Rink tonight for a game of Basket Ball.

Mr. Harry Moles of Araprior, was visiting friends in town recently.

(Rev.) Mrs. Thomas and daughter Isabel are visiting friends in Kingston.

Miss Jessie Raitt has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. J. R. Crawford of Fassett, is spending a short visit with friends in town.

Messrs C. M. Gregor and H. Smith of Montreal, were guests of Mr. Thos. McGregor.

Mrs. Dr. Archibald of Montreal was visiting her father, Mr. T. Barr in this week.

Mr. Roy Fraser has returned to Ottawa, after spending a pleasant visit with his parents.

Rev. Mr. Florence has received a unanimous call to the Presbyterian Church at Huntingdon.

Miss Maggie Heavysege and Mr. Ellis of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Dan. Joss last week.

Mr. Jno. McLean of Daleville, has moved into the Jackson property opposite the Methodist Parsonage.

Miss Gladys McQuat who is attending the Ladies' College in Ottawa, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mrs. Jno. Earle returned on Friday from a pleasant visit in Montreal, accompanied by her niece, Miss Boyd.

Miss Patterson who has been visiting friends in this vicinity, returned to her home in Lebanon on Friday.

The Rev. T. A. Sadler, B.A. and student will conduct services in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

While Mr. Geo. Armstrong was drawing milk to the station on Saturday last one of his fire horses dropped dead.

A Tea and Concert, also a sale of Fancy Work and useful articles will be held in the Methodist Church on Thursday, Nov. 8th.

NOTICE.—Commencing with the first of November, Miss Katie Peers will give instruction to those desirous of learning the piano.

Masters Melvin and Alex. McGregor of Montreal, spent the latter part of the week, the guests of their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Walley of Hull, Mr. David Cornish of Toronto, Mr. T. Cornish of Appleton, & Mrs. Wilson of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. J. W. Griffith this week.

There will be a social held at the home of Mr. W. J. Warwick's on Monday evening October 29th. A good time is expected. All are welcome Admission 25c.

CARD OF THANKS.—Mr. William Robertson desires to express his deepest thanks and appreciation for the many kindnesses extended to his beloved wife during her severe illness.

The Saw Mill and Real Estate of the late Wade Bros. will be disposed of by public sale at the court House, Lachute, on Wednesday the 31st of October, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Among those who visited in town last week from Montreal, were the Misses L. Pollock, F. McGillivray, Mrs. Harkness and Mrs. Winch, and Messrs. Albert Giles and W. Fraser.

Mr. W. E. Morgan of Scotland, who has been in charge of a church near Winborne, England, has come to Canada to settle in a pastorate and will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church for the next four Sundays.

Mr. Joseph Chapman of Lakefield, while gathering his cows one evening the early part of this week, had the pleasure of bagging a fine deer which was quietly grazing with the cattle.

The Ladies' Circle of Lachute Baptist Church was held at the home of Mrs. A. E. Morrison, of Brownsburg, yesterday afternoon. At the close of the meeting the ladies were entertained to tea.

The many friends of Willie Hampton will be sorry to learn that he was removed to the Royal Victoria Hospital last Thursday to undergo an operation for appendicitis, which we are glad to say has so far proved successful.

Mr. Jos. Campeau is no longer in the employ of Messrs. O. B. Lafleur, having been discharged on Saturday last for misappropriating the funds of the firm. Mr. Campeau has for a number of years been driver and salesman and it is not yet known the amount of defalcation.

A series of Gospel Meetings which started on Thursday last in the Hugh St. Hall, and are now being conducted by Messrs. P. J. Loizeaux of New York, and Mr. H. A. Ironsides of San Francisco, in the Victoria Hall, are being well attended and we trust will prove of lasting benefit to all who have had the privilege of attending.

The Annual Meeting of the Hockey Club was held in Raitt's Hall, Friday Oct. 19th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. Pres., E. H. Wilson; Hon. Vice G. H. Perley, M.P.; Hon. W. A. Weir, (Hon. Christi); G. Hay, J. T. Ayers, and P. B. McGibbon; Pres., Dr. A. W. Stackhouse; Vice, H. W. Neil; Treas., W. H. Garretsee; Sec'y, Hal Banford; C. M. G. Fraser; H. Blair, F. A. Brennan, J. E. W. Simpson.

The teaching staff of Lachute Academy has been strengthened by the addition of Miss M. F. Wilson, late teacher of shorthand in the Montreal Business College. Miss Wilson has had several years experience in the Model and Elementary Grades of our country High Schools and will no doubt prove a valuable assistant. She takes charge of Grade I. Model, while Miss Moore has been given Grade III. Model; Grade II. Model being divided between them. Miss McQuaig and Principal McBurney will have charge of the three Academy grades.

The New Williams' Sewing Machine



Simple
in
Construction
Smooth
running.

Ball-bearing
Beautifully
finished,
Quiet in
movement.

The New Williams is simple and easy to learn, has fewer working parts than any other first-class machines and all adjustable.

Guaranteed for five years.

Call and see us. We will make the terms and prices to suit.

J. A. BEDARD & SON
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

“THE ELITE.”

Astonishing values in early Fall Millinery, Dress Goods, Jackets, Gloves, Corsets and Hosiery.

Don't fail to see our large assortment of Imported China, and Austrian Near Cut Glass, new and beautiful.

Satisfy yourself by calling on us before buying elsewhere.

H. E. BURWASH

There is MONEY in it for You.

Come and Examine my Stock before buying elsewhere.

Ladies Diamond Rings, \$10 & up.

Stone Rings, Watches, Bracelets, at prices below the lowest, in fact the right place to buy right. Headquarters for Spectacles and Eyeglasses Scientific Examination Free.

J. I. RETSEE,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN,

1st Vice President Canada Association of Opticians.

Watch Repairing a Specialty. LACHUTE.

O. PAQUETTE,
MAIN ST., LACHUTE

BARBER AND TOBACCONIST

Choice Havanna & Domestic Cigars

Pipes and Tobaccos of all kinds

Perfumeries and Toilet Articles of the most up-to-date kind always in stock.

SOUND AS

That sounds good, doesn't it?
Never a cold or a cough but always
perfectly well and hearty.

You could be like that with a little care and

COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT

Keep it in the house and use it at the slightest
sign of an approaching cold or cough.

It positively cures Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma
and all Throat and Lung troubles.

A pure vegetable syrup. Your druggist keeps it and recommends it.

Price, 25 cents.

COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT



with a piece of black material, and the
hat will be nearly equal to new at the
cost of about one cent.

On Frying.—First let the fat heat
slowly, and when a faint blue smoke
rises it is ready. Test the fat by put-
ting in a small piece of bread, if this
turns a golden brown in a moment the
fat is the right heat for frying. Do
not put in more than a couple of pieces
of fish, or meat, at a time or you will
cool the fat too suddenly.

TO HANG PICTURES.

Often in hanging pictures the greatest
difficulty is experienced in getting the
screw to fasten securely into the plas-
ter. Here is a simple remedy which
many professional picture-hangers fol-
low in the course of a day's work. The
hole made by the screw is enlarged,
and the edges of the plaster are thor-
oughly moistened with water. Then
the space is filled with plaster of Paris
and the screw pressed into the soft plas-
ter. When the plaster becomes hard-
ened the screw will be found to hold
very firmly.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR UMBRELLA.

Umbrellas should always be set to
dry open, with handle on floor. If
allowed to dry shut up the moisture
stands so long at the top it rots the
silk and rusts the wires. Do not keep
an umbrella in its case or rolled when
in the house, as the silk, thus tightly
creased, soon cuts into holes. In roll-
ing up an umbrella for its case grasp
the ends of the frame rods tightly with
one hand near the handle, and roll from
the opposite end with the other hand;
unless the frame is thus held in place,
it is twisted and loosened in the rolling
process.

Miss Angelina (to Lucy, the parlour-
maid)—"Lucy, if anyone calls to see me
this afternoon, don't forget that I am
only at home to Mr. Fitznoodle."
Lucy—"Yes, miss." Interval of an hour,
and Lucy reappears, looking rather
flushed. "Well, Lucy?" "Please, miss,
there's been five gentlemen call, and
when I told them you were out to ev-
erybody but Mr. Fitznoodle, they all
seemed very surprised and annoyed,
while the last one said: 'I am sorry for
Mr. Fitznoodle.'"

Does fit
Doesn't
shrink



Weatherize every dealer in Pen-Angle
Underwear to replace, at our cost, any
garment faulty in material or making.

No Adulteration

Is used in the preparation of

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

THE TEA THAT OUTCLASSES ALL JAPANS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY.

40c. per doz. and 60c. per doz.
AT ALL GROCERS

BABY NEARLY DEAD.

Mrs. John Cuddy, Killaloe Station,
Ont., says:—"My baby was so nearly
dead that I had to place my ear close
to his breast to know that he was
breathing. He was in this condition
when I first gave him Baby's Own
Tablets and I hardly dared hope that
they would save him. But they helped
him almost at once, and soon made
him a well child. He is now two years
old and weighs forty-five pounds and
has never known a sick day since I
first gave him the Tablets." Baby's
Own Tablets cure constipation, indiges-
tion, diarrhoea, teething troubles, break
up colds, expel worms and give little
ones natural healthy sleep. And the
mother has a guarantee that this medi-
cine contains no opiate or poisonous
soothing stuff. Sold by all medicine
dealers or sent by mail at 25c a box
by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine
Co., Brockville, Ont.

QUITE PREPARED.

The owner of a large office building,
who had a room for his own use in
one of the upper storeys, was visited
one morning by a man with a bag.
"Don't you want something sir," be-
gan the caller, "in the way of a new
and improved outfit for marking hand-
kerchiefs, collars, cuffs, and—"
"No, I don't," interrupted the owner.
"How did you get up here? We don't
allow pedlars or canvassers in this
building."
"You don't?"
"That's what I said."
"I saw no notice to that effect."
"Well, you'll see one the next time
you come. I shall have one put up."
"In that case," rejoined the man, open-
ing his valise with alacrity, "I have
just the thing for you."
Here he displayed a neatly-painted
card, over a foot long and nearly as
wide, with this inscription in large let-
ters: "No pedlars or canvassers al-
lowed in this building on any pretext
whatever."
In recognition of his caller's clever-
ness, genial humor, and businesslike
forethought, the owner not only bought
the notice but invested in one of the
marking outfits.

MODERN PROVERB.

When a deaf and dumb girl gets pro-
posed to, silence doesn't always give
consent.

GAS ENGINES ON SHIPS.

Mr. J. E. Thornycroft, an English au-
thority on engineering, in reviewing re-
cent attempts to adapt the internal
combustion engine to marine use, says
that this adaptation may now be re-
garded as an accomplished fact. Trials
made between Hamburg and Kiel with
a motor of 70 horse-power showed that
the gas-propelled boat consumed 530
pounds of anthracite, as against 1,820
pounds of steam coal consumed by a
steamboat of practically the same di-
mensions and making the same speed.
Gas-engines of from 500 to 1,000 horse-
power for marine use are now being
constructed in England, and Mr. Thor-
ncroft expects to see such engines in-
stalled in large sea-going vessels.

WHITE BEAR MINE.

The superintendent reports during
the month of August 214 feet of devel-
opment work was done in the mine.
Of this 97 feet were driven, extending
the north and south drifts on the No.
3 ore body on the 850-foot level. Thirty
feet were drifted in No. 4 ore body on
the 850-foot level. Twenty-five feet of
this drift was in ore of shipping grade.
The ore was four feet wide, and the
smelter returns averaged between \$16
and \$18 to the ton. 33 feet of drift-
ing was done on the seventh floor of
No. 3 ore body on the 850-foot level.
Seventeen feet in length of this ore is
16 feet wide and the rest is 10 feet wide.
The ore still continues in the face of
the drift. Smelter returns show a gross
value of between \$16 and \$19 to the
ton. A raise was made for 25 feet in
No. 2 vein, 850-foot level. Two veins
of ore were found here, varying in
width from six inches to eighteen in-
ches each. These veins assay about \$37
a ton. The ore still continues on and
up. Nine feet were driven north on
No. 3 vein, 700-foot level. The whole
face of the drift was shipping ore. The
east drift on the 1,000-foot level was
extended twenty feet. The Superintend-
ent concludes:—"The outlook of the
mine is very good." Smelter returns,
from August shipments netted the com-
pany over \$10 a ton. The President of
the company, Mr. Thomas Mills, has
been in Rossland during the past ten
days, and has written that he has ex-
amined the workings, and that he is
very much pleased with conditions as
he found them, and that the mine
would be on a permanent shipping
basis before the first day of March
next.

