The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1906. NO. 40

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.

Just Received,—A car load of Choice winter apples. See them before you buy.

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. McOuat & 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.

Full line of Corticelli Silk Spools, Braids and Bindings of all colors at DOIG S.

FOR SALE,—A small parlor wood stove. Apply to MRS. A. FORBES.

THE CENTRAL BLACKSMITHING AND CARRIAGE WORKS.

—To:—

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.

DEATH.

CHAPMAN,—At Montreal, on Friday October 26th, 1906, at her late residence, 17 Plateau street, Eliza Riddell, wife of the late Joseph Chapman, formerly of Lachute, in her 84th year.

CASTORIA.

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

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Jessie Christie is visiting in Montreal.

Mr. H. A. Blair spent Monday in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Perley spent yesterday in town.

Mr. J. R McOuat is spending a few days in Montreal this week.

Mr. Jas. W. Raitt spent the early part of this week in Montreal.

Mr Sargeson who has been visiting in town, has returned to Ottawa.

Mas. Mc Iah of Montreal, is the guest of the Rev. Mrs. Mackie for a few days.

Mrs. Jno. McGibbon is spending a short visit with friends in Hawkesbury.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cushing of Montreal, were guests of Mr. J R. McOuat over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Derbyshire of Brownsburg, left on Monday morning for California.

Mrs. (Dr.) G. H. Christie returned on Saturday from a short visit with friends in Montreal.

Mr. G. J. Walker & Mr. Lyon spent Wednesday in Montreal and attended the Caledonia Concert.

Miss Fessenden of Montreal, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. A. Stackhouse this week.

Mrs. Geo. Bennett returned home on Saturday last after spending two months visit amongst friends in the West.

Mr. David McFarlane has purchased the McConnell property on Princess Avenue, and rented the same to Mr. H. Smith.

The Hockey Club are putting on a first Class concert in the Victoria Hall on Friday, Nov. 16th. Keep the date open and watch for particulars in issue of next week.

The many friends of Mrs. T. Fulton who has been sick for some time, will be sorry to learn that she was removed to the Montreal Hospital on Wednesday to undergo an operation.

Rev T. A. Saddler, B.A of Russel. will preach in the Presbyterian Ch. both morning and evening on Sunday next and at Brownsburg in the afternoon.

Owing to sickness Mr. W. J. Todd was forced to return home on Friday last from his hunting expedition in Labelle, but reports the other members of the party as having a fine time and a good haul of game. They are expected home this week.

A visit of Mr. Taylor of Eddy Lodge Hull, deputy district Grand Master for the Ottawa district paid an official visit to the Masonic Lodge on Monday evening, degree and craft work being exemplified, after which refreshments and speeches were given.

The sale of the Wade Estate came off on Wednesday in the Court House the mill in Arundel being sold to Mr Gagnier, the farm in Harrington and the house in Grenville to Wm. Wad, and the lots of land to Messrs. Dasereau, Court, and Fred Wade, the total amounting to about $2300.

The arbitrators in the case of expropriation of the Prescott branch of the C.P.R. held their sessions in the Court House, Lachute on Monday and Tuesday. The arbitrators were Jos. Girouard, N.P., J L. Brodie, and Alex Pridham. The C.P.R., being represented by J. L. St-Jacques, L.L.L., and the proprietors by A. D. Leduc, K.C. Three witnesses were heard on behalf of the Railway Coy and the Court was adjourned to meet in Ste. Scholastique at a later date.

An open switch resulted in derailing the engine of a freight train that was running out of the Wilson siding on Tuesday morning. It appears that the brakeman was a new hand and after opening the switch so as to allow his train to run in on the siding, he threw it back again to leave the Main line clear. Fortunately the train was running very slow at the time and stopped a few feet clear of the river embankment, or the accident would have been more serious. The wrecking train was soon on hand and with little delay the Main line was again cleared.

ANNUAL PLOUGHING MATCH.

The Annual Ploughing Match held under the auspices of the Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil, was held this year on the farm of Mr. David Touchette in the East Settlement of the Parish of St. Jerusalem on the 25th of October.

The land was in fine condition and the work done thereat was excellent, not a ridge ploughed but what was a credit to the ploughman. There were 3 classes—Men's Special, Men's General and Boy's Class (young men under 21 years.) There were 15 ploughs on the field. The Judges in the Men's Special Class were And. Boa, and Aderic Charbonneau. On the Men's General and Boys' Class, F. Leishman, Wm. Todd, (Geneva,) and Amedas Charbonneau. The prizes were awarded as follows:—

MEN'S SPECIAL—R. Creighton, William Doig, W. J. Burke, James Leishman, David T. Morin.

MEN'S GENERAL—D. Touchette, sr., Ernest Gordon, John Gordon, Albert Minard.

BOYS' OR YOUNG MEN'S—David Touchette, jr., Geo Gordon, Walter Bradley, John Hay, Harry Veitch, A. Veitch.

In the two furrowed sulky Plough-Match, prize given by Mr. H Blair, there were two entries, Albt. Griffith receiving 1st and John Miller 2nd. For the best phereing done in the field, D. T. Morin received the prize, and for the best hinting or finish, R. Creighton.

There was a fair attendance of spectators, among whom we noticed the following old ploughmen at former matches:—J. H. Black, John Gordon, Robert Gordon, R. Morin A. Doig (River Rouge,) Wm., George & John Hay, Wm, Thompson, W. Todd (E.S.) Thos. Morrin, Wm Bradley, Ed. McGregor and David Morin.

Mrs. Touchette with the assistance of the Misses Bella Gordon and E. Todd, provided a good substantial dinner and tea for the ploughmen, Directors and others, the table being spread with all that one could desire.

After the reading of the prizes by the Secretary, he announced that he would be prepared to pay out the premiums awarded by the Agricultural Society at the different exhibitions of the Society, in the course of a few days.

The Secretary having, since the Ploughing Match, received the Government grant, is now in a position to pay the premiums awarded.

CRESWELL'S

CHOICE WINTER APPLES.

FRUIT & CONFECTIONETY

OYSTERS. BEANS. BOVRIL.

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, 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.

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, ACHUTE

"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.

H. HARRIS EE,

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.

About the House

AUTUMN VEGETABLES.

Portuguese Stuffed Egg Plant.—Wash a large egg plant; drop it into boiling salted water; boil for ten minutes, drain and set aside until cold. Cut into halves and from each scoop out the centre, leaving the walls a little less than an inch thick. Chop the pulp fine and add to it one large green pepper, seeded, chopped fine and cooked for five minutes in one tablespoonful of butter, one medium-sized onion, grated, one cupful of drained tomato pulp, one heaping cupful of dried breadcrumbs, and one half of a cupful of chopped cold chicken. Season well with salt; refill each half with the mixture, heaping it over the top. Sprinkle with a tablespoonful of melted butter; place on a flat pan and bake in a quick oven until tender. Serve on a platter, and send with it a bowl of tomato sauce.

Farcied Cucumbers.—Pare short, thick cucumbers; cut off the top from each and scoop out the seeds in such fashion as to make a boat; drop into boiling salted water; boil for ten minutes, then drain. For six cucumbers peel two medium sized onions, pare and core three sour apples, and slice all quite thin. Fry in two tablespoonfuls of butter until tender, but scarcely colored; add one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of currie powder, one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter of a cupful of fine breadcrumbs and one-half of a cupful of milk. Stir and cook for five minutes; set aside until cool. Fill the cucumbers; roll them in flour; dip in beaten egg; roll in breadcrumbs, arrange on a greased pan and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven. Serve with tomato sauce poured around them.

Cucumbers and Onion Ragout.—For six people thinly slice two large or three small onions. Heat two tablespoonfuls of dripping or butter in a frying pan, put in the onions, and cook slowly until they begin to color, then draw to one side of the pan. Add four cucumbers which have been pared, cut in long thick slices, dried and dipped in flour. Brown them rapidly and draw to one side; dredge in sufficient flour to absorb the fat, then gradually add boiling water to make a sauce—about one cupful and a half. Color with a few drops of kitchen bouquet, season with salt, pepper, a spoonful of tomato catsup, and a little walnut catsup, then cover and stew slowly for twenty minutes. Serve on toast.

Turnip Croquettes.—With a roast of lamb try turnip croquettes. Boil and mash white turnips, pressing as dry as possible. Season highly, and for a pint add one scant teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and one beaten egg. Stir over the fire until the mixture draws away from the sides of the saucepan; when cool enough to handle form into croquettes, egg, crumb, and fry.

ROUND STEAKS.

Smothered Round Steak.—Take a slice of lean round at least two inches thick, trim off any extra fat and wipe with a damp cloth. Peel and thinly slice one onion and spread it over the bottom of the dripping pan. On it lay the steak. Mix one can of evaporated tomato soup or one pint of thick tomato sauce with one cupful of boiling water; pour half of it over the meat; cover closely and put in a moderate oven. Cook twenty or thirty minutes to the pound. When half done add a little more of the sauce, if necessary; the remainder is served in the gravy boat with the meat.

Braised Steak with Vegetables.—Take a round steak at least an inch and a half thick. Make a French dressing with three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one of vinegar. Pour half of it over the upper side of the steak; let stand for an hour, then turn and marinate the other side. In the meantime slice two firm tomatoes, one carrot, and one onion, and make a bouquet with three sprigs of parsley, half of a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, one clove, and a stalk of celery. Place the steak in a dripping pan, cover it with the prepared vegetables, add the bouquet and a cupful of water; cover closely and place it in a moderate oven, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. While the meat is cooking, scrape and dice one large carrot, one large white turnip, and one cupful of celery; also peel two dozen white button onions. Boil each separately in salted water until tender. When the onions are almost done, drain them, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of sugar, and draw to one side, shaking occasionally, that they may color slowly a golden brown. When the meat is done, drain off the gravy, rubbing it, with the vegetables cooked in it, through a sieve. Return to the fire, season highly; thicken with browned flour; add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and four tablespoonfuls of sherry; cover and keep hot until dished. Transfer the meat to a hot platter; garnish it with little piles of vegetables; pour over it a little of the gravy and serve at once.

Stuffed Beefsteak.—For this order a slice of round an inch and a half thick, and tell the butcher to make a slit on one side and through into the centre, to form a pouch or pocket. Make about a pint of stuffing, using stale breadcrumbs, a high seasoning of salt, pepper and thyme, and moistened with four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Stuff the meat with this and close the opening with a skewer. Place on a rack in a braising pan; add one tablespoon of chopped onions, two finely cut tomatoes, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, and one pint of stock or boiling water; cover closely and braise in a moderate oven for two hours and a half.

THE PICKLING PROBLEM.

When it comes to "doing up" or "doing down" pickles, whichever you choose to call it, any woman knows that pickles can be made much more cheaply at home than they can be bought. It is just a question of her time.

If she should elect that they shall be made at home she will naturally look for the recipes calling for the least labor. In view of her needs the following are a few simple recipes, those requiring many pourings of the vinegar and repeated reheating having been avoided.

An easily-made chow-chow for immediate use is made by chopping equal parts of cabbage and green tomatoes with a quarter the amount of onions and a few green and red peppers. Season with salt and a little mustard seed, which must be well stirred through, pack in jars, and pour over it scalded vinegar. It will be ready for use in a few days, and will keep several weeks.

Another chow-chow has for its chief ingredient a half-peck of green tomatoes and three onions. Slice these and put in a stone jar with alternate layers of salt. In the morning pour over them a little fresh water and drain the tomatoes well. Put into a pot with half a cup of sugar, 2 cups vinegar, half teaspoon each of cloves and one of nutmeg, cinnamon, and allspice, but no salt. Boil three or four hours, stirring often and bottle.

A few general rules will be sufficient guide for the pickler. Whether for sour or mustard pickles, soak cucumbers, green tomatoes, and cauliflower in salt and water over night. Drain well in the morning, and they are ready for the vinegar preparation, which may be poured over them hot, and into which they may be dropped whenever ready.

For a mustard pickle, take ¾ gallon of cider vinegar, 1 cup sugar, bring to the boil, and add 1 cup flour, 6 tablespoons of mustard, or mustard and curry powder mixed, and ½ ounce turmeric. Wet the three latter with cold vinegar, and add to the hot. For ordinary pickles mixed spice should be added to the vinegar, and, if liked, a very little sugar. A few peppers and pieces of horseradish in the vinegar are a preservative and add to the flavor.

It is well to keep a crock of each preparation, the mustard and the plain, and drop the cucumber, bean, onion, and cauliflower, carrot, or whatever it may be. Cauliflower are the better for being boiled for about five minutes, then drained, and put in pickle. Carrots make excellent pickles.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Remove Iodine Stains.—Rub thoroughly with liquid ammonia and then rinse out in cold water before washing in the usual way.

Salt used in sweeping carpets will keep off the ravages of moths. The salt must be thoroughly dried before it is used.

In filleting fish always use a very sharp knife, trimming the edges afterwards with scissors. Wrap up the fish in a cloth till ready to cook.

Before cooking tapioca soak it in water till it is considerably swollen, and allow one and a half pints of milk to every ounce of tapioca, weighed before soaking.

To Make Brown Boots Black.—First rub the boots over with a small piece of fine sandpaper to take off all dirt, then rub in a liquid ammonia with a flannel. Next apply some American ink with a small brush, let dry, and polish as usual.

In case of fire when it is necessary to enter a burning room, or one choked with smoke, a wet silk handkerchief, tied in one layer over the face, is a complete and certain preventive against suffocation by the smoke. By this means the smoke is entirely excluded from the lungs, and yet it is possible to breathe freely.

To Clean Chamois Skin.—Put six teaspoonfuls of household ammonia into a bowl with a quart of tepid water. Soak the chamois in this for one hour. Work it about with a spoon, pressing out as much as possible of the dirt; then lift into a basin of tepid water, and wash with the hands. Rinse well, and dry in the shade, then rub between the hands to soften.

BLOOD TROUBLES.

Cured Through the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Thousands of women suffer from headaches, backaches, dizziness, languor and nervousness. Few realize that their misery all comes from the bad state of their blood. They take one thing for their head, and another for their stomach, a third for their nerves. And yet all the while it is simply their blood that is the cause of all their trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all these and other blood troubles because they actually make new rich, red blood. Mrs. J. H. McArthur, St Thomas, Ont., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me a world of good. For about eighteen months I was a constant sufferer. I was terribly run down and the least exertion left me fagged out. I slept badly at night and this further weakened me, and finally I had to give up housekeeping and go boarding as I was quite unable to do any housework. I took doctor's medicine but it was of little or no benefit. One day a neighbor told me how much benefit she had derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and advised me to try them. I sent and got three boxes, and by the time I had used them I could feel a change for the better. Then I got four boxes more, and before they were all gone my health was fully restored. To see me now one would not think I had ever been sick for a day, and I can honestly say I owe my renewed health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest cure there is for the weakness and backaches and sideaches of anaemia; all the distress of indigestion; all the pains and aches of rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia, and the weakness and ill health that follows any disturbance of regularity in the blood supply. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There are 5,400 square miles of coalfields in Great Britain.

NO ADULTERATION OR COLORING MATTER IMPURITIES OF ANY KIND IN

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA.

Put up in sealed lead packets to preserve its many excellent qualities

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

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

POSTMEN'S SLEEP CLUB

CURIOUS LONDON MISSION FOR LETTER CARRIERS.

Institute Devoted Entirely to Sleep and Silence—Spartan Simplicity.

Even London, England, with its many mysterious institutions and societies, would probably fail to produce more than one club which is devoted almost entirely to sleep and silence. Such a club has, however, been in existence for many years, and was visited by a representative of the London Tribune, who found it established in a somewhat sombre building in Bartholomew close.

It is called the City Postmen's Institute, and its members are drawn from the great staff of postmen employed at St. Martin's-le-Grand. It was enveloped in a grave-like silence. There was no sign of life on the stairways, and the two lower rooms were locked. At the top of the building, however, an open door was found, leading to a small room occupied by eight or ten postmen.

CURIOUS SPECTACLE.

The room was furnished with Spartan simplicity. A wooden table, a sofa, and a number of canvas deck-chairs practically completed its equipment. Most of the men had discarded their tunics. A game of draughts and a game of dominoes were in progress; a man slept peacefully on the sofa, and most of the deck-chairs also supported sleepers; the remainder of the party smoked and read newspapers and magazines. Intense silence reigned. Dominoes were shuffled noiselessly, papers were turned with the utmost care, and if a laconic word was exchanged it was in a whisper.

A darkened room in the building contained four low camp-beds. On each bed was lying a postman, minus tunic and boots, slumbering soundly, in spite of the fact that outside the sun was at its highest. Another door was mysteriously opened, disclosing more gloom and another row of beds occupied by sleepers. The opening of a third door revealed the same curious spectacle.

EIGHT HOUR DAY.

Subsequent explanations proved that although the actual working day of a postman employed at the General Post-Office does not exceed eight hours, the duty is frequently spread over twelve or fourteen hours, two or three hours of work alternating with a similar period of freedom. Most of the men live in the suburbs, and it was in order to provide a place in which they could spend their short spells of rest that the institute was established. Facilities for ordinary indoor recreations are provided, but sleep is the main object of the club, and those who prefer to smoke and read are scrupulously careful not to disturb their fellow members in the bedrooms.

TREATMENT OF TREES.

Often the roots of fruit trees, more exhausted than the parts in the air, refuse to supply the branches with their proper nourishment. To cure or prolong life of trees possessing still a certain vigor a French investigator has injected solutions of sulphate of iron and other chemicals into the trunks. The liquid penetrates into the cells of the trees, but not into the old wood. It follows the young layers, descending into the roots to the depth of three and a quarter feet and rising to the top of the tree with a uniform distribution. Good results are said to have been attained

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it *cures the cold*. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

A SAMPLE FREE.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.

INVESTORS

Are awakening to the possibilities of **profits** in the mining industry. **Watch the market now.**

We have been recommending the purchase of some of the mining stocks, among them being Consolidated Smelters, Can. Gold Fields Syndicate, Sullivan, North Star, Dominion Copper, Granby Smelters, Nipissing Mines and a number of other British Columbia and Cobalt stocks, and we have **consistently** and **persistently** recommended

White Bear Mine Shares

We want you to associate the name of **Fox & Ross** with **White Bear**, and remember we have said repeatedly we believe "**Fortunes will be made in White Bear shares by purchasers who get in NOW**" before permanent shipments commence.

We Have Buyers and Sellers for

California, White Bear, Caribou McKinney, Sullivan, North Star, Grant, Novelty, Virginia, Monte Cristo, Rambler, Can., Gold Fields Syndicate, Consolidated Smelter, Granby Smelters, Nipissing Amalgamated-Cobalt, Albert, University, Foster, Colonial Investment & Loan, Dom. Permanent, Trust & Guarantee, Sun Hastings.

Write or wire us about ANY Mining or Industrial Security.

Do not fail to write or wire us TO-DAY.

WIRE ORDERS AT OUR EXPENSE.

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THROAT SORE? CATCH COLD EASILY?

Procure from your druggist

DR. SLOCUM'S

COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT

Clears the Throat and Lungs, heals and allays Inflammation, cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, by removing the cause.

Nothing better for Children.

Price 10c. and 25c. a bottle. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

Necessities

Alike on the farm and in the town these four Ryrie articles come nearer to being necessities than luxuries:

THERMOMETERS—Our full and reliable line ranges in price from 50c. to $2.50.

FIELD GLASSES—Our high-power "Ryrie Special," with 12 Lenses in Aluminum Mountings will be delivered to you for $12.50, charges prepaid.

BAROMETERS—These may be had at from $5.00 to $50.00. Our Barometer Book is yours for the asking.

POCKET COMPASSES — Tested ones—$1.00 to $3.50.

Drop us a postal card and we will send you free of charge our large illustrated catalogue.

Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

REMARKABLE PRINTING PRESS.

The University Press at Oxford, England, is the most remarkable printing establishment in the world, as well as one of the oldest. It is what you might call self-contained, and if everything else pertaining to printing were blotted off the face of the earth to-morrow the University Press would go right ahead as if nothing had happened. It makes its own type and its own ink; burns its own charcoal for making the ink, makes its own paper, and so on. The workmen in the Press are as interesting as the establishment itself. In many instances son has succeeded father down the centuries in its employ, as naturally as if the son was his lordship and the father an earl and the position an entailed estate.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

Mr. G. L. Stephenson, of Peterborough, says: "For over ten years I suffered constantly with Piles, first Itching then Bleeding; pain almost unbearable; life a burden. Tried everything in vain till I used Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid. I had taken but a few doses when I began to notice an improvement. Now I am completely cured."

A $1,000 guarantee with every box of Hem-Roid. $1. All dealers, or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Mother (to little daughter)—"I am surprised Ethel, that you should talk so impertinently to your father. I'm sure you never heard me talk that way to him." Ethel—"Well, you choosed him, and I didn't."

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

FLUENT, BUT NOT CONVINCING.

Wiggles—Did you have any difficulty in speaking French while you were in Paris?

Waggles—Oh, no; I didn't have any difficulty at all in speaking it. The difficulty was in getting people to understand it.



MOST REMARKABLE FEAT

A PEDESTRIAN WHO WALKED 100 MILES IN A DAY.

A Wonderful Performance by Mr. Edward Weston at the Age of 68.

To walk at the age of sixty-eight, a distance of over a hunrded miles within twenty-four hours is a feat of which anyone might be proud, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that to-day Mr. Edward Payson Weston, the only man of his age who ever accomplished it, is a happy man. Mr. Weston's little trip was from the City Hall, Philadelphia, to the City Hall, New York, a distance of 106 miles, which he completed in the remarkable time of twenty-three hours and thirty-three minutes. Just forty-three years ago the veteran pedestrian performed a similar feat, but, though a young man at the time, he took exactly twenty-three minutes longer in accomplishing his task, and this in spite of the fact that the two city halls were some four miles closer together then than they are to-day.

Mr. Weston left Philadelphia City Hall at five minutes past twelve on a recent Wednesday, determined, if possible, to break his record of forty-three years ago. He wore knickerbockers, a white shirt, golf stockings, and a pair of strong leather walking shoes. His hat was the identical narrow brimmed straw which he has worn in all his pedestrian feats, while the light cane he carried was the one which has accompanied him in his record-breaking tramps during the last half-century. In a carriage, following the pedestrian were three Philadelphian doctors.

In his long tramp Mr. Weston took the same route that he did in 1863, walking to New Brunswick, N. J., a distance of sixty-five miles without a single stop. There he slept for thirty minutes, and then took the road to Newark, where he arrived at 9.14 p.m. From there he went to Jersey City, where the Pennsylvania Railroad had a ferry-boat at the slip awaiting his arrival. As soon as the old man made his appearance he was hurried on board, and the ferry was off in record time. Mr. Weston reached Cortland Street, New York, at 11.12 p.m., and immediately proceeded to the City Hall by way of Greenwich and Vesey Streets and Park Row. He only stopped a moment at the City Hall, for his goal was Fifth Avenue Hotel, which he had made up his mind to reach before midnight—accomplishing his object with a good margin

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel there was such a tremendous crowd that the popular hero could scarcely make his way into the hostelry. From the ferry, however, he had been accompanied by several policemen, mounted and on foot, and these guardians of the peace and order soon forced a way for the tired pedestrian, who was escorted to his bedroom by his physicians and a few friends There he was subjected to a medical examination, after which he took a salt water bath and went to bed.

The following morning Mr. Weston rose at his accustomed hour—eight o'clock—and soon afterwards was seen by the writer, to whom he gave a few particulars regarding his latest feat. Mr. Weston is a tall, athletic-looking man, in spite of his sixty-eight years, and there was no trace of fatigue apparent in his cheerful countenance as he sat in the vestibule of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and talked about his pedestrian feats past and present.

"I felt so fresh at the end of my last trip," he said, "that I believe I could do the same journey with a night's rest. The most trying part of the trip was during the middle of the day, when the sun was beating on my head and almost making me fear a stroke. But it soon passed, and the cool of the evening greatly revived me. In places the roads were very rough and the walking heavy, but I kept up a good average of four and a half miles an hour, and soon after I started I felt sure I should beat my record of 1863. The doctors who followed me in the carriage were afraid that I might succumb, and were constantly pulling up alongside to have a look at me; but, bless you, I outwalked three pairs of horses, and sometimes they had to trot to keep up with me"—and the veteran gave a hearty laugh.

"The only diet I took on the journey," continued the pedestrian, "consisted of eggs and milk, and I consumed quarts of that refreshing beverage. You know I am a teetotaller, and I think it is due in a measure to my absteminous habits that I was able to accomplish the long journey with a minimum amount of fatigue. The only discomfort I felt was when the constant walking created a few water blisters on the soles of my feet, but they have already healed up, and I feel as right as rain. I took my food while I walked, but when I arrived at the City Hotel, in New Brunswick, I threw myself on a bed which had been made for me on the floor, took a short nap, and then drank a refreshing cup of tea. When I left the hotel I felt as though I could accomplish twice the distance I had in front of me..

"The longest walk I ever accomplished was in 1879, when I walked 5,000 miles in 100 consecutive days. This was an average of fifty miles a day, and I assure you it is not easy to keep it up for more than fourteen weeks. But I did it, and, though at the end I was glad to take a long rest, the walking did not distress me very much. In 1874 I accomplished a very satisfactory bit of walking—better even than my journey yesterday—viz., 115 miles in twenty-four hours. Seven years before that I walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., about 1,500 miles in twenty-five days. In 1874 I walked 500 miles in six days, and five years later I won the Astley belt from the English pedestrian by walking 550 miles in six days.

"I have always been fond of walking and I think it is the finest exercise in the world. A good long walk is better than a month in a gymnasium, and I believe it is a good deal due to lack of this kind of exercise that consumption and other kindred ills are so rampant. A man who takes daily walks in the country cannot fall a victim to any pulmonary disease, and if medical men would only preach this gospel, I believe thousands of valuable lives might be saved. I do not remember when I had a day's illness, and my good health I ascribe entirely to my fondness for walking. Although I am nearing the alloted span of life, I feel as lively as a school boy, and if I live to seventy I intend trying to beat my hundred-mile record—and I think I'll do it."

Better Underwear

Keeps your body warm, yet lets your skin breathe —knit, not woven,— it fits, does PEN-ANGLE Underwear.

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Trade-marked in red. In a variety of styles, fabrics and prices, for women, men and children, and guaranteed.

ARTHUR GOODRICH, AUTHOR OF "THE BALANCE OF POWER."

Arthur Goodrich, author of "The Balance of Power," comes from Connecticut. He was educated in New Britain schools and entered Wesleyan University in 1895. Like many of the younger writers of this generation, he edited his college "Lit." He also sang on the Wesleyan Glee Club, and managed it during one of its most successful years. He also led the men of his class in scholarship and took special honors in English. On his graduation from Wesleyan he was appointed University Scholar in English at Columbia University, where he spent a year in graduate study. He joined the staff of the World's Work at that magazine's beginning and was its Managing Editor for three years. Two years ago he went abroad as foreign editorial representative of The American Magazine and The Outing Magazine. He has meanwhile contributed to many of the leading monthlies here and abroad. He is twenty-eight years old. At present he holds an important editorial position with The Outing Publishing Company; he is a church soloist in a well-known New York choir; and he is vice-president of a Connecticut manufacturing concern which he helped to reorganize a few years ago. "The Balance of Power" is his first novel.

Office Boy—"Want to see the guv'nor? What name shall I say?" Visitor—"Herr Schweitzsalsburghausen." Office Boy—"Oh, I shan't have time to pronounce all that. I'm leaving at the end of the week."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Father—"Ah, Tommy, you don't know when you're well off. I wish I were a boy again." Tommy (who has recently been chastized)—"So do I. Littler than me, too."

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green. "Well, you are, you know," replied Green thoughtlessly. Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

Death Comes to All.—But it need not come prematurely if proper precautions are taken. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to have prevention at hand and allow a disease to work its will is wickedness. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil not only allays pains when applied externally, but will prevent lung troubles resulting from colds and coughs. Try it and be convinced.

"But," said the merchant to the applicant, "you don't furnish any reference from your last place." "You needn't worry about that," replied the man with the close-cropped head and prison pallor, "I wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for my good behavior in my last place."

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure of the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

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

640 ACRES PRAIRIE WHEAT .....LAND.....

FOR SALE

Near Neudorf, Saskatchewan. A great bargain. $12 per acre. Close to two railroads. Branch line of Grand Trunk Pacific surveyed almost through the property.

BOX 21, 73 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

THE HUNT OF BIG GAME.

The northern part of the Province of Ontario is the mecca for the sportsman and hunter. Deer and moose abound in the several districts that are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System including "Muskoka," "Lake of Bays," "Maganetawan River," "Lake Nipissing," "French River," "Temagami," "Georgian Bay," and several points on the Ottawa Division between Scotia Jct. and Algonquin Park. Last year nearly 12,000 deer and 300 moose were taken out of this territory and from reports received this year, the supply is as great as ever. All hunting districts easy of access. Full particulars in "Haunts of Fish and Game," an illustrated publication giving all information, game laws, etc., sent free, on application to G. T. Bell, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

The King of Siam has a bodyguard composed of 400 female warriors. At the age of thirteen they enter the Royal service and remain in it until they are twenty-five, when they pass into the reserve. Their weapon is the lance, and they are splendidly trained in the use of it.

Queen Alexandra enjoys the distinction of being the only Sovereign in modern times to wear the leek as a floral emblem at a State function. The wild leek, which flourishes profusely on the coast of Glamorgan, has been regarded as the national emblem of Wales, and it was as such that Queen Alexandra wore it at a Drawing Room which she held some years ago on St. David's Day.

One of the hobbies of the King of the Belgians is building. King Leopold, who spends almost as much time out of his country as he does in it, has several residences which he seldom or never visits, yet he is constantly adding to them. He has a fine palace in Brussels, but when within his own domains he prefers to spend his time in the country. His Majesty is the richest monarch in Europe so far as real estate is concerned.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

DID NOT IMPRESS HIM.

A practical joker recently made his first trip to Niagara Falls, and a guide that he hired was trying to impress him with their magnitude.

"Grand!" suggested the guide.

"Grand," acquiesced the tourist stolidly

He seemed to be interested, but not at all impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.

"How many a day?" asked the tourist.

"Oh, billions and billions," said the guide.

The other looked across and down and up, as if gauging the flow, and then turned away disinterestedly.

"Runs all night, too, I suppose," he remarked nonchalantly.

The guide never recovered.

IN EVIDENCE.

"Yes, sir," the barber prattled, as he shaved the patron, "livin' is might high these days. All kinds o' prices has gone up so it's hard for us workin' men to even git enough to eat."

"Yes?" groaned the victim; "I judge, however, that you find onions cheap enough."

FEATHER DYEING

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

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL.

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, grown here, hardy and thrifty stock for Fall and Spring delivery, for $15.00 per hundred.

LOUIS GERVAIS, Prop.,
Laurenceville, Que

FOR SALE.

Over two thousand farms in Ontario. Send for our List.

Western Real Estate Exchange Limited, London, Ont."

ENOUGH SAID.

Citiman—Do you know Sharpe?

Subbubs—Oh! he's a real-estate agent.

Citiman—Yes, but do you know anything about his character? Is he honest?

Subbubs—Haven't I just told you what he was?

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"I always felt that there was something cat-like about that lawyer."

"Naturally; you know, all his operations are along a fee line basis."

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

"Tobacco smoking," said the traveller, "is so common in Holland, that it is impossible to distinguish one person from another in a room full of smokers." "But supposing you want to speak to someone present, how are you to find it out?" "Ah, in such cases a waiter is sent round with a pair of bellows, with which he blows away the smoke from the face of every person until the right one is found."

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.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been tested for thirty-three years, and tens of thousands of homes in Canada and the United States to-day are never without it.

A dealer writes: "Shiloh's Consumption Cure is without doubt the best remedy for Coughs and Colds on the market. Once used, our customers will buy no other.—L. Ebley, Nanticoke, 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 fair? 25c. is the price. All dealers in medicine sell

SHILOH

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 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.

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

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

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LACHUTE. - - QUE.

THE BUCKINGHAM STRIKE.

CORONER'S JURY BRINGS IN SWEEPING INDICTMENT.

A sweeping verdict—one recommending the arrest of Messrs Albert and Alex. McLaren, Coroner Roderigue, Chief of Police Kiernan, Bailiff Cummings and all the constables and strike-leaders who took part in the fatal riot of Monday Oct. 8th—was rendered Wednesday evening by the coroner's jury in the Belanger-Theriault inquest, after one of the most searching and remarkable inquiries on record in the province.

Coroner McMahon charged strongly against the leaders on both sides, reviewing the whole affair from beginning to end. The jurors were locked up five hours, deliberating for most of the time in darkness, when they returned their verdict, which was as follows:

THE VERDICT.

"We, the undersigned jurors, declare that we find that Thomas Belanger and Francois Theriault came to their deaths in the Town of Buckingham, in the district of Ottawa, on the eighth of October, 1906, being killed in the course of a riot by Frank Kiernan, John C. Cummings, both of the town of Buckingham; Pierre Picard, of the city of Montreal; Roy Engram, presently in the town of Buckingham; F. W. Warner, presently dead, and the other constables shooting at them in such circumstances that they should be sent before the criminal court.

"We find that Albert Maclaren and Alexander Maclaren, both of the town of Buckingham, are guilty of their death in bringing in those men, and should go before the criminal court.

"We also find that Adelard Hamelin, Hillaire Charette, John Baptiste Clement, Culbert Bastien, George Robinson Croteau, all of the town of Buckingham, and many others are guilty in that they accompanied those men in this riotous assault in which they met their death, and should be sent before the criminal court.

"We also find that Dr. Alex. Roderigue of Buckingham is more guilty than any of the other magistrates in the town, in that he anticipaten serious trouble and neglected to do his duty, and that he too should go before the crimisal cours.

"Two jurors do not agree—Moise Goulet and Janvier Hamelin.

Immediately afterwards Coroner McMahon had a consultation with Crown Prosecutor Guerin. A conference with Hon. Lomer Gouin followed, and it was at once decided to issue warrants for the arrest of those indicted

The finding of the sensational verdict caused the greatest excitement of any incident since the day of the battle. Those whose arrests have been recommended will be charged with murder or manslaughter.

The result of the inquest means that the leaders of both sides will have to face a jury at the next court of king's bench for County of Labelle.

Important Judgment to Municipalities.

A case of great importance to municipalities under the municipal code, was rendered in the Court of Appeals King's Bench, Montreal, on Thursday, 25th, inst., in the case of Jos. Palliser and the Corporation of the Township of Wentworth. Relative to the proprietorship of what is known as the Gaffney lot of land in said Township. In 1891, John & Mary Gaffney, who had been proprietors of these lands, by themselves and their auteurs for about 60 yrs, sold the same to appellant by deed before A. Berthelot, N.P., which was duly registered about the same time. In the spring of 1893 the property was sold by the Corporation of the County for taxes for years 1893-4 and 5 to the Corporation of the Township of Wentworth of which they took possession and in 1898 they received the taxtitle which was duly registered. In 1904 the property was seized by the Sun Life Insurance Co. of Canada under a judgment against appellant as being his property. The township opposed the seizure on the ground of proprietorship by the tax sale and the appellant contested the opposition basing his right on the deed registered to him from the Gaffneys Chief Justice Lacoste delivered the judgment of the Court, the five judges being unanimous. His Lordship said that there were four principal reasons urged by the appellant in support of his appeal. First,—that he was the duly registered proprietor since 1891 and that the tax sale was null and void. Second,—that he had possession ever since of said land through the Gaffneys, his agents. Thirdly—that the taxes for 1893 had been paid by the Gaffneys. Fourth,—that the moveables of the Gaffneys had not been discussed prior to said sale and no bailiff returns had been made showing there were no moveables.

The township claimed that all its proceedings were perfect and regular according to the municipal code and that Mr. Palliser never had possession of the said lot of land but that the Gaffneys continued to be known as the reputed and ostensible proprietors and as such were born on the records of the Township, paying taxes since 1891 and in every way acting as proprietors, also that the Gaffneys were indigent persons and had no moveables to be seized. It also pleaded the prescription of 2 years. His Lordship said at the outset that while the township might invoke this prescription as to the redemption of the property it could not, like third parties plead it against irregularities illegalities or nullities for which it was always responsible. He held that the registration of his deed was not sufficient, but that Mr. Palliser should have taken actual possession and had his name placed on record as proprietor. The proof showed clearly that the Gaffneys had not paid any of the taxes for which the land was sold, that the taxes were duly imposed in the name of the Gaffneys as the reputed owners and the subsequent proceedings were according to law and that the records showed them to have had no seizable moveables. The judgment of the Court below, J. E. Robideoux was confirmed on the main points and the appeal dismissed with costs.

C. H. Stephens, K.C., & Brodeur, K.C., counsel for appellants.

G. E. Bampton, K.C., & F Ritchie, K.C., counsel for respondent.

BROWNSBURG.

—: o :—

The Hockey Club will hold their Annual Meeting at an early date so as to make arrangements for the coming winter.

Mr. G. MacDonald attended the American University Mens Dinner in Montreal on Wednesday night.

The Dominion Catridge Co. are building several houses for the accomodation of their employees. Houses are at a premium in the village and there is a good opportunity for anyone willing to build suitable places.

The small boy was very much in evidence with his usual pranks on Halloween night, gates, fences and other paraphernalia from the back yards being found in out of the way places. The frolic however was generally taken in good part although in some cases a little exasperating.

In connection with the proposed Band it is rumored that the position of Bass Drum will be offered to Mr. F. H. Hooper whose deportment would considerably add to the strength of the organization, there is however, likely to be a contest over the question as it is also understood that Mr. E. Hazen is also an aspirant for the honor.

The Dominion Cartridge Company Employees school was formally opened on Wednesday evening in McAllister's Hall with a very fair attendance of students, classes being formed in reading, writing and arithmetic. The school is to be congratulated in having secured the services of Mr. David Robertson, a teacher of wide experience and under his tuition the efficiency of the school is assured.

Mr G. McDonald, General Supt. of the Factory, has also kindly offered to take charge of a class in Geometry which has been organized and will begin work on Wednesday next. This class will give a great chance to those who are anxious to take up this branch of the School, several having intimated their desire to become proficient in the science. This school should prove a great opportunity for the employees of the Factory, in fact for the residents of Brownsburg, as the School is open to residents also, and should fill a want that has long been felt.

There is also a movement on foot to form a Band amongst the employees, but it is only in its early stages at present. There are however amongst the employees several who have had experience in Military Bands in the Old Country and elsewhere and it should not be a very hard matter to form an organization that would do credit to the Village. The Company have generously offered to assist the project in a tangible way and it is up to the employees to shew their appreciation by getting the project in shape A musical organization of this kind would prove a boon to the Skating Club during the winter months and could also be used in many other ways to the entertainment and pleasure generally of our citizens and no doubt would be appreciated. Go ahead boys and get down to business.

The Ladies Social Club intend formally opening their rooms on Monday evening, Nov. 5th. It is intended to have a Musical Social, a piano having been rented for the use of the Club and with the musical talent amongst the members a very enjoyable evening is assured. It is also open to local residents, the fee being placed at a nominal figure so as to cover incidental expenses. The rooms however have been placed at the disposal of the Ladies by Mr. MacDonald and altered to suit the requirements of the Club. The object of the Club is to afford means for the social meeting and amusement of its members and at the same time to offer opportunities for the profitable use of the winter evenings.

Academy Exams.

GRADE II ELEM.

Pupils taking over 75 p.c. in Scripture examination on Oct. 26th.

Maggie McKimmie 99, G. Marshall 98, Alison Cottingham 97, R. McRae 93, Constance Banford, D. Mitchell, Hazel McGibbon, Lila Giles, Inez Giles and Jean McGibbon equal 92, Kyle Pattersan 91, Effie Neill, Edith McDiarmid, John Drennan & Laura Campbell equal 90, Mary Hope 89, Gordon Fraser 87, E. Lowe 86, Ed. McOuat 85, Stuart Harkness 83, D. Simon 82, Muriel Joss 80, Ruby McOuat and Leona Garretsee 77, Grace McOuat 75.

GRADE III ELEM.

SPELLING & DEFINITIONS.

CLASS I—Cameron Hay 96, Mary McDiarmid 95, Aida Patterson 90.

CLASS II—Catherine McGibbon 89.

CLASS – III—Georgina Baldwin and Maggie Walker 72, Ellice Palliser 65.

CLASS IV—May Ewing 49, Gertrude Hammond 47, Rubert Robinson 44, Stuart McFaul 40.

GRADE IV ELEM.

CLASS I—Roy Kennedy 100, Frankie Joss 95, Hattie McCoy 91.

CLASS II—Willie Hay 89, Eleanor Hay and Vern Riddell 88, David Campbell and Willie Calder 87, Roby Beers 80, Jessie Earle 79.

CLASS III—Gordon Harkness 72, H. Barrie 71, Annie McCoy 69, Jessie Cruise 65, Jack Menzies 63.

CLASS IV—Vernon Hammond 54, Alma McNeil 48, Roby Carpenter 42.

GRADE I MODEL.

ARITHMETIC.

HONORS—Reid Giles 95.

CLASS I—Norah Christie 80, Lizzie Paul and Harry Hammond 75.

CLASS II—Guy Doig 65, Douglas McGibbon and Jennie Forbes 60.

CLASS III—Bessie McGibbon and Carlie Bedard 55, May Cruise 50, A. Barrie and Cecil Bradford 45.

GRADE II MODEL.

ENGLISH.

HONORS—I. Riddell 95, C. Palliser 91.

CLASS I—Bessie Fraser 86.

CLASS II—Judith Bondesen 72, S. Scott 71, Elmer Giles 70, Edward Ivall 69, Winnie Banford 64.

CLASS III—J. Berniquer 58, Harry McIntyre and Marian Slater 55, W. McArthur 47, Carrie Bennett. 46.

GRADE III MODEL.

ALGEBRA.

HONORS—Carrie Black 100, Alice McClure and Erle Todd 98, Gertie Rodgers 92.

CLASS I—Naomi Ivall 87, Lowell Banford 81, Edith Fraser 78,

CLASS—Justina McCrea 74, John Calder 73, Hartley Thomas and Katy Giles 70, Annie Miller 68, R. Smith 66 Violet Kennedy 61, Roby Giles 60.

CLASS III—Sadie Dawson 58, Lillias Brown 53, Willie Hamilton 51, Winnie Riddell 50, Harold McOuat 46, Annie Graham 40.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

LITERATURE.

CLASS I—R. Florence, M. Cameron LeR. Florence, W. Cameron.

CLASS II—L. Palliser, E. Bradford, V. Joss, E. Keys, D. Bates, M. Cottingham, M. Hay, R. Ewan.

CLASS III—M. Gall, M. Black, J. McLean, K. Derrick, R. Strong, A. Smith, M. Patterson, B. Fraser, L. Gall.

GRADE II ACADEMY.

&

GRADE III ACADEMY.

GREEK HISTORY.

HONORS—Ethel Bailey 92, Amy Hammond 91.

CLASS I—Clara Banford 85, Egbert McOuat and Miles Walker 84, Effie Cooke 81, Katy McGibbon 77.

CLASS II—Christina Drennan 73, M. McGibbon 70, Lawrence Smith 65.

CLASS III—Alice Arthur 58, Dora Watt 56, Isabella Raitt, K. Smith 46.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, 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. L'td.
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.

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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

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

Home Circle Department.

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

A friend of ours lost a fine Jersey cow the other day—tied her too long. She got tangled up in the rope and broke her neck—a case of too much rope. How many instances there are in life that are counterparts of the above! The cherished of our hearts, our own flesh and blood, are often allowed to gradually slip away from us and out from under our control, all because we love them so much and hate to restrict their pleasures or say "no" to them. They are out a little bit late, but they are our boys & girls and they will be all right. Perhaps later on it is the public dance, a case of beer and a game of cards with a 10 cent ante, and the first thing we know all is lost, and we awake to a realization of the fact, only too late, that it was just like our friend's cow—a case of too much rope. Be boys and girls with your boys and girls, and at the same time be manly men and women, and your boys and girls will grow up like you be proud of you and you of them.

THE HOME.

Married people would be happier
If home trials were never told to the neighbors.
If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.
If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.
If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.
If each would try and be a support and comfort to the other.
If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.
If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers.
If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work
If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as better.
If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.
If there were fewer silk and velvet costumes for the street, and more plain, tidy house dresses.
If there were fewer "please darlings" in public, and more polite manners in private.
If wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.
If men would remember that women can't always be smiling, who have to cook the dinner, answer the bell half a dozen times, get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, to tend a sick baby, tie up a cut finger of a 2-year-old boy, gather up the playthings of a four year old, tie up the head of a six year-old on skates, and get an 8 year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all these to contend with may claim it a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man, who during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

THE life of the world is strenuous, and the door of the home should shut out the storm and stress, but it should not shut out new and wholesome and inspiring influences. It should stand wide in hospitable welcome to friends The home life that is narrow and selfish is dull and enervating.

To Builders.

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

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

J. W. Cottingham

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c, and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. East, Toronto.

To get the Greatest Returns for Your Money—go to

W. DOIG'S

Groceries, Boots & Shoes,
and Dry Goods.
Everything New and Up-to-Date

FREE DELIVERY ALL OAER TOWN.
GIVE YOUR ORDER TO THE DRIVER.

W. Doig

Opposite the 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.

...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 acmplete.

J. R. McOUAT

Attention!

Photographs! Do it now!

Photographs taken in every style,
We make a specialty of children's photographs.
Give us a call, young or old.
Facilities up-to-date. Our work is reliable.
A full line of frames kept in stock.

Everything in Photographs.

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

Now is the Time To Think of FURS!

And when you are thinking of them remember that I have a magnificent assortment of the very choicest of furs that will make you look natty and look nice, and put a smile on you that won't rub off, when you think how cheap they are compared to other stores.

Our Crockery Display

Is worth while a visit from you and will prove you a good money saver. Everything you need in this line can be secured right with us and we will be sure to please you.

Our Groceries, Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, and Hardware Departments are always well stocked.

H. PAQUIN,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Our Store is the Bargain ...Centre...

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

McFaul Bros.

Ladie's 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 else-where and convince yourself.

Lachute Furniture Factory

A TARDY REPENTANCE

The tramp shivered in his rags as he pressed his face against the window-pane.

Compared with the cutting east wind and the hard black frost without, the room certainly presented a picture of luxury and comfort. The fire burned brightly, the silver table-lamp with its crimson shade shed a warm glow on the rich furnishings, and a further spirit of temptation lay in the decanter and food which adorned the table.

It was so easy. The room was empty and the window unlatched. Slowly and silently he raised the sash. All was quiet. In another moment he was in the room. The lamp flickered, so he closed the window.

With trembling hands he poured out the rich red wine, and tossed several glasses of the generous liquor down his throat.

"Ah! That is liquid life. It is years since I tasted such wine, and old-time memories come crowding upon me. What a contrast between then and now! Shall I ever sit in a home like this again?"

As the warmth gradually crept into his frozen limbs he sat in a comfortable chair and gazed into the fire. Oblivious of his surroundings, he conjured up visions of the past, of the time when he was a prosperous solicitor, happy with his wife and daughter.