About the House

Nut Cake.—Cream thoroughly together
three-quarters of a cupful of butter and
one cupful and a half of powdered
sugar. Add gradually and alternately
three-quarters of a cupful of cold water
and two cupfuls and a quarter of stiff-
ened pastry flour and beat hard. Whip
the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth.
To the batter add half the beaten
whites, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of
salt, and one teaspoonful of vanilla,
and beat; then add one cupful of coarse-
ly chopped or cut nut meats, the re-
mainder of the whites, and one tea-
spoonful and a half of baking powder,
and beat two minutes. Pour into a not
too deep pan greased and lined with
paper and bake in a moderate oven.

Grape Ice.—A grape ice is most re-
freshing either as dessert or for a cold
dish just before retiring. To make it,
mash the grapes and heat slightly un-
til the seeds separate from the pulp.
Press through a sieve, add an equal
quantity of ice water, and sufficient
sugar syrup to make very sweet. To
each quart add one tablespoonful of
lemon juice and freeze until firm.

Boiled Tomatoes.—Select rather small,
round, firm tomatoes and fit them, side
by side, in a saucepan. Drop in a tea-
spoonful of salt, pour over them suffi-
cient boiling water to submerge, cover
and place quickly over the hottest part
of the fire, where they will boil in a
moment. Keep at the boiling point un-
til they begin to feel tender when pier-
ced with a fork. Transfer at once to a
heated platter; make two deep cross
cuts in the centre of each with a sharp
knife, and drop in a generous piece of
butter which has been worked to a
paste with a good seasoning of pepper
and salt, then send to the table.

A good recipe for chow-chow is the
following:—Chop fine half a peck of
green tomatoes, half a peck of small on-
ions, a peck of very small cucumbers
and half a dozen green peppers. To
these add three small heads of cauliflow-
er, broken into small pieces; sprinkle
salt over all and let them stand for
twenty-four hours. Then drain well,
pressing out all the moisture, and cover
with vinegar. Cut three heads of
white celery in small pieces, add a cupful
of grated horseradish, half a pound
of ground mustard, half a pound of
mustard seed, two ounces of ground
black pepper, two ounces of light brown
sugar, half an ounce of ground cloves,
and half an ounce of tumeric. Add
enough vinegar to cover them, and let
boil for fifteen minutes; then pour over
the pickles. Put into glass jars and
seal and let stand a month or longer
before using. They improve with age.

To Make Crisp Cucumber Pickles.—
Select small, long cucumbers of uni-
form size. Wash them in water with
a cloth to remove the small spines.
Pour over them a strong brine, boiling
hot; cover closely, and let stand all
night. Drain in a colander, and let dry
on a cloth. Make a pickle with the
best cider vinegar, a very little ginger
root, a few small peppers and a little
horseradish root. When the pickle
boils, throw in the cucumbers, cover
and let boil as quickly as possible for
three minutes. Seal up hot in cans.

Fine Mustard Pickles.—The propor-
tion given will fill a two-gallon crock.
One-half peck small cucumbers, two
quarts small silver-skin onions, two
heads cauliflower picked apart, soaked
over night in salt water. In the morning
mix one desertspoonful of tumeric pow-
der and three-fourths of a pound of
best mustard, with sufficient vinegar
(taken from three quarts) to make a
smooth paste. To the balance of the
vinegar, heated add, one pound of
brown sugar, one-half ounce each cel-
ery seed and white mustard seed, one
teaspoonful each of cinnamon and
cloves, and five cents worth of mixed

spices for pickling. Carefully add the
mustard paste, and let it boil well; then
add the mixed vegetables with two red
peppers, finely chopped, and after it be-
gins to bubble allow it to boil well for
five minutes. Do not be persuaded to
add tomatoes green or ripe, to mustard
pickles.

Preserved Tomatoes.—The flavor of
the small yellow strawberry tomato,
which is sold in the market in the fall
for pickles and preserves is identical
with that of the tomato, but this fruit
is much better for preserves, being a
firmer, more plumlike fruit, with few
seeds.

To make these preserves drop the to-
matoes into boiling water. Take them
out as quickly as possible and rub off
the skins. Allow three-quarters of a
pound of sugar to every pound of to-
matoes, and a cup of water to every
pound of sugar used. Allow the juice
of one lemon to every two pounds of
sugar used for syrup, with its yellow
peel cut in thin chips. Allow also a
quarter of a pound of ginger root, scrap-
ed and cut in thin slices, to every six
pounds of sugar. Boil the ginger first
in clear water and drain it. Weigh the
tomatoes. Allow the amount of sugar
necessary, and make a syrup of it, add-
ing the cooked slices of ginger and
lemon in the proportions given. Cook
the peeled tomatoes in this syrup for
about half an hour, and then skim them
out and lay them on platters in the hot
sun to harden. This last process is not
strictly necessary. A very good preserve
may be made if the tomatoes are trans-
ferred at once to the jars without
standing in the sun. Let the syrup boil
down after the tomatoes are taken out.
Take out the candied lemon peel and
ginger root which float on top, and clar-
ify the syrup. To do this beat the whites
of two eggs with the shell a little, and
stir them into every three quarts of
syrup; set at the back of the stove. If
the syrup is boiling hot, it will cook the
eggs and will not be clarified. Beat
the eggs through the syrup often with
a large egg whip or spoon. Bring it
forward a little and let the syrup gradu-
ally come to the boiling point, and then
simmer slowly for about half an hour.
At the end of this time a thick scum
will cover it, into which all the impuri-
ties in the syrup will have gathered,
put the tomatoes into the jars if it has
not already been done, pour the
clarified syrup over them, dividing the
candied lemon peel and ginger root be-
tween the bottles. Seal them up, being
careful that each jar is filled with boil-
ing syrup to the brim.

Golden pippin apples and firm pears,
like Flemish Beauties, are nice preserved
in this way: Pare the fruit, allow
the amount of water necessary to make
the syrup and cook the parings in this
water before syrup is made. Skim out
the parings, add the ginger root cooked
tender, the lemon peel-chips, the lemon
juice and sugar. When the syrup is
ready, drop the fruit into it from the
sold acidulated water in which it has
stood, to prevent its becoming discolored,
and let it cook in the syrup until
it is tender enough for the straw to
pierce it, but not until it breaks. Seal
up the fruit, like the preserved toma-
atoes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Keep tin vessels from rust by plac-
ing them near the fire after they have
been washed and wiped dry.

Beat short crust well if you want it
to be particularly light, and you will
be surprised to find how much nicer it
is.

To obtain a clear jelly or soup, boil
the mixture for a moment with the beat-
en white of an egg, then strain through
a fine sieve or cloth.

The dish-cloth in a well regulated
house should be boiled with soda once
or twice a week. An enamelled hand-
bowl is always at hand and most use-
ful for this purpose.

Ox gall is an excellent and delicate
cleansing agent. It is really a liquid
soda-soap. It removes grease and is
found to fix and brighten colors, though
it has a greenish color, which is bad
for the purity of white articles.

Garbage pails and other dishes used
for refuse from the kitchens should be
emptied daily, and rinsed out with cold
water after being emptied. Scald out
such pails once a week with hot soda-
water, scrubbing thoroughly and dry-
ing in the sun.

To Take a Spot From Light Cloth.—
Put some flour into the oven, and when
thoroughly hot (but not discolored) rub
it on the soiled part, using a piece of
clean flannel for the purpose. When
the flour is discolored, brush it off and
apply fresh. Two or three applications
may be necessary.

To Renovate Black Chip Hats.—Take
a little salad oil and a fine brush. With
a clothes-brush remove all dust, and
then apply a little oil all over the hat,
brushing it in well. Next rub the straw

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a
bridge to carry the weakened and
starved system along until it can find
firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ont. and all druggists.

WE RECOMMEND White Bear Mine Shares

THIS MINE adjoins (please note adjoins) The LeRoi—and is in a fair way now to repeat
the history of that famous mine—About 250 tons were shipped (taken out in course of
development only) in August—netting after paying for all transportation and smelter charges
about TEN DOLLARS per ton.

The management, directors and shareholders deserve the greatest credit and the fullest
measure of success for their persistency and courage. Do you realize what "Repeating the History
of Le Roi" means? FIGURE IT OUT:

\$100 Invested in Le Roi at 5c, now worth	\$ 20,000
500 Invested in Le Roi at 5c, now worth	100,000
1000 Invested in Le Roi at 5c, now worth	200,000

You can buy the non-assessable White Bear now on the open market at about 10c per share. Send
for reports and particulars and judge whether it will likely sell for one dollar per share in the near
future. You are the architect of your own fortune—only the "might have beens" and "has
beens" prate dolefully of LUCK in others. Use your own judgment, investigate and MAKE
YOUR MONEY WORK.

We Have Buyers and Sellers for

North Star, Sullivan, Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate

Amalgamated Cobalt, Nipissing, Consolidated Smelters, Canadian Oil, Colonial
Loan Investment, Giant, California, Monte Cristo, etc., etc.

In fact as a client aptly put it recently, we ask you to "Look up your BOX—examine your
STOX—and write FOX." Somewhat slangy, but it's pointed and pithy.

WE INVITE YOUR CORRESPONDENCE.

FOX & ROSS STOCK BROKERS
—Members Standard
—Stock Exchange.

Standard Stock Exchange Building Cor. Scott and Colborne Streets, TORONTO.
Main 2765—ESTABLISHED 1887.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Little Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for the diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell.

SHILOH
This remedy should be in every household.

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The Best Route in the Old Country for Comfortable Travel and Picturesque Scenery.

Between Liverpool and London (St. Pancras), and principal towns and holiday resorts in the British Isles.

Breakfast, Luncheon and Dining Cars.
Send stamp for set Illustrated Post Cards. Apply for Guides, Timetables, Maps, etc., to the Company's Passenger Agents, Messrs. T. Cook & Son, 245 and 250 Broadway, and 648 Madison Ave., New York, and to Messrs. Thomas Meadows & Co., 87 Beaver St., London, Eng. Midland Agents for Freight Traffic, for freight rates to all parts of Great Britain.
W. GUY GRANET, General Manager.

GREAT SALE

—OF—

AYRSHIRES

Will sell by public Auction, 50 head of High-class Ayrshire Cattle, also Agricultural Implements, etc., property of Hon. W. Owens, River Side Farm, Montebello, Que., on C. P. Ry. North Shore Line, between Montreal and Ottawa. Sale at 1 p.m. sharp.

October 17, 1906

Send for live stock catalogue.

CAPT. T. E. ROBSON,
Auctioneer,
Hderton, Ont

SOLITAIRES AND THREE-STONES

SOLITAIRE and Three-Stone Diamond Rings are the most favored of all finger adornments—especially as engagement tokens.

In both styles Diamond Hall has particularly attractive values at \$25.00, \$50.00 and \$100.00.

These would cost you considerably more were we not Canada's largest importing gem-dealers.

Drop us a postal card and we will send you free of charge our large illustrated catalogue.

Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

THE DUCHESS' DOG.

The Duchess of Newcastle has some sixteen special canine pets, which roam about the house, and her particular favorite has a trick, when it fancies itself at all neglected, of going up to an Indian drum which hangs in the hall, and justly drumming with its forefoot until it obtains the desired attention.

Reform must be well-heeled to stamp out an evil.



SWEDISH HANDICRAFTS.

Peasants do Much Good Hand Work—Result is Few Factories.

Sweden is the home of the handicrafts in addition to manual training taught in schools, the most exquisite hand weaving, lace making, brass work, even pottery, is done by the peasants. Each district has its own patterns, which the peasants make and wear, deeming it unpatriotic to have to do with patterns of other localities.

Because of the handicrafts Sweden has not many textile factories, although there are some where conditions of work are, for the most part, good. The people, however, are encouraged to continue hand weaving and to hold to their time honored industrial customs rather than to take the risk of a disturbed economic order due to a market glutted with shoddy trash. In all Sweden there are to-day only about ten thousand factories of all kinds, employing in all a little more than 265,000 workmen—not a great number out of a total population of more than 5,000,000.

WILL HAUL GRAIN NEXT SEASON.

Rapid Progress Being Made in the Construction of G. T. P.

"Canada will have a remarkable railway when the Grand Trunk Pacific is built," is the statement which was made recently by Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, chief consulting engineer to the Canadian Government.

"I have just come from the West, where I have been inspecting the portion of the line from Winnipeg to Edmonton. I drove the entire distance of the route from Portage la Prairie to Edmonton.

"The surveyors have found a splendid line. It is practically straight, and the maximum grade to the eastward is four-tenths of one per cent., and westward five-tenths.

"As the Grand Trunk Pacific people expect to do about as well through the mountains from Edmonton to the Pacific, and as the national transcontinental surveyors have practically secured these grades all the way from Winnipeg to the Atlantic, there is no doubt the line will be the best of all the transcontinental lines, and capable of the most economic administration and handling the greatest amount of traffic at a minimum cost.

"By autumn there will be over a hundred miles of the line west of Winnipeg railled, and there is little doubt the road will participate in the hauling of the crop next year. The settlers are going in with the road. Their shacks were seen dotting the prairie for the whole distance from Portage la Prairie to Edmonton.

"The company has sixteen surveying parties working to the west of Edmonton through the mountains. The contractors are encountering some difficulty in getting labor. However, there is no doubt the road will be built in a very short time."

AWFUL PREDICAMENT.

"Why were you so nervous when you were giving your evidence in the witness box?" asked Rose.

"The man who was cross-examining me was one to whom I was once engaged and threw over. Oh, it was terrible! I was afraid he would ask me my age out of spite, and I had never been on oath before."

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Permelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

"Do you think that man who had a needle in his body for eighty years could have enjoyed anything like good health?" "No, I imagine he would feel only sew-sew."

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap, and follow directions.

CORRECT.

One day the pupils had learned that in certain regions it rains continually for six months. The teacher then put the question: "What do they raise here?" and from a little boy came the answer promptly: "Umbrellas."

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.

CHINESE STUDENTS IN JAPAN.

Chinese students are still going to Japan in ever increasing numbers, at the rate of 500 or 600 a month. The total number has already reached over 15,000. Several schools which have been recently started in Tokio are especially for these students. The strictest measures are now being adopted by the Chinese Minister at Tokio and the Japanese authorities to control these young men, the Minister having given instructions to all that they must record their home address and their ancestry unto the third generation as well as their Japanese address, so that he may at any time be able to deal with them individually. It is occasion arises, and the Japanese have them closely under police surveillance.

THE GREAT NORTH COUNTRY.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but had he hunted in the "Highlands of Ontario," he would have been a mightier one. Nimrod hunted for glory, but those who go into the several districts of Northern Ontario hunt for game. Those Indians who made the first canoe of birch bark long ago, were our greatest benefactors. The children of those Indians know the canoe, and they know how to use it, and they know just where the moose and deer are to be found. They will be the best guides you ever had. The "The Muskoka Lakes," "Lake of Bays," "Magnetawan River," "French River," "Temagami," "Georgian Bay" and several other districts in this Great North Country abound with deer and moose. The best hunting on the American Continent is offered here. Write the undersigned for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," an illustrated publication issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, giving all information, game laws, maps, etc., to G. T. Bell, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

Youngster (triumphantly): "Father, I am not sitting on the lowest form now." Parent: "That's right! Here's ten cents for you. But tell me how you came to pass on to the higher form." Youngster: "The lowest form is being painted."

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, particularly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

EUPHEMISM.

First Friend (on deck of ocean steamer, to sea-sick companion): "Have you dined, old man?" Second Friend (faintly): "On the contrary."

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

A novel by Arthur Goodrich, entitled "The Balance of Power," is announced for early publication. It is the story of the loves of two friends for the same girl, with a gripping, vital struggle of everyday American life as a background, a story of high ideals and courageous optimism. The publishers of this book, The Outing Publishing Company, say that it "grips you in the beginning and sweeps you off your feet in the end," and they boldly prophesy that it will be one of the best selling books of the year.

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 extingisher.

"Did you hear there was a skeleton in Smith's family?" asked Jones. "You don't say so?" exclaimed his wife. "Where?" "Inside of Smith," replied Jones. And then he chuckled idiotically.

"Man is Filled with Misery."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help to do this.

Pikes were used in days of old The boarders to repel; We have to-day a different way. The prune does just as well.

The manufacturers number of the Winnipeg "Commercial" published by the Hugh C. MacLean Company Limited, of Winnipeg, Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal, is exceptionally brilliant and reflects great credit on its publishers. Every manufacturer in Canada should see this publication.

THE CLERICAL OPTIMIST.

Bachelor: "It's my opinion that marriage is a failure." Clergyman: "You are decidedly wrong. My last month's wedding fees will buy my wife's clothes for a year."

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.

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

By his will a rich landowner named Bielau, who has died in Loewenitz, Saxony, leaves a large property to the military authorities, which, in case of war, is to be sold and two-thirds of the money given to the soldier who captures the first standard from the enemy, and the third part to the first soldier who captures a gun.

WANTED.

Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid; send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.



Your Money Refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

\$5,000 reward will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

Equally good with hard or soft water.

Leves Brothers Limited, Toronto

"OSHAWA" Steel Shingles.

Wind, Water, Storm and Fire Proof



Looked on All Four Sides

Made from Painted or Galvanized Steel, at prices varying from \$2.85 to \$5.10 per hundred square feet covering measure. This is the most durable covering on the market, and is an ideal covering for Houses, Barns, Stores, Elevators, Churches, etc. Any handy man can lay the "OSHAWA" shingles. A hammer and snips are the only tools required.

We are the largest and oldest company of the kind under the British flag, and have covered thousands of the best buildings throughout Canada, making them

FIRE, WATER AND LIGHTNING-PROOF. We also manufacture Corrugated Iron in long sheets, Conductor Pipe and EAVESTROUGH, Etc.

METAL SIDING, in imitation of brick or stone.

METAL CEILINGS, in 2,000 designs.

Write for Catalogue No. 14R and free samples of "OSHAWA" Shingles. Write to-day.

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221-3 W. Craig St.	423 Somerset St.	11 Colborne St.	83 Dundas St.	75 Lombard St.	615 Pender St.

Write your Nearest Office.—HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS—OSHAWA, Ont.

CLEANING LADIES' SUITS
Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it. **BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.**
MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS
The highest and most desirable location in the city of Toronto, with a view of the city and harbor, and the surrounding country. The property is situated on a hill, and is surrounded by a fence. The house is a two-story building, with a large front porch, and is in excellent condition. The price is \$100,000.00.

\$5. BUYS A HOME
Every person who can save \$5.00 a week can buy a home. The property is situated on a hill, and is surrounded by a fence. The house is a two-story building, with a large front porch, and is in excellent condition. The price is \$100,000.00.

THE CENTURY LOAN AND TRUST CO.
The Century Building, 100 St. James St., Toronto, Ont.
If you have property to sell in Toronto, write us.

THEN THEY ROARED.

Snooks was one of those conceited, make-believe bold hunters, and was always spinning his yarns about his experiences in Africa, and he generally wound up by saying he never yet saw a lion he feared. One night, after he had finished yarning, he was a little taken aback by one of his audience, who said: "That's nothing. I have lain down and actually slept among lions in their wild, natural state." "I don't believe that. I'm no fool," said the bold hunter. "It's the truth, though." "You slept among lions in their wild, natural state?" "Yes, I certainly did." "Can you prove it. Where they African?" "Well, not exactly African lions. They were dandelions."

"Tell me, Freddie, said May Sweetly's admirer to her young brother, 'who is this other fellow that's been calling on your sister?' 'I don't know his name,' replied Freddie; 'I call him April showers.' 'What for?' 'Because he brings May flowers!'

General Agent Wanted.

To take charge of your County. Apply to Imperial Company, Jay St., Galt, Ont.

Men—\$3.00 WILL TAKE YOU TO Europe from New York; agent wanted in your city. Boston Shipping Co., 18 Norfolk street, New York City.

Fruit Growers, Attention

Having no commission to pay, and selling for cash, The Eastern Townships Nurseries are able to offer you standard Apple Trees 4 to 6 feet high, grown here, heavily laden with fruit for Fall and Spring delivery, for \$15.00 per hundred. **LOUIS GERRARD, Prop.**, LaSalleville, Que.

FOR SALE.

200 acres in the Kees Hill Valley, near Innisfail, one of the best stock, grain and dairy farms in Central Alberta; about 125 acres under cultivation, 30 acres tame hay, first-class springs, good wells, buildings and fences; about 10 acres poplar grove; half mile from post-office, store and blacksmith shop; good school on land; government cranberry wagon collects cream from farm; price \$15 per acre. **H. W. HUNT, Calgary, Alberta.**

DEFINITION OF A SECRET.

"What is a secret?" asked the disguised victim. "A secret is something the other fellow tells to his next friend, who swears to keep it sacred, who then tells his two next best friends, who tell their four next best friends, who tell everybody."

A TORONTO MAN TRIES

Something New and is Delighted, Feels Like a Boy.

Mr. M. N. Dufoe, 29 Colborne St., Toronto, says: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for years. I have been treated by doctors and have taken many medicines with only temporary relief. Since using Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill I can eat anything the same as when a boy. I find they regulate both stomach and bowels. My old time vigor has returned, so that my spirits are buoyant and temper normal. I give all credit to this wonderful remedy—Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill." All dealers or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

ISSUE NO. 29-34

The Watchman

AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1906.

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.

QUEBEC COUNTY.

The result of the election in Quebec County, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, held on Tuesday last, was a severe rebuke to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal "Machine." After long delay the machine nominated Mr. Amyot and Sir Wilfrid appeared upon the scene, spoke for Mr. Amyot and proclaimed him the government candidate. Premier Gouin of Quebec and M.P.'s and M.P.'s, without number covered the riding and canvassed for Mr. Amyot. The local Liberals resented the dictation from Ottawa and were not satisfied with the government's record. They put in nomination, Mr. Robitaille, an Independent Liberal, a young man of 23 years of age, who maintained a canvass alone till nomination day when he was reinforced by Mr. Bonneau and a few friends.

Result: Mr. Robitaille elected by a majority of 447.

Following upon the greatly increased majorities in East Elgin and North Renfrew, the defeat of Sir Wilfrid's nominee in Quebec County serves to demonstrate that the government at Ottawa is losing its hold, and shrewd observers predict that the next general election will result in the defeat of the Liberals and the triumph of the Conservatives.

A SECOND INQUEST.

After devoting many days to hearing evidence, much of it flatly contradictory, of the Buckingham riot, the jury brought in a verdict, on Saturday last, declaring that Detective Warner of Montreal, came to his death by blood poisoning caused by a gun shot wound received during the riot on Oct. 8th. In which over 100 persons took part. The jury did not place blame on anybody. The verdict was a disappointment as it had been expected that some persons would be named and placed under arrest. The jurors were discharged and Assistant Attorney-General Lanoie ordered a new jury to be empanelled and a second inquest to be held on the bodies of the dead strikers, Belanger & Theriault. This inquest opened yesterday and is now in progress.

The volunteers who had been called out, have returned home, but the dragons from St. John's, Que., are still there. The mills are being operated in part and some of the strikers have returned to work.

NOT READY.

The date of the meeting of Parliament continues undetermined. It had been expected that the opening would take place on Nov. 15th, then the 22nd was freely named and now it is said that it will not be till Nov. 29. Reason for the delay is said to be the difficulty of revising the tariff; but as the commission has been busy over the subject since the House rose, and the measure is not yet in shape, there is reason to conclude that there are other causes for the delay.

NOTES.

The Canadian Pacific Railway management announces, following conference with representatives of the Machinists' Union, that they have granted an increase of ten per cent, in the wages of all machinists employed in the Eastern division.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher*

Judge MacTavish, chairman of the Insurance Commission, is quoted as saying that he expects to have a report on the insurance investigation ready for presentation in Parliament during December.

Earl Grey and Lord Howick, his son, were so deeply impressed with the Nelson, (B.C.) fruit farms that each has purchased a small ranch of about 30 acres. His Excellency, speaking at the opening of an agricultural exhibition in British Columbia, said that the investor will have to wait five years for his returns, if he would put money into fruit growing there, would realize at the end of the quinquennial period a profit after paying all expenses, of \$225 to \$250 per year.

TOWN COUNCIL.

An adjourned meeting of the above Council was held on Wednesday last, Oct. 17, at which were present Mayor J. E. Valois, and Councillors Raymond, McKimmie, Lafleur, McGibbon, McPaul, Tessier, and Hay.

A communication was received from Mrs. Louis Carriere requesting payment of \$30. for board of Mr. Fred Carriere, who is stopping with her owing to being sick with tuberculosis and has no means of support. A certificate from Dr. Mason accompanied the communication to the effect that Mrs. Carriere was also unable to support herself, hence the need. The matter was referred to the health committee.

Reports of the Road and Finance Committee were then read and approved.

A statement of account from the secretary of the Agricultural Society, amounting to \$43.70 was received, being the Council's share of expenses incurred towards entertaining the Premier of the Province and the Minister of Public Works, when on their visit to Lachute to attend the Annual County Exhibition. Councillor Tessier moved and Councillor McGibbon seconded the payment of account.

An account of \$1.25 for repairs to Fish's bridge by Mr. Isidore Carriere was ordered to be paid.

The widening of Main Street at the Heary property in the East Ward and the making of a new sidewalk on the North side from Wm. Millers property East was then considered. Petitions were then read on the question.

Moved by Councillor McPaul and seconded by Councillor McGibbon, that the petition of ratepayers in the East Ward relating to the removal and making of sidewalks be granted and that the parties be notified to build the said sidewalk at once and remove the old one on the South side, said walk to be built according to resolution of Council on the 6th of September last.

The secretary was then instructed to sign and accept a deed from Mr. J. W. McQuat for which the sum of \$50. was ordered paid for strip of land 391 feet in length and 8 feet wide.