Then the temptation to get rich quickly, the enticing speculation, failure, fraud, detection, and jail.

His reverie was broken into by the sound of voices and coming footsteps. The instinct of self-preservation instantly asserted itself. Springing from the chair he gazed hurriedly round the room. Across the corner by the window stood a heavy couch, behind which he managed to secrete himself just as the door stood opened.

Huddled up in his hiding-place he ventured to look. Two men entered; one was in evening-dress, while the other was muffled in a great-coat.

"Your name is Stephen Rast and you wish to see me on important business?"

"If you are Mr. Peter Jameson you will find that the importance of my business will excuse the lateness of my call."

"You arouse my curiosity. Well, my name is Jameson; get to the business."

"The business takes me back to five years ago, when the late George Power quarrelled with his son Martin."

"I remember the time. Martin married without his father's approval, and paid the price of his folly by being kicked out."

"And not only that, but George Power made a will in which his son's name was not mentioned."

"In fact, he left the whole of his property to me, his dutiful nephew. This is all very interesting, but——"

"One moment, sir. Two years ago Martin Power and his father became reconciled, and Martin brought his wife to Aliwal Manor, where they all lived together upon terms of the most amicable and loving friendship."

"My dear fellow, you tire me. Come to something interesting."

"The interesting part is this: does it not strike you as peculiar that, notwithstanding the happy nature of this reunion, George Power did not make a new will reinstating his son as successor to his wealth?"

"The interesting fact to me is that he didn't. George Power is dead, and I inherit his money."

"While Martin Power——"

"Martin Power is a pauper, and I don't pretend to be sorry. I am allowing him and his wife to live at Aliwal manor until the end of the week. After that they clear out."

"Supposing they didn't go?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that some months ago I drew up a new will for George Power, leaving everything to his son Martin."

For a few moments silence filled the room.

"I don't believe it. Why have you not come forward before?"

"I have been in America for the last eight weeks, and have only just returned. As for the will, it is here. You can read it from where you sit. It is short but to the point: 'I give all my property to my dear son, Martin Power, whom I appoint sole executor.' A model will, Mr. Jameson." In the silence that ensued the man behind the couch raised his head and watched the two men unobserved. Then the man named Stephen Rast spoke again:—

"It will be a great blow to your fortunes if this will is brought forward, Mr. Jameson."

"How much do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Don't pretend to misunderstand me. You want money?"

"Well, if I took this to Martin Power I have no doubt he would pay me a good sum."

"How much, I say?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Impossible."

"It is a criminal act to suppress a will, and I do not propose to commit a felony for less. It is not a year's income of your inheritance."

Again there was silence for a few moments, and then Peter Jameson spoke.

"You shall have the money."

"Good! When?"

"I must arrange with my bankers; I have not such a sum handy. To-morrow is the 30th—I am going to Aliwal Manor in the evening. Suppose you come to me there on the 31st, and then we can finish the bargain."

"Very well. At what hour do you dine?"

"Say seven-thirty."

"I will be there, and the money must be in notes."

"As you wish. There is nothing more, I think?"

"Nothing more. I am glad we have been able to come to such an amicable agreement."

"Oh, as to that, we are so friendly that I could squeeze your throat with pleasure."

"I have no doubt of that," answered Rast, with a grin, "but I'll take care that you don't."

As the two men passed through the door the head of the tramp appeared above the couch. Quietly opening the window, he climbed out and closed it after him. Hurrying round to the front of the house, he hid behind some bushes just as the door opened and Peter Jameson was showing out his unwelcome guest.

The night was very dark, and as Stephen Rast hurried along the lonely road, highly delighted with the success of his mission, the tramp followed him like a shadow.

In front of them was a trap coming along the road; the horse was being driven very unsteadily. The sidewalk was narrow and without a kerb-stone, and as Rast steped out of the way the horse swerved, the wheel of the vehicle caught him in the chest, and tumbled him backwards into the ditch.

Stunned and dazed, he made a feeble effort to rise, but it seemed as if another man was forcing him down. Strong fingers grasped his throat and a hand searched his pockets. Then for a few minutes all was blank, and when at last he recovered consciousness he found himself alone, and the will was missing.

On the following morning Stephen Rast was sitting in his office very stiff, very mortified, and very much out of temper. He had no doubt in his own mind that Peter Jameson was his assailant, and the prospect of obtaining blackmail without the will was very problematical.

"There is a man asking to se you, sir; he won't give his name."

"Oh! What is he like?"

"Very ragged and very dirty; looks as if he had slept in a ditch. Says he has important news for you."

"Show him in."

In another minute the tramp was in the room. Carefully closing the door, he faced Rast.

"Good morning, Stephen."

"Stephen! Who are you, sir, to be so familiar?"

"Look again, Stephen. Cast your memory back a few years, and look again."

"Victor Lamart!"

"Aye! Victor Lamart, your old employer. You seem to have got on since you were a clerk in my office, Stephen."

"Perhaps that is because I keep straight and don't play any hanky-panky tricks with other people's money, like you did."

"You never know what you may come to."

"But tell me, where have you been and what do you want?"

"Since I came out of jail I have been a wanderer. My wife had a small annuity, sufficient for the wants of herself and our daughter, and when I was released, before my sentence was completed, I left England without seeing them. I wrote from South Africa saying that I would return or send for them when I had retrieved my fortune. Things went from bad to worse with me, and then my wife ceased writing."

"Got tired of the game, did she?"

"No; she was dead. I did not find it out until I came to England three months ago."

"And what of your daughter?"

"I cannot find her. I have tramped for weeks in the search, but I am as far off as ever."

"And what do you want with me?"

"Oh, about twenty-five pounds to get some new clothes."

"Ha, ha! That's good. I may tell you at once, my good man, that you won't get a penny out of me."

"I am sorry, Stephen, to find you so hard-hearted. You see, I have to go to an important dinner-party to-morrow evening at Aliwal Manor."

"Aliwal Manor?"

"Yes. Don't you remember Mr. Jameson invited us last evening, and he is going to pay us a large sum of money—a large sum, Stephen?"

"What do you know—what do you know?"

"Everything, Stephen, everything; and I know that you can't move without me."

"You stole the will—where is it? Give it to me—I will have it."

"Gently, Stephen. You don't think I would be such a fool as to bring it with me. No, no; I have it safe, and we must come to terms."

"What do you want?"

"Halves."

"I'll see you——"

"Ten thousand pounds is enough for any man, Stephen, and if you don't like my terms I can go to Martin Power. Come, come, see reason; I hold all the cards."

"And if I agree?"

"Then you lend me twenty-five pounds, and you and I, dressed as gentlemen, accept the hospitality of Aliwal Manor to-morrow. After dinner, when Mr. Jameson has handed us ten thousand each, I hand him the will."

"How am I to explain to Jameson?"

"One of the witnesses to the will is John Crooks. I will be Crooks for the evening, and he must be told that we are partners."

"I suppose I must accept your terms."

"There is no necessity, but half a loaf is better than no cake, and I think you will see on which side your bread is buttered. Hand over the money."

"Can I trust you?"

"Honor amongst thieves. Twenty-five pounds; thank you. At what time to-morrow do you go down?"

"The five-thirty from Waterloo."

When Stephen Rast met Victor Lamart at the station, he was astonished at the change in his old employer. Clean shaven, immaculately dressed in evening clothes, the erstwhile tramp was now an aristocratic-looking gentleman.

"Ah! New clothes and a contented mind work wonders in a man's appearance; and, see here, my friend, in case you contemplate any accidents in the train I have ventured to purchase this serviceable-looking little revolver. I do not trust you, Stephen Rast."

Peter Jameson received his guests with ill-disguised displeasure, and manifested considerable annoyance and surprise at the advent of the man introduced as John Crooks.

"Mr. Crooks is my partner and one of the witnesses to the will. Without his acquiescence our compact would be dangerous."

Concealing his chagrin, Jameson assumed the role of host, and led the way to a room where dinner was laid for the three.

The meal was an excellent one and Lamart did full justice to it; if the others seemed preoccupied and ill at ease he did not notice it.

When coffee was served the conversation lagged and finally resolved into silence; then through the quietness there came the sound of a piano and the swelling strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and as the music rose and fell a fresh young voice took up the melody, singing the air with an exquisite pathos that seemed to burst from a heart overburdened with sorrow.

As Lamart listened his memory was carried back to years of happiness and innocence, to the day when he first brought home his beautiful bride and they had joyfully sung the song together.

"That is Mrs. Power, my cousin's wife," exclaimed Jameson.

In a few minutes Lamart, making the excuse that he wished to obtain something from his overcoat, left the room, and drawn by an irresistible impulse he turned his steps towards the sound of the music. In the drawing-room a girl sat at the piano. As he entered the room she rose and faced him, and for a few minutes they stared in silence.

"Gladys!"

"Father!"

In another instant the old man was clasping his daughter in his arms.

"I have found you at last, Gladys."

"Ah! We thought you were dead. My husband advertised everywhere for you, so that you could come and make your home with us. But now we are outcasts ourselves, and leave here to-morrow, practically penniless. How did you find me?"

"Providence guided my footsteps. I have come to save you. I have no time to explain now, but George Power made a will before he died leaving everything to your husband. Peter Jameson is going to buy this will to-night, and thus rob your husband of his inheritance by destroying it, and, Heaven forgive me, I was going to assist in robbing my little girl. Take it, Gladys; find your husband at once and explain. I must get back to those blackguards."

Pushing the precious will into the hands of the wondering girl, Lamart returned to the room where Jameson and Rast were waiting.

"Now, then," said Jameson, "we will get this business over, and I can be quit of you. Here are twenty thousand pounds in notes—that is my part of the bargain. Where is yours?"

Lamart, with his back to the door, sat facing the two men. Springing suddenly to his feet, he pointed a revolver at Jameson's head.

"Here—hands off those notes!"

As Jameson pushed his chair back in alarm, Lamart reached over and secured the bundle.

"What fool's game is this?" asked Rast.

"The game is this. When I came here to-night I was an outcast without a friend in the world, and as an outcast I thought it no sin to participate in this robbery. But now the voice of an angel singing has brought me to my senses."

"What do you mean?" demanded Rast.

"I mean that I have found my child—my little Gladys. Martin Power's wife is my daughter."

"But the will—the will! Where is the will?"

"It is here!"

They all turned towards the door, and there stood Martin Power, holding the will aloft.

"And, so, Peter Jameson, you are unmasked at last? Years ago you poisoned my father's mind against me, and now you continue your villainy by conspiring to rob me of my inheritance."

Pale as death, Jameson stood cowering under the wrath of his cousin.

"It is true; I have played and lost."

"And had you won you would have turned me and my dear wife out of the old home where we have been so happy. But for my wife's pleadings I would hand you and your accomplice over to the law, and you may thank her for my leniency. Go at once, and never let me see your faces again."

As the two men slunk out of the room Victor Lamart turned to Gladys and Martin.

"I cannot ask you to forgive me, nor can I forgive myself for the wrong I was about to do you both. Years ago I made a mistake and paid the penalty. Since then I have lived a life of hardship and sorrow, with no friend in the world to turn to. By some chance I overheard this conspiracy to defraud Martin Power, and, Heaven forgive me, I forced myself into the scheme, little knowing that I was about to rob my own daughter. However, that is all past now, and, although it may be but a tardy repentance, my attempt at evil has resulted in your benefit. Good-night and good-bye."

"Stop! You surely cannot think that we are going to allow you to leave us. We have been searching for you and advertising for months, and henceforth your home is with us. Your room has been ready ever since we took up our abode here, and the only cloud upon my wife's happiness has been your absence."

The old man sank down in a chair and covered his face with his hands and Martin Power went quietly from the room, leaving the father and daughter together.—London Tit-Bits.

FUR ANIMALS IN CANADA.

There is no Sign of Exhaustion of the Supply of Skins.

American Consul Gabriel Randal of Dawson City, furnishes an interesting report of the fur trade of Northern Canada. He believes there is no immediate danger of fur bearing animals being destroyed and declares there are vast unexplored regions in which fur bearing animals abound. He writes:—

"Inasmuch as Northern Canada is frequently designated as the last great fur preserve of the world, it is worth while to study the character of the supply in these parts, its permanency, as well as the number and proportion of the skins obtained. Complete statistics are not available. However, some light is thrown upon the subject by a table, purporting to show the annual sale of the Hudson Bay Company. Large quantities of furs reach the market through other channels.

"For more than two centuries the fur trade has been vigorously prosecuted in Northern Canada, and yet the supply, save in the case of two or three varieties of animals, shows no formidable sign of exhaustion. The buffalo, whose hide was once an important article of commerce, has disappeared before the advance of civilization, the beaver can apparently only be saved from a similar fate by extraordinary measures of protection, so, too, the fur seal of the islands and waters of the Pacific. Sea otter and silver fox have been rare for many years. Fur buyers seem to agree that the fur bearing animals of the north, with the exceptions noted, are not playing out. Vast extents of territory still remain approximately virgin and unexploited, and Indians are proving surprisingly careful in preserving game."

BIG PRACTICAL JOKE.

Irishman on a "Spree" Imagines Himself a Fleet Caterer.

The following is a list of the things which a man ordered when, as he explained in a Dublin police court, he was on a drunken "spree." It is said that he represented himself as a caterer for the Atlantic Fleet:—

42 pigs' heads.
42 tins milk.
40 lb. bacon.
256 buckets lard.
100 lb. cheap tea.
2 sacks sugar.
3 cwt. pigs' feet.
2 bags oatmeal.
3 cwt. corned beef and mutton.
4 casks soft soap.
1½ cwt. margarine.
£30 flour.
60 large tins sardines.
5 cows.
6 Irish sheep.
1 foreign sheep.
45 loin chops.
48 syphons soda.
40 doz. soda.
3 barrels XX stout.
100 bottles whiskey.
12 dozen lager beer.
12 dozen Bass.
30 bottles gin.
100 bottles port.
100 flasks rum.

NOVEL RAILWAY TRAIN.

At the close of a banquet given by the Maharajah of Gwalior to the Prince of Wales, a centrepiece in the form of a temple and decorated with electric lamps and flowers was hoisted to the ceiling by pulleys, and revealed a perfect model railway on the table underneath. The locomotive and train were 8ft. long, and carried decanters, cigars, cigarettes and matches. The train was started by closing an electrical circuit. As long as this was closed by a spring the train moved, but the lifting of a decanter or box of cigars resting on the spring allowed the spring to act, thus breaking the circuit and stopping the train.

CURIOUS CAUSE OF BUSH FIRES.

The remarkable discovery has been made that many of the recent great bush fires in New South Wales and Victoria were caused by the phosphorus paste used to kill rabbits. The paste is laid down by the ton in all the rabbit-infested districts. As soon as the mixture dries it catches fire under the heat of the sun's rays and starts disastrous conflagrations.

When you have them they are opinions; when other people have them they are delusions.

APOSTLE OF DIRT TALKS

SCRUPULOUSLY AVOIDS SOAP AND WATER.

Says Biblical Patriarchs Owed Their Longevity to a Life Close to Nature and Dirt.

When Frederic Cerboni was discovered recently several short paragraphs were published about him. He is a chemist by profession and 75 years old. When he declared that he expected to live twice that age, people were surprised. They were surprised when he was reported as saying that the secret of health and long life was to avoid soap and water and never wash. He, himself, according to the statement then published, has never taken a bath.

It now appears that these statements are all true, for the editor of La Nazione of Florence, Italy, sent a special correspondent to the aged professor's home at Gelsomino, not far from Rome, and interviewed him.

Before the interview was published, the professor read it over and then signed it. Here, in brief, is what he says in it: "The secret of long life and health is to get as close to Nature as possible. Go back to the history of the beginning of all things. Did not Adam and Eve, Moses, Aaron and Methuselah and the hosts that lived in the first centuries live to great old ages?

THEY WERE CLOSE TO NATURE.

They did not use soaps and toilet powder and all the other abominable things people nowadays use. In the Roman period, the luxuries of the baths shortened lives. A man in those days was old at 60. In the middle ages where do you find baths, looking glasses, sponges, soaps? It is true that disease wiped out people freely, but that was because they had no physicians worthy of the name and no knowledge of the science of cure.

"The present-day hygiene—what is it? A myth, a mere superstition. Microbes are killed by other microbes. That is the long and short of it. I am a chemist. I know my profession well and therefore I know all about this fad of hygiene.

"Look at the number of people who live to be 100 or more. The newspapers tell us of them now and again. Who are they? Simple peasants in the mountains or in the country. They do not take a daily bath or use the deadly soaps and toilet foolishness. They live close to Nature and the soil from which they sprung.

"To wash one's clothes or one's room is different. I am hale and hearty. I have a good appetite. I sleep well. I am vigorous and in my prime. I have never had a day's illness in my life. I shall live to be, perhaps, 150 years old.

AND YET I NEVER WASH.

I cannot remember to have ever taken a bath. Water is all right. To take a swim in it is healthful exercise. But that is all. I have analyzed soaps, and all the toilet fads of the modern man and woman. They are all more or less deadly and harmful. I have never used any of them. Towels, sponges, brushes and all such things are so much useless lumber. I never even wash my face in the morning. Naturally I rinse my hands occasionally and wipe them on my hair or my trousers, or, more often let them dry naturally. How many fringed towels and tooth brushes do you think Methuselah owned?

"Bah! It makes me sick to think of the fools who enrich the soapmakers.

"I wear the same clothes all the year round. I never take them off from one Christmas to the next. In the hot weather I shed my coat, my vest, perhaps. In the winter I may wear a heavier coat. That is all. I go to bed in my clothes and also my boots. I am never offensive to other people. The world would be better off if everyone followed my example. People would live longer and be in better health. They would not waste half their lives and their money in attending to their toilet and at watering places and hydropathic establishments.

"I have given you the secret of health and long life. Be a public benefactor and publish it to the world."

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN NESTS.

Probably the lowest type of man is found among the bushmen of Australia. They are so primitive that they have no idea of building even the most rudimentary form of hut or shelter. Travellers from this part of the world tell wonderful stories of the nest-building people who inhabit the wilds. They find whole families of them nesting in the thickets like our ground birds, though their nests are not constructed so carefully and artistically as those of our feathered friends.

FORETHOUGHT.

"How still they are," remarked Mrs. Frobb, apropos of the young couple in the next room.

"Yes," replied Mr. Frobb; "it reminds me of my army days. It was always wonderfully quiet just previous to an engagement."

"Mrs. Small, this coffee won't settle," complained Mr. M'Watty to his boarding-house keeper. "Then it is in good company, Mr. M'Watty," replied Mrs. Small, frigidly.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER V.

The late Peter van Slack had spared no expense in making his Patonket villa an ideal summer residence. One day while on a yachting tour he had seen the village for the first time, and the beauty of the place had enchanted him. "Here will I build myself a refuge from the Continental bores who worry me at Pafraets Dael," he had said to himself, but he had not lived to see the agricultural triumph which had resulted from this purpose.

The cottage was a large, roomy structure built of wood and brick in Queen Anne style. A small conservatory stood at one side of the house and opened into the drawing-room. The square hall, at one end of which ticked an old-fashioned clock beneath a wooden shield bearing the van Slack coat-of-arms, separated the drawing-room from the library. The interior of the cottage was finished in hard wood. Light bamboo chairs and sofas, Chinese portieres, Turkish rugs, bric-a-brac and pictures filled the house in careless profusion. Fiction and poetry in various languages could be found upon the shelves of the library, but the few paper-covered novels of recent date scattered about upon the table seemed to be the only books in the room which had been honored by perusal.

It was eight o'clock on the evening of the eventful day that has so long occupied our attention. The van Slacks and their guests had reached that stage of dinner at which conversation begins to assume a livelier character than is possible under the oppressive presence of a roast and its concomitants. A gentle breeze coming in through the open windows of the drawing-room had gained a perfume of flowers and filled the salle a manger with an odorous coolness.

Mrs. van Slack in quiet dignity sat at one end of the table attired in a black silk dress adorned with jet, while her son, more silent to-night than usual, did the honors at the other. At the right of Rutger van Slack sat Baron von Hurstein by the side of his fiancee. Opposite, in lonely state, John Dare maintained his hopeless bachelorhood. Hilda van Slack, in a dress of black lace cut low at the neck and with sleeves that hid not the beauty of her white, cool arms, appeared even handsomer than in the searching light of early morning. Von Hurstein looked actually impressive. In evening costume he fully justified his reputation as a man possessing a distinguished and imposing presence. So thought John Dare, as h looked across the table with jealous eyes and nervously stroked his mustache as though in search of comfort.

"And so Mrs. Durkee is really handsome, Rutger?" asked Mrs. van Slack, putting a lump of sugar into her coffee, and wondering what Baron von Hurstein would think if he should ever learn that her father once sold those commodities.

"Yes, she's remarkably handsome," answered van Slack with assumed carelessness. "Has fine hair, and very clean-cut features."

"What does she talk about?" questioned Miss Hilda, as though Mrs. Durkee was a being of another race.

"Oh, of the crops, and fish, and the prospect of a dry season," answered her brother rather tartly, while his cheeks flushed hotly.

"You don't mean it, Rutger!" exclaimed his mother. "And she the daughter of a marquis, too. Did you ever hear of such a thing, Baron?"

"I fear your son is sarcastic, madam."

Von Hurstein's cold, measured tones affected John Dare unpleasantly. "I saw a funny incident this afternoon," he exclaimed in a nervously loquacious way. "Do you remember that little German who ushered us into the Clarion office this morning, Van?"

His host nodded. He had good reason to remember Fritz.

"Well," continued Dare, "as I was coming back from the post-office about five o'clock I saw the little chap having an altercation with a tow-headed village urchin half a head taller than he is. Before I reached them, the Clarion's champion had knocked his opponent over as cleverly as though he had been taught to spar. I stopped and asked the victor what the trouble was about. 'He galled me Goppy,' he explained, and that was all I could get out of him."

The speaker was interrupted by a slight crash at the table. Baron von Hurstein had upset his glass of iced kummel. The calm, quick-fingered butler repaired the damage at once, and Dare went on:

"I suppose the village youngsters annoy the little fellow a good deal. But he has plenty of pluck. We must look out for him, Van. I've taken quite a fancy to him."

"Yes, we'll chain him up," said van Slack to himself, as he sipped his liqueur.

"And have you really decided to buy the newspaper?" asked Hilda.

"Yes," answered Dare. "We made the bargain this morning. Don't you want to write something for us—a poem, perhaps?"

"Not unless you will pay me well," she returned, smiling. "My muse is mercenary."

"It is much better to have a mercenary fancy than a mercenary heart, is it not, Baron?" Dare asked the question most courteously, as though propounding an interesting problem in philosophy.

"Indeed it is," calmly replied von Hurstein, though his eyes han an angry expression they could not wholly conceal. "Unfortunately a good many Americans have both."

With more tact than he often cared to display van Slack took up the conversation just here. He would not permit the antagonism between Dare and von Hurstein to show itself too plainly.

"Yes," he said, "we are to sign the necessary papers to-morrow morning, and by noon we will be full-fledged editors. Patonket will soon have plenty of material for gossip."

Baron von Hurstein stroked his beard and looked at van Slack. After a moment, he said, in almost a paternal way:

"Do you know, my good friend, I should drop this matter right here, if I were you. You will have a vast amount of annoyance and very little sport."

"Why do you think that?" asked van Slack politely, but with a ring of opposition in his voice.

"Well, you see, I went over to Greyport fishing this morning, and I asked my boatman about the Clarion. There is a good deal of local jealousy between the two towns. They have no newspaper in Greyport. It seems that this man Durkee had a large sumt of money left him some years ago, and started the Clarion to advance the cause of total abstinence. The paper has been quite successful, and the people of Patonket are very proud of it. They say that there is no small town in America which has a weekly to compare with it. I doubt if they will submit to a change in its ownership. They are a very independent community and extremely jealous of outside interference."

The words of the German had crystallized John Dare's wavering allegiance to his friend's enterprise.

"It is too late now to back out," he hastened to say. "We have pledged ourselves to buy the Clarion, and we must abide by the result. We shall take good care, however," and here he turned to Mrs. van Slack, "to run the paper in such a way that no disturbance will be likely to take place. Patonket will yet have occasion to rejoice in the new blood infused into the Clarion."

Mrs. van Slack arose from the table, and the rest followed her example.

"You mean what you say, M. Dare," she remarked, as she made her way to the piazza, "but I confess that I am far from pleased with the outlook."

"Why, mother, the outlook is magnificent," said Rutger van Slack as he put one arm around her waist and streiched the other toward the ocean. "Look at the moonlight on the water out there. Is it not grand? Did you ever see a more perfect night?"

Turning away from Mrs. van Slack, the young man stepped back into the hall, and cried out to the butler, "Bring the cigars, William."

Meanwhile the other members of the little group had seated themselves in silence, as though the glory of the summer evening had turned their thoughts away from the petty affairs of Patonket to the broader problems of life, in the presence of which the tongue is quiet and the chatter so appropriate to the lighted banquet-room becomes distasteful.

For a time the three men smoked their cigars mutely, while Mrs. van Slack and her daughter talked in a low tone of matters which could in no way interest their companions. Their conversation was the natural protest of their sex against the selfish pleasure the men seemed to find in tobacco.

After a while, Dare, whose restlessness was apparent, threw away his half-finished Margarita, and turning toward Miss Hilda asked her if she would like to stroll with him around the lawn.

"It is too damp, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. van Slack to her daughter. "Your low shoes are no protection against the dew."

"Don't run away from us," urged Baron von Hurstein, with a touch of authority in his voice.

But Hilda was in a rebellious mood. "I will go with you with pleasure, Mr. Dare," she said ceremoniously and firmly.

Throwing a white shawl over her shoulders, she took Dare's proffered arm; and without another word, they left the veranda.

"What a glorious night it is!" exclaimed Dare, in a somewhat triumphant tone. He knew his little maneuver had greatly annoyed the Baron.

"Did you bring me out here to talk about the weather?" asked Hilda tauntingly, turning her eyes toward his homely face.

"Yes," he aswered. "It is a safe subject, is it not? I once said something to you of grave importance to myself, and learned then that it is best to confine myself to trivial topics when with you."

Miss Hilda was silent. She was fond of Dare in a certain way, and felt at times a real sorrow for his wasted love.

"But," she returned, with most reprehensible coquetry, "I thought you had outgrown all that. It happened so long ago, you know!"

"Listen, Hilda, he said earnestly, drawing her arm closer to his side, "do not deceive yourself regarding my feelings toward you. Three years ago I told you that I loved you. I love you now more deeply than in those days, and I want you to know it. Love is prophetic, and I fear for your future. Remember, whatever may come to you, that there is one man in the world whose every thought is of you, who desires your happiness above all things, and whose greatest joy in life lies in serving you. You may think it strange that I should say all this to you now. Perhaps I have no right to speak of these things to a woman who is betrothed to another, but I speak more as a friend than as a lover. Something has been urging me on, ever since I came here, to let you know that whenever you may need the aid of one who is your servant in all things, I shall be overjoyed to help you."

Hilda seemed to feel the night air, for she drew her shawl more closely about her shoulders.

"Thank you," she whispered softly, "You are a generous man, John Dare."

A moment later she had regained control of herself, and continued, in a tone of voice that chilled Dare by its haughty ring: "But do not worry about my future. I seldom think of it myself. Is not the present glorious enough? Have I not youth and health and all that makes life worth living? The role of Cassandra is not becoming to you, John Dare."

"Forgive me," he said as they stood facing each other at the end of the asphalt walk near the entrance to the lawn. "I did not mean to be oppressive. But, Hilda, I can not let you marry that man. Before God, it is a sacrilege."

"You forget yourself, Mr. Dare," she said coldly, turning toward the cottage as though to retrace her steps. "Let us return." He seized her hand, and detained her by gentle force.

"Wait, Hilda, just one moment. Tell me, for your own sake and mine, are you sure you love him! Answer me!"

By one of those strange antics of the mind that often occur when a man's nerves are at high tension, Dare watched a mosquito which had settled on Hilda's cheek, and wondered if she would jump when it stung her. Then a more humane idea took possession of him, and he put up his hand to drive away the aggressive insect. In doing so he touched her firm, smooth flesh. The blood coursed through his veins like liquid fire. His colorless eyes grew dark, and he felt in his heart a wild rebellion against the fate that had robbed him of the woman of his choice.

"Thank you," she remarked calmly. "Yes, I love Baron von Hurstein. Let me take your arm."

They walked on in silence, while Dare could almost count his heart-beats as they seemed to throb feverishly just below his throat.

A moment before they reached the piazza, Hilda turned to her escort:

"A penny for your thoughts Mr. Dare."

"I was thinking," he answered slowly, and with a good deal of malice in his voice, "I was thinking how well acquainted Baron von Hurstein seems to be with the gossip of Patonket."

In another instant they stood upon the veranda, and Dare, lighting a cigar, began to patch up a peace with Mrs. van Slack.

Rutger van Slack had disappeared. He had longed to be alone, and when Dare and Hilda had left the piazza he had taken the path that branched off to the left of the cottage, and with quick, firm steps had hastened toward the road leading to the village. The calm, rich beauty of the night filled him with a strange, exultant happiness. The air seemed to be laden with some delicate intoxicant that stole over him with ever-increasing power as he strode onward. The sounds that broke the stillness of the summer night were music to him. The rustling of the leaves in the towering elms, the eternal symphony of the sea that echoed from the far-off shore, even the raucous noise of a ranine concert in a neighboring swamp, all joined in harmony to please his ear and add to the mysterious pleasure of his lonely walk.

He realized in an indistinct way that he had been bored for two hours or more, and he wished to recover a healthful state of mind. But as he went forward hurriedly, the fever that gave a fictitious splendor to the night failed to subside. He stopped for a moment, and, after a slight contest with the breeze, managed to light a cigar.

"I wonder where she lives," he found himself thinking as he resumed his walk. The village was silent and deserted when he reached the outlying houses. Patonketans rose early, and retired at an hour when the people of a large city have just begun the recreations of the evening. The moonlight painted the shadows of the ancient houses and gloomy trees coal-black against the silver-tinted grass. As van Slack gaxed down the long avenue, which, in dignified breadth, divided the town into equal parts, his artistic nature upbraided him. Why had he not developed the one talent he knew he possessed? Why had he wasted his life in vague longings, in restless discontent, when Art, with smiling face, wooed him to her gentle bosom, and promised him the happiness his being craved?

Alas, for him! He knew the answer to these questions, and the blood rushed to his face in shame as he made frank confession to himself. A van Slack an artist! Surely those haughty, conservative Dutchmen who had ruled in pompous leisure over Pafraets Dael for generations would have risen from their graves had their earthly representative become a painter—a Bohemian, a man who goes through the world with a suspicion of oil about his clothing, and a restless expression in his eyes, always in search of "effects," of "tones," of all sorts of incomprehensible things. A van Slack should buy pictures, not paint them. As he again went through the line of reasoning that had weighed with him at a great crisis in his life, when the temptation to devote himself to Art had come to him with overwhelming force, Rutger van Slack felt that he had been, and was, what the world calls "a snob," and in the loneliness of the night a fierce, biting remorse for his own weakness assailed him.

He walked on rapidly, on past the Clarion office, which had turned to a sickly yellow in the moonlight, on past the cold, ugly-looking structure whose steeple seemed like a cocked-hat above a pale face on which green blinds served for eyes and broad doorway for a hideous mouth, on past the architectural deformity called the Town Hall, until he found himself in part of the village he had not yet explored. A graveyard lay at one side of the pathway, separated from him by a weather-stained picket fence. He stood for a moment gazing at the melancholy scene before him. The moonbeams had softened the outlines of the gravestones, and lay in placid beauty upon certain flat tables of rock that proved the great age of the burying-place. Here and there a small shaft of granite rose in the sauciness of modern elegance by the side of moss-covered stones nearly two centuries old. There was something oppressive about the sight to van Slack and he moved on nervously. "How uselessly we fret, and worry, and hope, and despair, longing for the petty toys of life," he thought, "and that is the end of it all!" He turned back and cast a parting look at the silent resting-place of the dead. "Perhaps it is best that I should lead the same life as my ancestors. It comes to the same thing in the end, and I shall not suffer the pangs of foiled ambition."

After a time the street grew broader, the trees became less numerous, and a greater distance intervened between the houses. At length van Slack reached the very last house in the village. It stood in a lonely state on a slight rise of ground, and commanded a broader view of the ocean than could be found elsewhere in Patonket. It was a large, old-fashioned building, with a slanting, shingled roof, whose gray tint had changed to gleaming silver beneath the moon. An ell had been added to the house in recent years, and a modern veranda completely encircled the stratified structure. It was not a presentable house to the eyes of an aesthete, but there was something about it that attracted van Slack's attention. The grounds around the homely structure were well-kept, and there was an air of comfort about the place that the neighboring houses did not possess.

Van Slack stood in the shadow of a large elm which guarded the entrance to the spacious lawn. He looked down at his glistening shoes, black suit and embroidered shirt-bosom, and smiled. His evening dress, perfect in all its details, seemed strangely out of place in that lonely spot. For some time he leaned against the tree and watched the silent, old house. A dog barked in a distant barn-yard, and an answering yelp arose from a spot near at hand. Van Slack fingered his cane nervously, and was about to turn homeward, when he caught sight of a figure at the window in the second storey of the house before him. The moonlight enabled him to recognize the face of Yvonne Durkee. Her hair was falling in luxurious abandon over her neck and shoulders. Even at that distance van Slack could see the lustrous beauty of her eyes as they looked out upon the ocean and the night. She stood quiet for a moment, and the gentle breeze toyed softly with her tresses and kissed the white, slim hand that lay upon the window-sill.

"She is saying a prayer to Our Lady of the Sea," thought van Slack, "or, perhaps, she is supplicating Neptune or the Cabirean deities."

He had withdrawn into the deepest shadow of the elm. "I must not disturb her devotions," he said to himself; "she would never forgive me. I would like to say 'good-evening' to her, however. Great heavens! I wish she would take that fair face out of my sight. I shall surely cry out to her in another instant. Oh, Yvonne, wherefore art thou Durkee!" He laughed at the trick his mind had played him. "I fear the role of an eavesdropping Romeo would destroy my sanity, if I essayed it often," he continued to himself, still watching the face at the window. "Ah, she is gone!" he exclaimed at length, rather relieved at the fact. "I suppose Durkee is snoring in good old New England style." He left his place of concealment, and began his long walk to the cottage. "Can it be that she ever loved that man? And he may live for years! He probably will—an invalid is almost certain to hang on forever. By Jove! I am becoming actually brutal in my ideas. But what shall I do? What can I do? I feel as though I could fall down and worship that woman, that I must devote my life to her happiness, that she could make my future an existence filled with joy, and here I find my way blocked by an aged, nervous man who is old enough to be her father. I begin to understand how even a very gentle fellow might be tempted to commit murder if he once permitted his passion for such a woman to gain entire control of him."

He quickened his steps, as though the night wind was growing cool, and his attire was none too heavy.

(To be Continued.)

A HILLTOP BAPTISM.

Strange Religious Ceremony in an Old Druid Haunt.

A remarkable christening has recently taken place in a remote part of Derbyshire, Harborough Hill, England, in the western portion of the country, said to have been a haunt of the Druids, and apparently used both for worship and as a place of burial.

Some years ago a number of human skulls, which had been compactly buried there in some distant century, were unearthed at the summit of this lofty ridge, which commands a view over six countries, terminating in the peak of Snowdon, the latter being easily visible on a clear day. The hill bristles with fantastic dolomite crags, some of which were, it is supposed, shaped by the Druids for cermonial purposes.

A big block of limestone has been carved into a capacious chair; another rock, with a flat top, appears to have been used as an altar, and an adjacent monolith, in which a semicircular bowl has been scooped out, looks like a rude font. It was with water from this ancient rock bowl that the child—the daughter of a farmer in the district—was lately christened. The little girl, three months old, was carried up to this wild, bleak spot, accompanied by numerous relatives, including, of course, the necessary godfather and godmother, and there, with the wind howling among the crags, baptism was administered by a lay reader.

There is no record of any similar rite having been celebrated on Harborough Hill, and the conditions of this picturesque baptism appear to be quite unique.

MUNICIPAL BREAD DEAR.

Socialists Experimented, But Failed to Make a Success.

Socialist ideas and arguments may look well in paper, but when put into practice ofttimes they lamentably fail. The latest attempt of the Socialists to improve conditions is reported from Catania, Italy. There was much glorification when a little more than two years ago, the Socialists captured control of the municipal council and began to run things according to their own tenets. One of the most important of the reforms they immediately instituted was the municipilization of bread.

Municipal bakehouses were built and local bakers put on the city payroll. Bread was sold to citizens at a low price, about half the ruling price in other cities in Italy. An immense business was done. Socialistic newspapers described the experiment as a success and deputations from other cities and provincial towns went to Catania on tours of inspection. Many had decided to imitate the Socialists.

Now, however, has come the awakening. The government auditor recently visited Catania and a result is that the city has been obliged to put the municipal bake houses into liquidation. An administrator has been appointed and the price of bread has gone to the old and regular bakers' figure. The loss on the two years of city bread-making was $28,000.

WALTZING FOR FOURTEEN HOURS

The Italian champion waltzer, Signor Guattiero, recently offered $200 to any dancer who should succeed in outwaltzing him. Five competitors took up this new challenge—three Frenchmen, one Italian, and one Russian. The match took place at the Tivoli-Vauxhall dancing-hall in Paris, when Signor Guattiero easily won. He started dancing at half-past ten in the morning, and waltzed for fourteen consecutive hours. Signor Poli-Luigi played the piano during the whole time, performing fifty-four different waltzes.



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

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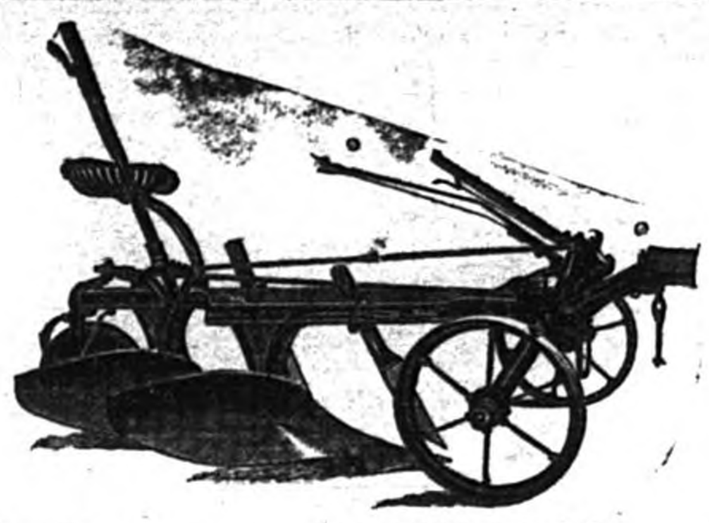
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Why do you not get one of H. A. BLAIR'S two furrow sulky ploughs, three horses and one man does four horses and two men's work. Try one and convince yourself. They are given on trial.

Full lines of supplies always on hand.

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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. & C.N.R. R'y 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 outbuildings 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 lot. Farm is known as the Robinson place, situated four miles from Lachute, and is well fenced, well watered, good house and outbuildings 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 1,100 trees, well equipped. Close to church, cheese factory, post office and school. Reason for selling old age. JNO. EVANS, Dunany, P.Q.

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.

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

PROFESSIONAL.

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

DALESVILLE.

Most of the farmers are through with their ploughing around this vicinity.

Miss Aggie Morrow of Dunany, spent the latter part of this week with her parents.

Mrs. Neil of Louisa, is spending a few days with Mrs. Chas. Barker.

Mrs. Frank Watchorn of Montreal, accompanied by her little daughter are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Henry Dixon.

Miss M. A. Chambers spent Sunday with her parents in St. Philippe.

Mrs. White of Montreal, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Chas. Vary, returned home.

Miss Edith Denman of Montreal, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Campbell Vary.

Mr. F. Combes formerly of Halifax, who has been spending the last two weeks with friends here, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. John McLean and family have moved to Lachute, where they intend residing in Jackson's residence opposite the Methodist Parsonage.

ST. PHILIPPE.

Miss Edith Davidson spent Saturday in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Cooke and Miss Murdock of Cushing, were guests of Mrs. F. Fuller on Thursday.

Mr. Coughtry of Montreal, visited Mrs. Wm. Davidson last Thursday.

Miss Lila Cleland returned Saturday to her home in the city, after a month's visit in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Graham spent last Wednesday in Lachute, attending the marriage of Miss Pollock to Mr. Hammond.

Mr. Henry Bromby returned home last week from a trip out West.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Budd of Grenville, Mrs. Alexander of Masconche, & the Misses Davidson, Cleland and Hodgson were entertained at tea on Thursday by Mrs. Wm. Davidson.

The Social and Bazaar which was held at Mr. Wm. Davidson's last Thursday was a great success. A good programme was given by friends from Lachute & Brownsburg, also games, etc., filled in a very pleasant evening. Proceeds amounted to $54 which will be used to good advantage by the Ladies.

LOUISA.

Owing to the heavy rain on Sunday their was no service in St. Aidens Church.

Mr. Joseph Boyd is recovering from his recent illness.

The Louisa cheese Factory closed on Saturday the cheese maker Mr. Clarke having taken a position with Mr. Charlie Jones for the winter.

Miss M. E. Seale was in Lachute, on Wednesday the guest of Miss N. Cruise.

Mr. Charlie Barker visited friends in Louisa on Tuesday.

Mr. Archie Graham of St. Philippe, was in Louisa on business the early part of this week.

Mr. J. H. McFaul was in Louisa on Tuesday.

Mr. Thomas Morrow passed through here on Monday.

Mrs. J. Neilser., who has spent the past week visiting her granddaughter Mrs. C. Barker in Dalesville returned home on Tuesday.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

A. PAQUIN, Cote de Midi, St. Andrews.
(Formerly occupied by A. Graham.)

Friday, Nov. 9th, 1906.

The following effects,—15 milch cows, 9 heifers 2½ yrs. old, 6 spring calves, 3 working horses, 1 fillie 1½ yr. old, 1 fillie 2½ yrs. old, (bred of T. Simpson's horse, 7 hogs, 11 sheep, seeder (new), binder (Massey Harris) rake, mowing machine, 2 lumber waggons, tumbril cart, hay cart, express waggon, 1 buggy, fanning mill (Chatham), 1 horse fork with pulleys and 100 feet of rope, 2 setts of double harness, set light harness, set light buggy harness, (almost new, 3 plows, 2 sets spring tooth harrows, 2 sets iron harrows, 1 land roller, 2 sets bob-sleds, rack sleigh, 20 tons of timothy hay, 18 tons oat straw, 300 bushels of oats and other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10.30 a.m. sharp

Terms:—$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer

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.

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

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL: XXXI. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1906. NO. 41

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.

Just Received —A car load of Choice winter apples. See them before you buy.

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. McOuat & 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.

Full line of Corticelli Silk Spools, Braids and Bindings of all colors at DOIG'S.

FOR SALE,—A small parlor wood stove. Apply to MRS. A. FORBES.

THE CENTRAL BLACKSMITHING AND CARRIAGE WORKS.

—:o:—

We would announce to the public that we have on hand a large stock of shanty sleops, 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.

Mrs. McDonald, who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. A. McArthur returned home Saturday to Montreal.

Mr. J. John held a reception on the G.N.R. train at Montfort last week, when a party of Lachuters, who were bound for Arundel got stranded, owing to a car off the track. Mr. John happily busied himself in making tea for the crowd and securing some buns, which somewhat appeased the feelings (both inner and outer) of those who were thus disappointed.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. J. R. Parris is visiting friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. (Dr.) Arthur Stackhouse is visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Annie McArthur spent the early part of the week in Montreal.

Miss Ruth Heavysege of Lachine, is the guest of Miss Jessie Christie this week.

Mrs. Hallett and family left Friday to join her husband in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Omer Paquette and daughter returned from a trip to Montreal on Wednesday.

Miss Jessie Campbell returned on Monday from a pleasant visit with friends in Port Arthur, Ont.

Mrs. P. R. McGibbon returned on Saturday last from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. Drysdale of Westfield, Mass.

Mrs. Rev. Thomas and Miss Isobel returned Saturday from a trip to Kingston.

Inspector Parker made his usual half yearly visit to the Academy this week and found everything in a very satisfactory condition.

Rev. W. A. Morrison of Dalhousie Mills, and Rev. Mr. Anderson will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

Mrs. McBurney spent Monday in Montreal and on her return was accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. Jackman of Granby, who will reside with her.

The Ladies of the Methodist Church are having a sale of useful and fancy articles on Friday, Nov. 23rd. Tea will be served from 5 to 8 p.m. A good programme will be given in the evening. Admission 25c.

The Lachute Hockey Club are putting on a first class concert in the Victoria Hall on Friday next, Nov. 16th. The concert is for the purpose of creating a fund to defray the expenses of the Club, and your attendance will mean your sympathy with the club in trying to maintain the honor of the town. In past years our boys have proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them and we trust this year that the team which will later on be chosen, will be successful in landing the coveted trophies in Lachute. Such talent as Miss Fessenden, Contralto soloist in St. Paul's Church, Montreal; Miss Brophy of Carillon, who is a soprano of great merit, and Mr. Robert McLaughlin, who keeps his audience in roars of laughter wit his funny talks and witticisms, together with other local talent assures the public of an excellent programme. The price of admission has been placed at 35 cents and reserved seats 50cts. The plan of the hall may be seen and tickets secured at J. D. Campbell's Store, Main Street.

CUSHING.

—:o:—

Miss Ethel Watson of the Memorial Hospital, Montreal, and her brother, Mr. T. M. Watson, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Watson.

Messrs. C. F. Kains and R. Canning spent several days in Hawkesbury last week.

Mr. C. Hartley of Montreal spent a few days at home recently.

Mr. A. Graham has purchased the property formerly owned by the late Mrs. J. Nicholls, and will take possession shortly.

Mr. A. Derrick of Moncton, N.B., was visiting at his home in Stonefield last week.

Mr. Louis Bertrand and family, after a two years' residence amongst us, have left to take up their abode in Little Rideau.

A dog belonging to Mr. E. F. Cooke in some mysterious way got spilled into the whey-tank at the cheese-factory last Sunday night and being unable to get out, remained there until morning making the atmosphere in the vicinity hideous with his mournful howls. In the morning he was discovered by his owner who took him home and applied restoration and at last accounts the four-footed patient was recovering from his uncomfortable experience.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the town council was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday last Mayor J. E. Valois presiding. There were also present Councillors McKimmie, McLaul, Hay, McGibbon and Lister.

The Secretary read a communication from the C. P. R. in which they accepted the recommendation of their adjustor Mr. Charlebois, viz: that the town would build and maintain the culverts across Main Street and Barron Avenue, for which the Company would grant the sum of $350 towards its construction, and the Company agreeing to make and maintain a drain across Bethany St.

The propositions thus accepted, Coun. Hay moved that as the time was getting short, and there was need of urgency, that the Secretary write the Company informing them that the town were preceding with the work immediately.

A committee was then appointed, comprising Coun. Lister, Hay and Lafleur who were instructed to have the culverts built under the supervision of a competent man, size of culverts to be 3½ by 4 feet., made of stone and cement with stone bottoms.

A couple of letters were read from different iron works giving prices for iron bridge across the West River. The prices were considered to be too expensive and the Secretary was instructed to get plans of the bridge at St. Andrews and secure quotations for something similar.

BIRTH.

SOMMERVILLE.—Riverview Farm, North River, Sunday, Oct. 28th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. Somerville.

MARRIAGE.

ROGERS—ELLIOTT,—At Winnipeg, Man., November 2nd, by Rev. G S. Shields, Capt. J. A. Rogers, eldest son of Capt. John Rogers of Lakefield Que., to Rachael Elliott, the youngest daughter of Wm. Elliott, of Chesterville, Ont.

DEATH.

ARTHUR,—At Belle Riviere, on Saturday, Nov. 3rd, Lorne, only son of Mr and Mrs. C. Arthur, aged 3 yrs.

BERRY,—At Thos. Gore, on Nov. 7, James Berry in his 80th year.

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, ACHUTE

"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.**

CRESWELL'S

CHOICE WINTER APPLES.

FRUIT & CONFECTIONETY

OYSTERS. BEANS. BOVRIL.

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, 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.

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.

About the House

THE PEAR AND WAYS THEREWITH.

As a healthful, all-the-year-round fruit, the pear deserves consideration as the apple's nearest neighbor, and a member of the same family. Winter pears we may have in the form of uncooked, fresh fruit, and, while many people consider that pears lack tone, or, humanly speaking, "force of character," that very fact makes them more delicate and often more pleasing when fresh or "put up." Altogether, however, they are a richer fruit than they seem. Pears, for instance, contain some fat, while peaches contain none, but casual popular opinion would decide the reverse to be the case. Of fat there is .38 per cent. of sugar and starch, the carbohydrates, about 12.68, of crude fibre 1.16 per cent. By comparison it will be found that while there is more water and refuse in the pear than in the apple, there are also more protein and more fat, so that the pear is by no means an insipid or insignificant fruit in real value, and there is scarcely a limit to the methods of varying its preparation for the table, fresh or dried and cooked.

Pear Pyramid. — Very ripe, juicy pears may be deliciously served, uncooked, by paring, slicing and placing in a glass dish with whipped cream heaped over them; thoroughly chill before sending to the table. Where the fruit lacks flavor, add a little lemon juice and sugar after slicing, before adding cream. Pear sauce may be given similar treatment and either with the sauce or uncooked, the addition of canned or candied cherries or preserved ginger gives a pretty, finishing touch as a "company" supper dish.

Sauce for Shortcake.— Pare, quarter and stew the pears and rub smooth through a colander. Add 1 cup of fine-sliced orange, with the juice, and sugar to taste. Pour over hot shortcake and serve with cream.

Baked Pear Meringue.—Pare and core good-sized pears and bake without sugar till tender. Remove from stove, place in flat dish, from which the dessert is to be served, and fill each core-hollow with chopped nuts and a little preserve of decided flavor, as lemon or ginger, with syrup. For the simplest mode omit nuts and marmalade, substituting syrup only. Over the top spread a meringue made with the whites of two or three eggs and ½ cup of sugar. Replace in oven to brown lightly. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Stuffed Pears.—Pare and core rather large pears and in the centre of each place a seeded date. Bake with only sufficient water to keep from burning, till tender, being careful that the pears retain their shape. Place in dish for serving and cover with custard made from yolks of 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon corn starch. Place meringue made of the whites of eggs on top.

Bread Pudding.—Prepare fruit as for stewing, adding a thin-sliced lemon and for each cup of sugar using 1 cup of water. In an earthen pudding-dish place half the pears and syrup. On this spread bread prepared by mixing 1 pint soft crumbs with 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup warm water, the yolks of 2 eggs whipped with ¾ cup sugar and a little grated nutmeg, and last, lightly, the 2 egg whites. Cover and bake 1½ hours and serve with plain sauce flavored well with lemon juice.

Trifle, an English Recipe. — Prepare fruit as above and fill baking dish with alternate layers of sponge or other plain, stale cake, and pears, pouring over it yolks of 3 eggs beaten with ½ cup sugar and, if liked, ½ cup grated cocoanut. With the fruit syrup this should be sufficient liquid.. Bake till a light brown, then add meringue of the whites.

Compote.—Pare and core large pears and simmer till tender in a syrup made of 1 lb sugar, 1 pt water and the juice of ½ lemon. If very large halve the fruit. Place in serving dish and on them spread apple or other delicate fruit jelly. Meantime cook down the syrup until it strings from the spoon and pour over the jellified fruit. Serve cold. This is prettily varied by placing in individual serving dishes before adding jelly or syrup. In this way each pear should be glazed or candied when cold.

Dumplings. — Make a biscuit dough, roll thin and cover with a layer of baked, pared or stewed pears, or sliced ripe ones. Sprinkle over with a little spice and roll as for roly-poly. Cut this across in slices nearly an inch thick, drop a bit of butter on each and place in baking pan in oven for 15 minutes. Then pour over them a thick sugar syrup and bake till brown.

Sherbet.—This may be made with fresh, juicy, sliced fruit or with a simple pear sauce. For 10 medium-sized pears have ready a syrup of 1 lb sugar to 1 qt water. Let cool and add fruit with juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, and 1 tablespoon gelatin dissolved in ½ cup warm water. Freeze partially, then remove top of freezer and add whipped white of 1 egg for each pint of sherbet and finish freezing.

Pear Ice.—Use very sweet apple cider or unfermented perry instead of the syrup, adding pears and lemon, and freeze without the egg or gelatin. A tablespoon of sweet, homemade wine may be used with the syrup or cider instead of the lemon.

Brandied Pears. — To 4 lbs each of fruit and sugar and 1 qt water, take 1 pt purest brandy. Cook the sugar and water together until a syrup results, when add the pared pears, cooking them for 5 minutes, at boiling point continuously. Remove fruit to preserving jars and cook syrup 10 or 15 minutes longer, till well thickened. When quite ready add the brandy very carefully, away from any flame, stir and remove at once from stove. Pour this over the fruit and seal. Should any reddish juice exude from fruit on taking it from the fire, pour it off before adding syrup.

Spiced Pears.—To 12 lbs pared, cored and halved pears, take 3 pts best vinegar, ½ cup each stick cinnamon and whole cloves and 5 lbs sugar. When boiling well place pears in the syrup, cooking until tender, then seal while boiling hot.

Perry.—Perry is made from pears as in cider from apples, but is richer. In many parts of England it is used more freely than any other drink, being made from coarse, rough pears unpalatable for eating purposes.

SAUERKRAUT SECRETS.

The cool fall months are best for kraut making, because of the slower ripening of the product and because of the season of maturity of hard heading varieties of cabbage. These are the only sorts suited to cut with a machine without careful examination of the heads, leaf by leaf, for worms and insects which abound in the looser heading summer cabbages.

We use a barrel just washed in salt brine with the head carefully taken out. Cut the cabbage heads off in the morning and put in a cool, shaded place till worked up, which should be the same day. Trim the heads down to the solid white leaves, wash them, cut in halves or quarters and cut into a large clean tub. We use a good 3-knife cutter, owned co-operatively by half a dozen neighbors. When the tub is cut full, it is salted lightly, as for cooking, and well mixed before pouring in the barrel, which is put near the cellar wall or a convenient post, to permit the use of a lever and follower, or false top in pressing down the kraut. When the barrel is pressed solidly full, with salt to the amount of 3 pts to an ordinary barrel, replace the head, tighten the hooks, bore a small auger hole in the head and fill with cold water all the barrel will take up. Keep water over the head until working stops, then plug bore a small auger hole in the head till cold weather, to keep cool and air-tight. Too much salt prevents the proper ripening of the kraut, making it too sour, and poor in flavor.

Never use the old-time maul or pounder, which bruises the fibre into clear, yellowish strings, with most of the juice pressed out, and which, compared with the white, crisp, nutty-flavored pressed down kraut, is nearly worthless. Prepared as above, barrels are ready for market or home use in a month, and for an easy, satisfactory and profitable method, it is unsurpassed.

We wish to advise everyone to never spray cabbage with paris green, never use loose heads for kraut, and never pound it down.

LITTLE WEAKNESSES.

Men Should Be Constantly on Their Guard Against Them.

One of the strangest paradoxes in human nature is that men and women, struggling apparently with all their might to succeed, are yet constantly doing things, saying things, and thinking things which drive the very success they are after away from them. They are all the time counteracting their efforts by some indiscretion.

Men work like Trojans to get a coveted position, and then, by getting puffed up with conceit, or by some foolish or weak act, knock the scaffolding, which they have been years in building, out from under them, and down they go. Their lives are a series of successive climbs and tumbles, so that they never get anywhere, never accomplish anything worth while.

There are thousands of men who are working in very ordinary salaried positions, who might have been employers themselves but for some unfortunate weakness, some little deficiency in their natures, or some peculiarity—something which might have been remedied by a little discipline and self-study in youth. Others are always driving success away from them by their doubts, their fears, their lack of courage, their lack of confidence—driving it away by thought habits which repell success conditions.

COULD SCARCELY WALK.

A Rheumatic Sufferer Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood—that is a medical fact every poor rheumatic sufferer should know. Liniments and outward applications cannot possibly cure rheumatism. They are a waste of money, and while the sufferer is using them the disease is steadily growing worse—is slowly but surely taking a firmer grasp upon the entire system. Rheumatism must be treated through the blood. That is the only way in which the poisonous acid can be driven out. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and thus always cure rheumatism. Every dose of these pills helps to make new rich red blood which sweeps the poisonous acid from the system, loosens the aching joints and muscles and gives the rheumatic new health free from pain. Among those who can bear witness to the truth of these statements is Miss Dorsina Langlois, of St. Jerome, Que., for weary months she suffered from rheumatism and had begun to think she was incurable. "I could not straighten up," says Miss Langlois. "My limbs were almost useless, so stiff were they. For many months I endured such pains as only rheumatic sufferers can understand. Although only thirty years of age the suffering I endured actually made me look like an old woman. I used liniments and tried several medicines, but got not the slightest help until almost by chance my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them and in the course of a few weeks I could see they were helping me. Little by little the pain began to go, and the stiffness to leave my joints. I continued taking the pills for several months when every symptom of the trouble had disappeared. I have not felt a twinge of rheumatism since, and I bless the day Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my notice."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure rheumatism because they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why these pills cure all the common ailments due to poor and watery blood, such as anaemia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness, and the distressing irregularities that afflict women and growing girls. If you need a medicine you will save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around every box. 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.

SOLOMON UP TO DATE.

Sicilian Judge in an Attempt to Repeat History Got Left.

A case that bears a striking resemblance to the familiar problem the solution of which is inseparably bound up with King Solomon's fame came up recently for decision here before the circuit judge at Georgia, Sicily. Two peasant women claimed with equal vehemence ownership of a pretty baby boy; one accusing the other of posing as the real mother, after having had the child in temporary charge. The judge remembering the Scriptures, thought he could do no better than follow King Solomon's example. He ordered the child to be tied to a bench, and, producing a carving knife, spoke the famous words that ought to have led to the immediate discovery of the true mother. But times have changed. If the Italian newspaper report is to be believed, the two women cried out simultaneously:—"If you must cut it up, Excellenza, you may as well keep the pieces!"

A THANKFUL MOTHER.

"I thank you with all my heart for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for my little girl," says Mrs. Antoine Charette, Jr., of St. Boniface, Que. "When I began giving her the Tablets she seemed to be pining away, but after using less than a box she was rapidly gaining and she is now a fine, fat, healthy little one, and I write you this as the acknowledgement of a mother who will never forget what Baby's Own Tablets have done for her child." Letters like this must bring hope and comfort to all mothers who have feeble or sickly children. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments and can be given just as safely to a new born baby as to a well grown child. If you cannot get these Tablets from your dealer write The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them at 25c a box.

Physician: "I shall have to forbid you smoking, drinking, bowling and keeping late hours." Patient: "Ah, I see, my wife has been consulting you." Kind Lady—"Here is a glass of water. Certainly you can drink that." Tramp—"No, mum. I've got an iron constitution, and the water would rust it."

A Refreshing Stimulant

That is perfectly harmless, because it is absolutely pure,

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

A Perfect Luxury to Japan Tea Drinkers

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

STRATHCONA'S BIG FEAST

CANADA'S GRAND OLD MAN ENTERTAINS 2,500 GUESTS.

All Britain Was Interested in the Dinner Given at the Aberdeen University Celebration.

Of all the features of the great celebration marking both the opening of the new Marischal College of the University of Aberdeen and the four hundredth anniversary of the institution, the most striking was the banquet given by Canada's High Commissioner, Lord Strathcona, to 2,500 people, at a cost of about $45,000. This great undertaking was carried out without a hitch, though it entailed the bringing of a complete staff of 750 waiters, cooks and attendants from London and the erection of a building two hundred feet square. The banquet was attended by distinguished men not only from the British Isles but from all parts of the world, who came to do honor to this great Scottish University.

STAGGERED THE PRESIDENT.

The genesis of this great undertaking was this:—

Lord Strathcona, that grand old man of Empire, who is Chancellor of the University, and who has contributed some £30,000 to its modern improvements, met the president on a visit some time ago, and was talking with him about the forthcoming celebrations. "If it were possible," said his Lordship, "I should like to take some small part in showing my interest in the great gathering at the University. Do you think it would be acceptable if I asked everyone present — students, delegates, graduates, officials, and visitors—to a dinner?"

The president was a little staggered at the number. He said: "Why, there will be some 2,500 persons."

"I see no difficulty," answered Lord Strathcona.

"For one thing," continued the President, "we have no hall in Aberdeen which could seat that number at dinner."

"In Canada," returned Lord Strathcona, "that difficulty would not trouble us. We would build a hall."

"The cost would be tremendous."

"I beg you," said his Lordship, "not to allow the question of cost to disturb you."

THE HALL DESCRIBED.

And so it came about that not only did Lord Strathcona entertain 2,500 persons at Dinner, but he built a hall to accommodate his guests while they ate. Experts were called in, and the banqueting hall began to fly up as if by magic. Meanwhile a celebrated London caterer had been engaged on the gigantic task of organizing supply. Indeed, it was necessary to bring the caterer into consultation about the hall itself, for to provide a first-class meal for 2,500 persons simultaneously was so heavy a task that structural conditions had to be so managed that they aided instead of hindering it.

Two days before the banquet the great building with its adjuncts, was practically finished, and hundreds of visitors came to inspect it as one of the sights of holiday Aberdeen. In a piece of open ground in the Gallowgate, within a hundred yards of the University, there was spread a huge white bungalow, fronted by a trellised verandah, which was brightened by greenery. This was the Strathcona dining-hall. The interior was 200 feet square, and across one end was a platform a foot high, and forty feet wide. That was for the chairman's table.

It was hard to think the great apartment was only for the day, for it was finished as if it was a room in a mansion. Red cloth floored the place, and while the upper portion of the walls was in blue, the dado was a painted white and the ceiling was papered in white. All round the outside of the hall were the kitchens and the ante-rooms. Among the other kitchen equipment were five fifty-gallon copper steam pans for the turtle soup, and the steam for heating them was conducted from an outside boiler measuring 14 feet in height and 5 feet in diameter.

SOME OF THE DETAILS.

There were hundreds of yards of tables and shelves in the temporary kitchens to accommodate the train load of tableware sent down. Some indication of the magnitude of the caterers' task may be gathered from the fact that of plates alone 24,000 were necessary.

There was nothing makeshift in the arrangements. Carpenters were busy for days fitting up cloak rooms, where every one of the guests was provided with a peg for his hat, a hook for his coat, and a stand for his umbrella—each one separate from every other one. Seven hundred and fifty waiters, chefs and cloak-room attendants came down from London in two special trains the previous night.

Lord Strathcona arranged for the remains of the great feast to be distributed among the various charitable institutions of the place. More than that, he placed in the hands of the Lord Provost a sum of £500 to provide an entertainment for the poor on the day of the King's visit, and as a result a dinner was given to a number of the poorest citizens, while others received gifts of tea, sugar, and beef.

The total cost of the Strathcona banquet was estimated at £9,000, just under £2 for each guest, and £3,000 for the building, and the remainder for incidental expenses.

WHAT THE MENU INCLUDED.

Though the numbers were so large the banquet was as complete as if only a dozen people were sitting down to it. The list of supplies ordered gives some idea of the magnitude of Lord Strathcona's undertaking. These included 350 cantaloupe melons, 90 live turtles, 100 whole salmon, 800 large soles 800 large lobsters, 2,400 quails, 1,200 partridges, 500 Surrey capon, 200 pairs of best ends of lamb, 250 pigeons, 40 York hams, 90 ox tongues, 1,800 lettuces, 400 endives, 130 lb. of tomatoes, 3 bushels of beet roots, 120 cucumbers, 2,000 eggs, 960 dishes of sweets, 650 lb. of Muscat grapes, 800 peaches, 800 nectarines, 16 crates of bananas, 20 boxes of apples, 1,200 pears, 3,000 bottles (250 cases) of wines (sherry, hoc, claret, champagne, port, and liqueurs), 20 cases of whiskey, 600 bottles of Apollinaris, 60 dozen syphons of mineral waters, 200 boxes of cigars, 10,000 Quo Vadis and State Express cigarettes, 4,000 rolls, 120 boxes of flowers, 8 tons of ice.

There were also 12,000 glasses, 24,000 plates, 45 hampers of table cloths and napkins, 48,000 knives, forks, spoons, etc., 850 flower ornaments.

WHO WERE PRESENT.

Among those present were: Principal Lang, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Kintore, Sir Frederick Treves, the Prince of Monaco, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Errol, Mr. J. Sinclair, M.P., the Secretary for Scotland; Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., the Lord Advocate; Mr. Bryce, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Sir Alexander Baird, Sir James Reid, Principal Sir William Turner, Sir Edward Fry, Mr. Haldane, M.P., Secretary for War; Sir Henry Craik, Principal Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir T. McCall Anderson, Sir William Ramsay, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Theodore Martin, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir James Sivewright, Sir J. Crichton-Browne, Sir Robert Ball, and Sir Archibald Geikie.

During the dinner the pipers of the Gordon Highlanders were loudly applauded as they went round the hall playing Highland airs. Grace was said by the Moderator of the General Assembly before, and the thanksgiving by the Archbishop of Canterbury after, dinner.

A TASTE OF THE SPEECHES.

Lord Strathcona, in proposing the toast of the King, spoke in the name of his subjects throughout the whole British Empire. That day His Majesty had done an act which had given great pleasure, not only to the citizens of Aberdeen, but to the representatives of the sister kingdoms and of all the great nations beyond the seas who had sent delegates there. He congratulated Lord Provost Lyon on his knighthood, and acknowledged for the University all that had been done for it by the corporation.

The toast was received with great enthusiasm.

The Chancellor next proposed "The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family," and made reference to the true loyalty which the Prince and Princess in their recent travels had found pervading the Empire, and the keen interest felt by the colonies in the joint welfare of all the nations under our King's sway.

Lord Balfour, in proposing the toast of "The University of Aberdeen," said the Scottish people were proud of their universities. They were truly national institutions that had caught the genius of the nation, and had never been more desirous than now of rendering true services to the people. None, however humble or poor, need go without higher education in Scotland, and especially in Aberdeen. (Cheers.)

The other speakers of the evening were: Principal Lang, Sir Frederick Treves, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the great banquet was closed by a short acknowledgment by Lord Strathcona of the vote of thanks tendered him for the night's hospitality.

Throat Coughs

A tickling in the throat; hoarseness at times; a deep breath irritates it;—these are features of a throat cough. They're very deceptive and a cough mixture won't cure them. You want something that will heal the inflamed membranes, enrich the blood and tone up the system ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

Scott's Emulsion

is just such a remedy. It has wonderful healing and nourishing power. Removes the cause of the cough and the whole system is given new strength and vigor ∴ ∴

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists

Toronto, Ont.

50c. and $1.00. All druggists

The Mark That Tells



Pen-Angle trade-mark (in red) on every Pen-Angle garment, tells you it will fit and won't shrink,—your own dealer so guarantees it. Underwear thus trademarked is softer, warmer, more flexible, better wearing.

Trade marked thus in a variety of styles, fabrics and prices for women, men and children. Form Fitted. Dealers are authorized to replace instantly and at our cost, any Pen-Angle garment faulty in material or making. 206

BETTER UNDERWEAR

CHENILLE CURTAINS
and all kinds of house Hangings, also
LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW.
Write to us about yours.
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Box 153, Montreal

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, grown here, hardy and thrifty stock for Fall and Spring delivery, for $16.00 per hundred.
LOUIS GERVAIS, Prop.,
Laurenceville, Que



$5. BUYS A HOME

Forty years ago you could have bought lots in Denver for $100 on which now stand stores which bring $15,000 a year rent.
Denver has a population of 200,000. In five years the population will reach the half-million mark.
Ordinary residence lots in districts already populated bring from $750 to $2,000 each.
WE ARE LAYING OUT A NEW ADDITION
Washington Heights
The highest and most sightly addition in Denver; furnishing a perfect view of Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains for a distance of 75 miles. Overlooking Washington Park. An ideal spot.
Lots 25 x 125 Feet for $100
$5 CASH $5 PER MONTH
THESE lots are bound to double in value within the next year or two, and before many years are apt to be as valuable as any in Denver.
FREE—upon application, map and full particulars. You pay no taxes or interest until all payments are made and full title secured.
Choice lots to those who respond promptly. Better send $5 and secure select location. Lots going fast.
THE CENTURY LOAN AND TRUST CO.
The Century Building Denver, Colorado
If you have property to sell in Denver, write us.

Gold Cuff Links, $5.50

Beginning at $4 Diamond Hall has a vast array of solid gold Cuff Links—made by the store's own skilled goldsmiths.

Notable value is found in our $5.50 pair of 14k. Gold, dumb-bell shape, suitable for monogram; and our Catalogue pages show many others.

Articles are sent post free, of course.

Drop us a postal card and we will send you free of charge our large illustrated catalogue.



Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

REMARKABLE WRECK-RAISING.

A somewhat unusual operation in wreck-raising has been carried out in Kiel harbor. Some time since the torpedo-boat "S 126" sank in port after collision with another war-vessel, and notwithstanding the known condition of the sunken boat, the authorities decided to have it brought to the surface. For this purpose two floating cranes of formidable dimensions were utilized, and the broken and twisted hull was fished up from the depths and swung through the air like a bale of merchandise to a lighter, on which it was laid. The boat was of steel, and it is proposed seriously to essay and turn the aparently inextricable mass to some use.



FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going On In the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Major E. W. Blunt, the husband of the Countess of Cromartie, has assumed the name of Blunt-Mackenzie. Her surname, like that of her son, Vicount Tarbat, remains Mackenzie.

The largest quantity of fish that has ever been brought to Kirkwall during a peroid of four days, was landed there recently, 13 large Grimsby trawlers landing 200 tons of fish.

The top stairs in a house in Walmer Crescent, Ibrox, a fashionable Glasgow suburb, collapsed the other day, and brought down the lower staircase. The tenants were rescued by means of a fire-escape.

The coming of age of Mr. John Peter Grant, jr., of Rothiemurchus, son of Sheriff Grant of Rothiemurchus, was celebrated by several functions held at the Doune House, Rothiemurchus, near Aviemore.

The death has occurred at Berwick of Mr. Thomas George Turner, a well-known townsman. Mr. Turner was 74 years of age. He had been for the past quarter of a century secretary of the Berwick and Tweedmouth Gas Company.

Sir Wm. White is a believer in the turbine for maritime propulsion purposes. In a lecture on the 26th ult in London, on "Modern Warships" he refered to the turbine machinery of the Clydebank-built Cunarder Carmania as a marvel of modern engineering. He expressed satisfaction that the turbine is to be adopted in all new British war vessels.

After six years' waiting, the Victoria cross and donation, together with the usual annuity, has been received by John Ross, who was a trooper in the Highland Mounted Infantry at Paardeberg, and at great personal risk ran to a wounded officer's aid and carried him out of the zone of fire. The incident was seen by General Lyttelton. Ross is now a gardener in the employment of an Elgin nurseryman. He is 33 years of age and a native of Aberdeen.

Information has been received at Stornoway of the death at Lucerne of Mr. William Lees, an old and well-known citizen of Stornoway. The deceased, who was 84 years of age, was in his early life a shipmaster, having served his apprenticeship with his father, who was a well-known master mariner, sailing out of Stornoway in his own vessel, in which he visited nearly all parts of the world. After his retiring from the sea, Mr. Lees was appointed harbormaster and collector at Stornoway.

Mr. George Ferguson, the oldest master joiner in Glasgow, has died at his residence in Lenzie. Born eighty-four years ago at Carstairs, deceased became a joiner on his own account as far back as 1846; and among his contracts were Coats' Spinning Mills, Paisley; Kelvingrove Art Galleries, and the Technical College. He was a widely travelled man, and was a keen curler and bowler.

The Docks and Pilotage Committee of the Aberdeen Harbor Board reported that they had under consideration the subject of providing an additional pontoon dock. They recommended that, as suggested by the harbor engineer, the dock should be 150 feet long, 42 feet wide, with draft on keel blocks 16 feet, and a lifting capacity (deadweight) of 600 tons, to cost £17,850.

There has passed away in her hundredth year Miss Macrae, who resided with her nephew, Bailie Macrae, Beechwood, Nairn. She retained all her faculties up to the last, and could tell many stories relating to stirring times of last century. Miss Macrae was present in Ferintosh Church when the joyful news of Wellington's victory at Waterloo was announced, and she could recall the rejoicings in Aberdeen on the coronation of Queen Victoria.

HEALING PROPERTIES OF WATER.

There is no remedy so easily obtained as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass it by in the emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent.

A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and wrung out of hot water and applied around the neck of a child who has croup will usually bring relief in a few minutes. A towel folded several times, then quickly wrung out of hot water and immediately applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia will afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. Cases on record having resisted other treatment for hours have yielded to this treatment in ten minutes.

Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, then applied to all sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is an excellent cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment, continued for a few months, together with proper attention to diet, will alleviate mild cases of dyspepsia.

Mother—"I hear that Mr. Jones had the impudence to kiss you at the station. What did you do?" Daughter—"Oh, I kissed him too, so as to make the people think we were relatives."

SCOURGE OF AFRICA.

Cure for Sleeping Sickness Said to Have Been Found.

Two Europeans are reported to have been cured of sleeping sickness in the Watermael Hospital.

The authorities decline to give details at present, but it is understood that the treatment consisted of the injection of strychnine and atoyrl.

British, French and German investigations have been made in Africa to combat this strange disease, which has swept away hundreds of thousands of natives. Hitherto it has been regarded as incurable.

Its ravages have been described by Livingstone, Selous and other pioneers of exploration on the Dark Continent, and Col. David Bruce discovered that it was caused by the parasite "trypanosoma," which is carried by the tsetse fly.

The disease is at first often put down to laziness, but develops until the victim cannot keep himself awake, and may fall asleep at any time, even while eating. He wastes to a skeleton, and in eight months at the outside is a dead man.

DO NOT ALLOW yourself to become alarmed because you have lost your appetite and are losing flesh, but commence taking "Ferrovim" *the best tonic.* It will build you up quickly.

Ethel: "I rather like that young Doubleday. He has a good firm mouth and chin." Myrtle: "Goodness! Has he been kissing you, too?"

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

Mistress: "Bridget, I don't suppose you mind having dear little Fido in the kitchen with you when we go out?" Bridget: "No, mum; Oi loike t' have him here. Y'see, whin things go wrong an' Oi gits me dander up it's a moighty big relief to have something to kick 'round."

Be There a Will Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

NEW ZEALAND'S PROSPERITY.

The general prosperity of New Zealand is remarkable. Out of a population of a little less than 1,000,000 one-third have money in the savings banks. The wealth per head is nearly £300, which is the largest of any country in the world. Statistics show for New Zealand the highest health and the lowest death rate of any country.

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 Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all 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 3|4

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

A CLOUD OF HAY.

At Sprimont, in Belgium, on June 7th, an hour before noon, people at work in offices were surprised by a sudden darkness which obscured their rooms. Going outdoors, they saw above the centre of the town a dense cloud, like a great mattress, which hid the sun. Here and there the extraordinary cloud was gathered into thick flocculent masses, from which filaments were seen falling to the earth. These filaments turned out to be sprays of hay, and in a short time they lay thick in the market-place. The cloud was composed of a great quantity of hay, which had been carried up into the sky by a whirlwind, and then transported to a great distance by the wind. The cloud drove from north to south, and occupied nearly 10 minutes in passing over the town.

FREE

Made in Canada and Sold by all Druggists

This coupon is good for one ten cent (10c.) Trial Bottle of the celebrated

Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill

a sure cure for Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all ailments arising therefrom. Mailed free, in a plain package, on receipt of name and address. Fill in your name and post office address on dotted lines and send to

THE WILSON-FYLE CO., Limited,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

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BY ORDER

of the highest medical authority in the land you are earnestly advised to use

COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT

for **Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma,** and all **Throat** and **Lung Troubles.**

This famous remedy is a **pure vegetable syrup** and should be in every home. **Your druggist** not only keeps it but **recommends it.**

COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT

Price, 25 cents.

"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.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE,

Montreal, Que.	Ottawa, Ont.	Toronto, Ont.	London, Ont.	Winnipeg, Man.	Vancouver, B.C.
321-3 W Craig St.	423 Sussex st.	11 Colborne st	69 Dundas st.	76 Lombard st.	615 Pender st.

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

SEEMINGLY.

"Life," moralized the doctor, "is not what it seems."

"Perhaps," suggested the professor, "you have never looked on the seamy side of it."

It Needs no Testimonial.—It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials were required they could be furnished in thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has grown in repulation every day since it first made its appearance.

Harry: "Blanche says she has insuperable reasons for remaining single," Horace: "Yes, I know what they are." Harry: "Then she has told you?" Horace: "No; but I have seen her."

MONTH AFTER MONTH a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Cough and worry no longer.

Ferdinand: "And do you really love me?" Penelope: "Love you, Ferdinand? Why, only yesterday papa asked me if I wouldn't sooner have a pug dog, and I refused!"

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are, get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

"Madam," said the master of the house, authoritatively, "when I put my foot down it stays there!" But the little tack on which he brought it down took all the point out of his illustration.

THE JAPS did it. They supplied the Menthol found in the "D & L" Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica.

Mrs. Hastymatch: "I had a dozen proposals before yours. And from smarter men than you, too" Mr. Hastymatch: "They must have been. How did they manage to crawl out of it?"

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

NO COLORS IN ACTION.

Some people may not know that colors are now taken into action. Before a regiment proceeds on service, the colors are placed in safe custody as suits such honorable insignia, and "when Tommy comes marching home again" they will be all the fresher for not being carried through dusty lands and trying rivers. The men whose duty it would have been to carry them and stand by them to the last are nowadays employed in less sentimental, if more useful, duties.

LADIES!

Be our Agent in your locality, earn money in your spare time selling our Perfumes, Soaps, Toilet Requisites and Flavoring Extracts, articles that are used every day in every home; 50 per cent. profit in this for you. Write us.
The J. B. Eager Company, Toronto.

A SNAP IN A WHEAT FARM

NEAR WINNIPEG.

1,066 acres of clean unbroken prairie, the finest wheat land on earth, on the banks of the Red River, 45 miles from Winnipeg, four miles from two railway stations. $15 an acre takes it, $5,000 cash, balance easy. No better farm, no better investment.

WAUGH & BEATTIE,
12 Merchants Bank Building,
Winnipeg, Man.

"His wife is very accomplished. She can cook or play a piano with equal facility." "That is an accomplishment, I have never before heard of anyone cooking a piano."

A Clear Healthy Skin.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

Passer-by: "I thought you were blind?" Mendicant: "Well, mister, times is so hard and competition is so great, that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open if he wants to do any business at all."

A SKIN THAT BURNS with eczema, and is covered with eruptions that discharge a thin fluid, may be made smooth and sightly with Weaver's Cerate. But this external remedy should be used in conjunction with Weaver's Syrup.

A gentleman who was on a visit to Niagara (when the car raised and lowered by steam-power was in use) went into the starling-house to witness the descent, being too timid to go down himself. After the car started, fully impressed with the danger, he turned to the man in charge, and said, "Suppose the rope should break?" "Oh," replied the man, who had no eye for anything but business, "they all paid before they went!"

CAMERON'S Asthma Cure has never failed to cure those suffering from Chronic Bronchitis or Asthma.

If afflicted
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE,
and let us convince you that we have a cure—one that cures to stay cured.
FREE SAMPLE sent to any address.
D. A. CAMERON & CO.,
Owen Sound, Ont

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 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, nonpariel measurement.

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. - - QUE

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has been summoned to meet for the transaction of business on Thursday, November 22nd. This will be the earliest opening of Parliament in a number of years. It is expected that Hon. Mr. Fielding will have his tariff measures ready for presentation shortly after the opening. The debate on the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne may possibly occupy a week, leaving three weeks before Christmas in which to get legislation well under way.

COBALT CRAZE.

As the mines in the Cobalt district are beginning to be operated and returns of the output received their wealth quite fabulous, is being demonstrated. Following naturally upon this is a marked activity in the marked activity in the market for mining shares and the country is deluged with stocks of more or less value, particularly the latter. Among the mines of proved wealth are the Nipissing, Foster, Silver Queen, Buffalo and Tretheway. They are capitalized at one million dollars each, with shares of a par value of one dollar, except the Nipissing whose capital is $6,000,000 with shares of a par value of $5, and the Tretheway with a capital of $1,000,000 and shares of a par value of $5.

The returns received in the case of these mines have been so gratifying that speculation has run riot and sales of their shares have been made at figures which startle. For example on Tuesday last dollar shares of Silver Queen sold at $2 63; Foster at $3.80; Buffalo at $3.90; five dollar shares of Tretheway at $850. and Nipissing at $30. Under these exciting conditions large numbers of people are putting money into mining stocks and it is to be feared that in some, if not many, instances it will prove to have been an unwise investment.

A word of caution may be in place, and intending investors should settle it before letting go their money that they can afford to lose it. That being quite clear, a second word may be in order; buy only the stock of an operating mine—avoid purely speculative stocks unless one has money to burn.

BROWNSBURG.

Mr. H. B. Brainerd, President of the Dominion Cartridge Co., was here on business on Wednesday.

Messrs. Wood and Halford, travelling representatives of the D.C. Co'y., visited Brownsburg on Friday.

Mrs. H. J. Page and daughter have returned to Montreal.

The Brownsburg Baseball Club had a very successful season, having won every game, amongst the victims being Lachute and St. Philippe.

Messrs. W. Rodgers and J. Reid, two recent recruits from Auld Scotia loaded with hunting yarns, undertook to spend a day in the woods with the result—Well never mind Boys. Try again.

G. H. Perley M. P. for the riding, accompanied by Mr. Chas. Calder of Lachute, were visitors here last week. Mr. Perley was particularly interested in the extensive additions and improvements made to the Dominion Cartridge Co'ys plant since his last visit.

The Employees School is now in full swing and great things are expect d. The Geometry class started on Wednesday under the supervision of Mr. MacDonald. This particular branch of the School should prove a great opportunity to those mechanically inclined.

Mr. D. McAdam of Chatboro was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien on Sunday last.

Academy Exams.

GRADE II ELEM.

Pupils taking 75 p.c. and over in

READING.

Donald Beers 97, Maggie McKimmie 95, Hazel McGibbon and Stuart Harkness 93, Grace Marshall and M. Hope 91, Jean McGibbon and Roy McCrea 90, Constance Banford 89, Edward Jones 85, Kyle Patterson 84, Agnes Hay 83, Laura Campbell 82, Effie Neil, John Drennan and Leona Garretsee equal 81, Ruby McOuat 80, Douglas Simon 79, Grace Carpenter 78, Lila Giles 77, Edith McDiarmid, Edward McOuat & Jennie Veitch 76.

GRADE III ELEM.

HISTORY.

CLASS II—Cameron Hay 80, Aida Patterson 77.

CLASS III—Catherine McGibbon 60.

CLASS IV—Mary McDiarmid 56, G. Hammond 46, Maggie Walker 40.

GRADE IV ELEM.

ENGLISH.

CLASS I—Frankie Joss 98.

CLASS II—Eleanor Hay 88, Jessie Earl 85, Hattie McCoy 82, Annie McCoy 79, Willie Calder, Vern Riddell and Everett McGibbon equal 76, Roy Kennedy 75.

CLASS III—Vernon Hammond 71, J. Cruise, Willie Hay and Jack Menzies equal 69, Robert Beers & Robbie Carpenter equal 68, Gordon Harkness 67.

CLASS IV—Davie Campbell 59, Alma McNeil 40.

GRADE I MODEL.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

HONORS:—Harry Hammond 98, R. Giles 96, H. Joss 95, Norah Christie 93 May Cruise 91, Bessie Menzies 90.

CLASS I—Jennie Forbes 89, G. Doig 86, Cecil Bradford 82, Lizzie Paul 81, Grace Bradford 79, Bessie McGibbon and Douglas McGibbon equal 76.

CLASS II—Aggie McGilliveary and Arthur Joss 74, Ruby Todd 71, Jessie McArthur 64.

CLASS III—Arthur Drennan 57, N. Kettyle 41.

GRADE II MODEL.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

HONORS:—Charlie Palliser 96, M. Slater 91.

CLASS I—Bessie Fraser 87, Irene Riddell 81, Walter Christie & Elmer Giles equal 80, Winnifred Ranford 79.

Class II—Harry McIntyre & George Hay 74, Judith Bondesen 72, Edward Ivall and Walker McArthur 66, Sadie Scott 64.

CLASS III—Carrie Bennett 47, B. Nicholls 44, Jos. Berniquer 42.

GRADE III MODEL.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

CLASS I—Harold McOuat & Hartley Thomas 84, Lucy McGregor 80, Alice McClure, Naomi Ivall & Justina McCrea 78.

CLASS II—Annie Miller & J. Calder 73, Lowell Banford 72, Winnie Riddell 70, Sadie Dawson 69, Carrie Black 66, Katy Giles 65, Lilias Brown 62, Gertie Rodgers 60.

CLASS III—Violet Kenedy 52, Roby Giles, Ruby Smith & Erle Todd equal 49, Willie Hamilton & Annie Graham 48, Edith Fraser 47, Emma Morrell 46, Harlow Giles 43, Annie Hume 40.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

DICTATION AND SPELLING.

HONORS:—M. Cameron, V. Joss, M. Hay.

CLASS I—W. Cameron, R. Florence and L. Palliser equal, M. Patterson, R. Strong, M. Cottingham & R. Ewan equal, B. Fraser, J. McLean, M. Black E. Bradford.

CLASS II—L. Davis, A. Smith, L. Gall, E. Keys, K. Derrick, E. Latta.

CLASS III—M. Gall, D. Bates.

GRADE II ACADEMY.

ALGEBRA.

HONORS:—Christina Drennan and Amy Hammond 100, R. Kennedy 91.

CLASS I—Isabella Raitt 75.

CLASS II—Effie Cooke 71, Kenneth Smith 65, Dora Watt 62.

CLASS III—Alice Arthur 50, Lawrence Smith 45, May McGibbon 41, Arthur McClintock 40.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

LATIN.

CLASS I—Ethel Bailey 89, Katie McGibban 85, Egbert McOuat 75.

CLASS II—Miles Walker 70.

CLASS III—Willie Boyce 42, Clara Banford 41.

PINE HILL.

Much to our gratification we are still enjoying the beautiful sunshine of autumn.

Miss Alice and Miss Vida Kennedy of Grenville, were recent visitors in Edina.

Mrs. John McMahon sr. of Rivington is at present the guest of her daughter Mrs. Jos. Tomalty.

Mr. David L. Kennedy of Pine hill, has gone, to the lumber woods, for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs J. L. Kennedy of Pine Hill, spent Sunday last at the home of the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooke Lost River.

Miss Laura Kennedy has returned from town recently.

Messrs A. Murdock and W. Stewart of Mount Maple, passed through Pine Hill the early part of this week.

Mr. J. Cousins of Grenville, spent Sunday in Edina was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy.

Mr. Lawson Kennedy of Pine Hill, who met with an accident a short time ago is progressing favoriably to the gratification of his many friends.

THE LATE JAMES ARMSTRONG.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Mr. James Armstrong of East Settlement, who died quite unexpectedly last Sunday morning, after a brief illness of a few days. Until recently he had enjoyed his usual good health and had assisted in the work of the farm as was his custom, but, having contracted a cold, which settled in his limbs and other parts, he became worse, notwithstanding the best of medical attention, and finally died of heart failure on the morning of November the fourth.

The deceased was a worthy representative of a generation that is passing away, which is composed of men of sterling character and noble life. He was, in his younger years, a member of the St. Andrews cavalry and had many friends among the troopers, but in later years his life was quietly spent in his home settlement, where he dwelt for the past 35 years. In school and sabbath school he always took a deep interest and gave to each his hearty support. His place in church was seldom vacant and his influence and example were always becoming a meek and loving follower of the Saviour, whom he trusted and humbly served. He was, for most of his lifetime, a member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he served as member of the Board of management and as Sabbath school superintendent. The deceased was 69 years of age at the time of his death and leaves his wife and five children to survive him. These are Eadie on the house farm; Albert in Goldfields, U.S.A.; Mrs. Wm. Rodger of Geneva; Mrs. H. M. Gall and Mrs. J. W. McOuat of Lachute.

His remains were interred in Lachute cemetery to which they were conveyed by a large number of relatives and friends.

ST. PHILIPPE.

Miss Cass was the guest of Miss Patteron of Lachute, a few days.

Miss A. Davidson and Miss Hodgson spent Monday in Lachute.

We are sorry to hear of the continued illness of Mrs. Robert Paton.

Mr. Albt. Fuller spent Tuesday in Montreal.

Miss May Smith returned Tuesday from a visit with Mrs. Jordan of Lachute.

Mr. Jordan who had charge of the cheese factory near St. Philippe, has gone on a visit to friends in Mille Isle, before settling down for the winter.

Mrs. McLaughlin and little daughter of Ottawa are visiting Mrs. Johnson Smith.

Mr. Candlish of Montreal visited some of our farmers last Saturday, in search of milk customers.

Mrs. George Greenlease and two children of Montreal, are spending this week with her brother, Mr. F. Fuller.

CARILLON.

Miss Grace Sittlington spent last week at home.

Mrs. Lefebvre and Miss M. Lefebvre spent the week end in Montreal.

Miss F. M. Bryerton of Montreal, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryerton.

Miss Walsh of Montreal, also spent last week at Evergreen Cottage.

Mrs. J. P. Hodgson has been confined to the house for the past week, owing to a slight atack of sciatica.

Mrs. Lalonde of Montreal was the guest of her parehts Mr. and Mrs. F. Poulin from Saturday to Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ladouceur of St. Andrews were guests at "Elmhurt" on Sunday last.

Miss B. Nicholls of Cushing, was the guest of Mrs. J. Nicholls, "Willow Cotlage" on Saturday evening.

A number of our young folks attended the prayer-meeting held at Mr. D. Taylor Isle-aux-Chats, on Wednesday evening last.

Mr. M. Smith spent a few days in Montreal this week.

Miss M. Barclay of Pt. Fortune, spent Wednesday evenine with Miss E. M. Hodgson.

CARD OF THANKS:—

The undersigned wishes to acknowle lge the prompt payment of the Insurance money from the Royal Arcanum for the death of my husband and the many kindnesses extended to him in his recent illness.

MRS. GEO. PATTERSON.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, 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. L'td.
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

CARILLON.

—:o:—

The signs of the times is "Progress" and if one takes a run out to our pretty little town, it will be found that we are in no way behind. That we are very much alive is evident from the fact that there is not a man in the town willing to work but can get all he wants and responsible for this is the North River Improvement Co, Limited who are erecting a large dam across the North River. The President of the Company is Mr. T. A. Mann, of the firm of Foster, Martin, Mann & McKinnon, well known advocates of Montreal, and who is a nephew of D. D. Mann, the great railway magnate. Mr. J. M. Fortier, the well-known cigar manufacturer is vice-president.

Mr. D. Murphy, Mayor of Carillon, has also an interest in the Company and is naturally very much pleased with the undertaking as it is quite a boom to the village and surrounding country by giving employment to labor and furnishing light to the different towns.

The works are expected to be in running order by the 1st of January and the prospective business of the Company is such that they expect to have their plant loaded in a short time. They have at present exclusive rights and contracts for lighting Rigaud, Ste. Eugene, Pt. Fortune, Saint Andrews and Carillon.

The dam is 160 feet long, 30 ft, wide and 18 ft. high, the power house and abutments being built of reinforced concrete. The transmission line supplying the South shore of the Ottawa consists of a three phase, 10,000 volt circuit while the North side is supplied with a 2,200 circuit. The power house will be fitted with three new American 45 inch water wheels each developing 375 horse power and direct connected to three 250 K.W. dynamos. The Company have 37 miles of pole line. The single span crossing the Ottawa is 2,200 feet long.

Mr. Bert Fogarty who is a hydraulic and electric engineer, is superintending the works and has some 75 men working like trojans, because they recognize in him, a man who knows his business and one who is not afraid to don the working garb and take a hand in with the men when occasion requires. Our old friend Elaire Robillard is the operating engineer and Mr. A. Chenier is in charge of the crib work, while Mr. Pilon is in charge of the cement work.

The projected new line of railway is only about 5 acres from the dam and the station is located close by, so that we may look forward to good times in the near future.

LAKEFIELD.

—:o:—

Mrs. Williams of Lachute, is spending a few weeks with friends here.

Messrs. W. J. Hodge and Ed. Armstrong visited this part Sunday last.

Mrs. Jas. Armstrong and little daughter Stella are visiting friends in Montreal this week.

Wm. Evans has returned home from a trip to the West.

Quite a few of the young people from Mille Isle attended the concert held on the 1st.

Mr. Joshua MacDonald of Lachute, was in Lakefield on business the early part of last week.

The Teachers' Convention which was held on the 1st inst., was well attended.

Mr. James Armstrong has returned home from the West where he and another gentleman from Montreal have been exploring a large tract of land of 81,000 acres which a syndicate of Montreal is thinking of buying. He thinks the West is the country for sensible men to locate. He travelled about three weeks on his exploring expedition and has seen a great deal of the country for the time, which he may relate in your columns later on.

On Nov. 1st, the school board of the Gore opened a fine new school here. The event was a very pleasant one being enlivened by many beautiful songs and recitations by the pupils and solos and choruses by the young people of the settlement. Mr. G. H. Perley M.P. was present and made an interesting speech in which he expressed his pleasure in being with his Lakefield friends in a social capacity. Mr. Bampton also gave an interesting account of his school days to the amusement of the scholars, who had rather have present day methods. Mr. Poiser, Methodist minister, made a strong plea for honor and integrity among our pupils as an essential to the best of citizenship. Rev. Mr. Mount occupied the chair and did his part most acceptably. In the midst of the programme was a recess when Mrs. Perley, by the help of others, gave the pupils a treat in candies and fruits which was greatly appreciated by the children. One merry feature of the evening's proceedings was several recitations by Mr. John, who so often favors the public in this way. The proceedings were closed by refreshments supplied by the resident ladies in the form of cake and coffee, each of the best.