The secretary reported having received a telephone message from the C.P.R. stating that the Company's engineer would be in town on Friday to meet the Council re the drainage question and on motion of Council or day, seconded by C. W. McGibbon, the Council as a whole were appointed as committee.

Coun. Hay reported that in company with Coun. Lister, they had visited the steel bridge at St. Andrews over the River Rouge, and liked the bridge well, but considered it would not be practicable to put a steel bridge on our old wooden abutments and that new ones either of wood or stone, would have to be built as the Council saw fit.

It was moved by Coun. Hay, seconded by Coun. McPaul that a steel bridge be built across the West River in place of the old one with abutments either in wood, concrete, or stone, according to plans and specifications now before the Council.

The Secretary was then ordered to write to the Dominion Bridge Co'y., to ascertain the cost of a 90 ft. steel bridge with 15 ft. roadway and one of 80 ft. span with 15 foot roadway.

The Council then adjourned until Wednesday next.

Mr. Charlebois, claim adjuster of the C.P.R., was in town this week and conferred with the Council regarding the carrying off of the water on the South side of Railway track. After considerable discussion it was agreed that a fair and equitable solution for the town would be to make their own culverts across Barron Avenue and the Main St., and maintain the same, and the C.P.R. would make and keep drain across Bethany St. and pay the town \$350 towards construction of culverts. Mr. Charlebois promised to advise the C.P.R. to adopt the above terms.

The "CLEVELAND"

We have a few BICYCLES on hand which we will sell cheap, also a good line of PAINTS at a very low price.

All kinds of carriage & SIGN painting done on shortest notice.

Give us a call.

A. C. Bradford.

Opposite the Skating Rink.

WEDDING BELLS.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Muir was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday last, when their daughter Elizabeth Barron was united in marriage to Mr. Richard M. McAdam of St. Canute, by the Rev. Mr. Ballantyne.

The bride who was given away by her father, wore a gown of pearl grey silk and carried a bouquet of apple blossoms and ferns. She was attended by her sister Miss Nellie J. who was gowned in pale blue crepe de chene and carried a bouquet of apple blossoms. The groom was supported by Mr. L. H. Hammond of Hill Head. The brides travelling costume was gray cheviot with white silk blouse and white picture hat. After supper, Mr. and Mrs. McAdam left for their home in St. Canute, where a reception was awaiting them.

At the home of Mrs. James Pollock on Wednesday afternoon, a number of friends gathered with tokens of esteem and affection to witness the marriage of Allan Hammond to Miss Elizabeth Pollock. The Rev. Ernest Thomas united the couple who shortly afterwards left on the evening train on their return. On their return they will reside on Main St.

Mr. Malcolm Chisholm of Lost River went to Montreal and returned on Wednesday evening with Miss Mary Olive Harrison, daughter of Mr. David Harrison, accompanied by Messrs Garretsee and McBride. They visited the Methodist parsonage and to-day Mr. Chisholm returns home with a really charming young bride to receive the felicitations of their friends.

CUSHING.

Mr. Lindley Kerr who went West with the Harvest Excursion last August, returned home last week.

Mr. G. Nicholls spent the Thanksgiving holidays very enjoyably with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. O. E. Keatley of Montreal, was the guest of her parents, Mr. & Mrs. James Watson from Thursday to Monday. Miss Mary Watson also spent Thanksgiving at home.

The usual Thanksgiving service was held in St. Mungo's Church on the morning of that day.

We regret to report the somewhat serious illness of Mrs. J. McAllister, jr., of Chute au Blondeau, who was seized with typhoid fever last week and is under the care of Dr. Shaw. Capt. Davis Weir who was laid up with a mild form of the same disease is now convalescent.

The Ladies of St. Mungo's Church held their usual monthly meeting at the residence of Mr. E. Gaston on Wednesday.

Annual Meeting of Permanent Bldg's Co'y.

The Shareholders of the Agricultural Buildings Company held their Annual Meeting in Raitt's Hall on Oct. 25th, 1906, the Hon. Vice-Pres., Mr. Drennan in the chair. After the minutes were read and confirmed, the Secretary read the financial report which was very satisfactory. The Company have spent \$235. during the summer in improvements. A new building for the use of the Secretary and Directors of the Agricultural Society and Judges, was erected, as well as additional horse stalls, pig pens, dog pens and other repairs for the accommodation of the exhibitors. It is the intention of the Company to erect more buildings and make further improvements before the opening of the Exhibition next fall. The following were elected:—Directors; Messrs. F. Hamelin, P. R. McGibbon, Jno. Hope, W. Drennan, T. McQuat, and O. R. Lafleur. At the close of the Shareholders Meeting the Board met and appointed Mr. F. Hamelin as Honorary President for life, Mr. Wm. Drennan Pres., P. R. McGibbon, Vice Pres., Hugh Fraser, jr., Secy-Treas.

Civilian Rifle Matches.

The annual matches were held on Tuesday last, the results being as follows:

ASSOCIATION MATCH.

Geo. Armstrong, Ed. Earle, Geo. Creswell, J. W. Raitt, Geo. Blair, Ed. Morrison, J. E. W. Simpson, H. Blair, Dr. H. McConnell, S. E. Smith, S. McKimmie, T. Smillie, Junior, Omer Paquette, R. Derbyshire, D. Todd, J. Price.

CIVILIAN MATCH.

Geo. Creswell, J. E. W. Simpson, O. Paquette, G. Blair, G. Armstrong, D. Todd, E. Morrison, T. Smillie, S. Smith, T. Smillie jr., J. W. Raitt, H. A. Blair, J. Price, Dr. H. McConnell, R. Derbyshire, Ed. Earle.

GRAND AGGREGATE.

Geo. Creswell, Geo. Armstrong, J. E. W. Simpson, Geo. Blair, Edward Morrison, J. Raitt, Omer Paquette, S. E. Smith, T. Smillie jr., H. Blair, D. Todd, Ed. Earle, Dr. McConnell, R. Derbyshire, Simon McKimmie, J. Price.

EXTRA SERIES.

H. A. Blair, G. H. Creswell, S. F. Smith, G. E. Blair, Ed. Morrison, G. Armstrong, J. W. Raitt.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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

INFANTS CHILDREN

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

Recipe of OLD DR. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb Sals -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
25 Corns Sals -
Hemp Seed -
Carduus Sanguinalis -
Sage -
Mint -

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

Fac Simile Signature of

Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old

35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"Maple Leaf Cream Separator."



Have just completed above Separator which combines all the best points of the different separators now on the market, and have decided to offer the same to intending purchasers direct, thus saving commission to agent and enabling us to sell at sixty-five dollars (\$65) payable thirty days or sixty dollars (\$60) when cheque accompanies order. Capacity five hundred pounds per hour guaranteed.

Write for further information direct to:

Canadian Dairy Supply Co'y., Ltd.
109 to 113, Yourville Square,
Montreal, Que.

GOOD GOODS AND GOOD WORKMANSHIP

Go hand in hand and are required by the public now a days. Since our first start in Lachute we have endeavored always to carry out the above, and now that we have gone into our large and commodious new store, we will be better able to supply you with your needs. We will carry full lines of Gents' Furnishings, Collars, Ties, Shirts, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

D. LAPOINTE,
Main St. Lachute.

J. D. CAMPBELL & Co's. Ad.

ALWAYS ON HAND

A large supply of Bran, Shorts, Moullie and Feeds of all kinds

The ROYAL HOUSEHOLD & GLENORA PATENTS are the best that can be produced.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT is kept well stocked with the best of groceries and all orders will receive our prompt attention.

Main St. & Railway Avenue

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE.

As we have taken thousands of dollars of new goods into Stock, and at the Corner Store, opposite the Post-office, you will find the very newest patterns and designs in Dress Goods.

Dress Lengths

Dress Lengths in beautiful Fabrics, from \$1.75 to \$12. new trimmings and sundries

Boots & Shoes

We carry a complete line of the famous Linton Goods at Popular Prices. We need say no more.

Groceries

In groceries we lead. No more complete stock could be found in the city than you will find in our store. Our aim is to carry the very best that money can buy.

Patent Medicines

In Proprietary and Patent Medicines we carry everything, also the very purest of essences. Give us a call. Farm produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

W. DOUG

BROWNSBURG.

At a meeting of the general committee of the Dominion Cartridge Co's employees school held on Monday evening the 22nd inst., when arrangements were completed for the enrolling of students.

All male employees and male residents who intend joining meet on Thursday evening in McAllister Hall at 7.30 p.m. and the female employees and residents meet on Friday evening. The Committee have secured McAllister's Hall in which to hold the classes, and it will be fitted up to meet the requirements of the school.

Competent teachers have been secured and will be on hand to meet the students and arrange the classes. It is assured that a large number will avail themselves of this opportunity to attend, over a hundred having signified their intention to become students. It is not intended to confine the scope of the school to the fundamental principles of elementary instruction, for it is the intention and determination of those who are engineering the scheme to make it possible for students to obtain a good general education. According to the advancement of the pupils so will the opportunities for still higher subjects be open for the students. Classes in English and French will also be provided so that those of either tongue will have the opportunity of learning the language of both. Diplomas will be awarded to students who pass a satisfactory examination in five subjects.

The school will be formally opened during the coming week and arrangements are under way for a public meeting to which all the residents of Brownsburg will be invited, when the objects and advantages of the school will be fully explained in a practical way. It is also the intention to arrange for a lecture at the same meeting, with the addition of some musical numbers which will make the meeting both instructive and social. The Rev. Mr. Thomas of Lachute, and our own worthy Dr. Fraser have offered to assist the school by taking an active part in the work and the committee are deeply gratified to these gentlemen for their kindness in volunteering their services.

The "Girl's Social Club" are busily occupied getting their organization complete and expect to occupy their new rooms in the course of a few days.

Fred Gervais, of the Bank of Ottawa staff as Lachute, spent Thanksgiving Day with Jack Morehouse.

Mr. E. Hazen, armed with rifle and shot gun, spent the holiday of last week in the woods. He is now busy explaining what became of the game.

Brownsburg was well represented at the "Turkey Shoot" at St. Philippe on Thursday, no less than 14 landing here.

S. J. Rennie and Tommy Timmare of Montreal were guests of N. Dixon over the holidays. It was intended to spend the day hunting, but the Montreal boys, not being used to handling fire arms, thought discretion the better part of valor.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

MISS I. McMARTIN, St. Andrews.

Saturday, October 20th, 1906.

The following effects:—All the household effects comprising two bedroom suites complete, parlor and dining chairs, sofas, carpets, crockery, stoves, etc.

Sale at 1 o'clock sharp.

TERMS:—\$10. and under cash over that amount 6 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

MALCOLM SMITH,

Licensed Auctioneer.

The Choicest & Best

Are to be seen in our store, because we have the newest and most up-to-date goods on the market.

We have a large variety of Ladies' blouses, Dress Goods, Wrappers, Skirts, Variety of Ladies' collars.

For Gents we have a large assortment of Hats, Dress Shirts, Soft front shirts, etc.

Full lines of first-class groceries always kept.

Highest prices given for farm produce taken in exchange.

Hardie & Co.

Baker and General Merchants, Brownsburg, P.Q.

...NEW FALL GOODS...

NOBBY FELT HATS,—
Regatta, Negligee and White Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Etc.

READY MADE SUITS,
In Men's, Youths and Boys. Prices ranging from \$2.00 up to \$20 per suit.

WALL PAPERS,
Your choice from the manufacturer's sample books. About 500 samples to select from.

PAINTS, (The Sherwin Williams),
Pure white lead, ready mixed Paints, Pure D.B. Linseed Oil Raw oil, turpentine, varnish etc.

BARB WIRE, Cut nails, Door locks, hinges, Glass, Putty, Etc.

FLOUR, Shorts, Bran, Coarse Salt.

BOOKS,—
Stock of School Books & Supplies complete.

J. R. McOUAT

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MUCH
ENLARGED.

WHAT?

The new Photo Studio

Everything New and
Up-to-date.

The "ELITE" Photo Studio.

O.posite the Post office, Lachute.

A Real Snap.

A suit of clothes with a pound of tea would certainly be a fake, but 25c. Ceylon Green Tea, at 15c. a pound, because we have too much of it, is what we actually do while it lasts. Don't get left, but hurry up and get it.

About 150 Bargains in Boots to Clear.

Our groceries are all right and we want your butter and eggs.

A. McAllister,
BROWNSBURG, P.Q.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
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Wm. D. Mitchell

Our Store is the Bargain ... Centre ...

Now is the time for good warm clothing, and the place to get it is

McFaul Bros.

Ladies and Children's Jackets.

We have the very latest, price, quality, and style. Sure to please you. A big assortment of children's coats which we bought at a big reduction, and we are now selling them at less than wholesale prices.

Furs.—A big sample lot of ruffs and collars suitable for children going to school, also fur lined jackets and capes to be sold at greatly reduced prices.