The proceeds, ten dollars and a half, were to be devoted to paint the new school and still further beautify the snug and commodious building which was built by Mr. Geo. Bennett of Lachute. Much credit is due to the members of the school board, viz; Messrs. Matthew Scott, James Arnot, James Carruthers, Samuel Kerr and James Boyd and also to Mr. Jno. Rogers their faithful secretary. Miss Alice Strong, the teacher, and her willing and competent little band of pupils also merit much credit. In all respects the event was a pleasant and successful entertainment.

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.

J. W. Cottingham

To get the Greatest Returns for Your Money—go to

W. DOIG'S

Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

and Dry Goods.

Everything New and Up-to-Date

FREE DELIVERY ALL OAER TOWN.

GIVE YOUR ORDER TO THE DRIVER.

W. Doig

Opposite the 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.

...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 acmplete.

J. R. McOUAT

Attention!

Photographs! Do it now!

Photographs taken in every style,

We make a specialty of children's photographs.

Give us a call, young or old.

Facilities up-to-date. Our work is reliable.

A full line of frames kept in stock.

Everything in Photographs.

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.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Now is the Time To Think of FURS!

And when you are thinking of them remember that I have a magnificent assortment of the very choicest of furs that will make you look natty and look nice, and put a smile on you that won't rub off, when you think how cheap they are compared to other stores.

Our Crockery Display

Is worth while a visit from you and will prove you a good money saver. Everything you need in this line can be secured right with us and we will be sure to please you.

Our Groceries, Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, and Hardware Departments are always well stocked.

H. PAQUIN,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Our Store is the Bargain ...Centre...

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

McFaul Bros.

Ladie's 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 else-where and convince yourself.

Lachute Furniture Factory

"EEVON."

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER VI.

We are often told that it is the tendency of our people to do all things in a hurry. Festina lente is a command which Americans often quote, but seldom obey. But, gentle reader, you and I are not of the hastening throng. Vulgar impatience we never feel, and when I tell you frankly that you must not expect to read this unpretentious story in half an hour—unless, indeed, you are reviewing it as a critic—you will meet my statement with that calm courtesy that belongs to your makeup as a personage of leisure.

The fact is that I want you to go back with me some years, that we may investigate one of the most important events in the unexciting history of Patonket. At first sight, it may seem strange to you that the overthrow of Napoleon III. of France could in the most remote degree affect a community in an out-of-the-way corner on New England. But steam, electricity, and modern restlessness have bound tight the ties that unite continents and nations in these days, and when the Emperor of China winks some syndicate in Boston may collapse. At all events, when the French Republic had become an established fact, Patonket, a "down East" village situated six miles from a railroad station, and presenting but few attractions to a European's eyes, was called upon to welcome two strangers —three, if we may count an old woman, a servant, in sabots and coiffe—who caused a sensation in that sedate and secluded neighborhood.

As the old-fashioned stage-coach rolled into the village one warm September day in 187-, the few Patonketans who happened to be at leisure were startled to find that the lumbering and time-scarred vehicle contained an elderly, well-dressed man; a little girl, six or seven years of age; and an old, petite, and sharp-featured woman. The astonishment caused by this discovery was the greater because in those days a stranger was a rara avis in that locality. Now and then in summer a peripatetic artist would spend a few days at Patonket, or an adventurous "drummer" would invade the neighborhood. But the summer boarder, that aggressive and insatiable conqueror who has captured nearly every sea-shore town in New England, had as yet spared this picturesque locality.

When, therefore, it was learned that a French exile had brought to the place his daughter and her attendant, not merely for a few days' visit, but for the establishment of a permanent home, there arose a fever of excitement in the community. The New Englander of the type to be found in Patonket looks upon a European with eyes of suspicion. When, indeed, the foreigner in question happens to be a Frenchman, the Yankee prejudice against him amounts almost to hostility.

Captain Gardener, whose experience as a seaman made him more cosmopolitan than the majority of his townsmen was of the opinion that the new-comer was Napoleon himself. He maintained this theory with a vast deal of spirit, and made many converts to his views. The fact that the captain had once landed at a French port gave great weight to his arguments and silenced all who were inclined to dissent from his ex cathedra assertions. Then again, the thin frame of the Frenchman and his hungry-looking face seemed to offer a good excuse for giving him an historic nickname, and from the day of his arrival he was known to the village as "Boney."

But though the gossips who gathered at Bill Edward's store to discuss the strange event that had stirred Patonket to its depths were not especially respectful in their treatment of the Frenchman, they spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty and grace of his little girl. The sunburned, rugged features of their own children seemed commonplace after they had gazed upon the countenance of the handsome French maiden.

"I hed b'lieved," said Edwards, "thet them French girls wuz all dark. But this 'ere little youngster hez red hair an' green eyes. Ef anybody hed told me thet red hair an' green eyes wuz pooty I'd a said he wuz off his head."

"Belay, thar, Bill, ye're color-blind," broke in Captain Gardner. "Her hair ain't red, and her eyes is gray."

A warm discussion followed this remark. It was not often that a question of æsthetics claimed the attention of Patonketans, but in this instance the subject of the French girl's beauty was debated at great length. To this day you will find certain people in Patonket who hold that Yvonne de Kercabelec had red hair and green eyes, while others contend that her locks were golden-brown in color, while her eyes were a deep and changeable gray.

Yvonne de Kercabelec, did I say? Yes. A proud name in Brittany; an unpronounceable, barbaric name in New England. The people of Patonket never quite forgave her for bringing among them a name they could not learn to spell correctly and which utterly defied their powers of enunciation. It was a great relief to the community when she became Mrs. Durkee.

The Marquis de Kercabelec and his little family ensconced themselves in a small house near the home of Isaiah Durkee. Here for a long time they led a quiet and seemingly contented existence. The exile devoted himself, after the fashion of many expatriated French aristocrats, to writing his memoirs. He made few acquaintances and discouraged all advances toward cordiality on the part of such of his neighbors as permitted their curiosity to overcome their prejudice. By chance, however, he discovered that Isaiah Durkee was a man of some education, and much natural ability. In his loneliness he turned to the editor for companionship, and the village looked on in amazement at the friendship that gradually grew up between the two men. "Thar go 'Boney' and 'Brains,'" a Patonket wit had remarked one evening, as the Marquis and Durkee strolled down the village street together; and the alliterative sarcasm was remembered long after the gossips had ceased to wonder at the new version of "Damon and Pythias" passing before their eyes.

As the years went by, the ties which drew the exile and the Yankee together grew strong with the fibres of mutual respect and affection. The Marquis was a visionary, highly cultured man, who had seen much of the world but had never learned to hold his own against the encroachments of his fellows; a man who had been born a century too late, and who found his innermost convictions opposed to the ideas of his times. Durkee, on the other hand, was a practical, hard-headed New Englander, narrow in his experience and far from broad in his views; but a man who believed in the general theories of his generation, and found it easy not only to defend himself in the struggle of life but to win his way forward while weaker men were falling all around him. De Kercabelec was a defeated waif from the centre of the battle; Durkee was a victor in a skirmish on the outskirts of the field.

After a time the two men learned by unpleasant experience to avoid, when gether, certain topics. One of these was religion. The Frenchman was a Romanist, the Patonketan an enthusiastic Congregationalist; and so, like wise men as they were, they never discussed the eternal quarrel between Calvin and the Pope. In the same way, they shunned the subject of teetotalism. The Marquis, of course, believed in the beneficial effects of a moderate indulgence in wines; but, after a very few efforts, he abandoned the attempt to convert Durkee to his views. With equal good sense, Durkee never tried to make a Prohibitionist of the Frenchman.

But there was one important question upon which they held innumerable debates,—the great problem of human government. De Kercabelec was an uncompromising monarchist. "Mon Dieu, monsieur," he would claim, as he and Durkee wandered along the beach at twilight, "vat ees thees Democracie you talk about? Ees eet not Anarchie in ze end? Look at Nature, mon ami. Ees eet not efferyvare monarchicale? Haf not zee bees a queen? Haf not ze elephants a king? And ze herds in ze wilds, are zay not under ze sway of zare king-bulls? On all sides of us we see monarchie in ze lower forms of animal life. Allons donc, let us take ze higher world. Would you want to go to Heaven if it vas a Republique and ze angels elected a new God effery leetle vile? I speak with reverence, monsieur, but I speak earnestly. In beesiness, now, ees not ze form of monarchie preserved? Are you not a king in your leetleoffice? Could you run a newspaparo on ze Democratique plan? Parbleu, cheri, a king is as necessary in human affairs as in ze animal world or ze spirituale." Then he would shrug his shoulders and smile, while Durkee walked on in silence. After a time the latter would begin to speck, slowly, carefully, as though fully aware that his antagonist was clever; until gaining more confidence by his own arguments, he would raise his voice in pitch and with fervid eloquence pour out a flood of well-chosen words in defense of his political faith.

Thus for years they kept up this debate, neither of them hoping to make any radical change in the views of his antagonist. But, while they did not realize it, they were both influenced by this constant interchange of thought, and after a time the Marquis began to perceive that Democracy might, after all, possess a few features that were not detestable, while Durkee gradually grew more broad-minded and finally grasped the truth that under certain conditions the monarchical form of government may be the only one practicable. The Frenchman performed an important service for Durkee in smoothing down some of the New England angularities of his mental make-up. The editor grew perceptibly more polished by contact with a man who bore in his speech and manners the impress of a refinement peculiar to the high-class Breton of cosmopolitan experience. Our the other hand, Durkee made life bearable for de Kercabelec, and was able to render him valuable assistance in many ways. If it had not been for the editor, in fact, the Frenchman would have been unable to live comfortably in Patonket. The friendship of the Clarion's proprietor defended him from those petty annoyances that are almost certain to surround an unsociable foreigner in New England if he seems to hold himself aloof from his neighbors.

In the society of those two men Yvonne de Kercabelec grew to womanhood. The Bretonne who had accompanied her to Patonket as a servant had succumbed beneath the blasts of their first winter in New England, and had passed away vainly longing for a parting glimpse of her native land. Yvonne long mourned the loss of the honest, faithful, old woman, and always considered this disaster the first great sorrow of her life.

It seems to be a habit among most women to divide their lives into sections determined by events of more or less importance. A woman can always tell you what was her first serious disappointment, which was the happiest day in her life, which the saddest, how old she was when she came to the conclusion that the world is wholly bad, how long it took her to modify this opinion, etc. How many men could give you the same kind of information?

Yvonne de Kercabelec was especially given to this peculiar habit of mind. The loneliness of her life had much to do with it. She spent a vast deal of time wandering by the shore of the sea, and the absence of companions of her own age begot in her a certain morbid mental tendency. To some extent this was counteracted by the natural gayety of her disposition, and the intense enthusiasm with which she devoted herself to the means of culture at her disposal. Under her father's guidance she became an accomplished linguist. German, Italian, and English she learned to speak and read with ease, and even picked up some knowledge of Greek and Latin. The Marquis had peculiar notions regarding the education of women. He believed that the proper study of womankind is man—his habits, his achievements, his nature, his aspirations. He argued that there is no human nature in an algebra problem, though there may be a great deal in a novel or a poem. He, therefore, encouraged his daughter to study literature rather than logarithms, and really cared very little whether she ever learned the difference between a parallelogram and a parallelopipedon. Even modern science he did not open to her gaze with much enthusiasm, but urged her to read history and fiction, and cultivate her voice as best she could. Being, among many other things, an accomplished musician, he was prepared to direct her in a road in which her genius enabled her to travel easily and far.

The Marquis intended to return to his native land some day. He realized that France had become radically republican, and he hated her for that; but the ties of home are strong, and he would often say to Durkee:

"I must go back, monsieur; eet ees selfish in me to remain here. Eeet ees not fair to my child. But, mon Dieu, I hate their infernale Republique! Eef I go back they will look upon me as a foreigner. Think of that, mon ami! An alien in your nateef land! And, then, I am the last of my name. I have no heir. Eeef I had had a son I would nevare haf come to America."

Then Durkee would turn pale and attempt to turn the current of his friend's thoughts.

For Durkee loved Yvonne de Kercabelec. As the years had passed, and he had watched her develop from an active, impressionable child into a refined, thoughtful and fascinating woman, she had gradually become to him the one creature in the world who commanded the entire affection of his being. In a stern, unbending way he was fond of his sister, Mehetable, and he had a warm regard for the Marquis, but he worshipped Yvonne with the passion of a self-contained man who had reached middle life before his heart has been touched by a woman. And so whenever Durkee contemplated the possibility that the Kercabelecs might some day return to France his heart would beat fast with emotion, and he would almost decide to tell his love to Yvonne and put his fate to the final test. Then would come a reaction, and he would defer this weighty step to some opportune time in the indefinite future. For he realized that the Marquis de Kercabelec, much as he might admire him, would not care to wed his daughter to a Yankee, a Protestant, and a plebian.

Thus for a long time Durkee endured in silence the mingled joy and sorraw of a great passion; sometimes elated by hope, sometimes cast down by the realization that his desires were extravagant. There was something of the coquette in Yvonne, and she was not blind to his admiration. One day she would treat him with almost affectionate consideration; and then would avoid him for a week at a time, as though his presence were distasteful to her. She flattered him, mocked him, teased him, until sometimes the poor man would feel tempted to run from Patonket altogether. To all this the eyes of the Marquis were closed and he often wounded Durkee by talking of his daughter as though she were still a child in the sight of the editor.

Thus stood the affair for some years, until a sad and unexpected event occurred which released Durkee from his dilemma. One night as a winter's storm was raging along the coast, he was summoned in haste to the bedside of the Frenchman. On reaching his friend's room Durkee saw at a glance that the Breton would never return to the land of his birth. Death had placed his impress upon the thin features of the Marquis, whose eyes had in them the prophecy of approaching dissolution. So sudden had been the attack of heart failure that had brought de Kercabelec to his dying bed that Durkee had not even heard of his illness. Taking the hand of the Frenchman, the tears poured down his face as he realized that the only friend of his maturity was beyond all human aid.

"Mon ami," said the Marquis in a voice hardly audible, "I go to my fathers. Eet ees sudden—terrible. You are my only friend. I have been selfeesh. O, mon Dieu, my life has been a great meestake. Promise me, my friend, that you will protect my child —protect my child."

There was silence in the room for a moment. Durkee had bent his head and whispered the words the dying man had longed to hear. In another instant a soul had passed into the great unknown, and Yvonne had thrown herself in the abandonment of despair upon the dead body of her father.

Down stairs a bustling noise marked the arrival of a priest and physician, but they had come too late. The Marquis de Kercabelec had died without the assistance of a provincial doctor, and his spirit had gone unshrived to judgment.

The blow that had fallen upon Yvonne had come so unexpectedly that it was a long time before she could realize the full significance of her bereavement. She was alone in the world. Her father had left her sufficient money to ensure to her a comfortable existence in such a place as Patonket, but had he bequeathed to her millions the bitter loneliness of her lot would not have been less cruel to her at first. It was at this crisis that Isaiah Durkee offered her his hand and home. It is not necessary to analyze closely the motives which led her to accept him. Perhaps she loved him. He was twenty years her senior, it is true, but at that time did not look his age by fully ten years.

At all events, she married him, and the gossips of the village remarked playfully that she had replaced her father.

To be Continued.)

HOME OF A HERMIT.

Discovered in Secret Retreat of a Paris Cemetery.

A hermit who had made the famous Paris cemetery, Pere Lachaise, his secret retreat, was discovered by a keeper the other night. Going his rounds, after the cemetery had ben closed, the keepor heard the sound of snoring proceeding from a small, dilapidated and neglected stone chapel, erected over a family tomb.

Exploring the place with a lantern, he discovered fast asleep on a blanket within an aged man, whose long white beard and silver hair gave him a venerable appearance.

On being aroused, he scolded the keeper.

"Leave me!" he said. "I have vowed to adore the god of poverty, and I prefer living among the dead to the society of my fellow-men."

He then offered gold to be left alone, but the keeper took him to the police station.

There it was found that the hermit was a retired tradesman, named Charles Redde, who suffered from religious mania, and frequently disappeared from his family to live alone in extraordinary places.

He had lived in the tomb for ten days, going out daily for a small supply of food.

The keepers had noticed him going about, but had paid little attention to him, supposing that he was mourning at some grave.

FISH THAT CANNOT SWIM.

More than one species of fish is met with that cannot swim, the most singular of which, perhaps, is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl or walk or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long, upturned snout. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the sea-horse, another most peculiarly-shaped inhabitant of the sea, and the star-fish, of which there are many specimens, which walk and crawl on the shore and rocks, both being unable to swim.

Elsie—What makes some girls look young so long? Maudie—The men are to blame. They won't propose.

SHOT ON WEDDING DAY.

Murderer Surrenders for a Crime of Long Ago.

A man who shot his brother-in-law at the altar on his wedding day has just surrendered to the County Armagh (Ireland) police at Market Hill, after eluding the vigilance of the authorities for eighteen years.

The motive of the crime was vengeance, and the murder was committed under circumstances that have frequently figured in dramatic novels. A sister of the assailant, a man named William Thompson, had married a neighbor named Thomas Thompson. The marriage was an unhappy one, and upon the death of the woman William Thompson asserted that his sister's end had been brought about by the husband's ill-treatment, and his resentment was further increased when the husband neglected to attend the funeral.

Some time later Thomas Thompson arranged to be married again at the parish church of Portadown, and William Thompson took a vow of vengeance. Stealing into the church with a gun as the ceremony was proceeding he took a deliberate aim at the bridegroom as he was standing at the altar, and shot him dead.

The assailant quietly submitted to capture, and at the trial behaved with great coolness and self-satisfaction. He conducted his own defence, received the sentence of death with great composure, and before his removal, delivered a long speech to the jury.

The murder and trial caused intense excitement throughout Ireland, and soon after the sentence was commuted to one of penal servitude for life. While in prison Thompson was declared to be insane, and was removed to the lunatic asylum at Dundrum. From that institution he managed to escape soon after his admission in the Spring of 1888, and since that time he was not seen again by the authorities until he surrendered himself a couple of days ago.

WAR ON ANARCHISTS.

Proposal Emanating from London Approved in Germany.

A leading article in a recent issue of the London Express urging concerted action among the powers to procure "a short way for the Anarchists," has attracted widespread attention in Germany.

It is quoted with strong approval by numerous German newspapers, and the hope is expressed in many quarters that the initiative taken by the Express may lead to international action against Anarchism.

Die Post, one of the leading German political journals, points out that it is especially appropriate that an English newspaper like the Express should have taken the initiative in this matter. England is precisely that country wherein Anarchism still receives the greatest liberty of movement and action.

The journal appeals to British Liberals not to permit sentimental, theoretical considerations to influence them, and thus adopt a policy which amounts to the protection and promotion of Anarchist crimes. The Express' utterance on this subject is read with great sympathy in German influential circles.

GERMAN TEACHERS MUST BE GOOD.

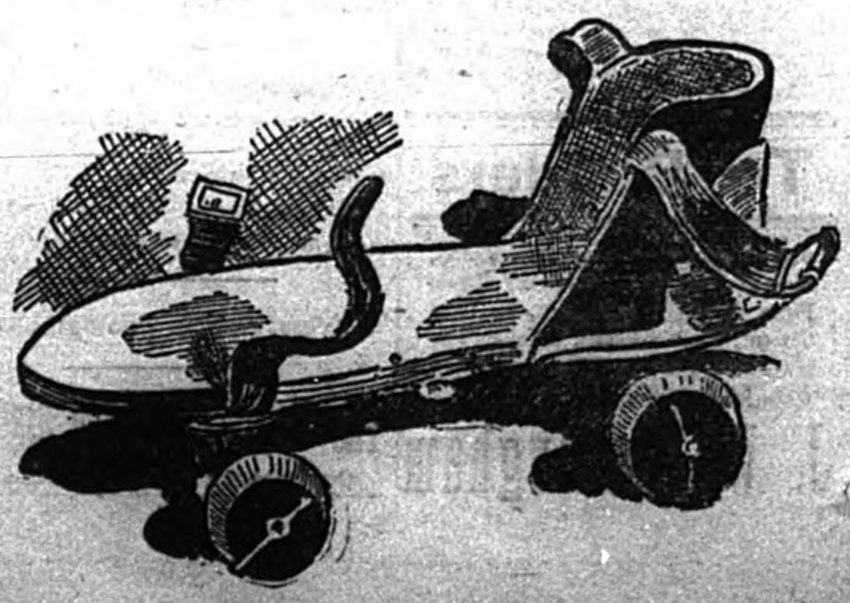
The Grand Duchy Authorities Issue a Warning.

In several parts of Germany the morals and conduct of national schoolmasters are looked after with parental solicitude. In the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, for example, the authorities have issued a circular to school teachers, in which they are cautioned against many of the snares of life. In addition, they are told it is not becoming that they and their scholars should use the familiar "du" (thou) to one another instead of the more formal 'sie" (they).

The intemperate use of alcohol and sitting in public houses till late at night injures the faculties, both mental and physical, besides decreasing the respect in which the teacher should be held. It is also undignified to participate in monthly dances or be present where comic songs of doubtful complexion are sung. They are seriously warned against all kinds of flirtation.

It is the teacher's duty to go every Sunday to the church of his district. Finally, young teachers are begged to cultivate good social relations with their elder colleagues, and especially with the district inspector of schools.

POPULAR, BUT DOESN'T CUT ANY ICE



"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

Mehetable Durkee sat alone upon the piazza of her brother's house and gazed fixedly upon the ocean, which stretched away before her in dazzling grandeur. It was early morning, and there was a bracing freshness in the air that made even the trees look vigorous and cheerful. The sun had not been up long, and shone along the heaving surface of the ocean with golden splendor, its beams topping the waves as though in joy at greeting them again.

In pleasant weather Miss Durkee always arose in time to witness this first embrace of the sea and sun. She possessed a poetic temperament which made this act of homage to Nature's beauty a duty which she did not dare to neglect. She always felt happier, she said, when she had begun the day by quenching the thirst of her sensitive soul by drinking deep of the inspiring nectar the gods of early morning presented to her lips. Her orthodox brother claimed that this was nothing more nor less than the worship of heathen mythology, but as Mehetable knew nothing in detail regarding "the fair humanities of old religions," her paganism was not of a dangerous character.

A casual glance at her lean, yellow face, with its sharp-pointed nose and bright, restless eyes, was sufficient to convince the observer that hers was a soul above buttons. Her wrists and a portion of her hands were covered by black mitts, while a large bonnet, trimmed profusely with artificial flowers, almost concealed the black curls which clung lovingly to her forehead as though proud to crown the brow of a literary genius. Patonket gossips were wont to remark that her curls and the floral decorations of her bonnet must have cost her "a pretty penny"; but Mehetable did not mind the malicious murmurs of envious tongues. She realized that her gifts were of the kind which offends commonplace people, and she looked down upon society from calm and breezy heights, happy in the consciousness that the melodies which filled her soul more than repaid her for all that she endured from the bitter gibes of those who could no more write a rhyming couplet than they could pickle the stars in vinegar.

Let it not be imagined from all this that Mehetable Durkee was a poetess known to fame. Up to the time of which we write, her verses had not left the cocoon of manuscript to take on the glories of typographical existence. Her brother, hard-hearted man that he was, had always refused to print her poetry in the Clarion, and for years Mehetable had vainly labored to shake his determination in this regard. She had composed a temperance epic, based, in a general way, upon the first book of Dante's "Divine Comedy"; but, after spending a whole year upon its opening cantos, she had found that Isaiah would not even hear her read them, and so had abandoned the poem in despair. But she did not cease to write because her brother would not recognize her talent. She made it her rule to compose at least one short poem a week, and as the years went by the amount of manuscript she had accumulated sometimes appalled her. She was seldom cast down in spirit, however. She cherished the pleasing conviction that posterity would grant her muse the praise that her own generation had withheld—a dream, by the way, that many poets more successful by far than Mehetable Durkee fondly indulge.

It was a tradition in the village that "Miss Mehetable" had had an unfortunate love affair in some prehistoric age, and had turned to literary work as a relief for ehr bruised and bleeding heart, but no one, not even the oldest inhabitant, could give any details regarding this sentimental disaster. At all events, Miss Durkee was known to take great interest in all affaires-du-cœur that took place in Patonket, and was the confidante of many brown-checked maidens who felt flattered at the notice taken of them by a poetess.

"Good-mornin', Eevon," said Miss Durkee after a time, as she turned her eyes from their ecstatic contemplation of the ocean and saw her brother's wife standing at the doorway. "Ain't it a beautiful day? Look at those shadowy ships out there. One would think the sun was having a day-dream and had dotted the sea with imaginary sails."

Mehetable felt that she had opened the conversation in a manner befitting a poetess, and smiled complacently.

Yvonne Durkee looked as though she had not rested well. There were shadows beneath her eyes, and her face was pale.

"Ah, ma sœur," she exclaimed playfully, "how can you permit your genius to soar so high before you have had your coffee? It is really dangerous to your health."

She seated herself in a chair beside Mehetable, and taking the bony, withered hand of the poetess, rubbed the fingers affectionately.

"You have such a way of settin' on me," remarked Mehetable good-humoredly. "I always think you are kind o' laughing at me in your sleeve. But you ain't, are you? 'Saiah wa'n't never like you. He always speaks plain, out and out; but I never know just what you're drivin' at, Eevon."

Mrs. Durkee seemed hurt, although her mouth twitched as though she was attempting to suppress a smile.

"Ma chere Hetty," she said, "you do me an injustice. I admire your talents, and I like to hear your original ideas. You know you can put confidence in me, n'est-ce pas?" She looked straight into the eyes of her sister-in-law.

This was too much for the impressionable temperament of Mehetable. The tears began to trickle down her face, and, throwing her arms around Yvonne's neck, she kissed her on both cheeks and prayed for forgiveness.

"I didn't mean what I said," she sobbed. "Nobody in the world understands me the way you do. I'm a wicked, ungrateful creature to doubt you for a moment." After a time she grew calmer, and continued: "You're the greatest blessing in my life. If it hadn't been for you my spirit would have flown from this cold world long ago."

Yvonne patted the trembling hand of the poetess, and remained silent. In a moment Mehetable again spoke, this time in a tone of melancholy resignation.

"I want you to promise me something, Eevon," she began. "You know I'm growing old. Don't interrupt me. I don't say I'm a centen—centen—centennial, but I'm not a young woman any more and I sometimes feel as though my soul was getting too big for my body. Even rhyming ain't the spiritual purifier it used to be. There ain't anything special the matter with me, but if anything should happen suddenlike, I want to feel that I made you promise."

"I'll promise anything you ask," said Yvonne with becoming solemnity.

"Well, then, you know 'Saiah don't take any stock in my genius. Now something tells me here," and Mehetable laid a hand upon her body, somewhere in the locality of her liver, "something tells me that if the public could ever read my verses my name would not be forgotten. Now I don't dare to send 'em away, for fear of the disappointment that would hurt me so if they were returned. 'Saiah won't print 'em. Now, Eevon, I want you to promise that when I am dead and buried you'll send my manuscripts to some publisher in Boston. If he doesn't print 'em, it can't worry me in my grave. If he does, 'Saiah may feel ashamed of himself. Will you promise me that?"

"Of course I will, cherie," responded Yvonne caressingly. "But you mustn't talk of dying. You have a great many years of life before you. I am afraid you are becoming something of a hypochondriac."

"Of a what?" asked Mehetable in a tone of voice that indicated mingled astonishment and fear. "Oh, no, I ain't that! Don't tell me that, Eevon. I know it's somethin' terrible. What makes you think so? Here, look at my ongue. Does it show any signs that I'm becomin' a hyp—hippo—hippo—hippopotamus?"

Yvonne laughed aloud. "O, Hetty, you are too droll! No, you will never be a hippopotamus nor a rhinoceros. But you must really quiet your imagination, or you will have nervous prostration. Let me prescribe for you. Sleep more, think less, and exercise."

Yvonne kissed the agitated face of the poetess, and then, walking to the end of the piazza, stood in silence for a long time looking out upon the sea.

"Where's 'Saiah?" at length Miss Durkee asked abruptly.

"Oh, he's taking an extra nap this morning," returned Yvonne listlessly. "He had a very restless night. We'll wait a few moments, and then have breakfast if he doesn't come."

Mehetable drummed impatiently on the piazza with her boot. Her body had overcome her soul, for the time being, and she was hungry. She had begun to feel that Yvonne was right about the evil effects of tapping the cask of genius before breakfast. Quiet reigned for a while. Now and then a farmer's cart would break the stillness as it rolled along the dusty road, or the neigh of a horse or the bark of a dog would echo from some neighboring barnyard.

"Mornin', 'Saiah," exclaimed Miss Durkee joyfully, as her brother came upon the piazza a few minutes later.

"Good morning, Mehetable," he returned in the stately manner he always assumed when addressing her.

He looked tired and old as he walked slowly along the verandah and seated himself upon a chair near his wife.

"Bon jour, cheri," said Mrs. Durkee, as she stepped to his side and placed a hand upon his shoulder. "You are feeling better?"

"Yes; somewhat."

"Well, suppose we have breakfast," suggested the poetess with a materialistic fervor that was far from becoming.

As the trio seated themselves at the table in the rather cheerless dining-room, Mr. Durkee solemnly invoked a blessing upon the repast, and then relapsed into silence. He ate nothing but a piece of toast, and drank a cup of coffee, but his sister indulged in so hearty a meal that the average for the family was well maintained.

"What are you going to do to-day, Eevon?" she asked, after she had partially satisfied the cravings of her appetite.

"I am going to the office with Mr. Durkee. You know we sell the Clarion this morning."

Durkee's face twitched nervously. He had not told his sister the news regarding the paper, and he watched the astonishment depicted on her countenance somewhat apprehensively. He always dreaded an outbreak of soul on her part.

"Sell the Clarion?" repeated Mehetable, leaning back in her chair. "You don't mean to tell me, 'Saiah, that you've found somebody as'll buy the paper? Well, I am surprised."

"Yes, I shall sell the Clarion to-day," answered the editor impressively. "But your presence," turning to his wife, "will not be necessary. You and Mehetable had better spend the day in packing what things we'll need for our journey. You won't mind being left here alone for a few months, will you, sister? Yvonne and I shall go to Europe as soon as I can arrange matters. It is all very sudden, of course. I should have told you yesterday had I not been sick."

Mehetable was so overcome with astonishment that she could not speak. The Clarion to be sold! Isaiah and Yvonne going to Europe! What did it all mean? She could not understand it. But out of her doubts and wonderment one thought arose and took possession of her. With the Clarion in new hands she might find an opportunity to have her poetry published. No woman who has ever longed unavailingly to see her verses in print will be able to comprehend the sweet taste of this new hope to Mehetable Durkee. Her eyes sparkled, her body seemed to expand as though under the influence of an elixir renewing her youth. She controlled herself with an effort, and remarked:

"Well, 'Saiah, this is sudden, as you say. But I'll try to bear up under it. And I'm so glad Eevon is going to Europe! You've wanted to go so long, my dear!"

Mrs. Durkee smiled upon the speaker. It was true that for years she had wished to visit the Old World. She had longed, with passionate fervor, to see France, and to wander once more among the scenes of her infancy where the ocean washes the shores of Brittany. But this morning she was surprised to find that these desires had somehow lost their force. Now that the hope of her girlhood was to be fulfilled she felt no pleasure in the prospect. She did not want to leave Patonket. Why? She did not know. Perhaps her father's grave rebuked her for deserting it. Perhaps her nature was one that wraps its tendrils about a locality and suffers at the thought of transplantation. Perhaps she dreaded the uproar of the world after the peace and restfulness of her New England home. But, whatever the cause of her disinclination might be, she did not wish to go to Europe just then, and cast about in her mind for some excuse that would either defeat or delay the journey.

"Mon cher Durkee," she exclaimed in her most caressing tone, "you must not think of leaving here so soon! You forget how ill you were yesterday. You can not stand the journey now. Let us wait till you feel stronger."

The blood rushed to Durkee's face, and then receding left him pale and haggard.

"Until I feel stronger! Good heavens, madam, it would take strength for me to remain here. It is because I'm weak that I go away. If I was made of iron, how could I stay in Patonket after selling the Clarion to a pair of feather-brained dandies? Do you think our neighbors will take kindly to all this? Do you know what they will say of me? We must run away, Mrs. Durkee; and the sooner the better.—If you looked like Mehetable perhaps I wouldn't be so ready to play the coward." The last sentence he uttered in so low a voice that neither of his hearers understood him, though Mehetable caught her name and looked up at him guiltily. She feared, for a moment, that he had read the happy thoughts which were filling her mind with the sunshine of revived ambition.

A rebellious expression played across Mrs. Durkee's face, and her eyes took their darkest tint, but she seemed to acquiesce in her husband's decision, for she sipped her coffee and remained silent.

"What do you mean by 'dandies,' 'Saiah?" asked his sister excitedly. "Who is going to buy the Clarion? There ain't any dandies in Patonket."

Mr. Durkee had risen from his chair and was about to hurry off, as though to escape further questioning.

"Ask Mrs. Durkee," he returned rather petulantly. "She can tell you a good deal more about them than I can."

"You are unjust and unkind, sir!" exclaimed Yvonne, starting to her feet and looking at him with flashing eyes. "I know nothing about these men, and I care less. You are right. It is best that we should leave here at once. Perhaps when your health returns you will be less subject to unreasonable attacks of jealousy." The proud spirit of a haughty race showed itself in her face. Her husband felt its influence, and the hand that grasped his chair trembled perceptibly. Even a man in perfect physical condition is apt to lose control of his nerves when confronted by a woman's anger. It is no wonder that Isaiah Durkee, an invalid, was completely overcome by his wife's unexpected display of temper.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Durkee," he stammered. "You exaggerate my — my words—meaning—position. The fact is—the fact was—you see, that I was simply trying to be facetious—playful, you understand. Now, don't be offended. I mean nothing, I assure you. I am not well, as you say, and a sick man should never attempt to joke, I suppose." The concluding words were uttered in a tone of the deepest melancholy.

In an instant Yvonne was at his side, and had thrown her arms around his neck.

"Forgive me, cheri," she pleaded, a woman's pity for his weakness filling her heart. "I didn't mean to be cross. Kiss me. Now go and sell the Clarion, and we'll go to Europe and you'll grow well and strong."

(To be Continued.)

HUNTING IN COSTUME.

Indians Counterfeit the Animal and Get Close to It.

Deerstalking among the Dogrib Indians is managed by a skilful counterfeit of the animal. Two hunters walk together—the man behind with bent body, the one in front carrying a stag's head. The legs of the men serve very well for the fore and hind legs of the animal. In this way the hunters get almost in the midst of a herd of deer before the creatures are aware of danger.

The ostrich is hunted in a similar way by the bushmen of South Africa, and the Eskimos sometimes come to close quarters with seals by dressing themselves in sealskins, and dexterously mimicking the style of swimming and "flopping," so characteristic of the animal.

The Indians of the Central Plains of North America get amongst a herd of bison by covering their bodies with the skin of the prairie-wolf, whilst by the Hottentots the buffalo has himself been trained to hunt, being guided by a string attached to his horn, the hunter meanwhile crouching behind him.

In Australia the natives bring the wallaby, or young kangaroo, within the range of the spear by suspending a small bird's skin and feathers from the end of a long rod, and imitating the bird's cry.

LEPER AS RECRUIT.

Startling Discovery in a Swiss Village.

Great excitement has been caused throughout Switzerland by the discovery of several alleged cases of leprosy in the Valais Canton. The Federal Government sent three medical experts the other day to make the fullest enquiries into the disease, which is believed to affect three families.

Attention was first drawn to the matter during the annual examination of new recruits at Sierre, in the Valais Canton. One of the men showed unmistakable signs of leprosy in the opinion of the medical officer. He was questioned closely and acknowledged that he knew he was leprous. He stated further that in his village there were many more like him.

The Government is also causing investigation to be made at the isolated Village of Jutiel, where several cases of skin complaint that have the appearance of leprosy have been reported.

The newspapers blame the cantonal authorities, and state that the disease is known to have existed for 12 years in the Canton of Valais, and has been spread by intermarriage.

WOMAN CLERKS OUSTED.

Railroad Officials in Prussia Cannot Stand Hysterics.

No longer will the traveller on the Prussian railway lines buy his ticket from a young woman clerk at the booking office. By an order of the Minister of Railways, the female clerks are to be superseded by men. The women who have been withdrawn from the booking offices will be transferred to the telegraph and telephone services.

Even in their business relations with the public, the women clerks had a way of displaying "nerves," which led to frequent complaints from passengers. The men have proved themselves far more equable, and are not so apt to insult ticket purchasers through the booking office windows.

HELPING THE OUTCAST.

How They Were Helped to a Better Life in a New York Mission.

The Water Street Mission of New York was well-known to the "crooks" of the country, and many of them, when they did not know where else to go, went there. Some of them, says a contributor to the New York Tribune, were converted to a better way of life. It was the habit of the manager to assist these men in every possible way, to secure work for them, and now and then to entertain several of them at dinner in his room over the chapel.

On one occasion a woman from a distant city was visiting the mission, and took dinner with the superintendent, Mr. Hadley, and a number of the converts.

"Why, Mr. Hadley," she said, "I am astonished that these people are such nice-looking people."

"Don't talk so loud," replied Mr. Hadley. "Every one here has a record except my wife and you and our missionary. The longest one is twenty years in the penitentiary."

The woman was so astonished that she nearly forgot to eat her dinner.

It was Mr. Hadley's custom to go to Sing Sing prison every year to speak to the prisoners. One year he spoke to them in this wise:

"You men are going to leave here soon. They'll give you a suit of clothes and ten dollars, and you'll drift down to New York and you'll get drunk. When your money is all gone, you'll pawn your clothes. Then you'll probably stand round and ask hard-working people to give you a nickel to buy food. When you can't get it you come down to Water Street, and I'll give you a password. You say to me, "April 13, 316.'"

The password was the date of his visit to Sing Sing and the street number of the mission. Three hundred came to him that year and gave the password. Many of these men became honest, and helped their companions to follow their example.

ARE YOU A NAGGER?

The less fault one finds and the less one says about it, the more effectual, in most cases, is the reproof. Many wives have ruined the temper of naturally well-disposed husbands by seizing upon some fault, perhaps a trivial one, and harping upon it continually. Ceaseless contention, fretfulness, and nagging will kill the strongest love. When a complaint is made by either husband or wife against the other, good taste, as well as discretion, demands that it should be in secret. Whatever the offence, there should never be recrimination in public between man and wife. There are many occasions in the everyday intercourse of those who are nearest and dearest to each other when it is far better to keep silence than to speak. There are few who have ever regretted the failure to say a sharp thing, while the number of those who deeply repent a caustic utterance is legion. The habit of speaking one's mind upon any and every occasion, careless whom the bitter word may wound, is one which savors far more of self-esteem and selfishness than of the honesty upon which one prides oneself.

OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS.

A shoemaker in the city of Dublin, getting on well in the way of business, became proud. One day there were a lot of customers in the shop, when the shopboy came in to say that the mistress bid him say dinner was ready.

"What's for dinner?" asked the shoemaker.

"Herrings, sir," answered the boy.

"All right," said the shoemaker, but when he went up to dinner he reprimanded the boy for not mentioning something decent and big, telling the boy, in future, always to mention a good feed when there were any people in the shop.

A few days after the boy came to say that dinner was ready.

"What's for dinner?" asked the shoemaker.

"Fish, sir," answered the boy.

"What sort of fish?" asked the shoemaker.

"A whale, sir," answered the boy.



HAD THEIR MEASURE.

Lady—I want some collars for my husband, but I'm afraid I've forgotten the size.

Shopman—Thirteen and a half, mam."

Lady—That's it. How did you guess?

Shopman—Gentlemen who let their wives buy for them are always above that size, mam."

Furs! Furs! Furs!

We have as usual, for the Coming Winter, a

Large Stock of Furs

— — Consisting in part of — —

Men's Coon Coats, different grades,
Men's Buffalo and Dog Skin Coats,
Men's Fur lined Coats, different kinds,
Ladies' Fur and Fur lined Coats,
Ladies' Short and Long Ruffs,
Ladies' Fur Sholes, Boas and Caperines,
Grey Lamb Collars and Caps for Children,
Fur Gauntlets for Men and Ladies,
Nice assortment of Muffs,
Fur Collars for men to button on cloth coats,

All our other lines of stock are very complete and our prices are right.

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
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.... Ask to see our ....
Quebec Heater with Oven.

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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.

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Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and Harness.

I am showing the largest assortment of these lines ever seen in Lachute. Some 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. & C.N.R. R'ly 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 outbuildings 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 lot. Farm is known as the Robinson place, situated four miles from Lachute, and is well fenced, well watered, good house and outbuildings 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, Dunany, P.Q.

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 authorizep, 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 Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be at home every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
(Absent on Tuesday only.

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

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LOUISA.

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Service will be conducted in St. Aiden's Church on Sunday at 2.30 by the Rev. H. Charters.

Miss Nellie Cruise spent a few days the guest of Miss Maud E. Seale last week

Miss E. Thorburn is spending a few days with her cousin, Miss Watchorn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Morrow were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Seale on Sunday.

Mr. Dave Rowe spent last week in Montreal visiting friends.

McFaul & Bros. opened their camp here on Monday for the winter.

The annual 5th of November Ball came off on Monday evening with the usual success.

Mr. P. Robinson spent a few days at his home the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Neill spent Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Seale.

Mr. S. Watchorn of Montfort, spent Monday and Tuesday visiting friends.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Puplic Auction at the residence of

THOS. E. JARRETT, Armstrong's Corners, Lachute, Thursday, Nov. 15th, 06.

The following effects,—1 mare, covered buggy, set light bob sleighs, set single harness, 1 boat, six octave organ, parlor suite, 1 bedroom suite, 1 extension dining table, 1 secretary, dining and kitchen chairs, 2 rugs wash tub and board, wash boiler, jam jars, set bed springs, cook stove with pipes, hoes, rakes, shovels, forks and other garden utensils.

All to be sold without reserve as the Proprietor is leaving town.

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.

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

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of A. PAQUIN, Cote de Midi, St. Andrews, (Formerly occupied by A. Graham.)

Friday, Nov. 9th, 1906.

The following effects,—15 milch cows, 9 heifers 2½ yrs. old, 6 spring calves, 3 working horses, 1 fillie 1½ yr. old, 1 fillie 2½ yrs. old, (bred of T. Simpson's horse, 7 hogs, 11 sheep, seeder (new), binder (Massey Harris) rake, mowing machine, 2 lumber waggons, tumbril cart, hay cart, express waggon, 1 buggy, fanning mill (Chatham), 1 horse fork with pulleys and 100 feet of rope, 2 setts of double harness, set light harness, set light buggy harness, (almost new, 3 plows, 2 sets spring tooth harrows, 2 sets iron harrows 1 land roller, 2 sets bob-sleds, rack sleigh, 20 tons of timothy hay, 18 tons oat straw, 300 bushels of oats and other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10.30 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.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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 PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. East, Toronto.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1906. NO. 42

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.

WANTED AT ONCE,—A good, smart lad to learn the printing trade. Apply to WATCHMAN OFFICE, Box 17.

FOR SALE,—A Rack Sleigh and a pair of Buffaloes in good order. Apply to JOHN McGILLVEARY.

CLEARING SALE.

All felts and trimmed goods at cost, also fancy ribbons suitable for May Collars. Call early and have your choice.
LILLIAN SMITH, at Miss Lowe's,

Just Received —A car load of Choice winter apples. See them before you buy.
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. McOuat & 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.

Full line of Corticelli Silk Spools, Braids and Bindings of all colors at DOIG'S.

FOR SALE,—A small parlor wood stove. Apply to MRS. A. FORBES.

THE CENTRAL BLACKSMITHING AND CARRIAGE WORKS.

—TO:—

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.

LOCAL NEWS

Don't forget the Hockey Concert in the Victoria Hall to-night Friday, Nov. 16th.

Mr J. T. Ayers spent the week end in Quebec.

Mr. H. Lacasse spent Wednesday last with friends in Montreal.

Miss Lizzie McFarlane is the guest of Miss L. Morrison this week.

Dr. Rutherford of Hawkesbury, was the guest of Mr. J. R. McQuat over Sunday.

Mr. A. McConnell of Cobalt, is the guest of his brother (Dr.) Hugh McConnell.

Mrs. Starns of Coventry, Eng., is the guest this week of her cousin, Mrs J. R. Parris.

The Rev. Mr Mount is to conduct the services in St. Simeon's Church on Sunday next.

Mrs. T. Jousse and Mrs J. S. Giles are spending a short visit with friends in Vankleek Hill.

Mrs J. R. Creswell and children of Fassett, are the guests of the Misses Buchan for a few days.

Dr. B. S. Stackhouse leaves today on the C.P.R. Steamer Empress for a trip to the Old Country.

The Rev. Mr. Ascah of Grenville, exchanged pulpits with the Rev. H. Charters on Sunday last.

Mrs. (Dr.) A. W. Stackhouse returned home Saturday after a pleasant visit with her parents in the city.

The Rev. Mr. Mitchell of Manotick, Ont., will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

Mr. R. Valois of Montreal, spent Saturday last in town attending the funeral of his father-in-law Mr. Jas. Berry.

Miss Ruth Heavysege of Montreal, who was the guest of Miss Jessie Christie this week, returned home on Monday.

Mr. James W. Raitt sold $1,000 worth of town lots last week to Messrs J. W. Cottingham and H. B. Mitchell.

Dr. Geo. A. Clunie has leased the office and business of Dr. Hugh McConnell who intends taking a trip to the Coast.

Mrs. J. H. Davis and daughter Florence of Belle Riviere, are spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. T. Morrison.

Miss C. Moore left on Wednesday evening to attend the marriage of Miss Bertha Ferguson, daughter of Dr. Ferguson of Kemptville, Ont.

Mr. Geo. McClintoch, of St. Andrews, who is down with typhoid fever, is reported to be in a critical conditioe, very little hopes being entertained of his recovery.

The Rev. Father Carriere who has been cure of the R.C. Church for the past twelve years, has been appointed cure for the parish of Pt. St. Charles, and intends to leave for his new charge next week.

The Ladies of the Methodist Church are having a sale of useful and fancy articles on Friday, Nov. 23rd. Tea will be served from 5 to 8 p m. A good programme will be given in the evening. Admission 25c.

Hon. Mr. Weir has obtained a grant of $176 11 for the holding of a night school, under the auspices of the Lachute Board of School Commissioners, and a similar amount for the same purpose to be carried on by the Lachute Board of School Trustees.

Lieut.-Col. Jekyll of the Argenteuil Rangers was in town this week looking up a suitable place for rifle rahges for the 11th battallion. The authorities at Ottawa are willing to furnish the funds providing suitable grounds can be obtained.