Underwear.—We are the only agents for "Stanfields" celebrated unshrinkable underwear. Your money refunded if not perfectly satisfied after fully testing them.

New Goods

We have opened up our New Fall Goods and they offer you some great surprises. They are the finest lot of goods ever seen in Brownsburg and comprises New Groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes, and everything you need. Our prices are very low and we are money-savers for you.

V. & I. McFAUL, Brownsburg,
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Our Stock in Furniture

Was never more complete than now.

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

The Phantom In the Quarry

"Hush, lass, for Heaven's sake! Don't let 'em hear you say that. Keep quite still; they'll soon be gone by."

"I want them to hear me!" came the sobbing, defiant moan. "I love you and I want to keep you what you are—a man!"

"Aye, lass; but you don't understand. Love is that blind a woman, but the man has to think beyond that, for her sake. Don't let 'em hear, or they'll mark me a traitor—as I am; you've made me one!"

Blue dusk had just fallen, and Ben Horrocks secretly thanked the Almighty for it. It hid his flash of pallor as he stood rigid against the trees, his great brown hands gripping the delicate white arms that were locked around his neck as if to hold him back from himself. Tramp—tramp—tramp! The dull rhythm of the sound on the hard road, with all its significance, sent thrill after thrill through him. The great crisis was at hand, and it found him skulking like a coward—for love of a woman! Tramp—tramp! In their serried hundreds the gaunt, desperate quarrymen were marching in the direction of the owner's mansion, to demand what they held to be justice, or to threaten that the lock-out should culminate in some great disaster. And he, one of the strongest spirits among them, stood trembling here, with a woman's arms about his neck!

"Greta!" The low thunder of feet had gone by. The man cleared his throat huskily. "Greta, it's no use—I'm bound to stand with them when the day comes to end it. I shouldn't be worth any woman's love if I stood back now and let the others do all the dirty work. Someone's got to suffer for this six weeks' shutting down of the quarries; why shouldn't I take my share of the risk if I'm hoping for a benefit—enough, maybe, to set up house upon for ourselves?"

"Because, Ben"—the shining, steady grey eyes looked up into his; her slim fingers wound themselves around his determinedly—"because a woman's brain has seen deeper than yours. Yes; you all had grievances, but starvation for the women and children of Deepdene is worse still. Ben, look at me—you know it! This strike was not real. It was brought about by that man, Harvey Blanchard, the paid professional agitator, who is to take a price as long as the trouble lasts. For what? For inflaming the men's minds at secret meetings—for telling them that quarrymen in America are paid double the money. He came here with his whisperings, he dropped cunning seeds everywhere; and now he has got all those men into such a position that something terrible must happen if they don't yield soon. Oh, be warned, if you want me for your wife! Be just—own that Blanchard has been dangling a golden bait that can end in nothing when you take the law into your own hands!"

"It must!" he said, hoarsely, still struggling to free himself. "Fifty per cent. profit the masters have been making on our output for years—he proved it in figures! And even if not, we can't draw back—we've gone too far. Dearie, let me go; a woman doesn't grasp all it means. She could, but she won't!"

"She does—too well. Ben, dear, listen to the one who loves you most, and will make any sacrifice for your sake. To throw down your tools on one man's secret prompting, when we had been building up our happy little home—when it's barely a year since the owners raised the wage-scale all round! Ben, once before it happened; father has shuddered when he told me of it. The men forgot God's law and took to violence. Babies died, women starved, men were killed. Oh, if you would stand up as a man and ask them to pause and think of what the end may be now!"

"I know," he muttered; "we know all that; but the time had got to come sooner or later, Blanchard or no Blanchard. The men won't give way now. If the world was given over to loving, timid women like you, there'd be no real revolutions, no wrongs put right at all. Harvey Blanchard stood up there last night and showed us—"

"Don't!" Greta whispered it as if stung by an agony of mind not to be explained. "Never breathe his name again to me! Enough for me that years ago he was dismissed from the foundry mills at Hanley—he dares not say why. You shan't call me timid—you shall find me brave enough when the moment comes! Ben, dear, you made me love you; and a woman puts the man she loves on a higher pedestal than ever he knows. Keep out of this, for my sake, if you dare not speak out. Promise me, if I let you go now, you will not go the way those other men have gone to-night—perhaps to their eternal ruin!"

As the little sob broke in her throat, he dared his lips down to touch the pale forehead, and was striding away. What did it mean? What had come to her to-night? He drew back, a queer sensation trickling along his nerves. Greta had sprung forward and made a bar of her arms. He looked around with a gasp, to ask himself whether it were all real. Usually so soft, so clinging, so trustful, the light figure was drawn up in calm, queenly resoluteness.

"Not yet," she said, on that low note of her voice; "not yet, Ben. I trust you to fight—I know you value my love; but

there was something else to say—another night to be taken into account now. For my peace of mind you must answer me. Ben, I have heard all the whisperings; I closed my ears to them. What is it they are going to do as a last resource? What terrible weapon has Blanchard put into their hands? There is one—I know it by instinct. And you shall tell me—or give me up—as a promised wife here and now."

"Greta!" It rattled in the man's throat. He could not move; he stood in the spell of the shining grey eyes. "You mean—you want me to play the Judas with my own mates? You'd call that love!—to make me tell something that you might have to carry to the masters' ears!"

"No!" she said, drawing back with a tremor. "If you think I mean to do that, say good-bye to me and go! It might break my heart—but so it would if I knew you feared to trust me!"

"There, don't, Greetie—let this end! You want to know? You shall. If all else fails—if nothing happens before Thursday night—that man up there is as good as ruined." He was pointing to the hill mansion. "They're going—we're going to flood the quarry."

"Flood the quarry?" she repeated it slowly, as if it were something too deep to be understood in a flash.

"That's it! Penal servitude for a hundred of us if it's found out—but we've thought of that—No outsider knows—'cept my promised wife!"

"But, how?" she whispered, in the same distant way. Her fingers were strained; her eyes seemed to see nothing tangible now. "How—how could it be done? Flood the quarry?"

"That I'm not telling anyone! Just this; at one spot, right down the red sandstone gallery, there's only a twelve-foot wall of clay stuff between the quarry and a cave that opens out in the cliff. At high tide the water comes sucking and pouring right through the cave. That particular night it might tear down the loose wall and crash through the timber screen fastened up inside, eh? We know it might if the masters pretend to think otherwise! . . . Now, you don't want to start crying and shaking, Greetie! I love you—that's Gospel truth. It's only that I'm an honest man—honest to my mates, I mean. Would you like to lie awake to-night and think me a rat of a skunk who shirked the risk and shared the profit? No! There, you run along home. I'll be here to-morrow night if I'm spared—here to tell you that the masters have given way all round!"

She stood, statue-like, for how long she would never know, her pale lips moving to the silent repetition of those words, with their ghastly, far-reaching significance: "Flood the quarry!" To let in the sea, that could never be swept out again! She stood there and realized and saw through closed eyelids the green salt water struggling through an ever-widening fissure, and crawling silently along the rugged-walled, deserted galleries of the great sandstone quarry, and swallowing up forever in a night all those fantastic halls hewn by the pick and saw of man for centuries.

Ten o'clock was booming as she walked mechanically back into Deepdene. She seemed to be moving through a haze of mystery that veiled the brink of some black pit. The streets looked deserted, save for knots of women whispering together here and there. Away to the right there lay the cluster of black huts, the skeleton-like shafting-gear, and the great gaping quarries, all suggesting death and decay now that the clang of hammer and rasp of giant saw had ceased. And half a mile beyond crawled the limpid sea, ever eating away new gaps in the red-earth ramparts checking its moods.

She drew in her breath. She scarcely knew how far her feet had brought her, but of a sudden, as in a vague dream, she was paring the elder-clumps and peering down into a chalky hollow. The men had returned! Down there they stood in hundreds, silent, listening—a picture to go to her heart and remain there forever. She could not move. She saw Harvey Blanchard's dark, keen face glimmering in the starlight. She could catch his sunken whisper as he craned from the bank, his clenched hand straining out to them. "Are you men, or are you tamed animals? You saw—you heard—you know now! He was not there—he had gone to London! Yes! He was laughing behind his drawn blinds! He can wait, you can starve!"

"Oh, Heaven!" she whispered. "Save Ben! Save them all! My lips are sealed—I love him!"

Thursday night! It had come without moon or stars. The watchmen dozing in the black huts dozed on. In no man's brain could have dawned the thought that human desperation could reach to-night's limit.

There were perhaps twenty of them—no more. They had filed singly across the stretch of moor-land, and were massed irresolutely three-parts of the way down the deep stair cut ruggedly in the slope of the main quarry. Just below them forked away a maze of blind cuttings and cross galleries, in which all instinct without knowledge was useless as a guide. Blanchard was not of the number. Ben Horrocks was—maybe to prove that the whispers of his treachery were blackest lies. He peered down at a watch now and then.

"Yes, all right!" he said, huskily. "The tide'll be full up in thirty-five minutes. The winch is set ready—I saw to that last night. If it's only clay, as the chart says in the private office, the tubs won't be through in ten. Who's first? Me!" He went down the last few worn juts and paused again, clutching at the man behind. "There, what's that?" he rattled. "Sheep me, Dave, I

saw it clear that time. Somethin' went by—somethin' standin' in that new cut! If I never move again—"

Not a sound, not a stir, for minutes. Then a big, burly man swung him aside and lumbered down. "Come on! None of your phantoms this journey! Where is it? . . . If you start that yarn again till we're clear out of it, Ben, you've got my hand round your windpipe. Now be at it, quick!"

They hurried on, taking turn after turn, a lantern glimmering in front. Ben Horrocks had fallen back—he was last. At every turn he glanced behind. Once—no twice, he stumbled convulsively and seemed about to cry out, but doubt or fear throttled that.

Now they had paused, all save Ben, staring at a timber screen that shored up a length of the outer wall. The last moment of hesitation—and then all were feverishly, silently, at work. Bolts were driven out, planks were torn away, the virgin clay lay bare. One man ran his fingers over it.

"Dry as a bone!" he muttered, turning his face. "Don't matter—we know; and so do they. There'll be nothing to show—a diver couldn't get here in his lifetime. Up with that screw! Think of your women, mates! . . . Bore it here! Where's Horrocks? Ben, you'll swing for this, if we do. Lend a hand there! Now, steady—all together! The water's lickin' its lips! . . . Mates!" He sank his voice hoarsely. "You're through, I'll swear!"

The straining, whirring sound ceased. The row of bodies straightened up and watched as in a spell of fascination—all save Ben, who bent over the winch still, staring back the way they had come.

Ten minutes—fifteen, perhaps—the nameless suspense held. Time upon time the foremost man put his lips to the open end of the tube piping sticking from the wall. Beaten! In that silence they could almost hear the mocking, ironic laugh from the owners' throats. . . . And then suddenly there was a gurgling, suffocating sound. The man staggered away, choking out a gulp of liquid.

"Salt!" He half screamed it, as in a mad ecstasy a spurt of it shot from the tube.

"Out with it!" Dave Burley shouted. "Two tides'll do it! That suction'll bore a two-foot hole before morning!"

The grinding, whirring sound again, and then the tube screw clanked down. They watched, ready to run. Through the small round aperture, as neat this end as the tube itself, came a gush of earth-fragments, and then a steady flow as from a tap. Two days of that. . .

Some fear seemed to seize the quarrymen simultaneously. They were scuttling back in a body, each pushing for first place, as with the lust of fresh air and freedom from that appalling sight. Just as it was to be, Ben Horrocks, a dazed and dumb man, was last, stumbling in the rear without seeming to realize what had happened or why he ran. No cry would take sound in his dry throat, as his arm was suddenly gripped and held, and a face, death-white in the glow of the lantern left lying there, stared close into his. She had reached out from one of the dark side niches; and now he knew. The phantom figure that had awaited them—that had followed them—was his Greta.

"Call them back!" her lips moved—so calmly, it seemed! She was looking beyond him now. She could hear the steady plash, but could not seem to realize. Maybe she had nerved herself that night for the thunderous in-crash of a torrent that should sweep all before it—not this slow, insidious thing. "What have they done? I heard them shout. Where is it? What is it? Don't move; let me know! I came—I came to dare them. I could not speak! You were one!"

In the same calm way, as though volition were drugged, she put his groping arms away and stole forward. Then she looked back at him and down at her feet; and then—the wild, hopeless cry broke from her.

The salt ooze was lapping her shoes—and his. Before he understood she had sprung through it, and was thrusting her small hand into the borchole. Through—through, with panting determination and disregard of agony, until the stiff clay had closed tightly around the flesh of her forearm. The gurgling ceased; the stream became a baffled trickle—it had almost ceased. The living wedge was all-sufficient—as long as the woman's strength could hold out.

"Greta! Darlin'—darlin'!" rattled the man's imploring shout. "You can't—! It's death for both!"