The Lachute Hockey Club are putting on a first class concert in the Victoria Hall on Friday next, Nov. 16th. The concert is for the purpose of creating a fund to defray the expenses of the Club, and your attendance will mean your sympathy with the club in trying to maintain the honor of the town. In past years our boys have proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them and we trust this year that the team which will later on be chosen, will be successful in landing the coveted trophies in Lachute. Such talent as Miss Fessenden, Contralto soloist in St. Paul's Church, Montreal; Miss Brophy of Carillon, who is a soprano of great merit, and Mr. Robert McLaughlin, who keeps his audience in roars of laughter wit his funny talks and witticisms, together with other local talent assures the public of an excellent programme. The price of admission has been placed at 35 cents and reserved seats 50cts. The plan of the hall may be seen and tickets secured at J. D. Campbell's Store, Main Street.

BIRTH.

WILSON,—At Lachute Mills, on Friday, November 9th, 1906, a son to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wilson.

JONES,—At Lachute, on Thursday, November 1st, 1906, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Jones.

DEATH.

McOUAT,—At Upper Lachute, on Tuesday, November 13th, 1906 Wm. McOuat aged 54 years, eldest son of the late William McOuat.

MUIR,—At Oakland, California, on Wednesday, October 31st, 1906, at his late residence William Muir formerly of Upper Lachute, in his 61st year.

WILL RECOGNIZE HEROISM.

Mr. George Gillespie, honorary secretary of the Montreal branch of the Royal Canadian Humane Association, has been advised that the honorary parchment of the association is to be granted to engine driver Norman Wight, of the C.P.R. for saving a life.

Following are the particulars of the rescue: On July 24 last, when passenger train No. 48 was near St. Jerome, Wight saw a child on the track, apparently dazed. He put on the emergency brake, but finding that the train could not be stopped before reaching the little girl, he climbed out on to the pilot of the engine and picked her up. The train ran about two car lengths after passing the place where the child was standing.

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.**

CRESWELL'S

CHOICE WINTER APPLES.

FRUIT & CONFECTIONETY

OYSTERS. BEANS. BOVRIL.

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, 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.

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.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER IX.

Three days had passed. To Rutger van Slack they had been days of unrest and annoyance. At the cottage the growing enmity between Dare and von Hurstein had destroyed the peace of the household with its subtle poison. Not a word had been said which could be considered rude, but the sarcastic politeness shown by the rivals toward each other had begotten a more disturbing influence than would have been caused by a less guarded antagonism.

The purchase of the Clarion had entailed upon van Slack certain unwelcome duties. He found that he had obtained as a toy something not designed to amuse, and he had begun to regret his weakness in yielding to a boyish impulse.

Above all was he worried by the fact that he had been unable to see Yvonne Durkee since the night upon which he had lingered in the shadow of the elm and gazed upon her moon-kissed face. He had heard rumors that she and her husband were to set out for Europe at once, and he felt an angry impatience at his own helplessness which would have amused John Dare could he have known of it. Had not Isaiah Durkee the right to take his wife where he chose? Who was he, Rutger van Slack, that he should feel a personal grievance at the domestic plans of an elderly New Englander who had been a stranger to him up to a week ago?

Pondering such thoughts as these, van Slack sat one afternoon in the Clarion office looking listlessly out of the window. At the desk John Dare was writing, his plain face lighted by an expression of keen enjoyment. It was evident that editorial duties had not yet bored him. After a time he laid down his pen, and looked around the room hastily.

"I wonder where Fritz is," he remarked. "He said he would be back in half-an-hour."

"Perhaps he has run across a sensation," said van Slack, with no show of interest in the subject.

"It may be that he has heard that some farmer is repairing his barn, and has gone off to obtain the full particulars. You mustn't overwork the boy, John. As devil, reporter, news editor, and general adviser I am afraid Fritz is carrying too heavy a burden."

"Remember our agreement, Rutger," said Dare solemnly. "You are to sit there—gazing out upon the ocean—and run the business affairs of the paper. Fritz and I will attend to the literary end of the establishment, but we absolutely refuse to accept advice from you."

At this instant Fritz burst into the room. "Loog oud! I vas goom bag. I haf got all de news. Listen!"

"Hold on, Fritz. Come here and sit down." Dare motioned toward a chair near the desk. "Now calm yourself and tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"So help me Gott," exclaimed Fritz, with a vast lack of reverence in his tone. "Well, dare vas a derrible accident down at Varner Hummell's last nide. De lamb vent oud and left dem all de in darg."

"You'd better double-lead that item and put a big head-line on it," remarked van Slack, smiling maliciously at Dare.

"Well, what happened then, Fritz?" asked Dare, paying no attention to the business manager.

"Vy, den day sent oud unt porrowed a gandle sumvare. Unt dat's all aboud dat."

Dare looked annoyed. It was apparent that Fritz had not mastered what may be called the perspective of news. But with a great deal of tact the literary editor said: "That's very satisfactory, Fritz. Anything else?"

"Yah! Old Viggin's frau spent Suntay mit her fahter in Greybort."

"That's a stunner!" exclaimed van Slack.

"Well, go on, Fritz."

"Dare vas talg of a pig pignic next veek. Day vill haf twenty gallons of lemonate. Yah!"

"Hum! Anything else?"

"Oh, yah! Olt Gaptain Gartner broke de rutter of his bode yesterday. He svore like a birate."

"Did you find out just what he said?" asked van Slack.

"Keep quiet, Rutger. Go on, Fritz."

"Miss Hobgins has a front staying mit her over nide."

"Referred to the night editor," came from the business manager.

"Well?"

"Bill Edwards says ve vill haf rain. He vas a government officer, unt he knows vat he is talging aboud."

"Yes. Anything more?"

Fritz hung down his head. He had something on his mind which made him nervous.

"Well—vell—" Here he paused.

"Go on, Fritz. What were you going to say?"

"Vell, dare is a gnade lot of talg about your buying de Clarion."

"Yes. What do they say?"

"Vell, day vontir vat you vant de baber for. Day dry to bump me about it, but I vas silent as a godfish."

"That's right."

"Dare vas a pig fellow galled Boole who vas talging a grade lot mit his mout."

Van Slack became interested at once.

"What does Poole say?" he asked.

"Vell, he vas afraid dat you vill go bag on Brohibition."

"And what if we did?"

"He doesn't say much aboud dat, but I vill geeb my eye on him and dell you all aboud it."

It was evident that Fritz had said all that he intended to upon the subject, and after a little more conversation with Dare, he rushed off to the composing-room in his usual energetic way. More than ever, he seemed to feel that the welfare of the Clarion rested upon his young shoulders.

"Do you want to hear my editorial attacking the no-license system?" asked Dare modestly, turning to van Slack after Fritz had left the room.

"Well, I don't mind. Business is rather dull just at present. Fire away, old man."

As Dare went on with his reading, van Slack grew more and more astonished at the earnestness of his colleague. It was evident that the literary editor did not consider his experiment as a journalist wholly a joke. The editorial began with the statement that our institutions are based on the broad principle of liberty to the individual. Freedom of conscience is guaranteed to every American citizen. Now is not the regulation of personal habits a question of conscience? Surely in regard to most things every American is permitted to make his own physical choice. He may eat more than is good for him if he chooses; he may destroy himself with tobacco, or even poison himself with patent medicines. But in certain States the law forbids his use of alcohol in any form as a beverage. In other States the settlement of the question is left to the towns. That is, a Patonketan is obliged to drive over to Greyport to obtain a glass of beer—unless, indeed, he has learned how to evade a law established by a bare majority of his townsmen.

Now frankly, had all this guerilla warfare against alcohol proved effective? Was there less drunkenness in New England, for instance, than in France where alcohol, in some form or other, is daily absorbed by each individual? Was there less intoxication in Patonket than in Greyport?

Of course, it must be understood that all these points were not advanced in favor of a general indulgence in intoxicants. When the Creator made the climate of New England he added a stimulant to the ether which renders alcohol a superfluity to man. There is no necessity for a Patonketan to indulge in whiskey. If he lived according to the law of hygienics he would never feel the desire for "a bracer." But was there not an incentive in the very existence of a law relating to his choice of drink, that would be apt to lead him to an assertion of independence? Suppose that a majority of Patonketans should declare that, as over-indulgence in fruit has brought men to untimely graves, has caused widows to weep for their lost support, and orphans to mourn the father snatched away, therefore, be it resolved that the sale of fruit be prohibited in this town, and that the penalty for infringement of this law shall be, etc. Would not such an act be pernicious in that it would offend man's love of freedom, cast ridicule on law in the abstract, and be wholly ineffective in checking the consumption of fruit?

Then the writer went on to cite certain features of New England history. Did not every reader of the Clarion consider the Blue Laws of the early Puritans absurdly unjust? Did not that narrow legislation which forbade a man to run on Sunday, which punished him if he kissed his wife on that day, which decreed that he should not smoke tobacco at any time, and made other regulations equally tyranical, offend every Patonketan of these days? In the Records of the General Court of Massachusetts can be found the following edict, dated 1673: "It is ordered that no person shall sell any cakes or buns, either in markets or victualing houses, upon paine of 10 s. fine; provided that this order shall not extend to such cakes as shalbee made for any buriall, or marriage, or such like special occasion." "How absurd!" exclaims the modern Patonketan. But is the complete suppression of the liquor traffic any more reasonable than this effort of the ancients to check the spread of the pernicious, dyspepsia-bearing bun? In fact, is not Prohibition the direct outcome of that spirit of intolerance which so often led to deeds of cruelty and injustice in the earlier days of American civilization?

There were broader arguments than these upon which Dare touched. He claimed that temptation was necessary to the development of individual character. Adam and Eve would have lost all moral grandeur if they had never been subjected to the great human struggle between good and evil; and in their very fall they proved the proud position of man as the arbiter of his own physical and spiritual fate. Human law can not destroy the forbidden fruit planted in the garden of the world by the Great Intelligence. Each man born into the earthly life is another Adam. To one man the fruit he should not touch is of one kind; to his brother a different plant bears the fatal growth. Each one of us must learn where our weakness lies, and struggle for strength where we need it most. A man shut up in a cell can not increase in moral force. It is only when free to do as his choice directs that he can exercise that restraint which adds to his stature as a moral agent.

Then, with full knowledge of the orthodox leanings of his readers, Dare went on to quote many texts from the Bible in support of his position. The Old Testament, he said, was full of expressions tending to prove that the good men of old indulged in wine. Isaiah uses wine as a symbol of salvation: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath money, come ye, buy and eat; come buy wine and milk without money and without price." All through the Old Testament wine is referred to as a gift conferred upon man by God. Isaac giving his blessing to Jacob says: "Therefore God gives thee of the dew of Heaven and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine." Solomon bids men to honor the Lord, and adds: "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." The claim of Prohibitionists that the wine thus referred to was not intoxicating the writer readily disproved by further Biblical quotations showing how over-indulgence in the juice of the grape had often led to drunkenness in the days of the patriarchs.

Turning to the New Testament he showed that the Christ used wine as a daily beverage. In fact, Jesus even turned water into wine that the wedding guests at the marriage feast in Cana might not go away unsatisfied. All this, the writer went on to explain, did not mean that the Bible defended over-indulgence in alcohol. Many quotations denouncing excess either in food or wine were cited. The Bible simply recognized the position of wine as one of the good things of life, but was not silent regarding the dangers which lurked behind its fascinations.

In closing the editorial, Dare urged his readers to rise to the conception of true manhood, to be skulkers no longer in the great moral battle of the world, to set aside deceit and hypocrisy and stand firm for the healthy growth of the race, to give up blunting their swords against the rocks established by the Creator, and turn them against intemperance, greed and evil appetite. Each man was, in a sense, his brother's keeper, but not his turnkey; his moral ally against the foes of manhood, not an armed sentinel to keep him in a guard-house. An ostrich with its head in the sand was as wise as the man who believes that temptation can be removed from the world by the elastic bonds of human law. So long as man's nature remains as it is, and the physical world changes not, so long will Prohibition be worse than a failure.

Van Slack was silent for a long time after Dare had ceased to read. Finally he said: "Well, old man, you've treated the subject in a rather serious vein. My idea was that your article should be humorous, not heroic. But stet, as you say on the proofs. It will doubtless appeal to the reasonable men of Patonket, but what its effect on the more fanatical will be is hard to say."

"Well, I'm sure I don't care for my part," returned Dare. "When I began to look into the matter I grew intensely interested. I may be flippant with my tongue, Van, but I can't be with my pen. I sincerely believe that Prohibition has done a vast deal of harm in the world, and I am glad to have an opportunity to say so in a more or less public way. I begin to believe that I'll stay here and run the Clarion indefinitely, old fellow. It's fascinating work."

Dare turned to his desk and began to correct some proofs which Fritz had brought to him.

Van Slack took a cigar from his pocket and, lighting it, gave himself up to reverie. As he sat there watching the smoke which floated out through the open window and perished in the embrace of the soft summer breeze, the outer door of the office opened and an eccentric-looking being entered. Mehetable Durkee, attired in a black-and-white gingham dress, with a black sunhat resting upon her straggling curls, carried in her hands, which were, as usual, partially covered with lace mitts, a roll of writing-paper. She looked literary from head to foot. There was a literary smirk about her mouth, an air of letters about her dress, a rejected-manuscript suggestiveness in her whole demeanor. She seemed to be a woman whose life had been a succession of tragedies in which the editorial waste-basket had played a leading role. She came into the sanctum in a reverential way, as though treading upon sacred ground. Looking around the room with a nervous glance, she shyly approached van Slack, who had politely risen and laid aside his cigar.

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Durkee in her softest tone, "I don't want to intrude, but I have here a little thing that I guess the Clarion would like to print."

"Ah!" exclaimed van Slack, in an interested way. "Poetry, I suppose?"

"Yes—poetry."

"Well, madam, I am not the literary editor, but if you will kindly seat yourself in a chair by the desk over there and read your production to that gentleman, he will pass upon its merits. Just begin your reading without interrupting him. He has a wonderful faculty for doing two things at once, and he will grasp all the beauties of your work without seeming to pay attention. You understand me?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Durkee dubiously. "He's a kind o' mind-reader, is he?"

"Yes, that's it. Now, just sit down and try him. You'll witness a remarkable psychological phenomenon."

The last two words aroused Mehetable's curiosity. She did not understand them, but felt that they must refer to something worth seeing. Dare had begun to revise certain features of his editorial, and had not noticed the entrance of the poetess.

With mincing step Miss Durkee approached him and, seating herself in the chair by his side, quietly unfolded her manuscript. Then she began to read aloud, softly at first, but, as she went on, with ever-increasing emphasis. "Trees" rhymed with "seas," "sky" with "fly," "sand" with "grand," and "wave" with "brave," while nothing broke the monotony of her rendition save here and there a thank-you-marm in her meter. For a time Dare did not notice her, but after a while he began to realize that he had become the target for an elocutionary broadside. He looked at her in amazement, but when he glanced at van Slack he grasped the situation at once.

"I beg your pardon," he said, interrupting her, "but how long is your poem?"

"About a thousand lines," answered Miss Durkee, evidently astonished that a mind-reader should be obliged to ask such a question. Then she resumed her reading in a voice which trembled somewhat for emotion.

At that moment Fritz broke into the room in his cyclonic way. "Goppy!" he yelled, as though trying to make Bill Edwards hear him across the street. Catching sight of Miss Durkee he paused in astonishment, while a broad grin gradually diffused itself over his mischevious face.

"Permit me to take your manuscript," said Dare politely. "It shows genius of a high order."

He had no copy ready for Fritz, and he stood somewhat in awe of the devil's imperious ways. Miss Mehetable handed her poem to the editor, while her heart beat fast. Could it be that her verses were to feed a printing press? It was almost incredible.

"Here, Fritz, take that out and have it set up. Is your name attached to it?" Dare turned toward Miss Durkee after Fritz had seized the manuscript and rushed away.

"No, yes. That is—" The poetess had lost control of her nerves through joy. "My nom-de-plume is there. Oh, I am so much obliged to you, sir. And to you," she continued, addressing van Slack. "You are welcome to the poem. There will be no charge. I write only for the love of literature."

She stood up, and a dignity she had never before possessed seemed to add height to her figure. The weight of disappointment which had crushed her for years had been lifted from her shoulders in the twinkling of an eye. Through her brain flashed the thought that hereafter she must search the world for mind-readers and her fame would be established.

Approaching van Slack, she whispered:

"What was it you said I'd see, sir?"

Van Slack was nonplused for a moment.

"Oh yes!" he exclaimed after an effort of memory, "I told you you'd witness a psychological phenomenon. Was I not right?"

"A psychological phenomenon," she repeated as though the words were the "Open sesame" to glory. "Yes, I saw it, and I'll see it again, if I live," she murmured, as she left the room with assured mein, after a polite bow to John Dare.

(To be Continued.)

PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

"I don't wish to take up your time," the caller said, "unless you think it is likely I might interest you in the subject of life insurance."

"Well," replied the man at the desk, "I'll not deny that I have been thinking about it lately. Go ahead. I'll listen to you."

Whereupon the caller talked to him forty-five minutes without a stop.

"And now," he said at last, "are you satisfied that our company is one of the best, and that our plan of doing business is thoroughly safe?"

"Yes."

"Have I convinced you that we furnish as good insurance as any other company and at rates as cheap as you can get anywhere?"

"Yes; I am satisfied with what you say—perfectly satisfied."

"Well, don't you want to take out a policy with us?"

"Me? Oh, no! I'm a life insurance agent myself. I thought I might be able to get some tips from you!"

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

The most profitable beef, pork or mutton is that put on the market early.

When we get so we study as hard how to give our cows more to eat as we do now how to scrimp them we'll have better success in dairying.

It is best to remove the harness during the noon hour. It is also an excellent practice to bathe the shoulders with cold water after the removal of harness. Well-fitting collars and harness and strict cleanliness will do much to prevent sore shoulders.

The man who owns a good farm, free from mortgage, and who invests most of his money at home—in better stock or better living—is the centre of a financial world of his own.

The Farm

TREATMENT OF YARDED POULTRY.

I have noticed yarded fowls exposed to the extreme heat of the sun in summer, in unshaded yards, with no resources but the hen house, which was probably like an oven. This exposure not only results in the fading of the plumage, but in the development of disease.

In winter some yards are exposed to the full force of the winter winds, and in consequence the fowls will huddle together in the hen-house instead of getting out in the fresh air. Sunflowers or morning glory vines will give shade in summer and a wind break made of old boards or cornstalks will, in a measure, protect the yards in winter. In some instances the chicken yard is taken for a dumping ground for table scraps, old bones, etc., until it becomes a veritable rubbish heap. If fowls are confined for any length of time in such a yard some die and others become diseased.

Another danger to yarded poultry is overcrowding. No fowls can do well where they are confined into small space. The idea that because one has made a certain profit with a flock of fowls that profit can be increased by adding to their number without extending the space in which they are kept is almost sure to result in loss. When on free range fowls can secure those things in the way of food that are necessary to their thrift, and I believe in allowing as much free range as possible. This can be accomplished by opening the gate of the yard a short time before sundown. The fowls will not wander far, for they will soon have to go to roost, but even in the short time at their disposal they will pick up a good deal that will be of much benefit to them. In winter it will be found advantageous to clear away the snow for a short distance on the south side of the poultry house. It does not take long to do this and the chickens have a clear space which they will thoroughly enjoy. While more corn can be fed in the winter than at any other season, it is well not to give too much of it to the hens, particularly if yarded. Corn on the ear, burned or charred in the oven, seems to lose its fattening powers to a certain extent. It should, however, only be given in this form occasionally. Wheat and oats are both good chicken feeds, wheat being a splendid food to produce eggs. Wheat screenings have the advantage of being cheaper in price and contain other small grains and seeds besides the wheat.

These grains, while forming the principal food, should be varied or mixed in the case of yarded fowls so as to give variety. Green food must not be forgotten. Fowls consume a great deal of grass when on free range, and if closely yarded and unable to obtain it they will suffer in consequence unless it be fed to them or its place supplied by cabbage, apple parings, beets, etc. In summer, whenever the lawn is mowed, I give some of the grass as soon as it is cut to the fowls confined in yards and it is eaten with avidity.

FARM NOTES.

Bees keep women in pin money. They are easy to manage and are steadily gaining in popularity.

When butter gathers at 62 to 64 degrees, it will need three washings to remove all the buttermilk, but if it gathers at 52 to 54 degrees, one washing will be sufficient. When washing, do not let the butter remain in the water longer than is absolutely necessary.

A prime qualification of the hired man should be his gentleness with animals, especially with work horses and dairy cows. The man deficient in this respect can do more damage to the stock than he can make up by being otherwise irreproachable.

Before the fall rains set in haul in as many loads of dry loam as you may need. By judicious use one load will do for six cows for one winter. Put this earth in an airy place, and it will dry off to a dry powder. If this is put in the trough after cleaning out night and morning, you will save all of the manure.

During the summer, after the busy work is over, is a good time to clean up and paint the farm wagons and implements. A paint can be made by using equal parts of red lead and Venetian red, mixed with pure raw oil. Keep well stirred while using and apply with a bristle brush. If a gloss finish is desired apply two coats with a little coach varnish added in mixing second coat. This paint is durable and not expensive.

The Canada thistle is one of that numerous class of weeds that are propagated by rhizomes, or root stalks from which the buds start, as well as from seed, thus rendering it necessary not merely to prevent seeding, but to destroy the entire root system of the plant. In this respect it is similar to those other vile pests of the cultivated farm in the humid section, the horse-nettle, bind weed, morning-glory and quack grass. For this entire class of weeds there are but two methods of destruction. One is the entire removal of the root, and the other is trangulation or keeping the leaves from access to the air, either by repeated cutting or smothering them out with some ranker-growing plant.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well, the elephant is ours at last, Van."

"Yes. I feel tired already."

Van Slack and Dare were returning to the cottage after completing the purchase of the Clarion.

"By the way, John," remarked van Slack, "did you notice how brusquely the old man treated me? He would hardly deign to notice me. I really felt uncomfortable."

"Isn't that strange?" Dare stopped a moment to light a cigarette. "Such a genial fellow as you are, too! Durkee must be extremely unimpressionable. How he resisted your efforts to please him, I really can't understand."

A sarcastic smile crossed his face as he continued: "But what I noticed especially was that Mrs. Durkee was not present. How do you account for that, old man?"

"Hum, I haven't thought about it. I suppose she has a woman's prejudice against contact with affairs of business."

Van Slack spoke in a tone of indifference, but his flushed face belied his words. He had been bitterly disappointed because Mrs. Durkee had failed to appear, and he was out of humor with the whole world.

The young men strode onward rapidly. It was almost high noon, and nature seemed to await in silence the sun's attainment of midday's goal. Van Slack looked unusually handsome this morning. He had donned a white flannel shirt and a blazer with red and white stripes, while around his waist he had tied a red silk sash. A soft cap of the same color rested carelessly on his head and set off to advantage the Spanish beauty of his face. The sun had begun to paint his complexion a warm brown tint which well became him. John Dare, who was always somewhat jealous of the physical charms of other men, looked up at his companion once or twice in silent admiration, and muttered to himself, "Poor Durkee! Poor Durkee!"

The village seemed almost deserted, but at the end of the street, just where the lane leading up to the van Slack cottage joined the main highway, a small group of villagers had gathered.

"There are some of your friends, the natives," remarked Dare.

"By Jove, that fellow is a giant, Van. I shouldn't care to quarrel with him."

"Ah, that must be 'Jim' Poole. I've heard of him. They say he is a great bully. I wonder what they are doing at that corner. I never saw any of them supporting that particular fence before. They generally loaf in front of Edwards's store."

As the young men approached Poole and his companions it was evident that mischief was brewing. A provincial is not apt to be a clever actor, and in this instance the Patonket giant showed in his face and manner that he had hostile designs against van Slack and Dare, long before they reached him. Poole was a man about six feet three inches in height, and, though his legs were not as well developed as his chest and arms, must have weighed more than two hundred pounds. His face would have been coarsely handsome had it not been for a sullen, discontented expression which hovered about his mouth and eyes. He was as brown as a gypsy, and curly black hair added to his romantic appearance.

"He looks like an overgrown 'Fra Diavolo'," said Dare a moment before they reached the little group.

There were five villagers in all, young men who had, apparently, just finished a morning spent in field work. Tehy stood leaning against the fence in silence, Poole stationed in front of them like a colonel before his regiment. Van Slack was walking on the outside, so that Dare had to pass next the bully. In an instant Dare stumbled and would have fallen, had not van Slack steadied him. The giant's foot had been put forward to trip him.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Dare with his most polite manner, "but your foot is really so small that I did not see it." He looked quizzically at the large feet of the villager. "I trust you will forgive me."

A subdued chuckle behind him told Poole that his regiment had been amused by Dare's coolness. The laughter of his followers enraged the giant more, perhaps, than the young man's words.

"Wut's that ye say?" blustered Poole, stepping forward and looking down upon Dare with a wicked gleam in his black eyes. "I'll teach ye to come foolin' round here with ye're damned city airs. Ef ye wa'n't so small I'd knock ye down, durned ef I wouldn't."

"Perhaps," suggested van Slack, calmly removing his blazer as he spoke, "I am more worthy of your prowess."

Suppressed excitement at the fence. Van Slack's words were not very clearly understood, but his movements could not be misinterpreted.

"Wal, wut's the matter with you?" asked Poole, turning toward van Slack. "Do ye want to fight?"

"Not at all," answered van Slack, "but as you seemed anxious to knock somebody down, I presented myself as a candidate."

Again the group at the fence chuckled. Like all village bullies Jim Poole had his claquers, but even those who applauded him would have been glad to see him deposed. He was a despot whose reign was most tyrannical. The giant's face had flushed angrily. Was he to be defied in this way in his own dominion by a slender, delicate dandy from the city, a man more than half a foot shorter than himself and fully fifty pounds lighter "Wall, I guess not," he muttered.

"I think you can thrash him, Van," whispered Dare, as he took his friend's blazer and threw it across his arm. "You'll have to do it, or we'll have no peace so long as we remain in Patonket. I'm sorry I can't do it myself."

Van Slack looked almost insignificant as he stood watching his opponent with calm, steady eyes, his body lightly resting on his right leg and his left foot advanced some inches. His arms hung at his sides, but there was something cat-like about his attitude that Dare was pleased to see. "It's the old fight between David and Goliath," he remarked to himself. "If these countrymen had some sporting blood in their veins I'd offer them odds on David."

Poole stood looking at his antagonist a moment. Then he took off his straw hat, rolled up his sleeves of his flannel shirt, and, turning to his followers, smiled grimly.

"Thet little chap looks as th' he might be hendy with his fists," remarked one villager, as he watched van Slack.

"Yes, thet's so. But Jim'll only have to hit him once. Jim's ugly to-day, and he's about twic't as large as that city fellow."

Indeed, Poole, as he stepped forward after preparing himself for the fray, really seemed to be as large again as van Slack. The muscles of his forearms were enormous, as were his biceps. His chest was broad and deep, and, as has been remarked before, above the waist he was physical perfection.

"His legs are a failure," whispered Dare to van Slack. "Let him push the fight at first. His own weight'll wind him." Van Slack did not speak, but smiled as though he had caught the words.

Meanwhile a few stragglers had been added to the assemblage; and, with true Anglo-Saxon instinct, the group had formed itself into a circle in the centre of which stood van Slack and Poole.

"If he knows how to hit," thought van Slack, "I'll have some trouble with him. He must strike a great blow."

To tell the downright truth, the young man was enjoying his little adventure hugely. He was a brawler neither by nature nor habit, but the excitement of a pugilistic encounter was a welcome relief to the dullness of Patonket.

"Wal, you wine-guzzlin' drunkard, take that!" exclaimed Poole, as though desirous of informing the bystanders that he had a laudable motive for his seemingly senseless attack on van Slack; and rushing forward he launched a vicious blow with his huge right hand at his opponent's head.

Van Slack skillfully parried the attack, and stepped lightly to one side. He was annoyed by the words the giant had just uttered, and felt inclined to abandon the Fabian policy he had adopted at Dare's suggestion.

But, though Poole had laid himself open to a return blow which might have been effective, van Slack restrained himself and remained in an attitude of defense.

The giant was surprised at the failure of his onslaught. He drew back a few paces, panting heavily, his eyes blazing and his face flushed from the vigor of his useless attack. It was evident to van Slack that Poole was completely at his mercy. The Patonketan could strike a terrible blow, but his movements were clumsy, and he had no conception of scientific sparring. He depended wholly upon offensive methods for his success, and left his face and chest completely unguarded. But he had learned something from the ease with which van Slack had turned aside his first lunge, and began to act with more caution.

The onlookers, excepting Dare, were astonished at the repulse of the giant. "Wal, I'll be durned ef thet wa'n't the pootiest thing I ever see!" exclaimed a bronzed, heavily-bearded villager as he loked at van Slack admiringly. He seemed to voice the sentiments of the crowd, and a murmur of applause arose on the midday air.

Poole heard it, and it added to the anger that was dominating his brutish nature. Once again he attempted to reach van Slack's face, and not only failed but was met by a sharp, stinging blow on his chest that made him gasp for breath.

Stepping backward, van Slack dropped his hands and asked quietly: "Have you had enough?" The fact was that his conscience troubled him somewhat. Poole was such easy prey that it seemed almost cowardly to continue the fight.

"No, you ——, little, —— —— ——!" And with words too strong to endure the bonds of type, Poole, thinking that his antagonist was off his guard, rushed forward and aimed a blow at van Slack which had in it sufficient force to overcome the latter's hasty defense and grazed his forhead in such a way as to cause him considerable pain.

Poole paid dearly for this slight success. With electric rapidity van Slack countered his opponent's slashing blow. His fist caught the giant, who was still coming forward, just behind the left ear. That ended the combat. The bully fell senseless upon the grass, and a shout mingled with astonishment and satisfaction went up from the Patonketans.

Van Slack turned coolly to Dare and donned his blazer. The giant had opened his eyes, and seemed to be slowly regaining consciousness, but he met with slight consideration from his townsmen, who were too busily engaged in watching "David" to pay much attention to the prostrate "Goliath."

So it is always in the world. The defeated champion, no matter how great has been his former prowess, commands but little attention from the public after he has once been overwhelmed. "Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!" is a cry which carries with it the echo of a universal human characteristic.

After finding some difficulty in getting away from the Patonketans, who wanted to examine his biceps, learn his weight, and, above all, hear how much money it had cost him to master "the manly art," van Slack hastened homeward.

"Well, John," he said to Dare as they walked on, "I think our popularity with the natives has been established this morning. They evidently hate that bragging bully."

"Yes, and he has lost what friends he had. If he had thrashed you, he would have been crowned with laurels. Their sympathies were with him at first. I'm very glad you knocked him out. If you hadn't, even little Fritz would have defied us. But don't blind yourself to one stern fact, old fellow. You have made a bitter enemy. From his looks, I should judge that Poole is a man who believes in the creed of the vendetta."

"To tell the truth, John, I didn't want to adopt heroic treatment with him. But I hate a hypocrite. Why, do you know at the moment he called me 'a wine-guzzlin' drunkard,' his breath was rank with the odor of whiskey. He is one of the most loud-mouthed Prohibitionists in the village. He is a man who has been ruined by this no-license nonsense. He was a quiet, sober, industrious fellow when he lived in Greyport, where they sell liquor; but he came here, and the atmosphere of the place made him a canling sneak and drunkard. He likes to defend openly a law which he can break in secret."

"Yes, he shows in his face the effects of strong drink. For a no-license town, Patonket seems to have a good many citizens whose noses have been reddened by something besides the sun. I have a suspicion, Van, that if the effort to edit the Clarion should prostrate us, we can obtain from the drug-store down stairs something more bracing than soda-water."

When the young men reached the cottage they found Mrs. van Slack and Hilda seated upon the veranda. The younger woman was attired in a riding-habit of black broadcloth. It was the most becoming costume she could wear. The vigor and symmetry of her figure were revealed by the tight-fitting dress, while her pale face looked strikingly handsome beneath a silk hat which rested jauntily upon her dark, rich hair. In one hand she carried a crop with which she was nervously tapping one of her spur-armed riding-boots. She did not look up as her brother and Dare approached, and it was evident that something annoying had occurred to her.

"Why, what's the matter, mother? Where's the Baron?" asked van Slack, who was extremely sensitive to what may be termed the barometric changes of the social atmosphere.

"He met with an accident this morning," answered Mrs. van Slack solemnly. "He has gone to his room to rest a while."

"Ha," muttered Dare to himself, "this has been a dies irae for hypocrites."

"How did it happen, Hilda?" questioned Dare, turning toward his sister.

"Well, you see," she explained with an effort, "we were just entering Greyport, when the Baron's horse reared suddenly, and he was thrown against a stone at the side of the road. His face is badly cut, and we hurried to a doctor's office. It was necessary to clip off his beard before the wound could be examined. The doctor took a few stitches in his cheek, and, after going to a barber's the Baron rode back here with me. He was awfully plucky," she added hysterically, "but his beard is a terrible loss."

Van Slack could not restrain a smile.

"Why, I thought you tried your best to make him shave it off early in the summer, and were annoyed at him because he refused to. How inconsistent you are!"

"But—but—well, never mind. He's handsomer than most men, even now." She lokoed defiantly at Dare, whose amusement at the conversation was depicted on his face.

"Permit me to express my regret for your fiance's disaster," he remarked ceremoniously. "Such a loss as he has incurred seems peculiarly heartrending to me, a bald and beardless American."

Miss Hilda did not reply, but rising quickly walked haughtily into the house.

"Well, mother," said van Slack, seating himself in the chair his sister had vacated, and lighting a cigarette, "the Clarion is ours. Hereafter you will kindly treat John and myself with the consideration due to prominent men."

"How you do scoff at all earnestness, Ruiger!" exclaimed Mrs. van Slack, who still retained a reprehensible respect for industry, owing, doubtless, to an hereditary taint in her blood.

"Oh, you do wrong me, mother! Doesn't she, John? There's a certain Mr. Poole, a prominent Patonketan, who can testify that I am the most earnest man he ever met."

To be Continued.)

IN THE YEAR 2000.

How the Poor Men Will Fare in Those Days.

"Eh—Mildred," he said, a trifle nervously, as his better half laid down the morning's paper and, lighting a cigarette, prepared for her departure to business; "Mildred, dear, do you think you could spare me a little money to-day?"

His wife glanced at him impatiently. "What again, George?" she said; "why, I only gave you your housekeeping allowance on—let me see—Thursday, wasn't it? Really, some of you men seem to think we women are made of money."

"You forgot, my dear," he remarked, "there are the girl's wages and the water rate, and the children both want new boots."

"Didn't I give you the money for that?" she asked.

"No, dear; that was for the flannel for little Milly's petticoats I'm making. Besides, dear, I—don't be angry, will you?—I saw such a cheap pair of trousers at the winter clearance sale yesterday that I couldn't resist buying, and you know I've hardly a rag to my back."

"Always your cry, George," she said, angrily; "really, your extravagance in dress is something sinful; it is a pity you haven't got to go and earn the money; you'd know its value then. Here, take this, and for goodness' sake do try and pay some of your household bills with it, and not frivol the money away on a lot of trash."

"There's a dear, good, darling wife," he cried, joyfully; "let me help my Mildred on with her coat," he added, following her into the hall. "What time will you be home?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," she answered. "I've got a lot to attend to at the office to-day, and I shall drop into the club for an hour or so after; so you needn't wait dinner."

"Oh, that'll be nice!" he responded. "I've got my woman coming to wash to-day, and the girls and are going to put up clean curtains and things. Give me a kiss, dearest! There's your air-balloon going now."

And as the bread-winner dashed ont and mounted the air car George blew a parting kiss and went upstairs to bath the children.

HUNGRY ZOO LIONS.

Desert Kings in England's Famous Zoo Have Big Appetites.

The London Zoo lions have been showing bad temper and indignation. And no wonder, for they have had to starve for nearly a whole day. The usual horse with which the animals at the Zoo are fed failed to arrive to time, and breakfast was not served till five in the afternoon.

This is how the daily horse is apportioned at the Zoo:—Ten lions, 11 lbs. each; three lion cubs, 6 lbs each; eight tigers, 13 lbs each; ten leopards, 6 lbs. each; three jagaurs, 6 lbs. each; smaller animals and birds, 60 lbs.; grand total, 376 lbs.

The superintendent of the gardens told the Daily Mirror that many carriage people send their old and infirm horses to the Zoo, where they know they will be humanely killed.

The largest firm of horse-flesh dealers in London threw some light on the horse-flesh traffic the other day.

"From September to May we slaughter nearly 1,000 horses a week in our yards," said the manager. "Most of the flesh is purchased by cats'-meat men."

An East End dealer told the reporter that live horses, sometimes numbering 1,500 to 2,000 are shipped every three days to Germany and Austria. They are sold for about 85 apiece and mostly made into sausages.

HAPPY INSTINCT.

Not long ago a certain farmer, well known for his violent temper, sued a local horse-dealer in the county court.

He had bought a horse, which the dealer had guaranteed to be "quiet to ride and drive," and he now sought to recover the amount paid for the animal.

In stating his case, Farmer Hothead lost his temper more than once, and had to be frequently admonished by the judge.

One of the witnesses for the defence, a former owner of the horse in question, declared that the animal was "absolutely without vice."

"As against that," observed the judge, "Farmer Hothead asserts that the animal is vicious—that it ran away, and smashed his trap to splinters."

"Well," said the witness, "I wouldn't have believed that he would have run away from anybody, but after what I've seen of the plaintiff to-day I think it likely he did run away—and hang me if I can blame the horse! It wasn't vice, though; it was a happy instinct!"

Doctors before they heal their rich patients generally heal themselves.

We know that riches do not bring happiness, but it enables us to go hunting for happiness in an automobile.

Guest (at anniversary dinner)— "You belong to one branch of the host's family I believe?" Poor Relation—"Yes. I belong to the branch that never had any plums on it."

EDITORS IN THE SLUMS

NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO BAD IN THE WAY OF HOUSING.

German Newspaper Men Wonder How Children Play Amid Such Surroundings.

Of the small party of German editors who visited London recently several spent a morning in visiting East End slums. They had made known their desire to the editor of the Daily News earlier in the week, and arrangements to show them some typical courts and homes were made with the Rev. Peter Thompson, superintendent of the East End Mission, who served on the Daily News Sweated Industries Committee.

Three of Mr. Thompson's workers each took charge of two of the visitors, so that quietly and unobtrusively they were given an insight into certain phases of the London housing problem which they were anxious to obtain. They were taken into several courts and tenements in Whitechapel, St. George's-in-the-East, and Shadwell, and wound up by inspecting the London County Council's dwellings that lie between Cable street and the old Ratcliffe highway.

BERLIN IS BETTER.

"This experience is what some of us felt we needed in order to learn what lies behind so much that is beautiful and good in London," said Frau Lily Braun, editor of the Socialist Neue Gesellschaft. "We have been treated with such regal hospitality since we came to London, and have had to crowd so many events into our visit, that there has been a danger lest we should go back impressed chiefly with what might be called the holiday view of the city. So we wanted to get a peep behind the scenes, and we obtained it this morning.

"Comparisons, I know, are odious, but I cannot help saying that you will not find in the worst quarters of Berlin such bad housing conditions as you have in the East End.

WHO BUILT THEM?

"The flat system is well-nigh universal among our working people. It has its faults, of course, but it is something far better than the dark byways of dirty little houses we have just seen, some of them in streets with dead ends, others in back courts, entered by long tunnel-like passages.

"Ah, those courts! Who built them? I have never seen anything so bad in the way of housing before."

The lady journalist was relieved to hear that nothing of the kind is permitted to be built now-a-days.

"Your County Council dwellings were by far the best we saw. But, I confess to some surprise, I expected to find them better. I thought the rooms small and the kitchen fittings inadequate. I certainly thought to find in London that the municipal flats for the workpeople were superior to the privately-built flats for Berlin workpeople. I was disappointed.

RENTS TOO HIGH.

"The rents also seemed to me to be high. I think our workpeople get better accommodation for less rent in the thickly-populated parts of Berlin than seems to be the case in London. Our municipalities do not build dwellings. They rather take the line of encouraging others to build—co-operative societies, building societies—by securing cheap land and laying out roads."

Dr. Robert Drill, editor of the Frankfurter Zeitung, struck the real evil of London life in a sentence:

"All the time I was in the East End I was thinking what a huge mistake to mass the poor together in one place. It is as bad for the rich as for the poor. The two extremes in a city ought not to be separated. They belong to each other. Nowhere have I seen such great masses of poor people living together with so little mingling of other classes as in the East End. And what dreadful monotony! Stones and bricks, and littered streets nearly all the way. We hardly saw a piece of green all the time, and as I observed the bare-footed children—more than I have ever seen in my life before—I wondered how they had learnt to play amid such surroundings."

PAID HIM OUT.

A man who was evidently from the country had occasion recently to go to one of our large towns on a matter of business. The morning after his arrival he was going to keep an appointment, when he lost his way. Greeting the first policeman he met he asked him for information.

"How can I best reach —— Street?" was the countryman's question.

"Oh," replied the policeman, who always thought himself exceedingly smart, "you can take a cab, or, as it is only about two hundred yards from here, you can walk."

"Ah, yes," said the other, smiling, as though he wished to show an appreciation of the joke, "I know I can walk, but what I want to know is the way."

"Now, that's different," responded the policeman, with an air of superiority.

He then proceeded to give the necessary directions, and the countryman put his hand into his pocket as if to find a tip.

"Will you take a drink?" he asked, and the constable expressed his readiness to do so.

"Well," the countryman continued, "you had better go and get one, and you can either pay for it yourself or you can get someone else to pay for it, or take it without paying at all."

The Watchman

AND

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STOCK DECLINE.

American financiers freely indulged in prophecies that the election of Hughes, the Republican candidate for Governor in New York State, would be followed by an advance in the value of securities traded in on the stock exchanges, and his defeat would witness a panic in the market. Well, Hughes was elected, but stocks have not risen in value. On the contrary there has been a severe decline in values and the depression has extended to Canadian securities, including mining stocks, though these have not suffered as much as industrial and other securities. Many stocks have fallen off over twenty points and some as the Montreal street railway shares have declined nearly forty points. Dominion Coal and Iron shares have registered a marked decline and the end does not appear yet, as there is a deep seated trouble between the two companies. The condition of the market serves to recall the heavy losses incurred in 1903, when Dominion Iron and Steel common ran down to six dollars on the hundred. It had advanced to $35, but this week declined again to $20. It is these severe fluctuations that make dealing in stocks such a perilous business to the average citizen.

NOT RESIGNING.

The revelations of bribery in connection with the election of Hon. Mr. Hyman, Minister of Public Works, in London continue with the result that there would appear to be growing what one would regard as an irresistible demand that the Minister resign. The Globe, indeed, did announce that Mr. Hyman contemplated such a step; but it has explained that its authority for the report was not infallible. The Toronto News which accepted the Globe's intimation as authoritative has this to say of the Minister's decision to hang on: "Mr. Hyman has denied the soft impeachment. He says he is not likely to resign his seat in the House of Commons. More than that, some of his cabinet colleagues have declared with one voice that the very idea of a resignation is ridiculous. We do not note, however that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made any such statement. Nor do we see the Premier's face wreathed in smiles because of the laughable nature of the suggestion. Probably the Premier has no sense of humor. If that be the case he has plenty of company. For example, the News so far has failed to see the point of the joke. To us it is serious rather than funny. But to a cabinet minister familiar with the fine points of true statesmanship and sharpened by long sojourn among the wits and bonivivants of Ottawa, the suggestion that Mr. Hyman should resign induces the well-bred titter and the fat-producing ha-ha. We have examined the alleged joke very carefully and the only suggestion we can vouchsafe as a means towards arriving at a proper appreciation of it is to consider it as a bit of choice satire"

NOTES.

Parliament opens next Thursday.

Peary, the Arctic explorer, has returned after an unsuccessful attempt to reach the North Pole, though he has the honor of having gone farther North than any of his predecessors.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The investigation into the cause of the Ontario Bank failure continues The evidence goes to show that the bank had been insolvent for some years and that the stock speculations of Manager McGill were carried on with the knowledge of some of the directors.

President Roosevelt has gone to Panama to inspect the canal which the United States is building there. In making his trip he will go outside U.S. territory and, so doing, will transgress the unwritten law, which had never been broken by any of his predecessors. His course has been commended by the Republican press.

Academy Exams.

GRADE II ELEM.

ARITHMETIC.

HONORS:—Roy McCrea 99, Gracie Marshall, Margaret McKimmie and Dell Mitchell equal 98, Jean McGibbon, Hazel McGibbon, Edward Jones and Kyle Patterson equal 95, Alison Cottingham 94, Lila Giles 93, Laura Campbell & Angus Hay 91, Constance Banford 90.

Class I—John Drennan & Effie Neil 87, Douglas Simon 86, Gordon Fraser 84, Edith McDiarmid 83, Edward McOuat & Jennie Vietch 81, Agnes Hay 76

Class II—Eric Low 73, Edgar Hammond 70, Bella Wood & Inez Giles 69, Stuart Harkness 68, Donald Beers 61.

Class III—George Calder 55, Grace Carpenter 50, Leona Garretsee and Mary Miller 45.

GRADE III ELEM.

ENGLISH.

HONORS:—Gracy McOuat 98, Mary McDiarmid 94, Cameron Hay 91.

Class I—Aida Patterson 85, Catherine McGibbon 81.

Class II—Maggie Walker 66.

Class III—Gertrude Hammond 56, Georgina Baldwin 50, May Ewing 49.

GRADE IV ELEM.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

HONORS:—Frankie Joss 92, Hattie McCoy 90.

Class I—Willie Calder 88, Eleanor Hay 87, Roy Kennedy 86, Dave Campbell 82, Jessie Cruise 78.

Class II—Jessie Earle & Annie McCoy 72, Everett McGibbon 70, Vernon Hammond 66, Robert Beers and Jack Menzies 61.

Class III—Roby Carpenter 57, Vern Holden 52.

GRADE I MODEL.

GEOGRAPHY.

HONORS:—Guy Doig 90.

Class I—Harry Joss 89, Harry Hammond 86, Jennie Forbes 82, Bessie McGibbon 80, Grace Bradford and Reid Giles 79, Norah Christie 78, Cecil Bradford 75.

Class II—Arthur Joss 70, May Cruise Bessie Menzies & Douglas McGibbon equal 67, Lizzie Paul & Charlie Bedard 65, Ruby Todd and Aggie McGillveary 63, Nettie Kettyle 61, Arthur Drennan 60.

Class III—Jessie McArtnur 51, Gilbert Graham 47.

GRADE II MODEL.

ARITHMETIC.

HONORS—Charlie Palliser 99.

Class I—Edward Ivall 88, Marian Slater 80, George Hay 79.

Class II—Sadie Scott, Irene Riddell Bessie Fraser and Walker McArthur equal 70, Albani Lamarche & Judith Bondesen 65, Walter Christie 63, Elmer Giles 60.

Class III—Winnifred Banford 59, H. McIntyre & Alice Frutier 50, Joseph Berniquer 40.

GRADE III MODEL.

LATIN.

HONORS:—Justina McCrea & Gertie Rodgers 94, Alice McClure 92.

Class I—Edith Fraser 89, Naomi Ivall & Annie Miller 88, Carrie Black 87, Hartley Thomas 85, Katy Giles 83, Harold McOuat & Lowell Banford 81.

Class II—Violet Kennedy 74, Ethel Winters 71, Sadie Dawson 69, Harlow Giles 65, Erle Todd 63, Winnie Riddell 61, Robbie Giles 60.

Class III—Emma Morell 54, Ruby Smith 50, Lilias Brown 46, Willie Hamilton 40.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

BRITISH HISTORY.

Class I—W. Cameron 79, V. Joss 78.

Class II—R. Ewan, R. Florence, M. Gall and M. Hay 72, B. Fraser and E. Keys 67, M. Black 64, L. Palliser 62, M. Cameron, M. Cottingham and L. Gall 61.

Class III—E. Bradford and R. Strong 56, E. Latta & A. Smith 54, D. Dates, L. Davis & M. Patterson 50, J. MacLean 46.

GRADE II ACADEMY.

MENSURATION.

Class II,—K. Smith 71, L. Smith 68.

LATIN.

HONORS:—Amy Hammond 90.

Class I—Christina Drennan 82, D. Watt 79.

Class II—Effie Cooke and May McGibbon 73, Isabelle Raitt 71, Alice Arthur 69.

Class III—Robt. Kennedy 46.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

ALGEBRA.

Class II—Katy McGibbon 67, Ethel Bailey 62.

Class III—Egbert McOuat 45, W. Boyce 43, Miles Walker 40.

BROAD CANADIANISM.

Mr. F. D. Monk's address at the Canadian Club luncheon in Montreal on Monday needs no commendation. All who listened to it would respond to it as an authentic utterance of the Canadian spirit. In this country are to be heard many voices, speaking for our various political sub-divisions races, and creeds, but they are all silenced by the higher note of broad Canadianism. That note rang in every word of Mr. Monk's noble speech. He urged his hearers to exert their influence for the making less of sectionalism and the promoting of a Dominion sentiment. The address was no mere appeal; it was a piece of lofty, patriotic teaching. To those who followed it how petty must have seemed our differences by comparison with the grandeur of our common inheritance as sons of Canada. To know the Canadian idiosyncracy, as Mr. Monk well said, the stranger who comes among us must look to other sources than books. The country must be lived in in order to learn that it has one great soul, and to understand the strength of its unity. Of this unity Mr. Monk would have Canadians keep themselves more conscious, for that sense is itself a potential influence for the building up of country. By not sufficiently thinking of our unity we emphasize matters that not all Canadians have in common, and in so far as we do that we retard concerted progress. These are words that deserve to be taken to heart by all Canadians:

"Leaving aside the provincialisms, which are found from province to province, and are often commented upon by the most superficial observer, we find in this eastern part of our Dominion, specially in our own province markedly in this great city, two races differing in origin, in creed, and language, in past history and traditions, perhaps in aims to some degree; yet all Canadians are agreed that whatever may be these ethnical divergencies, we should—we must—find some common ground upon which, as upon a rock, we must stand unalterably together, hand in hand, strong, working out the arduous and noble problem of our destiny.

"That this starting point has been conceded generally is already an invaluable factor in the solution of the question we are considering. We can affirm that the platform upon which Canadians of every race, shade, and hue of opinion wish to meet is not a changing political one, but the very platform adopted by your association namely, that of common citizenship of men brought together by mysterious and providential agencies, owing allegiance to one flag, blessed with freedom, and manifestly called, in a land of incomparable wealth, to build up one of the most prosperous communities of the twentieth century.

If the two great races knew all about each other and their history since they first landed in this country, I venture to say that racial difficulties in Canado would be eliminated forever.

CASTORIA.

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

LOUISA.

—: o :—

Mr. V. Morrison spent a few days last week visiting friends in Mount Maple.

Mr. Ld. Cleary was in St. Philippe on Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCoy.

Miss L. MacVicar spent the week end at her home in Dunany.

Mrs. Arthur Tomalty is spending a month visiting friends in Boston.

Messrs D. Rowe and S. Seale were in St. Michel on Sunday.

Miss E. Neill has gone to Montreal for the winter.

Miss E. Thorburn has returned to her home in St. Rose.

Mr. Wallace J. Thompson was in Montreal last week visiting friends.

Mr. Russel Seale has returned home from the West.

Miss L. Conlin is spending a few weeks visiting friends in Louisa.

Mrs. L. Robinson was in Lachute on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson visited Mrs. Wm. Watchorn on Sunday.

Mr. Dav. Rowe has gone in to J. H. McFaul's camp for the winter.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JOSEPH FAUTEUX, ST. HERMAS,

Monday, November 19th, 1906.

The following effects:—2 horses, 10 milch cows, 2 heifers 1½ yrs., 4 pigs, 15 pr. hens, 2 yr. old bull, 1 plow, disc harrow, seeder, mowing machine, horse rakes reaper, double wagon, tombril and spring cart, hay cart, wheelbarrow, buggy, rack sleigh, pr. double sleighs, 1 cutter, corn cutter, 2 set double harness, 1 set single cart and light harness, 2 buffaloes, lot of turnips, potatoes, grain, oats not thrashed, straw and corn in ½, cow and horse hay, dry stove wood, and many articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10. a.m. sharp

Terms:— $5.00 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, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, 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. L'td.
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

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

Mrs. Page, wife of H. J. Page of the Dominion Cartridge Co. staff, and daughter, are in Montreal, preparatory to taking up their res dence here.

The Ladies Social Club held their opening on Monday night in the rooms placed at their disposal by the Dominion Cartridge Co. The rooms have been neatly fitted up by the Ladies, and the latest Magazines, together with games etc., have been furnished for the use of the members.

Mr. H. Taylor leaves early next week for a visit to England. He expects to return early in the New Yr.

The attendance at the Employees Night School is gradually increasing.

Subscription lists are out for the proposed Band and there is every indication that the amount necessary will be subscribed. This will make the Band an actual fact and its organization will be warmly welcomed.

The Lecture given by the Rev. Mr. Thomas of Lachute in the Brownsburg Church on Tuesday evening was largely attended, every available seat being occupied, with Mr. G. MacDonald, Supt. of the Cartridge Co. as Chairman. The Lecturer chose for his subject 'Wants and Wealth' and proved himself a master in "political economy" At the conclusion the Rev. gentleman announced his intention to give a series of similar lectures during the winter months and if the opening one is any criterion there is a great treat in store for our local residents. A pleasing feature of the evening's entertainment was the musical portion which developed come excellent local talent, amongst those taking part being Miss Bond, Messrs. D. Taylor, A. Taylor, and G. E. Sherwin, the latter contributing Mandolin Selections. Miss Bond's solo "The Carnival" was particularly pleasing.

A very hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Thomas after which the audience joined in the National Anthem and dispersed having spent a very instructive and enjoyable evening.

The next Lecture of the Series will be given on Tuesday evening, 27th, inst., when Mr. McBurney of the Lachute Academy has kindly offered his services. These lectures will be thoroughly appreciated and will help to fill in the long evenings. Not only will they help to educate the mind for higher ideals but will also prove of mutual benefit from a social point of view and will also help to give our people a clearer perception of each other.

CASTORIA.

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

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.

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

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. East, Toronto.

To get the Greatest Returns for Your Money—go to

W. DOIG'S

Groceries, Boots & Shoes, and Dry Goods.

Everything New and Up-to-Date

FREE DELIVERY ALL OAER TOWN.

GIVE YOUR ORDER TO THE DRIVER.

W. Doig

Opposite the 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.

...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

PHOTOGRAPHS!

We've a taking way in our Business!

So you take the first opportunity you have and get your photograph taken at our "Studio."

Christmas will soon be here, so come early before the rush. Children's Portraits, Family groups, Bromide Enlargements a specialty.

Your Portrait in a nice gilt frame and mat 10 x 12 for any size photograph, Price 50c. extra.

'ELITE' Photo Studio.

Opposite Post Office, Box 26, Lachute.

Now is the Time To Think of FURS!

And when you are thinking of them remember that I have a magnificent assortment of the very choicest of furs that will make you look natty and look nice, and put a smile on you that won't rub off, when you think how cheap they are compared to other stores.

Our Crockery Display

Is worth while a visit from you and will prove you a good money saver. Everything you need in this line can be secured right with us and we will be sure to please you.

Our Groceries, Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, and Hardware Departments are always well stocked.

H. PAQUIN,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Our Store is the Bargain ...Centre...

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

McFaul Bros.

Ladie's 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

LUNCHEON DISHES.

Combination Lunch Dish.—Boil some well washed rice in plenty of salted water until the grains are tender, but not mushy. Have ready a thick, smooth, well seasoned tomato sauce. Put through the food chopper some cold ham, trimming off gristle and brown edge. Drain the rice, arrange it on a hot platter, baste over it the hot sauce, using sufficient to moisten; sprinkle thickly with the chopped ham and serve at once.

Eggs a la Creole.—Into a saucepan put two tablespoonfuls of chopped bacon, two tomatoes skinned and cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls of chopped red peppers, and one cupful of thinly sliced okra. Add one-half cup of strong beef stock and simmer until the okra is tender, adding more seasoning if required. Poach eight eggs in boiling salted water. Pour the sauce on a hot platter, lift the eggs carefully from the water and arrange them on the thick sauce. Garnish with toast points.

Sweet Rice Balls.—Wash thoroughly one scant cupful of rice in cold water, put in a double boiler with one pint of milk, cover and cook until soft. Add one teaspoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, salt to taste, and the well beaten yolk of an egg. When cold mold into small balls, pressing into the centre of each a raisin, a candied cherry, or a little stiff jelly. Dip in egg, roll in crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain and roll in powdered sugar before serving.

Jellied Chicken.—Select for this a fowl rather than a chicken, as the long cooking will make it tender. Singe, clean, and cut it up as for a fricasse, put in a kettle with one-half of a small onion, stuck with a clove, and one stalk of celery, cover with boiling water and simmer until the meat falls from the bones, adding one teaspoonful of salt when half done. Take out the chicken and cook down the liquor to three-quarters of a cupful, then strain it and skim off the fat. Lightly butter a mold and slices of hard boiled eggs and stoned olives. Free the meat from the skin, bone, and fat, and pack it in the mold, sprinkling with salt, add the liquor and set aside to cool.

Sweetbreads and Orange Sauce.—The sweetbreads are first washed in cold water, carefully trimmed and cooked in salted water (containing one tablespoonful of vinegar) for twenty minutes. Drain and run cold water over them until chilled and plump. Season with salt and pepper and squeeze orange juice over them. Let them stand ten minutes, spread with butter, sprinkle with flour and bake for half an hour in a buttered pan until a nice brown. Baste while baking with melted butter, serve with orange sauce and garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Orange Sauce.—Cream one half cup of butter. Mix one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika, four tablespoonfuls of orange juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-half cup of boiling water; stir into the well beaten yolks of two eggs and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Add the creamed butter and serve at once.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Chocolate Biscuits.—Beat up white of eggs to a stiff froth, add enough sugar and powdered chocolate to make into a stiff paste, and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Drop portions of this mixture on to a baking tin and bake in a slow oven till crisp.

Meat Pie with Potato Crust.— Take six boiled potatoes, three-quarters of a pound of cold meat, three ounces of butter, one egg, one teacupful of meat essence, pepper and salt to taste. Mash the potatoes, add salt, butter, and the beaten yolk of the egg; beat all together lightly with a wooden spoon. Cut the meat into thin slices, trim off fat, season with pepper and salt. Spread layer of the mashed potatoes on a pie dish, lay in slices of meat, pour over meat essence, add the rest of the potatoes, smooth over with a knife, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve hot.

A Good Soda Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three ounces of lard or butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, five ounces of currants, ditto sultanas, a piece of candied lemon peel, a quarter of an ounce of caraway seeds, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, and half a pint of milk. Wash and dry the currants and sultanas. Rub the lard into the flour, add all the dry ingredients, well mix them, and make into a dough with the milk. Add the vinegar, and if necessary a little more milk; beat well. Place in a well greased tin, and bake in a moderate oven for one and a half to two hours. The object of the vinegar is to take off the taste of the carbonate of soda.

Fish Chowder.—Two pounds of solid fish shreds, one-half pound salt pork, four onions, ten potatoes, salt and pepper, two tablespoonfuls of farina milk. Take one-half pound fat salt pork, cut into slices, and fry out well. Slice four large onions and fry in the pork fat until they are a light brown. Stir constantly to prevent burning. Put into a pot with three quarts of boiling water, and let it boil twenty minutes. Skim out the pieces of pork and onions, and add ten potatoes, sliced, not too thin, and boil twenty minutes, then add two pounds of cold fish shreds, and boil ten minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. When cooked stir in slowly a thickening made of two tablespoonfuls of farina mixed in cold milk and let it boil up once only. Put the pot back on the fire and after letting it stand a few minutes skim off scum, which will rise to the top, and serve.

FOR MARRIED HAPPINESS.

Here are a few of the qualities that make for married happiness:

A spirit of tolerance, which will always make one of the two lenient towards the shortcomings of the other.

A cheerful temper which will make both always see the bright and rosy side of things, and laugh at the thousand and one little miseries of conjugal life.

A generous temperament, which will make them easily forgive and forget little offences, and only remember services and good turns.

A genial philosophy which will keep them satisfied with themselves, and with each other.

A keen sense of humor, which will ever prevent them from making fools of themselves in their own eyes as well as in each other's, and will fill their homes with gaiety.

An artistic temperamentand the love of the beautiful, which will prevent them from making matrimonial life prosy, dull, and monotonous, and will constantly enable them to find something that will keep alive their ideals and feed their intellectual wants.

Self-control, which will prevent them saying things which they may afterwards regret.

Openness, which will cause them to say outright what they mean, mention what little grudge one may have against the other, and never to brood and consume their own smoke in sulks and retirement. The sky of matrimony should never be allowed to remain long cloudy. Rather than that, let the one who was right and knows it make advances and get a reconciliation if the one who was wrong will not quickly come forward and do it.

HOW TO TRIM THE LAMP.

Good oil can be made to burn badly and poor oil can be made to burn well. The following are some rules for getting good service out of the lamp:

The wick, to begin with, should hang straight down in the oil. Then the oil will pass up more freely to the flame, and a better light will be obtained.

The wick should be cut with as thin an edge as possible. If it has a broad burning surface at the top the flame will be yellow instead of white.

The chimney should fit tight to the brass burner, so as not to let air in where air is not wanted.

The holes at the bottom of the burner should be kept open, so as to let plenty of air in where air is wanted.

The wick should not be turned so high that it will char or smoke.

An old chimney lets a better light through than a new one, and a shallow bowl lamp is better for poor grades of oil than a deep bowl lamp.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion.*

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.



ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

STAG ATTACKS MAN.

After a Fierce Fight the Animal is Beaten Off.

John West, of Henley, England, a member of the King's Body Guard, was attacked the other day by a large Siberian stag while he was crossing W. D. Mackenzie's deer park by the public footpath.

The attack was so sudden and violent that West fell after stumbling several yards. The stag followed and knelt on the man, who grasped the animal by the antlers, and held on for some minutes, while the stag tried to trample the man to death.

When West thought the beast was worn out he let go, and the stag began to feed, but he renewed his attack the moment the man attempted to get up. West was ready for him this time, and fought so effectively that the stag broke away and ran.

West was so severely injured that he had to have medical attendance.

LACK OF ENERGY.

A Common Trouble Among Growing Boys—A New Blood Supply is Needed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make New Blood.

There are thousands of young men just approaching manhood who have no energy, who tire out at the least exertion, and who feel by the time they have done their day's work as though the day was a week long. In some of these cases there is a further sign of warning in the pimples and disfiguring eruptions which break out on the face. These are certain signs that the blood is out of order, and unless it is promptly enriched, a complete breakdown, or perhaps consumption may be the result. All these young men should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make rich, red blood, clear the skin of pimples and eruptions and bring health, strength and energy. Here is a bit of proof. Adolphe Rolland, St. Jerome, Que., is a young man of 19 years, who says: "For more than a year I suffered from general weakness, and I gradually grew so weak that I was forced to abandon my work as a clerk. My appetite failed me, I had occasional violent headaches, and I began to suffer from indigestion. I was failing so rapidly that I began to fear that consumption was fastening itself upon me. Our family doctor treated me, but I did not gain under his care. I was in a very discouraged state when a friend from Montreal came to see me. He strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and inside of three weeks I began to feel better, my appetite began to improve and I seemed to have a feeling of new courage. I continued the pills until I had taken ten boxes and I am now enjoying the best of health I ever had. My cure surprised many of my friends who began to regard me as incurable, and I strongly advise other young men who are weak to follow my example and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

There is no mystery about the cures Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make. These pills actually make rich, red blood, which braces and strengthens every organ and every nerve in the body. That is why these pills cure all common ailments like anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, headaches and backaches and the special ailments of women and growing girls. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

A FRENCH SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Makes an Arrest for the Murder of a Mummy.

An old gentleman at Ternee, France, was recently charged with murder under curious circumstances. A ragpicker rushed into the police station and threw down a bag of bones, declaring that they had been given to him to make away with, but he had discovered them to be human.

Scenting a terrible crime, the inspector had the man locked up, and then telephoned to a magistrate. Soon after the magistrate, inspector, and two policemen called at the house where the bag had been handed to the ragpicker and were received by an old gentleman in gold-rimmed spectacles.

The magistrate locked the door behind him, laid a calcined bone on the table, and said: "You gave this and other human remains to a ragpicker this morning?" "I did," said the old gentleman. "I arrest you for murder," said the magistrate solemnly; "who was your victim?"

In reply the old gentleman in the gold spectacles burst out laughing. "The victim," he said, "is the son of the Grand Priest Diophta, ho died in Egypt more than 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. I bought him recently, but he did not keep well, so I preferred to get rid of him."

Exhaustive inquiries eventually led to the release of the ragpicker and an apology to the mummy purchaser.

Is the whole always equal to the sum of all its parts? A German beggar thought it doubtful. "Here I am," he said, as he looked at himself in a pocket-morror—"here I am, wearing the boots of a bank manager, the trousers of a landed proprietor, a baron's coat and vest, and a count's hat; yet in spite of it all I look like a tramp."

Are You a Japan Tea Drinker?

IF SO, ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE AND FAR MORE DELICIOUS THAN JAPAN.

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

A FAMILY OF RICH MEN

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF THE VANDERBILTS.

The Founder of a Fortune of $500,000,000 Was One of the Poorest Boys in New York State.

In these days of colossal and rapidly-made fortunes the owners of many millions are counted in scores, but the cases in which the millions are being enjoyed and augmented by a third or fourth generation are so few that probably the fingers of one hand are sufficient to enumerate them. And of these families of golden heritage the most remarkable—with the possible exception of the Rothschilds—is undoubtedly that of Vanderbilt, which, in a phenomenal way, has raised itself, almost within living memory, from poverty to the possession of at least $500,000,000.

A hundred years gao the founder of this stupendous fortune was one of the poorest boys in New York State, glad to earn a night's lodging by any form of menial work that came his way. He worked on farms for a few cents a day, ran errands, helped in building work, acted as porter—in short, was glad to do any odd job that served to keep life in his ill-nourished body; and so thrifty was the lad that before he was twenty he had saved $100 and had purchased a small boat, in which he carried vegetables and casual passengers between New York and Staten Island.

It was at this early stage in his career, before even he had reached manhood, that he lost his heart to his cousin, Sophia Johnson, and

MADE HER HIS WIFE.

This new responsibility so stimulated his energy that within three years he had built a small schooner for himself, was landlord of a small hotel in New Jersey, and could lay his hands on $10,000, all honestly earned and saved. A few years later, after serving for a time as captain of steamers and earning an income of $2,000 a year, he began to build a small fleet of boats for himself, to run in opposition to the old-established lines; and so well did he fare that he was soon making a clear $30,000 a year, and was well advanced on the road to fortune. By 1846 he had a fleet of sixty-six fine steamers carrying rich freights to all parts of America, and was making $1,000,000 a year out of the Nicaragua line alone.

Then followed a period of still more successful investment in railways. Year by year the millions flowed into the wonderful man's coffers, until shortly before he died at the age of eighty-two, he was able to make the astonishing and pardonable boast, "I have made a million dollars every year of my life, and the best of it is that it has been worth three times that to the people of the United States." The "Commodore," as he was universally known, died as recently at 1877, and left the enormous fortune of $75,000,000 to his son,

WILLIAM HENRY VANDERBILT.

Curiously enough, of the Commodore's three sons William Henry was the one whom he regarded as the least capable and promising; in fact, so poor was his opinion of his eldest son that at eighteen he found a clerkship for him in a Wall Street bank; and when the young man married the daughter of a Brooklyn clergyman against his father's wishes he and his wife were left for years to exist as best they could on a salary of less than $1,000 a year, at a time when his father was coining millions. When William Henry's health broke down and it became necessary to leave the bank, the Commodore asked him what he proposed to do.

"Well," said the son, "I suppose I can somehow manage to support the two of us."

"The two of you," snorted the father, angrily; "I tell you what the two of you will have to do: you'll have to take to farming, and that's just about all you're fit for."

And for years the multi-millionaire's son and his wife managed to live on a seventy-acre farm on Staten Island, until at the age of forty-three, having given evidence of unexpected shrewdness in a speculation, the Commodore relented and took him into his business, with the most gratifying results.

William Henry only survived his father, the Commodore, eight years, but in this short period he had made his $75,000,000 into $200,000,000, thus achieving more in eight years than his father had in fifty, with all

HIS MONEY-MAKING ABILITY.

To his eldest son, Cornelius, William Henry Vanderbilt left $60,000,000; to his second son, William K., $57,000,000; to each of his other six children $12,500,000; and to his widow, $200,000,000 a year.

With all his money, however, William H. Vanderbilt was not a happy man. "The care of $200,000,000," he once said towards the close of his life, "is too great a load for any brain or back to bear. There is no pleasure to be got out of it as an offset, no good of any kind. I have no real gratification or enjoyment of any sort more than my neighbor, who is worth only $2,500,000."

Cornelius Vanderbilt well maintained the family tradition for million-making, for when he died seven years ago he had added $40,000,000 to the $60,000,000 behind him. To his second son, Alfred Gwynne, he left $50,000,000, and large sums to his other children, with the exception of Cornelius, who, for marrying under his father's disapproval, was "cut off" with a paltry $1,500,000. The present head of the family, probably the wealthiest in the world, is William K. Vanderbilt, William Henry's second son, and father of the Duchess of Marlborough, who is reputed to be worth at least $100,000,000, and who, among many other vast possessions, controls a railway system of 20,000 miles, covering half the United States.

Of George Vanderbilt, a younger brother of the present head of the family, it is said that on one of his estates in Carolina he can drive in a straight line from the front door of his palace, which has cost over a million, a distance of thirty-five miles before leaving his own acres behind.

BABY'S GOOD DAYS.

One of baby's good days means that your child is thriving and well. Baby's Own Tablets brings all good days into your child's life, for they make little ones well, and keep them well. Mrs. Jos. Ferland, St. Tite des Caps, Que., says:—"Since giving my little one Baby's Own Tablets she has been in splendid health, is growing plumper every day and has beautiful rosy cheeks." These Tablets cure indigestion, colic, constipation, simple fevers, teething troubles, and all the minor ailments of little ones. They do not contain one particle of the poisonous opiates found in all soothing medicines and most liquid preparations. The Tablets can be given with absolute safety to the babe just born, as well as the child of advanced years. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KAISER WANDERS ALONE.

The Emperor Plays the Role of Haroun Alraschid.

Curious stories of the Kaiser's weakness for studying the problems of his capital and his people, after the fashion of Haroun al Raschid, the Bagdad Caliph, are going the round of German court circles now.

It is stated that in order to obtain impartial views of the Berliners concerning many innovations that he contemplates, the Kaiser has occasionally made use of private carriages at night to drive to some frequented spot, where he has alighted and mixed with the crowd. In spite of his characteristic and marked features, he has invariably escaped detection.

A few weeks ago he stood alone at the corner of Potsdamer Platz for over an hour to study means and methods whereby the enormous and congested traffic there could be best dealt with. With the exception of a single occasion, when Prince Henry accompanied him, the Emperor sallies forth on these night tours of inspection alone, not even his gentleman-in-waiting being in attendance.

The reports which were current a few days ago that the Kaiser's health was again giving cause for alarm in consequence of the recurrence of throat troubles are belied by his remarkable performance in the hunting forests at Rominten, when in the course of a deer-stalking expedition lasting eight hours without a break, his Majesty brought down two magnificent stags with 16-pointed antlers.

The first stag, rather an old one, was shot shortly after breakfast. He was killed principally because of the annoyance he caused to younger and better animals. Meantime, a thoroughly high-grade stag, with irregular 16-pointed antlers, was reported to be roaming in another section of the forest.

The Kaiser jumped into his swiftest motor car, accompanied by Admirals von Tirpitz and Mueller, and a little after 2 o'clock in the afternoon got within range of his prey, and with a splendidly aimed shot through the vitals, brought the stag to earth. He weighed 389 pounds.

Does fit
Doesn't shrink

Pen-Angle Underwear has the soft warm feel the skin enjoys. Doesn't itch. Made for men, women and little folks, in a variety of styles, fabrics and prices.

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We authorize every dealer in Pen-Angle Underwear to replace, at our cost, any garment faulty in material or making.

Dyeing! Cleaning!

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

A SNAP IN A WHEAT FARM
NEAR WINNIPEG.

1,066 acres of clean unbroken prairie, the finest wheat land on earth, on the banks of the Red River, 45 miles from Winnipeg, four miles from two railway stations. $15 an acre takes it, $5,000 cash, balance easy. No better farm, no better investment.

WAUGH & BEATTIE,
12 Merchants Bank Building,
Winnipeg, Man.

Cut Glass $5.00 Bowl

ONLY as manufacturers is it possible for us to offer our special eight-inch Cut Glass Bowl at $5.00, packed at our risk and carriage paid to your door.

It is of clearest crystal glass, deeply and brilliantly cut in "hob-nail" star design.

Our illustrated catalogue will tell you of other remarkable price-savings in highest quality cut glass.

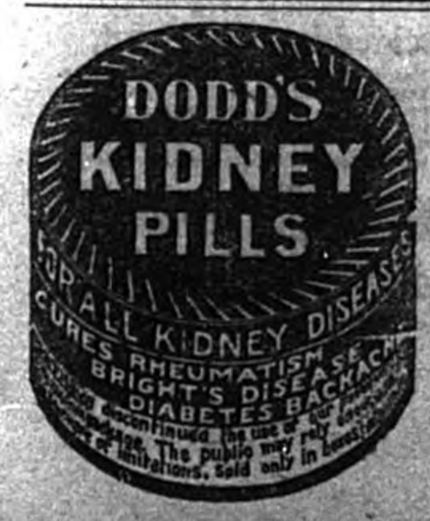
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Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

"Will you grant me one last favor before I go?" asked the rejected suitor. "Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips into shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, please. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want you to scare him away."

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

The grandmother of a well-known financier, having reached the age of ninety-nine years and eight months, feeling very weak one morning, sent for her doctor and asked him if he thought she would attain the age of one hundred. "Well, madam," he replied, "you may depend upon my doing my best." "Oh, do," replied the old lady; "I should so like to reach par."



WHAT LIFE IS COMING TO.

"Darling, can I have a new dress?"

As she spoke, the head of the house, who was playing the part of her lord and master, looked at his wife reproachfully.

"Did you not," he observed severely, "take the fashion pill I left for you this morning?"

"N-no," she faltered, "I forgot it."

"Then take it at once, and be cured of the new dress habit. I'm going down to the club."

It was her turn now.

"To the club," she repeated triumphantly. "And so, dear, you, too, have been remiss. Did not the doctor when he called last week order you to take an anti-club capsule after each meal?"

Her husband avoided her gaze.

"Forgive me, darling, he murmured, as he went obediently to the medicine-chest, and d'd as she desired.

"By the way," he continued, presently, "is that young man calling upon our daughter Penelope yet?"

"Yes; she expects him to-night."

"Then tell her to take those anti-spooning tablets. And how is the baby?"

"Splendid. Since the doctor gave him the non-destructive drops I have kept him in the drawing-room. The cook was going to leave this morning, and I gave her a big dose of staying solution, and she swears now she'll never leave me."

There was a sudden ring at the door.

The maid came up.

"A man to collect this bill, sir."

Husband and wife smiled serenely.

"Here, Jane," she said, "tell him to take one of these pills every hour until the impulse to collect that bill has left him entirely."

THERE ARE SUCH CASES.

Alice: "May, do you ever think about marriage?"

May: "Think is no name for it; I worry."

THERE ARE SUCH MEN.

"I wonder who invented the phrase, 'Silence is golden'?"

"Probably some poor beggar that had a wife, a parrot, a 10-year-old boy, a phonograph, and a barber."

A man's dearest friend is seldom the most expensive.

WHITE BEAR'S PROGRESS.

In its issue of the 15th inst. The Rossland Miner says: "Two cars have been spotted at White Bear Mine, and these will be loaded to-day or to-morrow for shipment to the Granby. The ore is that taken out in the course of development. The work of developing and making available the ore shoots found on the 700, 850 and 1000 foot levels continues. The shoot on the 1000-foot level is the largest yet found.

Husband—"A new set of china already! Why, how long did the old set last?" Wife—"Two girls and a half."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

"I don't think I'll let my daughter marry you, young man." "Why not, sir?" "Well, you have somewhat expensive tastes." "How do you know that?" "Why, you want to marry my daughter."

A FIRE SPREADS in dry grass, so does an inflammation in the throat grow down into the lungs. Deal promptly with a cold as with a fire, and when you begin to cough use Allen's Lung Balsam.

A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness. "Humbugged you, my good woman! What do you mean by that?" said he, sternly. "Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly, but if a girl called your worship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

CHARACTER AND THE EYES.

Character reading from the features is a very fascinating study, and the eyes are, perhaps, the most interesting subject of all. Large clear blue eyes denote a ready and great capacity, also sensibility of character, but their owner is difficult to manage, jealous, inquisitive, and fond of enjoyment. Deep-seated eyes receive impressions accurately, definitely and deeply. Round-eyed persons live much in the senses, but are not great thinkers, although they see much. Narrow-eyed people see less but think more, and feel with greater intensity. Now, as to color. The hazel-eyed woman never tells too much or too little, never descends to scandal, prefers her husband's comfort to her own, and is shrewd, intellectual and loving. Great thinkers have grey eyes, for grey is the color of talent and shrewdness, but these generally indicate a better head than heart. Green eyes betoken courage, pride, and energy. Black eyes show a peppery disposition, and may be, sometimes though not always, treacherous. Men have light eyes oftener than women, but the percentage of brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine dark, is very nearly the same in both sexes.

WEEPING WEDDINGS.

A Chinese marriage is all ceremony—no talk, no levity, and much crying. The solemnity of a funeral prevails. After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care in a red gown, brocade or silk, if she can get it; her eyelashes are painted a deep black, and she wears a heavy red veil attached to a scarlet head-dress, from which imitation pearls are pendant over the forehead. A feast is spread upon a table, to which the blushing bride is led by five of her best lady friends. The utmost silence prevails, when finally the mother leads off in a cry, the maids follow, and the bride echoes in the chorus. Then all the bridesmaids leave the table, and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the chair of state where the bride sits. The bridegroom now enters, with four of his best men. The men pick up the throne on which the bride sits and, preceded by the bridegroom, form in procession and walk round the room or into an adjoining one, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the couple—a custom we have borrowed—and the ceremony is over.

Your Doctor

Can cure your Cough or Cold, no question about that, but—why go to all the trouble and inconvenience of looking him up, and then of having his prescription filled, when you can step into any drug store in Canada and obtain a bottle of SHILOH'S CURE for a quarter.

Why pay two to five dollars when a twenty-five cent bottle of SHILOH will cure you as quickly?

Why not do as hundreds of thousands of Canadians have done for the past thirty-four years; let SHILOH be your doctor whenever a Cough or Cold appears.

SHILOH will cure you, and all druggists back up this statement with a positive guarantee.

The next time you have a Cough or Cold cure it with

SHILOH

605

MINING IN ROSSLAND.

The Rossland Miner says: "Le Roi 2 has just declared an interim dividend of two shillings a share on its issued capital stock, amounting to $60,000. The virgin ground," says The Miner, "owned by the company, and particularly the 'Annie,' is believed to carry at least one of the Le Roi ledges, and is valuable. There is," it adds, "a lot of unexplored ground which is thought to be rich, and when exploited should yield good results." Commenting on the above, a prominent local mining man points out that the Annie Mine and White Bear Mine adjoin, and are surrounded by the California Giant and Novelty on one side, with Le Roi 1 and Black Bear on the other, the latter now being the property of Le Roi. He expresses the opinion that this locality contains rich ore, and will yet produce some startling mining sensations, as the richest ore ever taken out has been from this section.

Teacher: "What is an octopus?" Small Boy: "Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat!"

A LITTLE QUIET is the best of all diet, yet it will not make bone and muscle but "Ferrovim" will. Try it. All drug and general stores. $1 bottles.

Some people regard life as a perpetual indignation meeting.

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

JAPANESE "PENS."

The pens used by the children of Japan consist of bamboo and rabbits' hair. The pen itself is a tiny brush of hair tied to the end of a bamboo stick. It does not seem possible that writing under such circumstances could be good, but Japanese children really write very well indeed.

FREE

Made in Canada and Sold by all Druggists

This coupon is good for one ten cent (10c.) Trial Bottle of the celebrated

Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill

a sure cure for Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all ailments arising therefrom. Mailed free, in a plain package, on receipt of name and address. Fill in your name and post office address on dotted lines and send to

THE WILSON-FYLE CO., Limited,
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A LEADER

This is what COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT is among cough remedies.

"It leads, others follow."

A safe and permanent cure for Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Throat and Lung troubles.

This famous remedy has been produced by the highest medical knowledge and is the result of years of careful experimenting.

Your druggist not only keeps it, but recommends it.

Price, 25 cents.

COLTSFOOTE EXPECTORANT

"OSHAWA" Steel Shingles.

Wind, Water, Storm and Fire Proof



Locked 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.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE,

Montreal, Que.	Ottawa, Ont.	Toronto, Ont.	London, Ont.	Winnipeg, Man.	Vancouver, B.C.
321-3 W Craig St.	423 Sussex st.	11 Colborne st	69 Dundas st.	76 Lombard st.	615 Pender st.

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

INVESTORS

Read This!

More Good News from Rossland

In its issue of the 15th inst. The Rossland Miner says: "Two cars have been spotted at WHITE BEAR MINE, and these will be loaded to-day or to-morrow for shipment to the Granby. The ore is that taken out in the course of development. The work of developing and making available the ore shoots found on the 700, 850 and 1000 foot levels continues. THE SHOOT ON THE 1000 FOOT LEVEL IS THE LARGEST YET FOUND."

WHITE BEAR MINE shares are selling around 9¾ to 10 cents (non-assessable). The last shipment of ore brought $24 a ton for concentrates, while the rest realized $10 net after all expenses. This stock will stand the most careful and rigid investigation and offered at above price is an opportunity for the progressive investor. DON'T WAIT. BUY NOW. Secure an interest in this promising enterprise at once. White Bear adjoins the famous Le Roi and is in close proximity to Centre Star, War Eagle and Annie Mines.

COBALT

We buy and sell any of the following:
Foster, Silver Queen, Silver Bar, Silver Leaf, Kerr Lake, University, Red Rock, Temiskaming and Hudson Bay, Buffalo, Trethewey.

Also all other Mining and Industrial Stocks. For reliable information or price, buying or selling, communicate with us. Wire orders at our expense.

FOX & ROSS, Stock Brokers, TEL. MAIN 7396-7397, Connecting all Depts.
Established 1887. Members Standard Stock Exchange, Toronto.

PRAISING THE DEAD.

"Why is a great man more appreciated after he is dead?"

"He is not more appreciated," answered Senator Sorghum. "He is more freely complimented because he is less feared by envious rivals."

A Time for Everything.—The time for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, asthma, coughs, colds, catarrh or earache attack either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

"Your mother-in-law accuses you of stealing her trunk. What have you to say?" "Your honor, I simply hid her trunk; I was so afraid she'd leave us." He was given eighteen months'—six for stealing and twelve for lying.

NO SUBSTITUTE for "The D & L Menthol Plaster, although some unscrupulous dealers may say there is. Recommended by doctors, hospitals, clergy and everybody, for stiffness, pleurisy, etc.

The hungry individual entered the restaurant and ordered a lamb-chop. After a long delay the waiter returned, with a chop of microscopical proportions. "I say," called the customer, "I ordered a chop." "Yes, sir; there it is." "Ah, so it is," replied the diner, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

If, as the newspaper reports would have us believe, all brides are beautiful, where do all the homely married women come from?

In giving away your money, avoid giving away how you got it.

It generally makes a man mad to have people compliment him upon his success and then add that they cannot understand it.

ONE OF THE BEST old time remedies for all skin affections, such as Eczema, Ringworm, Scaldhead and similar affections is Weaver's Cerate. It is an ointment that has brought relief to thousands.

She: "Has your health improved since you've been abroad?" He: "Oh, yes, thanks. I'm quite a different man." She: "I'm sure your friends will be glad to hear it."

Do not let a cold settle on your lungs. Resort to Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup at the first intimation of irritation in the throat and prevent disease from lodging in the pulmonary organs. Neglected colds are the cause of untold suffering throughout the country all of which could have been prevented by the application of this simple but powerful medicine. The price, 25 cents, brings it within the reach of all.

"That new farm-hand of yours used to be a clerk." "What makes you think so?" "Every time he stops work for a minute he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear."

CAMERON'S Asthma Cure has never failed to cure those suffering from Chronic Bronchitis or Asthma.

If Afflicted
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE,
and let us convince you that we have a cure—one that cures to stay cured.
FREE SAMPLE sent to any address.
D. A. CAMERON & CO.,
Owen Sound, Ont

Furs! Furs! Furs!

We have as usual, for the Coming Winter, a

Large Stock of Furs

— — Consisting in part of — —

Men's Coon Coats, different grades,
Men's Buffalo and Dog Skin Coats,
Men's Fur lined Coats, different kinds,
Ladies' Fur and Fur lined Coats,
Ladies' Short and Long Ruffs,
Ladies' Fur Sholes, Boas and Caperines,
Grey Lamb Collars and Caps for Children,
Fur Gauntlets for Men and Ladies,
Nice assortment of Muffs,
Fur Collars for men to button on cloth coats,

All our other lines of stock are very complete and our prices are right.

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!!



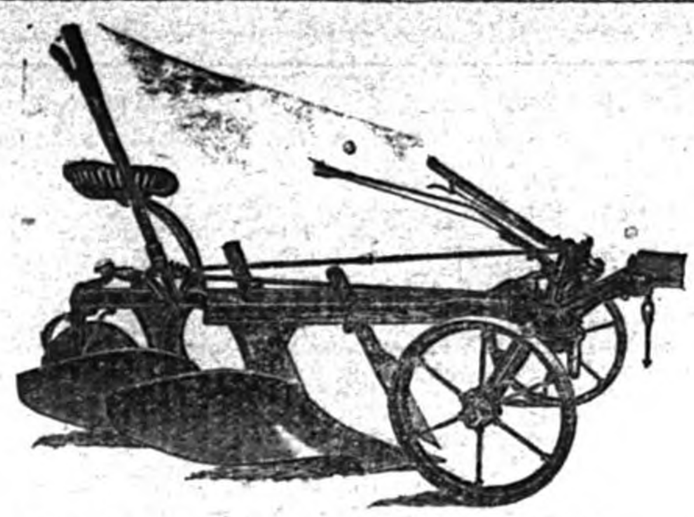
Stoves Needed
We have them

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 these lines ever seen in Lachute. Some 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. R'ly 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 outbuildings 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 lot. Farm is known as the Robinson place, situated four miles from Lachute, and is well fenced, well watered, good house and outbuildings 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, Dunany, P.Q.

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 Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. G. A. CLUNIE, D.D.S., L.D.S.
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday Friday 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,
Brownsburg, 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.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P. O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne. Sales conducted in French and English.

PINE HILL.

Our roads at the present time are in a very poor condition, owing to the recent snow, which makes either wheeling or sleighing hardly possible.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Clifford of Lachute, spent the remainder of last week in Pine hill, visiting the latter's father, Mr. Lawson Kennedy, who met with an accident a short time ago.

Messrs George and Henry Moore, are spending a few days from camp visiting his parents in Dalesville.

Miss Mabel Moncreif of Grenville, antitipates leaving home in a few days, to take up a course of studies in the Lachute Academy. We all wish her every success.

Mr. L. C. Barron of Lachute passed through here this week on his way te camp.

Rev. A. E. McDonald will conduct service in Edina Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon next at 3 o'clock.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

— TIME TABLE —

Trains Going West,—Leaving Lachute 10.03 a.m., and 7.33 p.m.

Trains Going East,—Leaving Lachute 9.40 a.m., and 8.37.

Commencing Sunday, November 18th, train heretofore leaving Place Viger at 9.15 a.m. for Nominingue and intermediate stations, and returning leaving Nominingue 4.15 p.m. same day, will run to and from Labelle and will be cancelled between Labelle and Nominingue.

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

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.



James E. Nicholson.

Almost Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP,

AND IS CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

spread to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1906. NO. 43

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.

Pure Corn Meal at $23 per ton bulk or $1.30 per bag.

J. D. Campbell & Co.

FOR SALE,—A Rack Sleigh and a pair of Buffaloes in good order. Apply to JOHN McGILLVEARY.

WANTED,—A good competent man, to take charge of saw and planing mill. Apply to J. D. Campbell & Co.

CLEARING SALE,

All felts and trimmed goods at cost, also fancy ribbons suitable for May Collars: Call early and have your choice.

LILLIAN SMITH, at Miss Lowe's.

BOY WANTED.—A good smart boy to learn the moulding. Apply at once to T. McOuat & Son.

Just Received—A car load of Choice winter apples. See them before you buy.

G. H. CRESWELL'S

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. McOuat & Son.

FOR SALE—A second hand Leffel water wheel, 22 in., coupling, shaft and pulley, and a 15 horizontal steel boiler complete with fittings, also 12 h.p. upright engine. Will be sold cheap for cash. Apply to Geo. Campbell, Lachute.

THE CENTRAL BLACKSMITHING AND CARRIAGE WORKS.

We would announce to the public that we have on hand a large stock of shanty sloops, light 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.

BIRTH.

DOBBIE.—At Harrington, on Saturday, November 17th, 1906, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dobbie.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Chas. King of Montreal, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Hugh M. Gall spent Wednesday last in Montreal.

Mr. Norval spent a couple of days in Montreal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Campbell spent Friday last in Montreal.

Miss Jessie Christie is on a short visit with friends in Montreal.

The Hon. W. A. Weir will be in Lachute on Saturday, Dec. 1st.

Mrs. Burwash and Miss McArthur are spending Thursday in Montreal.

Mrs. J. J. Duck of Chicago is the guest of her aunt Mrs. W. J. Simpson.

Mrs. Hedley and two daughters of Ottawa, were guests of Mrs. J. S. Giles over Sunday.

Miss Alice McLaren of Vankleek Hill is the guest of the Misses McGibbon this week.

Rev. Mr. Ball of St. Andrew's will occupy the pulpit of St. Simeon's Church next Sunday.

Mrs. Fessenden of Montreal, was the guest of her daughter Mrs. (Dr.) A. W. Stackhouse.

Mrs. Stewart and daughter of Ottawa, were guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Paterson last week.

Mr. G. J. Walker left yesterday for Quebec to attend a meeting of the Board of Public Instruction.

The Ladies of the Methodist Church are having a sale of useful and fancy articles on Friday, Nov. 23rd.

Mr. H. A. Blair has just received a car load of very fine sleighs. Something nobby, serviceable and cheap. Call and see them and get first choice.

The Rev. Mr Mitchell of Manotick, Ont., will again oppupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next.

Mr. Morgan, recently of London, England who has been occupying the pulpit of the Baptist Church for the past month, has accepted the unanimous call of the Church to remain as their pastor.

No, dear reader, the loud reports you may hear just now does not mean that the town is "going to pieces," but rather that they are much alive and are putting in the culverts that will drain the south side of the track, in order to prevent miniature regattas in Berry Avenue in the spring of the year.

Look Pleasant Please! We are now booking orders for Christmas Photographs. Have you seen our samples of Bromide enlargements, framed and mounted. They are really handsome. Glad to have you call and see them.

'Elite' Photographic Studio. Box 26, Lachute, (opp. Post Office)

Rev. Father Carriere, who has been Cure of this district for the past 13 years left on Wednesday to assume his new duties in Pt St. Charles. On Sunday last, immediately after mass, the Rev. gentleman was presented with an address by Mayor J. E. Valois, and a handsome gold watch chain and charm by Mr. O B. Lafleur. The presentation was made on behalf of the citizens of Lachute as a small token of esteem in which he was held. Mr. Carriere is succeeded by the Rev. G. Picotte of Hochelaga.

One of the best concerts that a Lachute audience have been favored with for some time was that given in the Victoria Hall, on Friday last. The concert was under the auspices of the Lachute Hockey Club, and though not as largely attended as expected, yet it was considered a great success, and those who were present enjoyed themselves immensely. Mr Thomas Barron occupied the chair in his usual happy manner and expressed his pleasure at being privileged to assist in so worthy an object, and wished the Club every success in their future struggle for honors. The programme opened with a piano duett, by the Misses Katie Beers and Annie Miller and was followed by a song from Miss Brophy of Carillon who possesses a sweet powerful soprano, which has justly earned her the favor as Argenteuil's sweetest singer. Then came Mr. Robert McLaughlin, who kept the audience in roars of laughter, with his chat and funny sayings, His rendition of "Bingham on the Rhyne" fairly made the people howl or more and he was generous to respond on every occasion. A pleasant feature of the evenings enjoyment was the singing by little Earnestine Healey of Ottawa, who is but four years old, sang very prettily and well, drawing forth many expressions of delight, and having to respond to a well merited encore. Miss Minnie Fessenden, who is already well-known in Lachute, possesses a remarkably rich contralto voice of much power and gave her renderings in fine style, for which she was loudly encored as was also Mrs. Thomas (whose readings are always listened to with rapt attention) who recited most beautifully 'The Revenge" Musical selections by the Misses Violet Joss, Katie Giles and Annie Miller made a pleasant variation to the programme and a quartette by Messrs. C. McBurney, Dr. A. W. Stackhouse, J. W. Raitt and J. S. Giles was much appreciated. Miss Katie Beers made an excellent accompanist, the chairman extending on behalf of the Club. the sincerest thanks to all who had thus assisted to make the evening such a success. The proceeds were about $53.

ST. PHILIPPE.

Miss Mary Chambers spent the week end with her parents.