"It's life!" She turned back her triumphant, white face with almost a smile. She had beaten him back with her free hand. "It's life, Ben!" she repeated, faintly. "If not you can leave me, and—no one will know how it happened to me. Keep away, dear! I can bear it—I mean to—I'm thinking of all those women and children, if the sea takes the quarry from their husbands. I'm thinking of you—my husband that was to be! No; nothing, nothing shall drag me away till I know—till I know you love me enough to bring the watchmen and end—end this strike!"

Ben stood, his throat working, the sweat thick upon him. Leave her here—to save the quarry! Betray himself and his mates—or lose her in this black death! She meant it—yes! Her woman's mind had seen its supreme chance; she would never flinch. His love was weighed in the balances with her precious life. In saving the quarry she meant to save her Ben. He looked. His staring eyes saw that the delicate forearm was blue and puffed already; he saw the faintness sweeping over her. And still her filmed eyes smiled back at him.

"Greta, darlin'!" burst from him again.

"It's all right, Ben!" came her whisper. "You bring them to check the sea—if you want me! If not, you go, and no one can speak against you! Nothing else shall take me, no man's strength could do it. Not another word. Go! If you never come back—go!"

She turned her face. It drooped till her forehead touched the cold clay. The suction of the water forced through from beyond shook her slight figure, but could not move it. She had heard the unsteady rush of the man's feet. She was alone—alone. If he never came back in his frenzy of dread, the way out was a sealed book to her. But a way out was not wanted. The trapped limb, that felt so dead, was fixed fast now. Maybe she had saved the quarry, if she had lost her Ben. And they would live to thank her—to whisper of her as a woman who had obeyed woman's truest instinct. If the man loved her this night he might work out his own salvation.

And then—and then the lethargy crept over her, and she seemed to drift into the deepest of sleep—into a realm where daffodils waved and church bells called across the meadows—called to her to stand at the altar with Ben.

Sleep? Was it that still? There had come a murmuring as of distant voices. She unclosed her eyes and closed them again. At was muffled and unreal, but she seemed to be gripped between Ben's shaking arms. Every now and then a great sob seemed to shake him. There was a dull noise as of rivets being clamped upon timbers. Then it ceased. A voice spoke—and she knew the voice as without knowing. It belonged to Margetts, the quarry manager, who lived close by. It was cool and unemotional as ever.

"That will do—for to-night. Nothing can pass that plug. To-morrow, first thing, a cement wall will block the cave for as long as this quarry's wanted." He had turned. His voice changed slightly. Perhaps he had seen one more great tremor run through Ben. "She's safe?—you're quite sure?"

"Yes—yes; she looked at me," he sobbed.

"Then we'll get her home; and we'll see that a brave thing of that kind is never forgotten. Your wife-to-be, you say?"

"That might have been," Ben whispered, brokenly. "But not now—not now."

They seemed to be slowly moving.

"Halt!" came Margetts's voice again, suddenly. "There are five of us here. If you four men like to keep this to yourselves, you can leave it with me. I'll see the owners to-morrow. I'll plead for the men; I'll put them straight on the one condition that that Blanchard goes, and that the men start work on Monday. I mean—I mean, Horrocks, that that brave girl's courage is worth the love of a man who's never had to stand in a prison dock. You care for her? Quick!"

"God bless you, sir—she's my life!"

"Then—not a word, any of you! You shall say these words before the owner himself, and to-night. You don't know him, any of you. The answer he gives you may be the best wedding gift a man ever dreamed of!"

And it was.—London Tit-Bits.

SLAVE DRIVING IN THE RAND.

Chinese Newspapers Depict Refined Forms of Torture.

A new Chinese illustrated newspaper contains cartoons showing coolies on the Rand being subjected to refined forms of torture. These cartoons are doing incalculable damage in stirring up enmity against Great Britain throughout the Chinese empire.

They are taken for the most part from the discredited book, "Slave Driving on the Rand," of which the anti-British London newspapers made much capital and which was afterwards shown to have been illustrated with pictures for which coolies were paid to pose as if they were being beaten by English mine guards.

The cartoons are supplemented by letter-press taken from London journals giving what purport to be accurate accounts of the torture of Chinamen. In one case these statements are described as being vouched for by "Professor Clifford (sic), Chinese editors apparently having a hallucination that this is a hall-mark of truth.

The cartoons show Chinamen hung by the hands to beams. Others depict them huddled up in corners, and being beaten with the "cat."

In the present inflamed state of feeling in China, when the safety of Europeans and Americans hangs on a very slender thread, these pictures are having a dangerous effect on the uneducated readers who see them. These have never had any means of learning the actual conditions under which the coolies work in South Africa.

The Daily News is the gospel of the young Chinese party, who would drive Europeans out of China, and its extravagant and malicious statements about Chinese slavery have been republished here to excite enmity against England.

MEASURING PAIN.

A new branch of science heralds its appearance in Paris. It is named Dolorimetry, and its function is the "measurement" of the dynamics of pain by material means. The dolometer shows that the dynamic force of a sharp cut with an ordinary carter's whip is equal to about 285lb., but that a vigorous jerk at the reins puts a pressure of about 305lb. on the horse's head.

"HERE BE DIAMONDS."

Description of Diamond Mining as Carried On in South Africa.

This inscription appeared as long ago as 1750 on a map of South Africa. It was not until 1867, however, that they were actually discovered. In 1889 the famous De Beers Consolidated Mines Company possessed the richest diamond fields in the world.

Diamonds are found in the large deposits of lava or "blue ground" that has been forced up from the depths in past ages. Each mine consists of a large, basin-like crater gradually tapering to a great depth. Within a radius of three and a half miles, five of the world's leading diamond mines are located. Here the Kafir boys work in gangs of twenty-five to forty, drilling and blasting the hard blue rock. The walls are worked until they break through into another chamber.

When it reaches the surface the precious earth is automatically conveyed to the dumping grounds. Here it is spread to a depth not exceeding ten inches and allowed to remain from three to six months, according to the rapidity with which it disintegrates. When finally sent to the washing machines it is mixed with water and passed through revolving screens filled with holes.

This method of handling is being superseded by mechanical sorters which consist of several inclined perforated shelves, loaded with grease. The diamonds stick to the grease, while all other material passes from one shelf to another.

Great precautions are taken against theft. All employees are engaged for three months, during which time they are kept under close guard. While they are not at work they are confined in a large compound surrounded by high fences. A central store is located in this enclosure. The men enter and depart by long, subterranean passages which lead from the compound to the mines. Towers are located from which powerful searchlights are operated at night. The employees are also searched every evening.

In spite of all this care ten to fifteen per cent. of the diamonds mined are stolen. In order to discourage the buying of stolen gems, a penalty of from five to fifteen years is enforced against the buyers.

The De Beers Company operates seven mines and employs fourteen hundred white workmen and seventy-two hundred blacks. The annual output is from six to eight million carats, or from one to one and a half tons a year.

It is eight months from the time the rock is drilled until the extracted diamond is ready for the assayer's examination.

KEEP VIBRATING.

Strenuous Movement is the Key to Good Health.

"Learn to vibrate."

This is the motto that a prominent physician would like to see carried out in the houses of all his patients. He contends that to vibrate correctly is the universal cure for all ailments. The vibratory treatment has been recommended by a large number of medical men before, but the physician in question has enlarged the horizon.

He asserts that even the hardest worked man does not vibrate sufficiently, and the average man or woman he declares, is walking about "half dead." "I can only recommend the student who desires to learn the mysteries of perfect health to watch a child at play," the physician said.

"Those men and women who have been thrown constantly in the society of sick children have often been astonished at the rapidity with which they shake off an apparently serious disease. In one of our largest children's hospitals lately a little girl's temperature was recorded on her chart one evening as 107.4 degrees. Her condition was critical, and her parents were summoned. Yet on the following afternoon she had almost recovered.

"The reason for this is that all children have learnt the secret of vibration by instinct. An average child does more every hour of the day than the most hard-worked millionaire hustler."

"It is an education to watch a little girl put her doll to bed. She throws all her energy into the task. She runs unnecessary journeys to fetch water, soap and the cradle. Her hands, feet and brain are vibrating at lightning speed. If her mother would show the same impetuosity when putting the baby to rest there would be fewer cases of neurasthenia and hysteria among women.

"I am not recommending that the business man should jump over the breakfast table or the working woman run a mile before facing the worries of their employment. But I do suggest that they should study the art of vibration—in other words, that they should be 'alive' all day, and leave the 'half-dead' condition until their work is over and they have time to rest."

INSTEAD OF LOOKING FOR ANOTHER ONE.

"It's awful for a young man to lose a good opportunity."

"Yes, because he doesn't do anything all the rest of his life but lose time talking about it."

One of the most curious clubs on record has recently been formed by society ladies in Berlin. The principal condition of membership is that the applicant must be deaf. The club has over a hundred members, who meet regularly once a week in handsomely-furnished rooms in the Wilhelmstrasse, where they converse by means of ear-trumpets and sign language and grimaces.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER IV.

As nearly every man suffers more or less from the measles at some time in his life, so he is liable, after he reaches maturity, to undergo a slight or severe attack, as the case may be, of the Sorrows of Werther. The symptoms of the disease are easily recognized. The patient is likely to be somewhat feverish; his pulse is irregular; he grows restless and morbid; if he is intellectual, he is apt to adopt the philosophy of negation and worship Schopenhauer and von Hartmann.

Rutger van Slack had never been in love. He had reached the age of twenty-seven without tasting the dangerous haemorrhage of Eros, that small root "of divine effect" which robs the reason of its poise and plays mad pranks with men. Not that he was unimpassible. On the contrary, he was a highly sensitive nature, and every form of physical or mental beauty awakened his enthusiasm. The uranic glories of the starlight night thrilled him with a vague delight; the towering grandeur of the Alps, the castled splendors of the Rhine, the majesty of the mountains that overlook the Hudson, had charmed him with the magic spell of their eternal glories. The architectural triumphs of the Old World, the paintings of great masters, the poems in marble wrought by famous sculptors—in short, whatever touched the esthetic chords of his being were dear to him, and he gazed upon the fair forms and gorgeous colors with which man and nature have decked the world, with all an artist's passion.

To such a man, of course, the beauty of woman was not without significance. He had seen many countries in the four years that had followed his graduation from college, and had met many women. But he had never felt for any one of them more than a passing interest. Critically he had studied each new face that had come before his notice; carefully he had weighed the mental attainments of the women he had known. All this he had done, however, with no more enthusiasm than had warned him when judging the artistic merits of the Venus of Milo, or when weighing the intellectual force of some new author called to his attention. He had at length reached the conclusion that in women physical perfection and mental brilliancy never go hand in hand. He boldly doubted the testimony of history upon this point, and measured the circumference of existence by the diameter of his own experience.

Van Slack was essentially a modern product. To him the traditions of the past had little meaning. He had studied closely the records of the human race, he had sought to find in them the answer to the problem of existence; he had turned at one time to religion to satisfy the nameless longings of his nature, and, failing there, had asked from science a solution of the mysteries which beset him. The man of to-day unless he is engaged in giving a reason for the faith that is not in him, is little more than an interrogation-point. Van Slack's active mind, cultured, broadened by travel, and restless from lack of a settled purpose, had at last driven him into that careless state in which the opiate, agnosticism, takes the place of that enervating faith which, though its foundations may be unreasonable, cheers its possessor with reverence for the past and hope for the future. Often had he exclaimed with the poet:

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry."

Let such a man as this once find a woman who alone, of all others in the world, can fill his soul with that ecstasy of which poets have sung since first the light of letters glimmered in the East, and he will give himself up to love with feverish fervor. For years he has been seeking an idol in the abstract; he has found one in the concrete. When Rutger van Slack had first heard the voice of Yvonne Durkee singing that old-fashioned ballade, there had come over him a sensation of triumph, a strange exaltation of spirit which had seemed to him to recall the glories of a life long previous to the earthly existence he was now fulfilling. The voice appeared to speak to him from a past perhaps centuries remote. When he had looked upon the woman for the first time, the same sensation, though not so clearly defined, had again thrilled him. He had not attempted to reason about this peculiar experience. With the recklessness of a lotus-eater he had given himself up to the overwhelming sweetness of it all, and had cared not to analyze the curious phenomenon presented to him.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day upon which he had and Durkee had gone to the Clarion office that van Slack lay at full length upon the deserted beach about half a mile from the village. Having had no leisure in the morning for a plunge in the surf he

had donned his bathing-suit some time after luncheon, and had wandered alone up the sands, until tired with the exercise he had thrown himself down upon the beach and given way to reverie.