Mrs. Geo. Greenlease and two children returned to Montreal on Friday after a pleasant visit with friends.

Mrs. G. D. Hodgson spent a few days last week with her daughter Mrs F. Fuller.

Mrs. J. Innis and little granddaughter Vila of Stonefield, returned home on Saturday after a weeks visit with Mrs. Jas. Paton.

Mr. Jas. Chambers Jr. visited Lachine and Montreal for a few days last week.

Mrs. McLaughlin and little daughter returned on Saturday to their home in Ottawa.

Miss Mabel Davidson returned on Thursday evening from a few days visit with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Budd of Grenville.

Mr. Frank Fuller was called to Ottawa this week to attend the funeral of his sister Mrs. Alex. McNeil (wife of the Dominion Fruit Inspector.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas passed through here coming from Grenville.

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.**

CRESWELL'S

CHOICE WINTER APPLES.

FRUIT & CONFECTIONETY

OYSTERS. BEANS. BOVRIL.

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, 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.

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.

Too Many Cooks

I.

The "county cook" stood in the lane that lay at the back of the school buildings, and shaded her eyes from the sun, which was setting in a bank of purple clouds. In her trim black gown, with the starched apron and dainty white sleeves, she looked as fresh as though the South Kensington College of Cookery had but that instant turned her out, armed with the diploma that had secured her appointment under the County Council. At the present moment, she also possessed a very impatient frown, the cause of which lay in a note she held in her hand. Viva Kerr read the ill-spelt letter once more, and sighed. It was her custom to hold a weekly demonstration and lecture at the remote townlet of Hillstone, and on these occasions, she depended on the services of a Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a local gamekeeper, who acted as her assistant. Just at the moment when she had completed all her preparations for the class, a shock-headed boy had appeared with the distributing letter:

"Dear Madam," it ran,—"I'm sorry to say as I'm ill, being bad with the sore throat, so I cannot oblige you to-night, and being so late I can't find you no one else but my cousin, him being up at the squire's and in the house, so will be handy and useful, and I've sent him word this minute, so he will be sure to oblige you.—Yours obediently,

"SARAH THOMPSON."

The village clock struck eight, and still Viva waited for her assistant. Apparently, the obliging youth omitted punctuality from his stock of virtues. As the last stroke died away, and the girl turned to go inside the schoolhouse, a man rode furiously down the lane on a bicycle. The machine was old and battered, and, like the clothes of the rider, had seen better days. Viva saw a dark, youthful face, that wanted shaving badly, and noted that the flies on his old cap and the white neck-cloth, twisted round his throat in place of a collar, gave the man more the appearance of a groom than that of an indoor servant.

"Are you from the Hall? Stop this instant!" she called out in a very peremptory manner.

The man stared at the tone, but jumped off his bicycle.

"Yes, I'm Hall," he said, gazing at the girl.

Viva hardly heard the answer.

"I've been waiting ages," she said, in an aggrieved manner. "I was told to expect you at the cookery class to-night."

"Cookery class?" The man's countenance cleared. "Yes, I did promise something——" he began; but he spoke to Viva's back.

"Follow me quickly, and don't waste time," she directed.

There was a smile on the man's face as he obeyed these instructions, but when he had once passed the low porch-like door of the school-house, the grin faded to a genuine look of fear.

The room was large and bare, and lit with diamond-shaped panes. On a slightly raised platform stood a gas stove, and on the table there was a collection of cooking utensils and provisions. All of this was harmless enough but what brought the bashful red to Hall's face and fixed it there was the fact that the room was simply packed with the petticoat brigade—most of them young, and a fair proportion quite pretty.

Notebooks in hand, they sat round on the forms. Some looked bored, and were obviously there under protest, while others were so eagerly excited in their search after new recipes that they did not need a ring to label them "Engaged." All of them stared at the masculine intruder, who shuffled on to one foot, and made a hurried movement towards the door.

The charming cook stepped on to the platform.

"I'm exceedingly sorrw to be late in starting," she said, "but my assistant kept me waiting. However, we will lose no more time."

She hurriedly gave out the initial recipe, and then turned to the thoroughly alarmed Hall.

"You'd better have this on," she observed, and then she started to tie a very serviceable looking apron about him. Hall placed desperate hands to restrain her.

"Not for worlds!" he exclaimed; "and really, Miss—er——"

The black eyebrows arched themselves into a disagreeable manner.

"It is simply to save your clothes," she remarked acidly. "If I"—such an accent on the "I"—"do not mind wearing an apron, surely you need not object."

Hall felt himself dwindling visibly.

"Look here, Miss—er—" he began, "I really must explain. You're making a mistake. Do listen! I don't know what you expect me to do, and——"

He stopped in despair, for Viva, who noticed that the class was wailing, cut in hurriedly. "Can't you see you're keeping us waiting?" she cried. "I've been hindered and bothered enough as it is, without you. You don't know what to do? Simply do all I tell you. I don't expect more. You might surely try and help, instead of putting obstacles in my way."

Hall looked at her. Anger had deepened her flush to a deep carnation color, and her grey eyes had darkened to purple pansies. A sudden admiration glowed in his face.

"If you put it like that, of course, I'll do all I can," he said, and Viva nodded. She noticed now that the clean-shaven face had deceived her. Her assistant was a much older man than she had originally taken him to be.

"Evidently stupid and can't get on," was her deduction. Then, absorbed in her work, she forgot all about her assistant. For his part, he watched her with amusement.

"That's a young madam," he decided, as her high-pitched voice laid down the law on the science of cookery. The slight element of authority which her position gave her was evidently pleasing to the girl, but her vigorous grace and the energy with which she worked, made Hall gaze at her with pleasure, while he mechanically tried to cope with her abrupt demands for "bowl" or "spoon." Suddenly, as she was about to place a dish on the stove she met his gaze, and the admiration made her redden with annoyance.

"Just watch this pastry, and turn down the gas in five minutes' time exactly," she commanded as she turned away.

Her recipes were of the simplest, and were evidently selected to meet the needs of a rural population. Baked haddock and cottage-pie did not prove inspiring, so once again Hall watched the wavy black hair, and marked the play of the mobile features in dreamy content.

II.

"Are those tarts ready?"

Viva's high-pitched voice suddenly broke his reverie. Hall gave a guilty start of horror.

"I'm afraid I've—I've forgotten," he stammered.

Never before in his life had he been so thoroughly afraid of a woman, and his knees nearly shook as, with the air of an empress, Viva swept past him to the oven. She banged open the door and slammed down on the table a tray of blackened pastry, while Hall heartily wished the ground would swallow him up, and mingle his ashes with the sympathetic dust of King Alfred.

"You see the result of my puff pastry, ladies!"

The county cook's voice vibrated with anger.

"This is exceedingly annoying, as they were specially ordered for a supper party to-night, and we help to meet our expenses in this way. I'm suppose I'm to blame, but at the same time, I must say that if one cannot expect anything but ignorance from inexperienced people, one has a right to expect ordinary care and common sense-"

The look she gave poor Hall seemed suddenly to brace him up, for he raised his drooping head.

"I'm exceedingly sorry for the accident," he said, "and as I gather some invonvenience may result, will you kindly allow me to make good the deficiency?"

The class stared at the speaker, and Miss Kerr's eyes opened in surprise. This was not the kind of speech she had expected from an assistant, but her astonishment was quickly swallowed up in a greater wonder.

The assistant had possessed himself of her place. With lightning rapidity he seized a bowl and spoon and began a series of rapid movements. Eggs seemed to crack as though by magic; flour whirled round in a white cyclone, and sprays of water flashed through the air. The deft fingers seemed everywhere — patting, kneading, cutting, moulding with unerring skill, while the class gasped in astonishment.. They had the feeling of watching a performance which should have progressed to slow music and applause. When the last tartlet was popped into the oven, the transformed assistant turned to his audience with a smile:

"As I am about fifteen years out of practice, I hope you will wait about ten minutes to see if I have vindicated myself."

He need not have troubled. The class had no intention of disbanding until it had seen those tartlets emerge from the oven. And when after a short time they appeared from that fiery trial to be subjected to the hotter ordeal of the scrutiny of fifty pairs of eyes, a storm of enthusiastic exclamations were unloosened. Everyone raved over the pastry. Some said "It was divine," and others that "it was quite French," which was certainly not the same thing, but on one point all were agreed. Such a triumph of cookery had never been witnessed in Hill stone before.

And the county cook knew it, too! She saw the room grow empty, as the class melted away, and she was at last left alone with her assistant. She looked at him with inquiring eyes; all her dignity and self-assertion had vanished, and it even seemed to Hall as though the starch had gone out of her apron.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"There, now, you would not let me explain. I'm Adrian Hall from the Colossal Hotel."

Viva gasped. She knew the name. Only the previous week a magazine had published an interview with the celebrated Adrian Hall—an artist in his special line, and the head chef in England, or, as some asserted, in Europe, who, after a varied career, had proved himself a very genius in the culinary art. She had read of his army of chefs and subordinates, and his princely income, and on top of the recollection came another. She had given her demonstration of cookery.

"You see, I only get a holiday about once in five years, and was here fishing. Met the squire, and he invited me to try his preserves. He happened to mention that as a C. C. he had to put in one attendance at the cookery class, and I offered to look in for him," went on Hall.

Viva's sigh was indicative of the resignation of despair.

"Well, I suppose I've quite done for myself in Hillstone," she said. "To begin with, I've made a laughing-stock of myself. Then, of course, you'll tell the squire all you've seen. Yes, I know that sauce was burnt, though I did say it was the coloring. And there's worse than that."

"Still worse?" Hall was heartless enough to laugh in the face of such a tragedy.

"Yes—worse," was the reply. "I—I told you to take hints from me."

Here the tears fell, but Hall affected not to see them.

"Anyhow," he said, "you've taken me on as assistant, and a jolly poor job I've made of it. Now I'm going to finish up in the orthodox way by washing up. Won't you help me? It's rather fun."

So Viva took up a towel and helped him, just as a year later she helped him to ice the names "Adrian" and "Viva" on a wedding cake.—London Answers.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some of the World's Prominent People.

Mr. Hall Caine makes a practice of visiting every place he intends to describe in a novel. When engaged on a story he writes, on an average 1,500 words a day.

"Carman Sylva," Queen of Roumania, story-writer and poetess, was married to her husband four times—according to the German civil code, according to the Lutheran religion, according to the Roman Catholic Church, and according to the rites of the Greek Church.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has a special pet of his own in a parrot which he bought when a young bird in the streets of London, shortly after he entered Parliament. Pollie, who is close upon forty years of age, is a small grey bird with a red tail. She lives always at Belmont, under the charge of the housekeeper, and is much noticed by her master when he is at the castle. She talks a little, but Sir Henry has a great opinion of her discretion.

Queen Taitu, the consort of Menelik, is an elderly and dignified lady, good-looking according to the Ethiopian view, and a great stickler for etiquette. She leads a sedentary life, but occasionally shows herself in public seated on a gorgeously-caparisoned mule, and surrounded by Court ladies similarly mounted. But nobody who has not been formally presented to her must gaze on her except from a distance. In the palace grounds is a large kitchen garden, which is one of her hobbies. The moment her red umbrella appears all the gardeners must make themselves invisible.

All the members of the family of Lord Amherst are peculiarly gifted in some special line. Lady Amherst herself, who is a great traveller, is a skilled taxidermist, and was the first to bring the sun bird to Britain from Jericho. She also recently published a "History of Egypt." Mrs. Drummond of Megginch, one of her daughters, is an enthusiastic geologist; another, Lady William Cecil, is a sculptor of no mean pretensions; a third, who is the wife of Mr. Evelyn Cecil, M. P., has written a history of gardening; while two of them painted one of the ceilings at Didlington Hall after one of Raffaele d'Urbino's famous designs.

There is, perhaps, no sounder musician living than Sir Walter Parratt, the Master of the King's Music, and it would require something of a musical genius to accomplish the feat Sir Walter performed when staying with some musical friends at Tenbury some years ago. To while away the evening chess was suggested, and Sir Walter proposed that he should sit at the piano and play from memory, while he opposed two friends on the chessboard at the same time. The challenge was accepted, and, with his back to the board, Sir Walter sat at the piano and played Chopin and Mendelsshohn, calling out his moves whenever necessary. He won the game in three-quarters of an hour.

A good story of Mark Twain and an autograph-hunter is told. An autograph book was brought to him by a young lady, who had just passed her seventeenth birthday. "Please, Mr. Clemens," she said, "write something in my book." "Certainly. What shall it be?" "Oh, anything. Of course, it must be something I can show mother." Mark Twain looked through the pages and discovered the usuel "Be-good-sweet-maid-and-let-who-will-be - clever" sentiments, after which he wrote the thrilling words, "Never tell a lie," signed his name and blotted it carefully. But all was not over, for he took up the pen once more and added an afterthought: "P.S.—Except to keep in practice."

It seems that even deans have dreams and that they occasionally come true. The other day the Rev. H. D. Noel Paterson told the following story about Dr. Forrest, Dean of Worcester:—"Many years ago a boy was lying full length in his bedroom. He had been locked up because he would not do his lessons, and when his mother went to his room he was gazing at an old print—the picture of a cathedral and a beautiful house. He turned aside and said:—'I should like to live in that house.' 'The parent replied:—'You will never live in any house at all unless you stick to your lessons.' The boy eventually, however, became a clergyman, and is now Dean of Worcester. Singularly enough, the picture of his schoolday-dream was the cathedral and deanery of Worcester."

BAD TO WORSE.

Stubb: "He first attracted her attention by coughing. Later on he married her."

Penn: "How is he making out now?"

Stubb: "Oh, he has to cough up more than ever."

About the Farm

THE FALL PIG CROP.

It seems as though the importance of the crop of fall pigs is being appreciated more and more each year, writes Mr. N. A. Clapp. There was a time when it was customary to let the pigs shift for themselves to a very large extent, compel them to wallow in the mud for their feed, sleep in damp nests, get diseased and die. Then it was not considered desirable to undertake to raise any pigs in the fall. But we have learned to take a more rational view of the matter, and now give the small pigs a better chance for life and advancement, and we are getting excellent results. If the fall pigs are well cared for, there should not be any larger percentage of loss than with the spring litters.

In the first place I will say that the nest in which the pigs are farrowed should not only be warm, but dry and free from drafts of air on damp, windy nights. Little pigs often catch cold when young and a cough follows them a long time, if it does not carry them off. In the second place, there should be ample opportunity for exercise, and if there is grass and other green stuff which they relish, for them to get to, all the better. By the time they are three weeks old they can be taught to eat. Fix a shallow trough where they can get it when the mother is away, or in an adjoining pen, and put in it some scalded middlings mixed with sweet milk and sweetened with molasses. They will soon learn to return to the trough at regular intervals for their feed.

Give only about as much feed at a time as they will eat up readily, and if there is any left, let the mother clean the trough. Feed only in a clean trough. After a little, coarser feeds may be used with the middlings, and whole corn be allowed as part of the ration. Keep up the feeding regularly, at least twice per day and by weaning time, eight weeks of age, they ought to weigh from 50 to 60 pounds each, and be weaned without any check in the growth, as they have learned to depend on the feed more than on the mother.

If they are given a warm, dry nest in which to sleep, an opportunity to get all the exercise they want on dry ground, and away from mud and filth, are fed their ration largely of ground feeds and milk, and that, too, warm and in quantities which they can eat up clean readily, they will grow rapidly and make meat as cheaply as in the summer time. In my own experience, I have obtained better results with the fall litters than with those farrowed in the spring. I have contended that the cold weather helps to stimulate an appetite; and then one has more time to devote to the pigs in the winter than in the summer.

KEEPING SEED CORN OVER WINTER

The corn crop depends upon three essential things, the selecting of seed, the care of the seed and the planting and cultivation of the seed. The second consideration is the most simple of the three, says Mr. Fred C. Pallin.

The seeds should always be put away dry. If it is not dry when selected, dry it. If dry, it does not matter whether put in a warm or cold place. But by keeping it dry I do not mean to wrap the ears. It should be left open and not too much in a pile, so that there may be free circulation of air through the heap. It is easier to smother seed than it is to freeze it. Never shell the seed until you are ready to use it.

If you are a big corn raiser and require a large quantity of seed, you should build a good seed corn bin. For amounts ranging from one to 50 bushels, racks made out of 1x6 lumber can be suspended from the rafters in the buggy shed, tool house, smoke-house or any place where the roof is good. In placing the lumber on the dross pieces of your racks, leave a good space between each plank, so the air can go upward through the corn. Sides and ends should be put on the racks, making them box-like, to prevent the corn from falling off. Suspend the racks to the rafters by putting wires around the cross pieces and fastening them to the rafters. Throw your corn into this swinging crate and it will then be in a dry place with plenty of air and away from the rats and mice. This also makes a splendid place for early gathered seed of any kind. It does not bleach and I consider air-dried seed the best.

I have good results from oiling seed corn with linseed oil before putting it away. This, of course, helps to exclude dampness, but I do not think it is really necessary, as a good roof and plenty of air are the first things to look out for. The seed also needs air after it is placed in the ground. Do not plant too deep. Study your ground. Plant the seed deep enough to draw and hold the moisture, but not so deep that it will smother and rot.

PACKING AND SHIPPING POULTRY.

All poultry should be thoroughly cooled and dried before packing, preparatory to shipment to market. In packing fowls, use neat, clean and as light packages as will carry safely. Boxes holding about 200 pounds meet these requirements best and are greatly preferable to barrels. Boxes are better for turkeys and geese and barrels for chickens, and for hot weather shipment, when the fowls are to be packed in ice.

Commence packing by placing a layer of thoroughly cleaned rye straw on the bottom. Bend the head of the first fowl under it, and then lay it in the left hand corner with the head end against the end of the box and the back up. Continue to fill this row in the same manner until completed; then begin the second row the same way, letting the head of the bird pass up between the rumps of the two adjoining ones which will make it complete and solid. In packing the last row, reverse the order, placing the head against the end of the box, and pushing the feet under the bodies of the other fowls. Lastly, fill tightly with straw, so the poultry cannot move. This gives a firmness in packing that will prevent moving during transportation. Care should be taken to put plenty of straw between each layer and on top, so as to have the box filled full.

LONG SHOTS WITH LONG BOWS

One of 367 Yards Made in July—But They Did Better in Days Gone By.

In England they still draw the long bow in fact as well as in fancy. There are country parsons—they seem especially addicted to archery—who can keep four arrows in the air at once, all timed to descend near the centre of a 150 yard distant target.

Flight or long distance shooting is, of course, a special department of archery. On the occasion of the meeting at Le Touquet in last July Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, shooting with an old Turkish bow of curious make, somewhat resembling that of an American split cane rod (of force equivalent to 110 pounds), shot one of his Turkish flight arrows (weighing about three-fifths of an ounce) for the astonishing distance of 367 yards, as carefully measured, on a windless day.

The previous record (if its accuracy be equally reliable) seems more remarkable still.

In 1795 Mahmoud Effendi of the Turkish Legation in London, using a Turkish bow still preserved at the Archer's Hall, in Regent's Park, accomplished 480 yards.

With the exception of the Roman short sword perhaps no weapon has accomplished so much net carnage as the English yew bow and cloth yard shaft, says Baily's Magazine.

The wounds inflicted were always more dangerous and hard to be cured than those of any (unpoisoned) shot, and it was realized—at least among English archers—that the smaller the holes made in the body, the more difficult they were to heal; while the barb could easily be made in such form as to defy extraction, even by the most skilful surgeon.

Even the bulky, slow going ball of those days effected a much cleaner injury, and often passed through the body of horse or man and was gone, while the effect of the cloth yard shaft, hanging and flapping on the flank of a wounded horse, rendered the animal perfectly unmanageable.

In 1595 it is recorded that a party of Scotch rebels (bowmen) encountering 500 well appointed horsemen of the King's did engage them and kill nearly 300 of the horses (besides slaying or severely wounding most of the men), a success which would do credit to the Mauser rifle.

But the historic carnival of archery was, of course, the battle of Crecy (1346), when the English, numerically half the strength of the French, reinforced as the latter were by those 15,000 Genoese cross bowmen, inflicted a defeat familiar to every school-boy.

All the carnage of a respectable modern campaign would scarcely strike the imagination beside the spectacle of those "thirty thousand men at arms," and "eleven hundred princes, dukes and captains" left dead upon that fatal field, of wounds at which modern surgery would shudder aghast.

NO EXTRA TROUBLE.

It was in the dead of night, and a cold night at that. Peterson Smith, aged 6, was getting over the measles.

"Mother, may I have a drink of real cold water?" he asked, waking Mrs. Smith from a refreshing slumber.

"Turn right over and go to sleep!" commanded Mrs. Smith. "You are a naughty boy to wake mother up when she put a pitcher of water on your table the very last thing before you went to bed."

Ten minutes later the small voice piped up again: "Mother, I want a drink of water."

"Peterson," said Mrs. Smith, sternly, "if you say that again I shall get up and spank you!"

There was five minutes' silence, and again Peterson spoke.

"Mother," he said, cheerfully, "when you get up to spank me, may I have a drink of water?"

HABITUAL CRIMINALS. .. ..

The New Zealand Minister for Justice has introduced the habitual criminals and offenders bill, which provides that where a person has been twice convicted of a criminal assault or four times of wounding, robbery or burglary he may be regarded as an habitual criminal and at the expiration of his sentence detained in a reformatory. After six convictions for vagrancy a man may be treated in the same way. Discharge from the reformatory will be secured only on the recommendation of the court, while the detained offenders will be made to work and wages will be placed to their credit or toward the support of their dependents.

Never judge a man's feet by the slippers his wife makes for him.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER X.

Van Slack left the Clarion office that afternoon in high spirits. He had captured a prize. In a drawer in his desk he had found a copy of Balzac's "Duchesse de Langeais," with Yvonne Durkee's name on the fly-leaf. "I will return it to her after dinner," he had said to himself joyfully.

He could not conceal his find from Dare, who had suggested that the book be entrusted to Fritz to deliver to its owner. A sharp discussion had arisen on this point. Van Slack claimed that, as the volume had been found in the desk belonging to the business department, it was his duty to see that it reached its destination in safety. He considered himself personally responsible for its welfare. On the other hand, Dare argued that he and Fritz were in charge of the literary affairs of the Clarion, that a novel by Balzac is distinctly literature, and that, if any disaster happened to the book, Mrs. Durkee would be sure to blame him and the German. It was a nice question, and led to a great deal of clever disputation on both sides.

But in a case of this kind possession counts for much, and van Slack declared that he would defend his treasure against all comers. Dare, with the fate of Poole fresh in his mind, did not care to begin active hostilities against his opponent, even with Fritz as an ally, so van Slack clung to the book and silently endured his companion's sarcastic flings on the walk homeward.

About eight o'clock he set out for Durkee's. It was a warm, clear night. The moon would not be up for a long time, but the stars gave a soft light to the universe, while out at sea a line of silvery splendor reflected the glory of a planet. There was a tropical voluptuousness in the air to which the sensitive nature of van Slack was keenly alive. As he strolled onward he rejoiced in his youth and strength. How swift life was! Why did a world of such entrancing beauty hold pain and sin, sorrow and death? But away with such useless questionings! Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero. The words of the ancient Epicurean passed through his mind, and he quickened his pace and soon reached the centre of the village.

As he approached the isolated house in which Isaiah Durkee resided, he saw that it was unlighted. He stood for a moment beneath the great elm and listened. Not a sound came from the gloomy structure before him, and he almost determined to turn back. But as his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness caused by the dense foliage above him, he caught the glimmer of what seemed to be a white dress on the veranda, and, hastily opening the front gate, he approached the house. Mrs. Durkee arose hurriedly as he reached the piazza.

"Ah, bon soir, Monsieur van Slack," she said in a subdued tone, as he held out his hand to her. "You have had a long walk. Take that easy-chair, there. I am much pleased to see you."

Van Slack glanced at the stars, and thanked them devoutly. It was evident that Mrs. Durkee was alone. She wore a dress of white cashmere, simple in its make-up, and cut just low enough at the neck to show the perfect poise of her head, and the white smoothness of her throat. In the dim light her hair took on a darker tint than usual, and with her brilliant eyes and clear-cut face formed in the darkness a picture like an artist's dream, unreal, elusive, fascinating. Again across the soul of van Slack passed the strange conviction that he had known and loved that face in ages past, and he trembled as though a great mystery had been revealed to him. This feeling was but momentary, and he descended to the commonplace with a sensation of pain which seemed to punish him for attempting to penetrate the sacred secrets of existence.

"I found a book belonging to you in a desk at the office to-day," he explained hurriedly, "and have hastened to return it."

"Merci, monsieur. That is very kind. But you need have been in no hurry. Ah, it is 'La Duchesse.' You know it?"

"No. It is almost the only one of Balzac's that I have not read."

"Won't you keep it, then? It is a wonderful exposition of woman's nature. I know little of the world, but surely the truth is here."

"I will read it with great pleasure, Mrs. Durkee. But I dare not take Balzac as a guide to woman's character. I love too well my ideals to have them destroyed by the sharp edge of a Frenchman's wit."

"Your ideals!" she repeated, looking at him with a curious light in her eyes. "Can it be that you have lived in the world and still have 'ideals'? I thought that all men of to-day were disillusionized early in life. I can understand how a person who had never left such a place as our little village here might retain ideals forever, but how have you defended yours against the iconoclasm of experience?"

"I don't know," he answered, frankly bending toward her. "As I told you, I have always had a presentiment that I should some time meet a being who would be to me life, religion, the past, the future, all that the soul craves, and in whom I should find the breathing exponent of that perfection I feel exists in woman."

His voice, though low, was vibrant with emotion. He spoke more like a devotee than a man of the world. His dark eyes looked into hers and told her that he worshipped her, and her face grew deadly pale as she realized the significance of his burning glance.

She had moved her chair back a little, and sat silently looking at the stars. Perhaps, had she been more worldly-wise she would have dismissed him at once. Her heart should have warned her that the intoxicating sweetness of this interview was the poison that has robbed the world of peace since wedlock was first made a sacred bond between man and woman. She was Isaiah Durkee's wife. What right had she to listen to words of passion from this man, though he veiled his meaning in generalities?

But be not too quick to blame either of them. Think of it. It was a summer night, and the very stars seemed to listen to the ocean as though it chanted a tale of love. The soft, warm air touched the cheek like a caress. The boundless universe was filled with rhythmic music that silenced the voice of conscience and lulled the senses with dreams of never-ending joy. All nature joined in revolt against the conventionalities of life and seemed to mock the things that men call holy.

To the man and woman who sat that night in the lonely shadow of the elm-trees and drank deep of the sweet delirium which caused their pulses to throb with a new and entrancing joy there came that bitter rebellion against fate which has broken so many human hearts since Evil first made an ally of Love in this topsy-turvy world. They were so young, so beautiful, so closely joined by those mysterious ties which bind one soul to another. But between them stood the image of Isaiah Durkee, and by his side a shadowy being, repulsive for the moment, who coldly said "I am Duty," and in the dim light of the starry night seemed to smile maliciously.

Let it not be thought for a moment that Yvonne Durkee, by look or word, gave expression to the new insight she had had into the depths of her own soul. Ingenue she might be, but she had read much and was a Frenchwoman and instinctively there came to her such savoir-faire as many a mondaine might well have envied.

"We sail for Europe on Saturday," she remarked coldly after a time. Her voice trembled slightly, as she realized with keen annoyance.

"Saturday!" exclaimed van Slack in a dazed way.

"Yes. Mr. Durkee is now in New York making arrangements."

Van Slack felt a wave of angry impatience sweep over him. He longed to throw his arms around this woman, and in burning words of passion defy the grotesque ties which bound her to a man she never could have loved. But he had not yet lost control of his senses; and, in as quiet a tone as he could command, asked: "Do you dislike the odor of a cigar, Mrs. Durkee?"

The question seemed so ludicrous under the circumstances, so out of harmony with the crisis through which they were passing, that Yvonne broke into a nervous laugh, in which she was joined by van Slack.

"Oh, no, not at all," she answered. "Please smoke, if you want to. I like the perfume of tobacco. Unfortunately Mr. Durkee does not smoke."

"Nor do anything else but take medicine," thought van Slack, as he ignited a match and puffed a cigar into life.

"You will be gone a long time?" he asked.

"Je ne sais pas. Perhaps until next spring."

"And you are anxious to go?"

Duty glanced at her from the shadows and she answered, "Yes."

There was a silence for a time. They sat watching the glowing heavens, where, as the night grew older, new glories constantly appeared. Suddenly a brilliant meteor swept the sky in a grand arc and seemed to fall into the sea as though to lave its burning heart.

"Are you superstitious?" asked van Slack, on the instant.

"No—not very. Why?"

"Well, you know, a wish formed while a star is falling is sure to be granted. I uttered a prayer before that meteor disappeared."

"And do you think your prayer will be answered?"

"I hope it will."

"I will not ask you what it was. A prayer should be sacred."

"But what if I should want to make confession to you?"

"I should refer you to the sea. The ocean never reveals a secret. A woman always does."

"And have you no curiosity? Are you, then, a woman?"

"Oh, but I have a great deal of curiosity. I am curious about your wish. I will make a compromise with you. If your prayer is granted, you may then tell me what you said to the falling star. You consent?"

"You could make no request of me that I would not grant." Again his voice was more caressing than a strict conformity to etiquette would have warranted.

"That is a generous remark, monsieur. Do you mean it?"

"Why do you doubt me?"

"Forgive me. I do not doubt you. To prove it, I will put your promise to the test."

"Do."

"Leave me, then," she said in a low voice.

"Ah, your test is a cruel one. Why do you set me so hard a task?"

"You well know, monsieur, why I make this request. It is best for both of us that you should go. Go—go—and forget me."

"I can not perform miracles," he returned his voice trembling with excitement. "Leave you, I may. Forget you, I can not. And why should you want me to forget you? After you are gone, what will it matter to you what I may hold as the dearest treasure of my memory?"

He could see her pale face sadden at his words, and her eyes, turned toward him, were luminous with pain.

"Oh, why have you done this?" she cried, losing control of herself. "Why have you been so unkind, so cruel? You know it is best that we should part. Do you think it is easy for me? This is the last time we shall ever meet. You must be generous to me now. I have said to you so much that I had no right to say!"

She put a white, cold hand into his. His heart stopped beating at the flood of mingled joy and despair that rushed through his being.

"Generous!" he exclaimed, clasping her hand passionately. "Yes, always—to you. But what shall I do! I can not let you go forever. I can not forget you—nor," he added, with a triumphant ring in his voice, "can you forget me."

"Mon Dieu, no! would to God that I could!" Her words sounded like a sob.

Hand in hand they sat for a time in silence. The voices of the night seemed to echo the pain that was throbbing in their hearts. To the misery of van Slack was added the sting of conscience. What had he done? Here was a woman defenseless before him, a woman unused to the ways of men and weak from the overwhelming passion of a first love. He had been foolishly blind to the logical outcome of his course. Deliberately he had tried to fascinate her, and now that he had succeeded far beyond his expectations, he was horrified at the result. He knew that sorrow was the price that both must pay for drifting carelessly in the current where youth and affinity had carried them. His soul was filled with pity for her. Her life had been such a sad one for a woman so gloriously gifted by nature for the highest joys of existence! And now that she had tasted the nectar which makes this world a heaven, the sweet draught must be dashed from her lips, the gate of Paradise closed just as a glimpse of the fair garden had filled her eyes with rapture.

After a while, he began to speak to her calmly, slowly, earnestly, retaining her hand, which still felt unnaturally cold.

"Listen a moment, Yvonne. This is no time for a careful choice of words. You have called me cruel, unkind. Before God, I did not mean to be. I have been urged on by a power against which I could not struggle. It was the power of your own magnetism. What you have been, and are, to me, I dare not tell you. I said I had cherished an ideal. In you I found it. Not by one word or thought would I rob you of that reverential homage a man should pay to the one woman who gives realization to his highest dreams. Do not fear me, do not forget me. Whatever may happen, wherever you may go, however long may be the period of parting, remember that a loyal heart holds you as its idol, and waits impatiently for the hour when it can offer you a life-long devotion. For the first time, I know to-night the bitter-sweet of happiness. It is true that the world might censure us for what we have said to each other, but the world sees but half the truth when it judges a case like ours. An influence against which resistance was vain has drawn us together. It seems to me that I have always known you, always loved you. Before I had seen your face, your voice had thrilled my soul with the weird conviction that a spirit from a remote past was speaking to me of ages spent in mutual love and joy. Oh, Yvonne, do not weep. Our love, though it may seem to have the taint of sin, shall be glorified by self-sacrifice. I hear a prophetic voice which tells me that we shall be reunited before the years of life have pressed with much greater weight upon our shoulders. You once quoted Emerson to me. Do you remember these words of his?

'All that Nature made thy own,
Floating in the air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow follow thee.'

Nature has ordained us for each other. Nothing can prevent our final union. Let us, then, be strong now, and our reward shall surely come."

Though he spoke bravely, van Slack's voice trembled. It seemed as though he were trying to find in words the support his better self demanded. For how could he say farewell to her, and leave to the solution of the years the problem which confronted him. Never before had he realized how weak a barrier philosophy presents against the overwhelming force of a great temptation.

Yvonne had withdrawn her hand from his, and, with her face buried in her handkerchief, was sobbing piteously. The ghastly loneliness that would overwhelm her when he was gone seemed to be the only reality her mind could grasp. Her reason and her conscience were alike benumbed by the terrible experience through which she had just passed. It had come so suddenly! She had been so proud of her self-control! She had determined so bravely to conceal from this man her love for him! And now he had looked into her heart, and her being had become slave to another! Then there was the horrible thought that by all the canons of human law she had committed a great crime. She had tried so hard to be a true and affectionate wife to Isaiah Durkee, she had schooled herself so long to humor his whims and eccentricities, and had been so proud of her conquest over self! But in a moment the fabric wrought by habit had been destroyed, and by word and thought she had made a mockery of her married life.

"Oh, father, father, what shall I do?" she murmured like a tired child, her whole form trembling with emotion. Suddenly she turned to van Slack, and, seizing his hands, looked imploringly into his face.

"Oh, go, go!" she pleaded. "I have heard your words. They are true. We will wait and hope. But tell me,—tell me, you do not despise me? Oh, I have been so weak! I want to be everything you think I am, but I fear you will hate me when you look back upon to-night."

There was a note of despair in her voice.

Van Slack placed a hand upon her shoulder, and bent down until his lips almost touched hers.

"My darling, you wrong yourself. Whatever weakness there has been, has been mine. But do not look so sad. The future is ours, and I love you as no man ever loved a woman. See, I long to kiss your lips. For one caress I would give half my life. But I shall not wrong you so. The future will have a heavy debt to pay for my abstinence now. Oh, God, how I worship you, my pale, beautiful love! Do not shrink from me. Have I not promised that I will not be unkind to you? Let me look into your eyes. You love me! You love me! Good heavens, I shall go mad! Your lips are so near. Would one kiss be a sin? Tell me, Yvonne, would one kiss be a sin?"

"Eevon.' Mehetable Durkee's voice startled the night air like a katydid's rasping cry.

"Eevon."

Van Slack arose quickly and leaned against one of the wooden pillars which supported the veranda. Yvonne wiped the tear-stains from her face, and called out, in a voice which was shaken by receding waves of emotion:

"Here I am on the piazza, Hetty. Come out here."

Mehetable stood in the dorway and looked at van Slack in surprise.

"Let me present you, Mr. van Slack, to my sister, Miss Durkee," said Yvonne ceremoniously.

The poetess came forward instantly, and, with effusive cordiality, seized the young man's hand.

"I have met Mr. van Slack before," she remarked, much to the astonishment of Mrs. Durkee. "I owe him a heart full of thanks."

"Not at all," returned van Slack with an effort. He felt a nervous depression which made it difficult for him to command himself. "It is a pleasure for a commonplace individual to be of the slightest service to genius."

Mehetable was flattered. "Did you ever see a psychological phenomenon?" she asked, turning to her sister-in-law.

"Unfortunately, yes, ma soeur," was the answer. "I would that I had not."

"Oh, you ought not to say that, Eevon. A psychological phenomenon is the finest thing in the world when it's done well. Can you do 'em yourself, Mr. van Slack?"

"I begin to think I'm an adept, Miss Durkee. But I must say good-night. It is later than I had thought."

He shook hands with Mehetable, and then said in French to Yvonne: "Your husband will be home, when?"

"Day after to-morrow," she answered in her native tongue.

"Then this is only au revoir," he remarked, as calmly as he could. "I have a plan whereby we shall meet again before you go. It may require a sacrifice of conventionality upon your part, but promise me that you will make it."

"I promise," she said.

"Good-night, then; and may God bless you, my darling."

In another instant he was gone.

"What was he saying to you?" asked Mehetable suspiciously, placing a hand upon Yvonne's shoulder.

"He was saying—he was saying—Well—I should think you might have heard—he was saying French."

Having thus gained ambiguity by the sacrifice of grammar, Yvonne hastily kissed the poetess and hurried away to her room.

Homeward strode Rutger van Slack, unmindful of the added beauty the risen moon had given to the night. So absorbed was he in the conflicting emotions which oppressed him, that he did not notice two men who stood in the shadow of the great elm as he made his exit from the lawn. His blindness in this regard was the more remarkable as one of his observers was a giant in size.

(To be Continued.)

Attorney for the Defence: "Have you ever been cross-examined before?" The Witness: "Have I? I'm a married man."

The Farm

CLIPPING TO KEEP COWS CLEAN.

I wish to consider that one trial of all dairymen, the clinging of the manure to the thighs and hocks of the cows, writes Mr. W. J. Elliott. I have heard it said that this is easily overcome, if the dairyman makes it his chore to brush down the thighs of the cows every day. It is a fact, that it is not a big chore, if we look to the bedding and the brushing each day. At present, I am practicing in my dairy a system of keeping clean the cow's thighs. It consists of the clipping very short of the hair on the thighs, hocks and tail of the cows.

With an ordinary pair of horse clippers, cut, very short, the hair from below the hock to a line drawn from the stifle to the tail head. The horse clippers may also be used for clipping the udder, but the clipping of the tail is difficult unless we have someone to hold it.

Now when the cow gets up, any litter that may cling to her thighs, will dry very quickly, because it is so close to the hide. When dry it is very easily brushed off, and the thigh is as clean as ever. If the thighs are not clipped, and the long winter coat of hair becomes wet with the manure, we all know what a long time it takes it to dry, even if brushed off as clean as possible.

This system has worked so successfully, and it takes such a short time to clip the animals, that I clip not only my cows, but my steers. It is really wonderful how clean they keep with very little care, when they are clipped in this manner. Besides this, with my steers, we clip a ridge two widths of the horse clipper right along the backbone, from the tail head to the back of the head. This is just the place, especially on the steers, where the hair, in a measure, is standing on end and furnishes a splendid position for dust and dirt to drop directly into the hide. When the hair is cut short, the slightest brushing will prevent the collection of dust and dirt in this manner, and thus the steers have not that restless, itchy feeling along the shoulders and back.

This system of clipping the cows and steers is practiced regularly, twice each winter. Two of my men clip 10 cows in an afternoon, before milking time, and I certainly figure that these few hours were saved 10 times over during the winter, by the ease with which the cows were kept clean.

COOL THE MILK QUICKLY.

Many a man who is engaged in dairying in a small way has been disappointed week after week in the quality of the finished product. He has possibly taken the greatest possible pains in keeping everything clean and has exercised skill in the manipulation of matters of churning time, and yet his butter is off in flavor as well as lacking in grain. The trouble might be due to a variety of causes, but one of the most common is neglect to cool the milk.

If germs do not have sufficient warmth they will not grow. Not one farmer in one hundred realize what this means. Some of the best dairymen, who deliver milk in the cities, claiming to supply sanitary milk, do not know what this means.

They will allow the milk to stand for a long time after milking, without cooling, and in that time the germs will multiply into thousands, and thousands into millions. One of the points that ought to be driven into the mind of every dairyman and farmer is that the more quickly milk can be cooled the better article he is going to have. If the conditions in his barn have not been ideal (which is the case with 90 per cent. of the barns), he must realize that if he will take that milk and cool it immediately—let just as few minutes escape as possible between milking and cooling—he can put it in condition so that the germs cannot grow rapidly, and that, if they do not grow, the milk will remain in good condition for a long time.

DAIRY HINTS.

It takes more care this time of year to have things come out right. Conditions are not quite so favorable as earlier in the season.

For instance, there are muddy places through which the cow must go. As far as possible those should be filled up and got rid of. But it is not always possible to do that just when we'd like to. So we must have a good supply of nice, clean cloths at hand to clean the cows' bags at milking time.

Then, too, we should not be satisfied with straining the milk through the wire sieve of the milk pail. That is not fine enough to catch the fine particles of matter that will in one way and another find their way into the pail. Use a clean cloth, with a fine mesh, and keep that cloth just as clean as you possibly can have it.

Also, we shall need to clean up the floors of the stables more carefully. Some mud will be tracked in. This should be swept out regularly after each milking.

Mrs. Whoopler: "You tell me, Herr Vogleschnitzel, that my daughter can never become a singer? Is there no hope for her?" Herr Vogleschnitzel: "Vell, madam, you mighdt put her on a diet of canary-seed already, unt see vat dot vill do mit her."

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 23, 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, nonpariel measurement.

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. • • QUE.

PECULIAR VERDICT.

Laderoute, who was tried at Bryson on a charge of murdering a Syrian pedlar, has escaped the death penalty by the remarkable verdict of the jury. After being out some hours on Tuesday afternoon the foreman of the jury reported that they could agree on a verdict if the death penalty would not be imposed. They were sent back to further consider the evidence and at 9 p.m. returned with a verdict of manslaughter and a recommendation to mercy. The judge reserved sentence. It is not quite clear how the jury could agree on manslaughter but not on murder. If he killed the Syrian it would seem to be a clear case of murder. But the ways of jury are past finding out. It was doubtless a compromise verdict and forced by the repugnance of jurors to the death penalty.

Rev. Dr. Patrick, principal of the Manitoba College, stung by the revelations of corruption in public life, has declared:—"I am profoundly ashamed of the state of politics in Manitoba and in the whole of Canada. When distinguished visitors from over the water come to me with letters of introduction, this great shame I feel with regard to our public life. One visitor the other day laid his finger upon the sore. He said: "I am shocked to find that Canada is so far behind all other countries, and that political misconduct is defended by the press and in Parliament. If a few of the public men were sent to the penitentiary there would be a great lull in election scandals."

NOTES.

Sir Wilfred Laurier on Tuesday last celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of his birth. The Prime Minister received congratulations from word wide sources. His health continues good and he meets Parliament this week with every province of being physically fit for its onerous duties.

Hon. W. A. Weir, speaking at a dinner in Montreal, deplored the slow growth of a true broad Canadian national spirit, which would sink all the narrow provincial jealousies and unite the Dominion in spirit as well as in name. He thought that two excellent means to this end would be the creation of a really national Canadian song, and a national flag, which could wave from ocean to ocean as the emblem of the Dominion.

The report of the chartered banks of Canada made to the department of finance and issued this week, gives most satisfactory evidence of the continued and advancing prosperity of the Dominion. As compared with October, 1905, the assets of the banks have increased from $811,800,039 to $935,813,484. Liabilities have grown from $658,645,830 to $764,655,672. Under this head are included the circulation of the banks, deposits, loans, etc. The paid up capital of the banks has grown from $83,846,838 to $94,343,742; the reserve from $57,493,307 to $68,543,794, and the notes in circulation from $76,890,883 to $88,718,630.

But it is in the increase of deposits that exists the greatest cause for satisfaction, showing, as it does, the enhanced wealth of the people and the growth of general business. Deposits "on demand" have risen from $150,868,116 to $181,408,733, while deposits, "payable on notice," in other words savings deposits, have increased in the twelve months from $349,822,859 to $390,909,519.

With little regard for popular beliefs and one's current expense bills the Hamilton Spectator, wielding an iconoclastic pen, says: "The story is often told that a dollar bought more provisions fifty years ago than twice that sum does now. Here is the Hamilton market report of Nov. 17, 1857, just forty nine years ago today, and it might be well to compare it with prices that prevail now: Wheat 85c to $1 per bushel; barley, 50c; oats, 40; peas, 50; flour, $5.50 per barrel; potatoes, 75c per bag, beef, $4 to $5 per 100 pounds; pork, $7.50 per 100 pounds; mutton 4c to 5c per pound; turnips, 25c per bushel; apples, 75c to $1 per bushel; onions, $1 per bushel; geese, $1 per pair; ducks, 63c per pair; turkeys, $1 each chickens, 50c per pair; butter, 25c per pound; eggs, 20c per dozen; hay, $12 to $15 per ton; firewood, $4 to $4.75 per cord. With the exception of poultry and butter and eggs, other farm produce is not much higher than the quotations in today's Spectator. Nearly all articles of clothing can be bought as cheap today as they could fifty years ago."

Academy Exams.

2nd. PRIMARY.

GEOGRAPHY.

HONORS:—Douglass Simon 99, M McKimmie, and Alison Cottingham equal 97, Effie Neil, and Grace Marshall equal 96, L. Giles 95, J. Drennan 94, Roy McRae 93, Hazel McGibbon 92, Edward Jones 91, Kyle Patterson 90.

CLASS I:—Edith McDiarmid 88, D. Mitchell, Eric Low and Constance Banford equal 87, Laura Campbell 86, Agnes Hay, Stewart Harkness and Gilbert Wood equal 85, Gordon Fraser 83, Jean McGibbon, & Ruby McOuat equal 81, Mary Hope, Edgar Hammond and Jennie Veitch equal 75.

GRADE III ELEM.

ARITHMETIC.

HONORS:—Gracie McOuat 96, Cameron Hay 95, Maggie Walker, Omer Danis equal 94.

Class I—Adie Paterson 85, Catherine McGibbon, Mary McDiarmid equal 82.

CLASS II—Gertrude Hammond 69, Georgina Baldwin 66.

CLASS III—Rubert Robinson 56, M. Ewing 49.

GRADE IV ELEM.

HONORS:—Frankie Joss 95, Jessie Cruise, Hattie McCoy equal 93.

CLASS I—Eleanor Hay 88, Roy Kennedy 86, Jessie Earl, Willie Hay and Vern Biddell equal 84, Everett McGibbon, 83, Gordon Harkness, 82, Robert Beers, Annie McCoy equal 78, Willie Calder 76.

CLASS II:—Robbie Carpenter 73, V. Hammond 72, David Campbell 70, J. Menzies 68.

CLASS III:—Alma McNeil 57.

GRADE I MODEL.

GRAMMAR.

HONORS:—Harry Hammond 90.

CLASS I:—Norah Christie 89, Cecil Bradford 84, Jessie McArthur, and R. Giles equal 76, Arthur Drennan 75.

CLASS II:—Harry Joss 73, Ruby Todd 70, Aggie McGilliveary 69, Lizzie Paul 68, Jennie Forbes 67, Bessie McGibbon 65, Douglas McGibbon 62, G. Bradford, Bessie Menzies and Arthur Joss equal 60.