The Sabellan song of the mysterious sea was the only sound that broke the quiet of the summer afternoon. As he lay there motionless, the contour of his manly form brought out a strong relief against the yellow divan of the shore, the eyes of the youth restlessly scanned the horizon. His handsome face wore an expression of bitter discontent. The holy calm of the midsummer sky, the cooling ministrations of the perfumed breeze, the overwhelming impression of infinity that the ocean always gives for a time wholly failed to quiet the fever in his looks. The cool embrace of the curving waves wooed him in vain. Listlessly he lay there, and the purpose of his visit to the shore seemed to be forgotten.

After a while he seemed to grow calmer, for his face lost its look of unrest, his eyes closed, his posture relaxed, and his head fell back upon a pillow of sand. Slowly the tide crept up, and every succeeding wave appeared to outrival its predecessor in the effort to reach the sleeping figure of the man upon the beach.

Suddenly van Slack was awakened by what seemed to be a mild shower of sand falling against his upturned cheek. Springing up in a nervous way, he saw before him the woman who had for some hours engrossed every moment of his waking thoughts. Yvonne Durkee, attired for a bath in the breakers, stood before him, her face radiant with laughter.

"Pardon, monsieur," she exclaimed, holding out her hand to him, "but I feel that I have saved your life. You should not sleep so near the water when the tide is coming in." Her merriment, unaffected as a school-girl's, broke out afresh.

The hand with which van Slack welcomed his preserver was as cold as ice. At this unexpected meeting the blood had rushed to his heart while his pulses throbbed with abnormal energy. He looked at Mrs. Durkee with mingled surprise and admiration. The woman who stood before him was the only one who had ever appeared to advantage in his eyes attired in a bathing-costume. The dark blue garment that she wore was trimmed with white braid. The short skirt coming to her knees made her height seem almost stately. Her arms were bare to the shoulders, and their white, firm flesh looked like sculptured marble against the dark background of her dress. Her golden-tinted hair was caught up in a coil behind her head, and no oil-skin cap in hideous folds hid the voluptuous beauty of her tresses. There was nothing in her attire that would have created gossip upon the most conservative bathing-beach in the world, but in that lonely place her appearance brought sharply to van Slack's mind the conviction that what may seem perfectly in regle in a crowd sometimes loses its propriety by isolation.

That Mrs. Durkee saw nothing in her present circumstances which should cause her to regret the absence of a chaperonic assemblage was evident. Calmly she seated herself upon the beach, and as she allowed a handful of warm sand to trickle through her fingers, said:

"Mr. Durkee has been quite ill since you left him. I think the heat has affected him. He dropped into a deep sleep about an hour ago, so I felt at liberty to take my daily frolic in the surf."

What a rare thing is a fine voice among women who have lived long in New England! The climate of that part of the world seems to have an evil influence upon the vocal chords. But Mrs. Durkee's voice bore no evidence of the fact that she had been in Patonket the major portion of her life. The warm, mellow sweetness of her utterance reminded the hearer of sunny lands in the South, of rich wines, of luscious fruits, of the dreamy, passionate music that sometimes comes, as though from a far-off country, when the stars are burning in the blue expanse of a summer night. Vividly did van Slack feel the magic influence of her thrilling tones, and he smiled somewhat bitterly as he realized that, however sweet might be the sounds he heard, the words were of Isaiah Durkee.

"Then you are fond of the surf?" he asked in a commonplace way, as he leaned on his elbow and looked up into her face.

"Mon Dieu! yes!" she exclaimed, her eyes turning with passionate eagerness toward the ocean. "The sea has been my mother, sister, friend, counselor, and confidante. I know it in all its moods. It seems to me to be a great, omnipotent being. Sometimes it is angry and roars and scolds as though it chided me. Again it smiles, and caresses me, and I am happy. At night it sings to me a song that soothes my heart and brings me a dreamless sleep; and when I waken in the morning, I

rush to the window to bid my sea-bon jour! Ah, yes, I love the sea; I love the sea."

The passion in her manner astonished her hearer. Her cheeks had grown red with the warmth of her words, and her eyes glowed. For once, at least, in his life van Slack said a foolish thing. "I would that I were the ocean," he exclaimed.

Mrs. Durkee laughed outright. "That would spoil it," she said bluntly. "It would lose its most heroic moods."

Van Slack flushed angrily. He felt that he had deserved the rebuke she had so sharply administered, but that did not make it any the more welcome. The conviction was rapidly stealing over him that Mrs. Durkee was a woman not easily to be understood; that if he tried to measure her by the standards of the world to which he had been accustomed he would be constantly making blunders. The fact was that a life of almost complete solitude, devoted wholly to books, newspapers, music, and reverie, had made of Mrs. Durkee a strange, eccentric being, the like of whom van Slack's imagination had never conceived. He sat looking at her in silence after her brusque remark.

At length he exclaimed, as though impelled by a curiosity that had become irresistible: "Why do you live in such a place as this?"

"Why does a tree grow where it is planted?" returned Mrs. Durkee, following the New England habit of answering one question by another.

"Ah, but you are so different from the grove in which you are rooted," remarked the young man, continuing her metaphor. "You are like a graceful palm in a field of scrub oak."

"Why should I not be well-content, then? A palm so placed would have no rivals."

"Yes, but let us change the figure a little. A warrior is said to feel a stern joy in foemen worthy of his steel."

"Your ideas are of the world, worldly. Do you think that a woman cares for nothing but the joy of conquest? Does not peace count for something?"

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear," quoted van Slack. "But do you know, I have always felt that such jewels were not so well off as those which glitter before the eyes of a bustling, enchanting world, where they can hear the praise that men bestow upon their beauty."

"Ah, monsieur, you may be right, but the gem buried in the ocean is in no danger of being tarnished by the corruption of the world. It rests contented in the arms of the sea, and gazes not upon the sin and sorrow of a realm that may be enchanting, as you say, but is often cruel to the brightest jewels that it gathers."

Van Slack was silent. Perhaps she was right; but she seemed so well fitted by nature and attainments to shine in the great world against which she spoke that he felt sharply the injustice of fate in condemning her to so secluded an existence.

"But tell me," he said after a time, "do not these people bore you?"

"Ennuï, monsieur, comes from within, not from without. If you have read your Emerson carefully you must have learned that even in such a place as Patonket a person who has no love for Philistia may be contented."

"Yes. That may be so—for a native. But you are a foreigner."

"Oh, non. I was, perhaps, but that was long ago. And really Patonket is quite cosmopolitan. We have a Polish shoemaker in the village. A Russian cultivates a farm on the outskirts. Little Fritz in the office is a German. I was born in Bretagne. Wherever you go in this locality you will find Europeans whose queer histories would make strange reading could any one obtain their secrets. But I, monsieur, have no romance in my life. Mine is a very simple story. Would you like to hear it?"

"Above all things," answered van Slack with fervor.

"Mon Dieu, how you do exaggerate! You see I am not used to the words of a worldling. You must try to talk honestly to me, monsieur."

Van Slack was not quite certain that she herself was speaking "honestly."

"Well," she continued, looking down into his face, "my father was a Frenchman who hated the new order of things at home. My grandfather was beheaded in the days of 'The Terror.' Every succeeding generation of our family opposed the growth of democracy in France. With that same inconsistency that even deposed royalty has sometimes shown, my father, detesting the rule of the people, took refuge in the land where the people are especially predominant. Why he chose Patonket for his home is hard to say. It was far from the bustle and fever of the world he had grown weary of; and, as he often used to say to me, the waters before us stretch away until they wash the shores of Brittany and break upon the beach beneath the old castle of Kercabalec. The memories of my younger days have grown dim. Patonket has been my home, and I love it. My father lies buried in the graveyard here. Here have I spent the more recent years of my life. I have been happy. What more can one want?"

There was a ring of defiance in her voice, as though she were steeling herself against the attacks of an adversary.

Van Slack was disappointed. She had really told him but little of her past, but he felt that he could not ask her to be more explicit.

Suddenly she turned her eyes to his and said: "What do you want with the Clarion? You are not a believer in Prohibition."

"I am not. Are you?" returned the young man quickly.

The blood rushed to Mrs. Durkee's face.

"Je suis la femme d'un Prohibitionist," she answered adroitly.

Van Slack smiled. Her words had pleased him.

"No," he said, "I believe that the same curiosity and rebellion from restraint which, according to the old legends, caused our first parents to eat the forbidden fruit are potent forces in the world to-day. When you throw around anything the same fascinations that pertained to the fatal tree in Eden you attract weak men to it."

"There is a man here in the village who illustrates your theory," she said in a tone that showed the interest she took in the subject. "His name is Poole—'Jim' Poole. He came to Patonket about a year ago from Greyport. Though he had lived all his life within sight of drinking-saloons, he had never indulged in liquor until he came to our village. Now, mon Dieu, he is a beast! He was they call a 'bully.' He is a gigantic fellow, and of tremendous strength. There is one very curious thing about him. He is an enthusiastic Prohibitionist, so far as his words go. I have known him to come into the office and talk for hours with my husband about what he calls 'the cause.' I really believe that if he had stayed in Greyport, where, you know, they sell liquor openly, Jim Poole would not be to-day a hypocrite and drunkard."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and buried both hands deep in the sand.

Van Slack felt a sensation of ludicrous impatience pass over him. Here was a woman who might have graced the salon of Madame Récamier, talking in an earnest way about a tipping Yankee. He hardly knew whether to laugh or not.

"You have not told me, monsieur," she remarked after a moment, "what greater debt of gratitude I placed upon you in the office this morning than you already owed me." She smiled down at him mischievously.

"Ah, my debt is growing heavy, Mrs. Durkee. You added to it just now by saving my life."

"But you dodge my question."

"You will not be annoyed if I answer it, then?"

"How can I tell?" she asked with crushing logic.

"Well, I will run the risk," he remarked, "but you will accuse me of talking like a worldling."

"Can a leopard change its spots?"

"Perhaps—if it undergoes a miracle. Even a mouton may find his being revolutionized in an instant by a power that seems to him supernatural."

"I don't understand you. Voices speak from the clouds no longer."

"That is a strange remark for a woman who has made the sea her father confessor. But let me put a hypothetical question, as they say in the courts."

"Go on."

"Suppose, then, that a man, young and possessing both means and leisure, should travel over the world, seeing great cities and meeting many men and women. Suppose that he longed to find his affinity; that, though hardened by his contact with society, he still heard in his soul the echo of wonderful melodies, and clung to the belief that somewhere in the world was the one woman who could satisfy every hope of his ardent being. Suppose that, as the years went by, he met with constant disappointments. Suppose that he became cynical and allowed his quest to languish. Then suppose that in a remote corner of the world, far from the haunts where he had thought to meet this woman, he should one day find her, more glorious in mind and body than his imagination in its most exalted moments had ever conceived. Tell me, in such a case, would not such a man have cause for gratitude?"

The passionate manner of the speaker filled his hearer with dismay. For the first time she seemed to realize that she had done an imprudent thing in placing herself en tête-à-tête with a man who was well-nigh a stranger to her, in such a place as a deserted ocean beach.

"Your question is interesting," she said coldly, "but as it puts only a supposititious case it is hardly worth considering. But it is growing late. I must have my plunge."

On the instant she sprang from his side, and leaping through the intervening waters dived with grace and power straight through the centre of a towering breaker just as it raised its proud top before falling against the shore. Van Slack followed her at once, and soon they were swimming together far

beyond the white-crested surf. The young man was astonished at the prowess of his companion. She swam with the ease of one long accustomed to the exercise, and never for an instant did the thought of fatigue seem to enter her mind. Sometimes floating on her back, sometimes swimming beneath the surface of the water, she was as fearless as a mermaid, and, to van Slack's mind, as weird. He could not overtake her. He was a powerful swimmer himself, but by his utmost efforts he was unable to approach her. At length she seemed to grow weary of the sport, for she turned toward the land and with long, sweeping strokes hurried shoreward.

As they stood dripping upon the beach, laughing from the effects of that physical delight such a contest with the ocean always gives to healthful youth, a voice at hand startled them by its unexpectedness:

"Loog oud!"

Fritz stood before them, a broad grin on his face, and a gleam of malice in his eyes. Fritz was a wicked little urchin. He seemed to feel that the position he held as a "devil" made a certain demonic quality essential to his character. He was something of a farmer, something of a seaman, something of a printer, and a good deal of a rascal. He was "smart," as they say in New Zealand, and he knew it. Orphan as he was, he had been allowed to run wild, and had become the leading black sheep of his age in a village which had no lack of "bad" boys.

"Loog oud! Mr. Turkee was asking for you, Mrs. Turkee. He was feeling pelted."

In another instant Yvonne Durkee was running up the beach toward her isolated bath-house, and van Slack was left alone. Fritz, with an ever-broadening grin on his sun-burned face, had started back to the village in that hasty manner that characterized his every action.

(To be Continued.)

A DISTINGUISHED TRIO.

Lord Rosebery's Attempt at a Joke and How It Came Out.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is fond of relating an incident that occurred while he and Lord Rosebery were returning from the theatre one night. While crossing the street they were accosted by a ragged boy who, after sweeping the mud from their path, asked for alms.

Lord Rosebery was about to give the boy a coin when an idea struck him. "My boy," said Rosebery, "if you will hit that policeman a swat on the back with your muddy broom I will give you ten shillings." Prompt to the word, the boy crept in back of the officer, and, raising his broom, struck him in the back, and ran, but to the dismay of Rosebery the officer caught the boy after a chase of a few yards.

Not wanting to leave the boy in a fix, Rosebery tried to fix things up with the officer, but the worthy gentleman would not listen and took them all three up to the station.

They were then taken before the judge of the station and after surveying them through his glasses he took down a book and turning to Chamberlain asked his name. "Hon. Joseph Chamberlain," was the reply, and the judge smiled.

Rosebery responded also with his full title, "Lord Rosebery."

The boy was next and stepping to the front he drew himself up to his full height and waited for the usual question, "Your name?"

"My name?" said the boy. "Well, judge, I'm not the kind as goes back on me pals. I'm the Duke of Wellington."

THE ELEPHANT'S LITTLE JOKE.

A big circus elephant has held up a train at Belfast, Michigan. When the train stopped at the station the elephant, who was in a truck adjoining the engine, filled his trunk with water from the engine tank and drenched the driver and stoker, driving them from the engine cab, and when they tried to return he repeated his tactics. A man on the platform was enjoying the joke until the animal turned his attention to him and gave him a trunkful, knocking him off the platform, whence he rolled down an embankment and received injuries which terminated fatally. The elephant remained master of the situation until he had drained the tank.



IN FORBIDDEN WATERS.

CAPS, GLOVES and MITTS.

Fall & Winter

Cloth Caps for men and boys of every shape and kind. Come in and have a look at them.

In Fall and Winter Mitts and Gloves.

Lined and unlined. We have some splendid values to offer at very reasonable prices. Perhaps the best assortment to be found in Lachute, just forty different kind to choose from.

White Front

G. L. Meikle & Co.

Deposit
Your Savings with this Bank,
No matter how small.

The same consideration and courtesy is shown to large and small depositors alike.

Commence the New Year with a deposit. Add to it systematically and at the end of the year the result will prove most beneficial and gratifying.

Interest will be added twice yearly.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA.

Lachute Branch J. R. Parris, Manager

BARGAINS

May always be had by dealing with us. We have always a large and varied stock of all one needs; whether it be to dress you in a nice ready-made suit, and then anything you may want in dry goods, groceries, etc.

Our prices are low, and our goods are A. 1. You will save money by dealing with us.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Chilly Nights!!



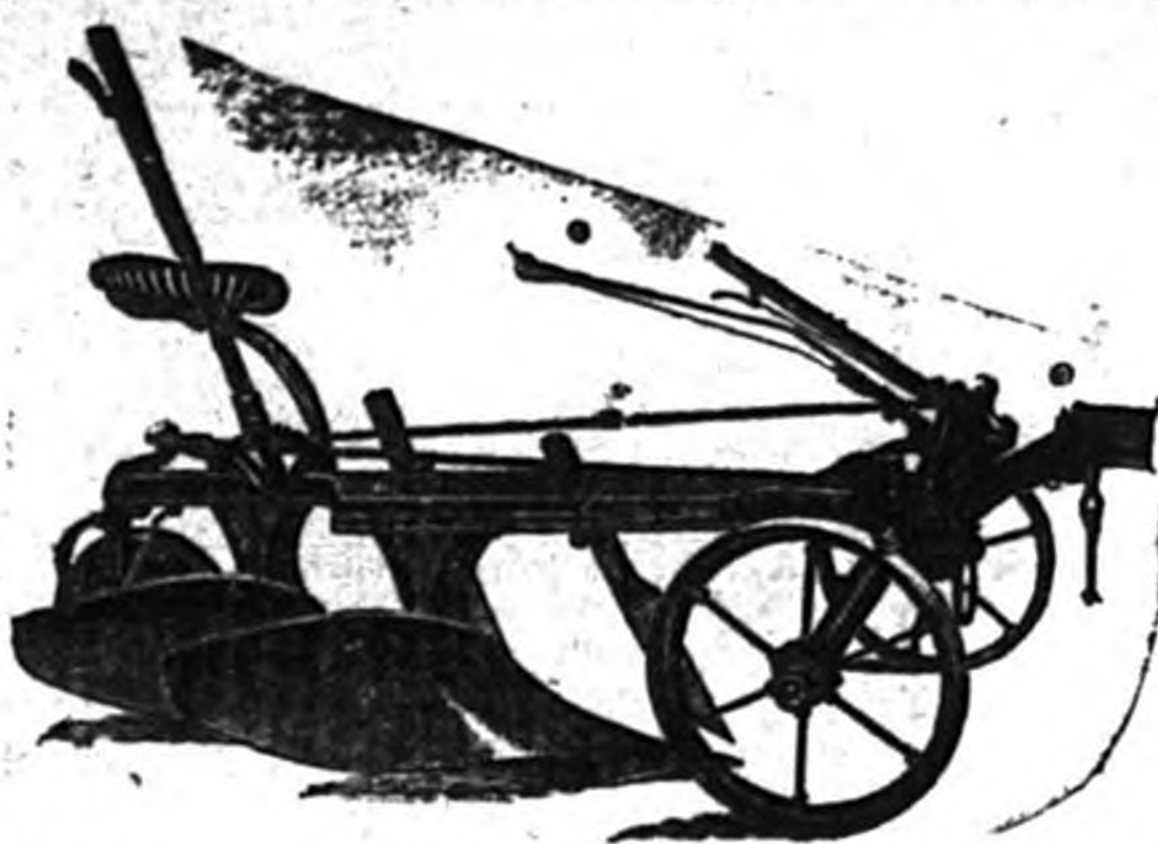
Stoves Needed
We have them

Ranges
Cook Stoves
Quebec Heaters

Ask to see our Quebec Heater with Oven.

T. McOUAT & SON.

NOTE.—Our prices are away down and you will save money by dealing with us.



HELLO! MR. FARMER!!

Why do you not get one of H. A. BLAIR'S two furrowed sulky plows, three horses and one man does four horses and two men's work. Try one and convince yourself. They are given on trial. Full line of supplies always on hand.

H. A. Blair

MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

Headquarters

FOR

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and Harness.

I am showing the largest assortment of the e lines ever seen in Lachute. Come to suit everybody—in Style, Fit and Price.

A few lines of up-to-date styles in Men's and Boys Suits & Hats.

Bargains in Sewing Machines. Have a look at my stock of them before buying elsewhere.

Men's Long Rubber Boots, Regular price \$4.10, my price \$3.50.

Be in time and buy where everybody gets such good value.

are sole agents for the Genuine Slater Shoes.

WM. BERRY

Main St. • Lachute.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm which is beautifully situated on the banks of the North River, in the Parish of Saint Jerusalem, adjoining the eastern limits of the prosperous town of Lachute and one mile from C.P.R. & G.N.R. Rly Stations. The farm contains about 300 acres, 100 of which is under cultivation and balance in pasture and woods, in which are 2 sugar bushes of about 3000 trees and an orchard. The land is good and well watered, with excellent spring in the yard. The House is large and commodious, built of brick, and out buildings are in good condition. An excellent place for summer boarders, the locality being very healthy and scenery very picturesque. Information as to terms and price may be obtained on the premises, THOS. MORRISON, Prop.

Good farm containing some 400 acres, 200 of which is farmed and 200 in bush land. Farm is known as the Robinson place, situated four miles from Lachute, and is well fenced, well watered, good house and out buildings well built. Any further particulars will be made known upon application to the proprietor, THOS. McFAUL.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm situated in the North Settlement of the Parish of St. Jerusalem d'Argenteuil, containing 400 acres, the best stock farm in the vicinity, with good modern buildings, first-class house with wood shed and kitchen attached, water in house and stable, good spring, second to none in the County, good orchard, will sell stock and implements, comprising 12 cows, 3 work horses and young stock with plenty of feed. Terms easy to the right man. A good sugar bush of 1,000 trees, well equipped. Close to church, cheese factory, post office and school. Reason for selling old age. JNO. EVANS, Danany, P.Q.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada } No 60
Province of Quebec }
District of Terrebonne }

Dame ASILDA MEUNIER, of the Parish of St. Agathe des Monts, districts of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband, JOSEPH CAMPEAU, laborer of the same place. PREVOST, RINFRET & MARCHAND, Attorneys for Plaintiff. St. Scholastique, 8 October, 1908.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Castor*

PROFESSIONAL.

H. C. McCONNELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
(Absent on Tuesday only.)

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

J. E. W. SIMPSON,
Insurance and Financial Agent,
Fire, Life and Accident Assurance.
Only First-class Companies Represented.

DR. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours:—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. HUGH B. FRASER, B.A.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Brownburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Over Banford's Block,
Main St., Lachute.

L. L. LEGAULT, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Raby's Block,
Main St. LACHUTE.

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.
ADVOCATE
ST. SCHOLASTIQUE P.Q.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P. O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne. Sales conducted in French and English.

In Memoriam of the late Norah Howard.

To us a simple life she led,
Unmarked by place or fame,
Yet gained the Master's "Inasmuch
Ye did it in my name."
The kindly deed, the loving word,
The mission of her flowers,
Were like the little drops of rain
Which many—make the showers.
And so her many little deeds
Her little words of love
Are amongst the things our Blessed
Bare record—count above. [Lord

The Holy table of the Lord,
Her care to make it meet
With flowers from garden and from
Are offering true and sweet. [wood

She needs no costly monument
To mark her resting-place;
The memory of her life is one
That Time cannot deface.

A bright example she has left
Of thought, and word, and deed
To those who saw her quiet life
Of ministry to need.

And who can say that such a life
Of little things well done,
Is not more truly great than that
Which earthly crown hath won.

K. S. MASSIAH.

PINE HILL.

—: O:—

More rain again has fallen to the e ident
delight of our worthy farmers.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McVicar of Rivington,
were recent visitors in Edina.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy of Edina,
spent Sunday last at the home of Mr. L.
Kennedy Pine Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tomalty of Mount
Maple, were the welcome guests of Mr. and
Mrs. Joe. Tomalty of Edina recently.

There was no service held in Edina Bap-
tist Church on Sunday last owing the
absence of our pastor Rev. A. R. McDonald
who has been attending the Annual Con-
vention held in Peterboro, Ont.

Miss Vida Kennedy of Grenville, spent
the latter part of the week in Pine Hill, the
guest of her sister Mrs. T. B. Tomalty.

Mrs. E. Clifford of Lachute, who has been
visiting her parents here for some time past
intends returning to her home the latter
part of this week.

Mr. J. McDonald of Brownburg, made
a short visit to Edina and Pine Hill, the
early part of this week.

The Misses Maudie and May Bigelow of
Brownburg, spent the latter part of last
week with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
Bigelow St. Michel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe. Moncrieff of Grenville,
spent Sunday the guests of Mr. Wm. Mon-
crieff of St. Michel.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Joe. Mon-
crieff of Edina, has been confined to his bed
owing to a severe attack of Asthma.

Mr. Jno. M. Tomalty of Lachute, spent
Sunday with his parents in Edina.

Rev. Mr. Budd will occupy the pulpit of
the Methodist Church in Edina on Sunday
evening next at 7.30 p.m.

LOUISA.

Service will be held in St. Aldens Church
on Sunday next at 2.30 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Neill were the wel-
come guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrow
on Sunday.

Messrs. J. H. and W. R. McTaul of La-
chute were in Louisa the early part of this
week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McKenry of St. Philippe
visited Mrs. McKenzie's parents Mr. and
Mrs. Joseph Creswell on Sunday last.

Mrs. Robt. Boyd spent last week visiting
friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Matthus visited Mrs. L.
Robinson on Sunday.

Miss Susie Boyd spent last week at her
home in Louisa.

The many friends of Mrs. Wm. Curran
will be pleased to hear she is recovering
from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Creswell were in
Lachute on Tuesday.

Mr. J. Boyd was the guest of Mr. John
Murphy on Sunday.

Miss L. McVicar spent the week end at
her home in Danany.

Mrs. C. M. Conlin of Danany, visited
her mother Mrs. J. Neil on Sunday.

DUNANY.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Creswell of Lachute,
visited their friends in Dunany and Louisa,
on Sunday and Monday.

Miss Pearl Conlin of Lachute, spent
Thursday with her parents.

Mr. Charlie Lister and sister visited with
friends here on Sunday.

Miss Edith Coombs was the guest of Mrs.
A. McCluskey for the past few weeks.

Miss Mira Conlin left for Montreal, where
she intends going to school for the winter
months.

Miss Ida Gair of Lachute, is home on a
visit to her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Currathers and fam-
ily spent Sunday in Lachute the guests of
Mrs. E. Darlington.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.
Bears the Signature of *Castor*