CLASS III:—May Cruise 53, Charlie Bedard 50, Nettie Kettyle 44, G. Doig 41.

GRADE II MODEL.

GEOGRAPHY.

CLASS I;—Charlie Palliser 77.

CLASS II:—Sadie Scott 70, George Hay 67, Edward Ivall 63, Irene Biddell 62, Walker McArthur 61.

CLASS III:—Walter Christie, and Harry McIntyre equal 58, Elmer Giles 56, Marion Slater, and Bessie Fraser equal 55.

GRADE III MODEL.

FRENCH.

HONORS:—Justina McCrea 97, Alice McClure 91.

CLASS I:—Edith Fraser 87, John Calder 85, Ethel Winters 84, Naomi Ivall 82, Hartley Thomas 81, Winnie Riddell, and Gertie Rodgers equal 76.

CLASS II:—Earle Todd 74, Harold McOuat 73, Robbie Giles 72, Violet Kennedy 71, Carrie Black, and Lowell Banford equal 70, Harlow Giles 68, A. Miller 64, Katie Giles 62.

CLASS III:—Emma Morell 55, Ruby Smith 53, Sadie Dawson 49.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

HONORS:—V. Joss 95. M. Hay 90.

CLASS I:—M. Cottingham 87, W. Cameron, B. Fraser, L. Gall and Lily Palliser equal 84, E. Banford and M. Cameron equal 82, R. Ewan 81, J. McLean 77, D. Bates, and A. Smith equal 76, R. Strong 75.

CLASS II:—M. Gall 73, M. Patterson 70, M. Black 60.

CLASS III:—E. Latta 58, E. Keys 57, K. Derrick 44.

GRADES II & III ACADEMY.

HONORS:—Ethel Bailey 90.

CLASS I:—Clara Banford 77, Katie McGibbon, and Kenneth Smith equal 75.

CLASS II:—Egbert McOuat 69, Amy Hammond 67, Alice Arthur 65, Willie Boyce 64.

CLASS III:—Lawrence Smith 57, E. Cooke 54, Miles Walker 52, Christina Drennan 45.

CLASS II.—Bella Wood, and Edward McOurt equal 73, Reggie Campbell 68, George Calder 65, Inez Giles 64, D. Beers 63, Angus Hay 61.

CLASS III:—Leona Garretsee 50, Robert Cruise 49, Muriel Joss, 47 G. Carpenter 41.

CUSHING.

Mrs. D. Warwick who has spent the summer at her old home in Mount Maple has returned to Cushing and is the guest of her daughter Mrs. G. Nicholls.

Mr. Roy Cooke went to Ottawa on Monday.

Mr. C. F. Kains was in Lachute on Tuesday.

Mr. Walter Mann was in Montreal last week.

Mr. John O. Noyes who has been navigating on Lake Nipissing during the past season, arrived home last week.

Messrs. J. Canning and Leslie Hartley, who went out with the Harvest excursionists in August, returned home last week apparently well satisfied with their trip and loud in their praises of the glorious west.

Miss Mary Keatley of Grenville entertained a number of her Cushing friends very pleasantly on Saturday evening last. A number of the young people from this vicinity also attended a very enjoyable evening party given by Miss Pearl Dawson of Stonefield Heights on Monday evening.

Miss Annie Cleland is returning to Montreal this week after seeing all her patients on a fair way to recovery. Miss Cleland is a graduate of the Western Hospital, Montreal, and her presence here this autumn, where there has been an unusual amount of sickness seemed like a special Providence.

DUNANY.

There was no service in St. Paul's Church on Sunday last but service will be held at 3 p.m. on Sunday Nov. 25th.

Mrs. A. M Clushie and family spent spent a week with her friends in St. Aimadee.

Messrs. Earnest Dawson and Ed. Kerr, has gone to work in J. H. McFaul's camp in Louisa.

The J. C. Wilson Comany have opened up a lumber camp on their bush lot in Dunany's.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Morris Robinson of Shrewsbury, who was sent to the Hospital two weeks ago is doing as well as can be expected.

Mrs. S. Gain has returned from Brownsburg where she has been visiting friends.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benemme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JOSEPH FAUTEUX, ST. HERMAS,

Monday, November 19th, 1906.

The following effects:—2 horses, 10 milch cows, 2 heifers 1½ yrs., 4 pigs, 15 pr. hens, 2 yr. old bull, 1 plow, disc harrow, seeder, mowing machine, horse rakes reaper, double wagon, tombril and spring cart, hay cart, wheelbarrow, buggy, rack sleigh, pr. double sleighs, 1 cutter, corn cutter, 2 set double harness, 1 set single cart and light harness, 2 buffaloes, lot of turnips, potatoes, grain, oats not thrashed, straw and corn stalk, cow and horse hay, dry stove wood, and many articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10, a.m. sharp

Terms:— $5.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, 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. L'td.
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

BROWNSBURG.

—: o :—

Mn. and Mrs. D. Corrie accompanied Miss Ellis spent Saturday last in Montreal.

Another party headed by Mr. Zimmer also had similiar luck and report game quite plentiful.

Mr. R. Bond and his daughter Miss Bond take part in a Concert in Lachute on Friday evening next.

The attendance at the Employees Night School is still on the increase, three more students enrolling at Wednesday session.

Messrs. J. A. Parsons, V. McFaul, Robt. Probst and E. Hazen formed a hunting party and spent Monday in the woods returning with a four year old Buck weighing 270 lbs.

The second lecture of the series being given by the Rev. Mr. Thomas and others, will take place on Tuesday evening next. There will also be a Musical programme by local talent.

Messrs. Sayers and Currie of Nobel's Explosive Campany, Glasgow, Scotland, accompanied by President Brainerd of the Dominion Catridge Co., were visitors in town on Wednesday.

There is some talk of the Social Club, which for years has been formed amongst the male employees of the Dominion Catridge Co. again coming to the front. Mr. McManus has taken the matter in hand and it is well known that when Mac takes hold, it means go.

A third party however returned sadder and wiser These anxious ones in order to have sufficient ammunition laid in quiet a store, and after artving at the hunting ground saw three fine bucks within range but on opening their catridge stores found their stock called for 30 Calibre whereas they had provided themselves with 38-55. The language used is hardly fit for print, but in a country with such aboundance of ammunition the error is not easily accounted for.

The new Roman Catholic Church was formally opened on Sunday last, High Mass being sung by the Parish Priest from St. Philippe. Large congregations were present. The building is so arranged that the front portion of the auditorium can be converted into a school, folding doors provided which on being closes separates the Sanctuary from the other portion. The Choir from St. Philippe kindly assisted with the musical portion of the service and their efforts were greatly appreciated by those present, every available space being occupied.

CASTORIA.

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

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.

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

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon" the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of ¼ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. East, Toronto.

To get the Greatest Returns for Your Money—go to

W. DOIG'S

Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

and Dry Goods.

Everything New and Up-to-Date

FREE DELIVERY ALL OAER TOWN.

GIVE YOUR ORDER TO THE DRIVER.

W. Doig

Opposite the 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, Sott 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

PHOTOGRAPHS!

We've a taking way in our Business!

So you take the first opportunity you have and get your photograph taken at our "Studio."

Christmas will soon be here, so come early before the rush. Children's Portraits, Family groups, Bromide Enlargements a specialty.

Your Portrait in a nice gilt frame and mat 10 x 12 for any size photograph, Price 50c. extra.

'ELITE' Photo Studio.

Opposite Post Office, Box 26, Lachute.

Now is the Time To Think of FURS!

And when you are thinking of them remember that I have a magnificent assortment of the very choicest of furs that will make you look natty and look nice, and put a smile on you that won't rub off, when you think how cheap they are compared to other stores.

Our Crockery Display

Is worth while a visit from you and will prove you a good money saver. Everything you need in this line can be secured right with us and we will be sure to please you.

Our Groceries, Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, and Hardware Departments are always well stocked.

H. PAQUIN,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Our Store is the Bargain ...Centre...

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

McFaul Bros.

Ladie's 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, andeverything 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 else-where and convince yourself.

Lachute Furniture Factory

About the House

BUTCHERING TIME RECIPES.

We use far less pickled pork in our family than formerly, as we have found satisfactory methods of keeping the meat fresh, or nearly so, as long as we care to have it, writes Eva Mills Anderson. For those who wish to use a pickle the following recipe will be found satisfactory: Let the meat cool thoroughly; when cold rub salt into it, using plenty of salt and rubbing well. Let stand on a slanting board or table for 24 hours to drain. Meanwhile prepare your brine as follows: For each 100 lbs. of meat use 10 lbs. salt, 1 oz. each of saltpetre and cayenne pepper, 1 qt. molasses and 8 gals. soft water. Boil and skim and when cold pour over the packed meat.

The foregoing recipe is also good for corned beef using 3 lbs. less salt to the other ingredients. A beef or pork barrel must be kept for its own use and on no account put one kind of meat into a barrel or a brine which has been used for the other. Be careful to have a weighted board to keep the meat under the brine and when a piece is removed for use see that the remainder is entirely covered and weighted down.

Our present method of using pork is quite different from the old way. The hams and shoulders are nicely trimmed and with all the meat put in the foregoing brine about six weeks. The hams and shoulders are then taken out, drained, and every part of the flesh side and the end of the bones rubbed with a mixture of equal parts of ground black and cayenne pepper. They are then smoked. No definite rule can be given for smoking, the conditions are so varied. We prefer hickory chips, but some of our neighbors who have good hams use corn-cobs and some use maple. The fire should smoulder about five or six weeks.

When the hams are cured there are diverse ways of preserving them. We pack them in barrels of dry, wood ashes. Some sew them in cotton bags and give the bags a coat of white-wash, others cut in slices and partially fry them, packing in their own grease in jars; using additional lard to cover if necessary. Our objection to this is that we occasionally like a ham to boil whole. Still others leave their hams hanging in the smoke-house all summer or until used, claiming that the smoke and pepper protect them from the attacks of flies.

We make lard of nearly all the fat meat, keeping not more than 10 or 20 lbs for eating, which we keep in the brine made after the above recipe. We bake or fry the tenderloin. This is fine cut in narrow strips and rolled in batter or in corn meal and fried. We make bacon of some of the sides of the animal if not too fat. We grind the lean part into sausage meat. Towards spring we take our salt pork out of the brine, slice it and partly fry it and pack it in jars covering it with grease or lard. Then use when wanted. If too salt freshen when ready to use by soaking from 12 to 24 hours in sweet or sour milk or buttermilk.

Frying out the Lard.—This is probably the most trying operation which falls to the lot of the farmer's wife during the year. Some do it a little at a time and some rush it through as fast as possible. We like the latter method, as it saves many cleanings of the stove and floor. It is impossible to fry out lard and not have a spotted stove and floor. We fry the leaf lard by itself and keep it by itself for choice purposes. Cut in small pieces, put a little water in the bottom of the kettle to keep from scorching, cook slowly and dip the lard out with a ladle, straining it into the jar. We fill every available place on the stove with kettles and frequently put some in the oven in dripping pans, using no water in these. Cook slowly, stir frequently; vigilance is the price of success. We put that for summer use in 5 and 10-lb. pails; for winter in jars. Lard usually keeps perfectly, but if at any time there are doubts, heat it boiling hot and slice in some raw potato, removing it in a few moments.

Pork Sausage.—Season your sausage by adding 4 even tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon black pepper and ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper to 10 lbs. ground meat. Then divide your meat into different portions, add pulverized sage, thyme and summer savory to one portion in the proportion of 1 scant tablespoon each to 5 lbs. of meat. One tablespoon ground celery seed will flavor another five pounds. A like quantity of chopped parsley and onion juice will flavor a third quantity, which should be used first. Summer savory and onion is a combination liked by many. Worcestershire sauce is good for a small quantity. Sausage meat can be kept as long as desired by making into small cakes, partly frying and packing in jars. The superfluous packing lard obtained in removing any of these meats from the jars is perfectly good for all cooking purposes.

Head Cheese.—For making head cheese the head is thoroughly scalded and separated, then split from snout to top and the inside passages cleaned. It is then cut in small pieces to make it convenient for the cooking kettle and boiled in salted water until the meat will drop from the bones. Take out with the draining spoon, put in the chopping bowl and chop coarsely. Separate into different portions and season with different seasonings after the manner recommended for sausages. Pack in granite or earthenware dishes to harden. Sliced and eaten cold there is nothing more toothsome.

Pickled Feet.—Scald and scrape the feet, (and tail if you wish.) Let soak in weak lye for a few days. Take some nippers and pull off the toe nails. If they will not come off try scorching them until they will. The most toothsome morsel is under those nails. When these are removed and the feet cleaned from the lye make a pickle of weak vinegar, salt, peppercorns, a little celery seed or any flavoring you wish. It is well to tie these spices in a bag and remove them when the cooking is done. Have enough of the pickle to cover the feet. Place them in a granite kettle, pour over the pickle and boil until the meat falls from the bones. The pickle will be reduced to a small quantity. Cut the meat in small pieces, removing all large bones, put in a jar, cover with the pickle and let it get cold before eating.

Scrapple.—This is another dish which may be made of either lean beef or pork. Let the meat cook slowly in salted water until done, using water enough to cover the meat. When the meat is cooked so that it is free from the bones take all out with the skimmer. Chop coarsely. Taste the liquid in the kettle and have it flavored to suit you. Return the meat and then thicken with corn meal making a regular corn meal mush. Pour into molds, slice half an inch thick, roll in flour or batter and fry in a little mixed lard and butter.

Cooking Liver.—Put some lard or "pork fryings" in a skillet and add a little chopped onion and parsley. Put in the liver sliced and seasoned with salt and pepper, either pig's or calf's liver, and let it cook until done, cooking it slowly and turning it often. When cooked put it in the warming oven. In a sauce pan put 1 tablespoon butter. When it bubbles add one tablespoon flour. Stir until it is a good brown, then add 1 cup hot water, pepper, salt, the juice of half a lemon or 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon capers, chopped cucumber pickle or nasturtium seeds Put the liver on a hot platter, pour the sauce over it allowing it to stand a few moments before sending to the table.

When this work, or the major part of it is done the good housewife will do well to take a day's outing, go visiting, go for a ride, or like the immortal Mrs. Battle she may "unbend her mind over a book."

IN A DEADLY DECLINE.

Saved Just in Time by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Before my daughter Lena began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she looked more like a corpse than a live girl," says Mrs. Geo. A. Myles, of South Woodslee, Ont. "Her blood seemed as though it had all turned to water. Then she began to have bad spells with her heart. At the least excitement her heart would beat so rapidly as to almost smother her. She grew very thin, had no appetite, and what little food she did eat did not seem to nourish her. She was treated by one of the best doctors in this part of the country, yet she was daily growing worse and her heart got so bad that we were afraid that she would die. She slept but very little, and would frequently awake with a start and sometimes would jump right up in bed. These starts would always bring on a bad spell and leave her weak and exhausted. We had almost given up all hope of her ever being well again, when we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a couple of boxes she began to sleep better at night and color began to return to her lips. From that on she kept right on gaining and after taking eight boxes of the pills she was again in good health. She is now fifteen years of age, the picture of health, and since beginning the pills has gained about forty pounds in weight Only those who saw her when ill can appreciate the marvellous change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought about in her condition. I believe that had it not been for the pills she would be in her grave to-day, and it is with feelings of great gratitude that I write you in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer."

And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do just as much for every weak, ailing, pale-faced young woman who is slipping from anaemia into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. In that way they strike straight at the root of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the secret ailments and irregularities of girls and women. Sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

"Gracious, man!" exclaims the doctor when Mr. Glubbins calls him in a hurry. "Your temperature is rioting along near the danger point, and you——"

"And I'm worse off than I ever was before, all through the diet you prescribed."

"Impossible, Mr. Glubbins. I told you distinctly to confine yourself to such foods as would be taken by a 3-year-old child."

"And didn't I follow orders? I ate apple cores and dog biscuits and ends of burnt matches and scraps of potato peeling and everything else I could pick up while no one was looking—and here I am pretty near dead."

Hastily reflecting upon the gastronomical tendencies of the average 3-year-old child, the doctor tells Mr. Glubbins that he has been overdoing the diet, and will have to subsist on soft toast and hot water for a week.

He—"I always say what I think." She—"Then I suppose I'll have to do all the talking."

GUARD OF THE COWS.

Queer Duty of British Soldiers in India.

Out in India one actually finds English soldiers standing sentry over cows. The cow is a sacred animal in the eyes of the Brahmin, and this, of course, leads the Mohammedan portion of the population to take a savage delight in putting to the sword all the cows upon which they can lay hands at certain times of the year. The result is that religious conflicts of the most sanguinary character frequently take place between the members of the rival creeds. It is with the object of preventing riots arising from cow-killing by the Mohammedans that English sentries are now appointed in certain places, especially in Bombay, to stand guard over that public benefactor whom "Tommy Atkins," deeply disgusted, has christened "Saint Cow."

BABY'S FRIEND.

Happiness is a sign of health in babies. Nearly all their troubles vanish when they digest food well and are free from teething pains. Baby's Own Tablets brings happiness to babies by curing stomach troubles, constipation, feverishness, diarrhoea and teething troubles. There's a smile in every dose and the mother has a solemn guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N.S., says: "I have given my baby Baby's Own Tablets as occasion required since she was a day old. They have always helped her, and now at a year and a half old she is a fine healthy child. I think every mother should always keep these Tablets on hand." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DOGS ACT AS POLICEMEN

ARE EFFICIENT AND INCORRUPTIBLE THIEF-TAKERS.

Taught to Regard All Civilians as Enemies and Constables as Their Friends.

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition, yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation—in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe. Monsieur E. van Wesemael, Police Commissioner of Ghent, was the first to suggest trained dogs as auxiliary police.

In March, 1899, three Belgian sheep dogs were bought for him by the veterinary officer of the city, and their training was at once taken in hand by the Police Commissioner. Shortly before Christmas ten dog policemen were at work, and after a reasonable period had elapsed a report was sent to the burgomaster. After ten months of trial the most conservative members of the City Council of Ghent became enthusiasts over the new police recruits and voted more money for dogs to be used in the Faubourg de Bruges and along the smaller docks. Soon there were thirty big, powerful dog policemen on duty and working with surprising efficiency. They would take a new man over his night beat with a zeal, a thoroughness and a relentless, systematic ardor that would kill a lazy constable. They knew their work, and could and did correct many a man who was a stranger to the beat.

The system is now a proved success, and the veterinary surgeon of the city periodically goes out to the fairs to buy dogs. Many breeds have been tried, but the best of all is the big Belgian or French shepherd dog, the powerful and sagacious Briards and Groenendaels, with hair long or short, wiry or silky. These are unmatched the world over for their endurance, boldness, fidelity and intuitive instinct.

Some Belgian cities—Mons, St. Giles, and Schaerbeek—buy their dogs at ten and even eighteen months of age, but M. Van Wesemael prefers to buy his recruits when they are six months old and can be subjected to an exhaustive training with surer results. The period of training varies from three to six months.

For the first fifteen days new recruits are kept in the kennels and are merely taught obedience. Military brevity, combined with unvarying kindliness. In due time certain night guards come and take out the recruits with the veteran dogs when the night bell sounds. The dog police go on duty at 10 o'clock at night and finish work at six in the morning. They never go out in the daytime, and on no account are allowed to become acquainted with the ordinary public.

WEAR MUZZLES.

When on duty each carries a leather collar bearing a tin medal, with its name, birth date, and the word "Police." There is also a cloak for stormy weather, which covers the body from neck to tail. It is leather mounted and waterproof. The dogs also wear muzzles while on duty, for their whole training makes them regard the civilian as an enemy, and a muzzle is necessary for the protection of peaceable citizens. This muzzle is of a special kind. It is a tin cup, perforated for respiration, which prevents the dog from eating any food he may find in the road at night. An elastic arrangement, however, permits the unmuzzling of the animal in an instant, when the muzzle swings from the collar, ready to be replaced when the emergency has passed. Thus unmuzzled the well-fed, trained, and powerful animal is a formidable adversary even for an armed burglar, besides being an accessory of great use to the night patrol, whether a criminal's intent is fight or flight.

The entire education of the newly arrived dogs is undertaken by the brigadiers-controleurs, or officers in authority over the night patrol. When coaching the dogs the brigadier-controleur is always in civil dress, and often he simulates the appearance of a tramp or suspicious character. He goes through the pantomime of assaulting the night guards, runs away, slouches along with suspicious bundles, leaps into ditches filled with deep water, scales high walls, and generally runs the whole gamut of a rascal caught in the act.

Every week the dog police are lined up in the paddock for medical inspection. They come to know this event, and if space permitted, one might relate amusing, pathetic and all but incredible anecdotes of the intelligence these carefully selected and well trained brutes.

When a new recruit is beginning to show aptitude under training, the night guard to whom it is assigned comes to the kennel and leads it forth when the patrols with the older dogs are assembled for duty. The men are provided with bones or scraps of meat for the newcomer, and in this way stress is laid on the lesson it is sought to teach—namely, that only men in police uniform may be trusted. All others are to be eyed with suspicion, if not with positive ferocity. Later on the night patrol leads out the beginner, to familiarize it with every nook and corner of the beat. For one month this work goes on three or four hours of night, in all weathers, the hours of duty being gradually increased to the standard eight.

THE TRAINING.

If the animal is slow to understand the object lessons, he is frequently teased and irritated by a brigadier-controleur. In extreme cases a slow-witted recruit is maltreated and even kicked and beaten a little by the official actor. Simultaneously every policeman in the station caresses the dog and gives it dainties. It is no wonder, then, that the dog at the end of his training is at once eager to obey the commands of the police, and more than eager to attack a suspicious-looking person in civil clothes.

In many cases the central police bureau maintains in its grounds artistically arranged walls, water jumps and other obstacles, as well as a regular staff of officers skilled in training these dogs. They accustom new canine recruits to hearing revolver shots, to make flying leaps exceeding six feet, and to attacking fugitives in the bend of the knee. They are trained in this last respect by a pull at the leash when they jump for the neck. Thus when the policeman "criminal" in charge of the training feels the dog's muzzle touch the back of his knee, he drops, to show that the object is attained. This operation often repeated, shows the intelligent dog what the object of the pursuit is, and how it may be best accomplished. After a time the animal operates without being held in leash, and yet instantly responds to its master's whistle, no matter how headlong may be the pursuit in which it is engaged.

When an officer arrives on his beat he releases his dog with the laconic command, "Cherchez." Instantly the dog passes swiftly into and around farms and outhouses beyond the city boundary. It knows all possible places of concealment, for if during the earlier stages of the training its memory in this respect has been lax, morsels of meat have been placed in remote corners as an infallible guide to these places.

The dog does more scouting in ten minutes than its well-paid human comrade could do in an hour. If it barks or growls or in any way gives notice of having found something suspicious, the patrol at once joins the dog. Each night guard, by the way, carries a revolver with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, a whistle, handcuffs and a dark lantern.

Strict orders are given to the men to prevent their dogs from picking up bones or tempting morsels on the beat. Some superb animals were lost before the chief commissioner and his veterinary surgeon settled on the diet, which now renders the dogs almost indifferent to delicacies casually found in the night.

SOMETIMES POISONED.

Then men are warned never to take away the body of a dog colleague suddenly poisoned while on duty. The malefactor argues that the patrol will take up the body of his loyal and faithful friend and bear it back to the bureau, so leaving the field unguarded. The mere fact of the poisoning of a dog shows the proximity of a criminal on the beat, so the patrol must call for aid from the next round if he wants it and push on in search of the criminal.

Afterward he must carry the dog's body to the police abattoir, so that the veterinary surgeon may hold a post-mortem and determine the cause of death. The poisons most commonly used are strychnine and prussic acid. While on duty the dog rarely quits the heels of its human colleague, save to carry out the sharp military words of command, "Cherchez!" "Attaquez!" and so on; but it will rush to aid an officer on a neighboring beat on hearing the shrill signal for assistance.

Before its first year is over, indeed, the dog is as admirably drilled as the smartest Prussian infantryman. It obeys the word of command without a moment's hesitation. It will leap a fence, swim a stream or walk in front, behind or at the side, according to its master's pleasure. It is hungry for work, pathetically anxious to help. Wagging its tail with excitement—which must always be suppressed while on duty—it is an amusing picture of impulsive zeal; great is its delight and triumph when it makes an arrest.

One of the first foreign police officers to inquire into and adopt the dogs was M. Lepine, Police Prefect of Paris. The first eight of these fine beasts were bought for M. Lepine. These Paris pioneers—Pelvoux, Paris, Turco, Cesar, D'Artagnan, Meidje, Diana and Athos—became the pets of all Paris, visitors and residents alike. They proved so successful that their number was fast increased, until now every one of Lepine's agents plongeurs is accompanied on his rounds along the Seine quays by a chien sauveteur.

The alert German Minister of the Interior sent a police commissary into Belgium to investigate for himself the merits of the dog police. The report of this official as to efficiency and economy was so striking that within three years 150 German corporations had also installed dogs as auxiliary police, and were soon satisfied, as also were many cities of Austria, Hungary and Italy, of the canine policeman's superb sense of duty, as well as its loyalty, vigilance, fidelity, and its indifference to bribes and salary alike.

Positively and Undeniably

The Purest GREEN Tea Grown.

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

FREE FROM DUST, DIRT AND ALL FOREIGN SUBSTANCES.

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



Most people know that if they have been sick they need *Scott's Emulsion* to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about *Scott's Emulsion* is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

Better Underwear

Keeps your body warm, yet lets your skin breathe —knit, not woven,— —it fits, does PENANGLE Underwear.

Guaranteed Against Shrinkage



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Trade-marked in red. In a variety of styles, fabrics and prices, for women, men and children, and guaranteed.

ARTISTIC

Toilet Ware

TOILET WARE in artistic abundance is pictured in the pages of our Catalogue. Whether your taste turns to Silver, Ebony or Ivory, it will find ample variety from which to choose.

From our own factory comes the richly chased Pompadour Pattern in heavy Sterling Silver. A six-piece set—consisting of Cloth, Velvet and Hair Brushes, with Mirror and Comb —is unprecedented value at $30.

Pieces are sold singly if desired, so that a set may be added to, year by year.

Drop us a postal card and we will send you free of charge our large illustrated catalogue of Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, etc.

Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

The Mic-Mac Hockey Stick

IS MADE FROM SELECTED SECOND GROWTH YELLOW BIRCH. GRAIN OF WOOD RUNNING WITH CURVE OF BLADE. SOME OF ITS EXCELLENT FEATURES ARE:

1st. Stiffness and Lightness.
2nd. Does not fray at bottom.
3rd. Keeps its correct shape.
4th. Weight and design correct.
5th. Every stick carefully inspected before leaving factory.

THE STARR M'F'G CO.,
LIMITED,
DARTMOUTH, - N. S.

Branch, 126 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

THE REX HOCKEY STICK,
Our Latest Pattern
THE EXPERT'S FAVORITE.



NOTE—The longitudinal serrations on handle, ensuring firm grip and preventing stick slipping from player's hand.

ALSO

The double-grooved blade, the lower one also being serrated. This enables the puck to be accurately shot for goal and strengthens the stick.

The material used is straight grain selected second growth yellow birch.

Young Mother: "Do you think baby looks most like me or his papa?" Nurse: "Like you, mum. Mr. Jenkins is a mighty handsome man." Advertisement: "Wanted—A competent and well-mannered nurse."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES

48 HOURS AT PIANO.

Napoleon Bird Establishes a New Record Thumping "Dominoes."

Napoleon Bird, of Stockport, England, has established a record for a non-stop run on the piano. For 48 hours he hammered away at the keys without a stop.

But this forty-eight hours' flow of melody was not achieved without physical discomfort. Mr. Napoleon Bird is fifty-one years old, and his muscles are not so limber as they used to be, but Mrs. Napoleon Bird sat by his side for all the forty-eight hours, and her presence revived him in moments when his task appeared monotonous.

In the latter stages of this struggle between melody and time Mr. Napoleon Bird showed signs of excusable exhaustion and pardonable drowsiness. He was rescued from both by gentle showers of eau de cologne, which were sprayed on him. In the course of the last day also a barber shaved him to slow music.

As the hands of the clock approached the hour of ten the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and when the clock struck and Mr. Napoleon Bird lifted his hands from the keyboard he was seized and carried in triumph through the streets to his home.

During the forty-eight hours he performed 1,500 separate compositions, accompanied thre concerts, and played twice for dancing. A slight swelling of the fingers and cramp in the legs were the only ill-effects of his strenuous exertions.

A change of piano became necessary owing to the stiffness of the keys, but a skillful manœuvre enabled Mr. Bird to change instruments without losing a note of the song he was playing.

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

"Why on earth are they encoring this woman?" "Perhaps they see that she wants practice."

A Time for Everything.—The time for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, asthma, coughs, colds, catarrh or earache attack either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

A small boy's idea of a good time includes all the things his parents forbid him to do.

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

"Bridget, did you make that chicken broth?" "Oi did, mum." "I can't find it anywhere about; what did you do with it?" "Sure an phwat ilse would I do wid it but fade the chickens wid it, mum?"

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails.

You can doubtless name a number of people who talk too much—including yourself.

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

It's a fortunate thing for some officeholders that killing time isn't punishable by hanging.

SCALD HEAD is a disgusting and obstinate disease, frequent in children. Treatment: Perfect cleanliness and a generous application of Weaver' Cerate. Mothers will be glad to learn this.

THE ZULU WAR CRY.

The Zulu war cry, used whenever they take the field by the South African footballers now in London, has puzzled our newspapers, not one of which seems able to spell it correctly. The Daily Express gives it as "Igamilzho," and the Daily Mail as "Gammilio." The cry really consists of two words, and should be written "Igama layo." "Igama" is Zulu for "name," and "layo" is a possessive pronoun, meaning either "his" or "their." Thus the Daily Mail, although quite wrong in its orthography of the cry, is right in saying that it merely means "That is his name." The explanation is that Zulu etiquette does not allow warriors, when they rush into battle, to mention the names of their enemies, but the leaders shout out, "That is his name," pointing to the victims with their spears.

NO TROUBLE.

Flannery: "What rint do they charge for a house like yours?"
Finnegan: "Twelve dollars."
Flannery: "My, that's high. Don't ye have throuble gettin' it together?"
Finnegan: "Faith, Oi don't, but the agent does."

AN ENGLISH MISER.

John Camden Neild, whose magnificent bequest to Queen Victoria supplied the funds out of which the Prince Consort built the present Balmoral Castle, deserves a place among the great misers and was as remarkable a man as any of them. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn. At the age of 34 his father's death placed him in possession of a fortune of £250,000, and from that moment he became a confirmed miser. Neild lived at 5 Cheyne walk, Chelsea. His big house was so meanly furnished that it did not even boast of a bed. Two old women, who did his stoves, and a black cat were his sole companions. When he visited his large estates in the Midlands, which he did frequently, he generally walked, unless he could get a lift for nothing, and he was not even above takeing a gratuitous seat on a dung cart. Sometimes he was compelled by the weather to take a seat on the stage coach. And there he would sit outside, shivering and dripping—for he never wore a greatcoat—an object of commiseration to his fellow passengers.

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 Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all 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 314

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

Rich Heiress (scornfully): "So you're still on earth? I understood you to say, when I rejected you last season, that you could not possibly live without me." Jack Ardupp (cheerfully): "I'm not living. Merely managing to exist by means of the most rigid economy, that's all."

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache, and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

Often on the green leaves of trees there are little black spots which do not seem to arise from any disease, as the plant looks otherwise healthy enough. As a matter of fact, these are caused by burning through the rays of the sun getting focussed by the drops of morning dew.

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

Perambulating barbers, shaving customers in the street, are no unusual sight in the side streets of Manila.

BY BRIBING THE NERVES with opium you may stop a cough but the inflammation goes from bad to worse. Allen's Lung Balsam, containing no opium, goes to the root of the trouble and cures deep-seated affections of throat and lungs.

Newlywed: "Why, I never thought of saving until I got married." Bachelor: "And do you now?" Newlywed: "Oh, yes, indeed! I am continually thinking how much I might save if I wasn't married."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

NEEDED NO HELP.

Waiter: "H'm! So you object to the butter? Why didn't you ask me to remove it?"
Diner: "I supposed it was strong enough to get away without assistance."

FREE

Made in Canada and Sold by all Druggists

This coupon is good for one ten cent (10c.) Trial Bottle of the celebrated

Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill

a sure cure for Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all ailments arising therefrom. Mailed free, in a plain package, on receipt of name and address. Fill in your name and post office address on dotted lines and send to

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COLTSFOOTE
EXPECTORANT

The sign that drives away Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Throat troubles, Croup, etc., etc.

Produced by the highest medical knowledge and science.

A pure vegetable cough syrup.

Your druggist not only keeps it, but recommends it.

Price, 25 cents.

COLTSFOOTE
EXPECTORANT

"OSHAWA" Steel Shingles.

Wind, Water, Storm and Fire Proof



Locked 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. 141 and free samples of "OSHAWA" Shingles. Write to-day.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE,

Montreal, Que.	Ottawa, Ont.	Toronto, Ont.	London, Ont.	Winnipeg, Man.	Vancouver, B.C.
321-3 W Craig St.	423 Sussex st.	11 Colborne st	69 Dundas st.	76 Lombard st.	615 Pender st.

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

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

Eternal vigilance is the price of success, and it is in this way that the success of the Starr Mfg. Co.'s hockey skates and sticks has been bought. The makers are ever on the alert to know what the hockeyists' requirements are and in this way incorporate these features which make their line the most popular in the market. They are also alert to see that their goods cannot be excelled in quality of materials and workmanship. This policy, which will always be maintained, has made the firm and its goods famous thousands of miles away from the little Nova Scotian town where the factory is situated.

The license of the Castle Hotel, Preston, which has been in existence since 1823, has now elapsed. The property has been purchased by a local newspaper firm for business purposes.

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

"Isabel says she will never marry a man who isn't a hero." "But she can easily convert any man into a hero." "How?" "By getting him to marry her."

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure. Try a bottle.

Dawkins: "I got a good square meal last night, the first in several weeks, and I have you to thank for it." Friend: "Me to thank? Well, that's news to me." Dawkins: "Yes, I know. I wired to my wife yesterday morning that you were coming home to dinner with me."

WEAK WATERY BLOOD causes much trouble. *That tired feeling* and many more symptoms follow in its wake. Try "Ferrovim." It is the *best tonic* to make you strong and well. All druggists sell it.

Sue: "You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you're engaged to a dentist." Flo: "Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life."

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

WHY SEA-SHELLS MURMUR.

The reason why one can hear sounds like the roaring of the sea when certain shells picked up on the beach are placed to the ear is quite simple. The hollow form of the shell and its polished surface enable it to receive and return the beatings of all sounds that chance to be trembling in the air around the shell.

"Your money or your life!" said the robber. "Take me life," responded the victim. "I'm saving me money for me old age!"

Dyeing! Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."

Look for agent in your town, or send direct.

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

$60



GOES LIKE SIXTY
SELLS LIKE SIXTY
SELLS FOR SIXTY
GASOLINE ENGINES
for Pumping, Cream Separator, Churn, Washing Machine, Ice Cream Freezer, etc. Send for catalogue.
GILSON MFG. CO.
Port Washington, Wis.
Mfg. 179 Park St.

FOR SALE.

Three hundred Stock, Grain, Fruit, Garden and Canning Factory Produce Farms in the Niagara District. Write for free list. Ontario Real Estate Company, Smithville, Ont.



$5, BUYS A HOME

Forty years ago you could have bought lots in Denver for $100 on which now stand stores which bring $15,000 a year rent.

Denver has a population of 200,000. In five years the population will reach the half-million mark.

Ordinary residence lots in districts already populated bring from $250 to $2,000 each.

WE ARE LAYING OUT A NEW ADDITION

Washington Heights

The highest and most sightly addition to Denver, furnishing a perfect view of Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains for a distance of 75 miles. Overlooking Washington Park. An ideal spot.

Lots 25 x 125 Feet for $100

$5 CASH $5 PER MONTH

THESE lots are bound to double in value within the next year or two, and before many years are apt to be as valuable as any in Denver.

FREE—upon application. We may send full particulars. You pay no taxes or interest until all payments are made and full title secured.

Choice lots in three cities reserved promptly. Better send $5 and secure select location. Lots going fast.

THE CENTURY LOAN AND TRUST CO.
The Century Building Denver, Colorado

If you have property to sell in Denver, write us.

She: "I wonder why a woman always marries the man who rescues her from drowning?" He: "That's what the man wonders later on."

WE CLAIM that "The D & L" Menthol Plaster will cure Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica or Neuralgia Pains quicker than any other plaster. Recommended by everybody.

"Do you think that music is of any practical benefit?" "Well," replied the cynic, "judging from the photographs of eminent violinists, it must keep the hair from falling out!"

CAMERON'S Asthma Cure has never failed to cure those suffering from Chronic Bronchitis or Asthma.

If afflicted

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE,

and let us convince you that we have a cure—one that cures to stay cured. FREE SAMPLE sent to any address.

D. A. CAMERON & CO.,
Owen Sound, Ont

Furs! Furs! Furs!

We have as usual, for the Coming Winter, a

Large Stock of Furs

— — Consisting in part of — —

Men's Coon Coats, different grades,
Men's Buffalo and Dog Skin Coats,
Men's Fur lined Coats, different kinds,
Ladies' Fur and Fur lined Coats,
Ladies' Short and Long Ruffs,
Ladies' Fur Sholes, Boas and Caperines,
Grey Lamb Collars and Caps for Children,
Fur Gauntlets for Men and Ladies,
Nice assortment of Muffs,
Fur Collars for men to button on cloth coats,

All our other lines of stock are very complete and our prices are right.

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!!



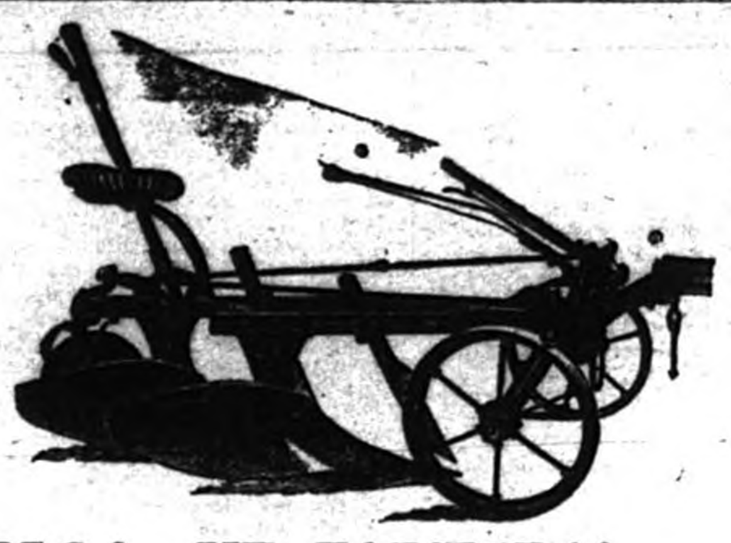
Stoves Needed
We have them

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 these lines ever seen in Lachute. Some 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 Ruober 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. R'ly 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 outbuildings 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 lot. Farm is known as the Robinson place, situated four miles from Lachute, and is well fenced, well watered, good house and outbuildings 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 1000 trees, well equipped. Close to church, cheese factory, post office and school. Reason for selling old age. JNO. EVANS, Dunany, P Q.

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 authorizep, 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, 1903.

CASTORIA.

Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. G. A. CLUNIE, D.D.S., L.D.S.
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thaday Friday 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,
Brownsburg, 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.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P. O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne. Sales conducted in French and English.

PINE HILL.

Mr. D. T. Bates of Grenville was a recent visitor in Edina.

Mr. L. C. Barron of Lachute was visiting friends in Edina and Grenville recently.

Mr. Willie Bigelow of St. Michel had the good fortune to shoot two fine deer a short time ago.

Miss Vida Kennedy of Grenville is the guest of her sister Mrs. T. B. Tomalty, Pine Hill.

Mrs. Joseph Moncreiff and Mr. G. H. Moncreiff of Grenville spent Saturday of last week in town.

Mr W. A. Jamieson of Lachute passed through here on Thursday of last week on a trip to Rivington and Calumet.

Mrs. T. B. Tomalty and Master Holland Tomalty were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy, Edina.

We are very sorry to report that Mr. Abt. J. Tittley, of Lost River, is home from camp suffering from a severe attack of measles.

Rev. E. A. Budd will occupy the pulpit in the Edina Methodist Church on Sunday evening of this week at 7 p.m.

Our esteemed friend Mr. J. John of Lachute made us a friendly call recently. We are always very pleased to see Mr. John, for by his social and entertaining manner he has become a general favorite with us all.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

— TIME TABLES —

Trains Going West,—Leaving Lachute 10.03 a.m., and 7.33 p.m.

Trains Going East,—Leaving Lachute 2.40 a.m., and 8.57.

Commencing Sunday, November 13th, train heretofore leaving Place Viger at 9.15 a.m. for Nominingue and intermediate stations, and returning leaving Nominingue 4.15 p.m. same day, will run to and from Labelle and will be cancelled between Labelle and Nominingue.

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.



James E. Nicholson.

Almost Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP,

AND IS CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

spread to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXI. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1906. NO. 44

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.

You will always find a complete stock of Builder's Hardware on hand such as Locks, Knobks, Hinges, Nails, Felts, in all styles sizes and qualities.

T. McOuat & Son.

Snow Shovels, Sleigh Bells, Horse Blankets, Lanterns, Cross cut saws, Axes, Cant Hooks for Farmers and Lumberman.

T. McOuat & Son.

SHOOTING MATCH.

A shooting match for 16 turkeys will be held on the farm of John S. Gordon, Jerusalem on Saturday next, Dec. 1st, at 12 o'clock sharp.

FOR SALE.—A good general purpose horse, 9 years old, express buggy, sleigh, harness and robes. Good chance for quick buyer. Apply to H. Gardner, Brownsburg.

STRAYED.—Two heifers and one bull 1½ years old, can have the same by paying costs. Apply to WM. H. MORROW, Dalesville, Que.

Pure Corn Meal at $26 per ton bulk or $1.30 per bag.

J. D. Campbell & Co.

FOR SALE.—A Rack Sleigh and a pair of Buffaloes in good order. Apply to JOHN McGILLVEARY.

WANTED.—A good competent man, to take charge of saw and planing mill.
Apply to J. D. Campbell & Co.

CLEARING SALE.

All felts and trimmed goods at cost, also fancy ribbons suitable for May Collars. Call early and have your choice.

LILLIAN SMITH, at Miss Lowe's.

BOY WANTED.—A good smart boy to learn the moulding. Apply at once to T. McOuat & Son.

Just Received—A car load of Choice winter apples. See them before you buy.

G. H. CRESWELL'S

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Phileas Rodrigue spent Monday in Buckingham.

Mrs. Guilford of Waltham, is the guest of Mrs. Edson this week.

The Hon. W. A. Weir will be in Lachute on Saturday, Dec. 1st.

Mr. J. G. Murray of Ottawa, spent the early part of the week in town.

Mr. C. T. Laberge, civil engineer of Montreal, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Reeves of Ottawa was the guest of Mr. Jas. W. Griffith over Sunday.

Miss McFarlane of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) A. W. Stackhouse this week.

Miss Piche of Montreal was the guest of her sister Mrs. T. Jousse over Sunday.

Mrs. F. Beech and family of New York is the guest of her sister Mrs. Jno. McFaul.

Messrs A. Davis and A. Newton, of Christieville, were guests of Mr. Jno. Evans this week.

Mrs. Silas Carpenter returned on Monday from a couple of weeks visit with friends in the city.

Mrs. Thomas Christie entertained Saturday last, with a linen shower, in honor of Miss Ethel Simpson.

Dr. A. W. Stackhouse was in Ottawa yesterday attending the annual meeting of the L.O.H.A., at which he was appointed Vice-President.

A meeting of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church has been called for Monday next, Dec. 3rd, to take into consideration the choice of a pastor.

Miss Alice McLaren of Vankleek Hill, who has been visiting in town, left on Monday for Montreal accompanied by her aunt Miss Sarah McGibbon.

Mr. Thomas Barron has been confined to the house for the past few days with a badly bruised face, the result of a nasty kick from his horse.

The Secretary of the Agricultural Soiety requests that all those who have obtained premiums during the year would call for same without delay.

A suitable present to send away to any of your friends at a distance would be a souvenir book of Picturesque Lachute. You can procure them at the Watchman Office for the small cost of 25cts.

A concert is to be held in Genoa on Friday evening, Dec. 7th. Admission adults 25cts, children 15cts. Proceeds are to be used for a new organ. A good programme may be looked for. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Now don't forget the concert and don't forget the date and don't forget to come.

Mr. Jarrett left on Wednesday for a short visit with friends in the city prior to his departure for California.

The ordination and induction of Mr. Morgan as pastor of the Baptist Church will take place on Thursday, Dec. 13th. A council, composed of ministers and delegates from the churches of the Ottawa Association and the city of Montreal will meet in the church at 2 p.m. for the purpose of examining the candidate, and if such examination proves satisfactory to the council the ordination services will be held in the church in the evening at 7.30 p.m.

The Rev. E. Thomas gave his lecture on "Society Love and Religion" in the Eastern Church, Ottawa. Mrs. Thomas illustrates the lecture with a series of selections from Tennyson's best work and the poets own songs have a place. Every seat was filled. The event was so successful that the programme has to be repeated in the Dominion Church on December 10th. In response to a large demand Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will present the programme in the Methodist Church in this town on Tuesday, Dec. 18th.

The sale of work by the Ladies of the Methodist Church, held in the Lecture Hall on Friday evening last passed off most successfully, the proceeds amounting to nearly $100. A substantial tea was served, after which an adjournment was made to the Church where an excellent programme was proceeded with comprising vocal and instrumental selections, readings, etc. Among those taking part were (Rev.) Mrs. Thomas Mrs. Harlow Giles, the Misses J. McConnell & Violet Joss, and Messrs. Hewitt, Finn, Murphy, Jarrett, Hammond, Hooker, Taylor and Giles.

CHARTERS—SIMPSON.

On Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock a very interesting wedding was celebrated in St. Simeon's Church, when the Rev. Herbert Charters the incumbent was united in marriage to Miss Ethel Maud Simpson, only daughter of the late W. J. Simpson, formerly M.L.A. of this county. The church was prettily decorated with flowers and crowded to the doors. The bride looked charming in a gown of white crepe de chene, veil, caught with natural orange blossoms, and carried a boquet of roses and lillies of the valley, and entered the church on the arm of her brother Capt. J. E. W. Simpson, who gave her away. Miss Bertha Wanless was bridesmaid and the bridegroom was assisted by his brother Mr. Alexander A. Charters of Mentreal. The Rev. Frank Charters of St. Simon's Church, Montreal (brother of the bridegroom) officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. E. Ireland of Buckingham. A full choral service was rendered opening with Lohengran's wedding march, spiritedly played by Miss C. Moore. During the retirement of the wedded couple to the vestry, the anthem "Oh Perfect Love" was rendered. The happy couple left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding march, and five little girls, dressed in white, strewed flowers in their pathway. Supper was served at the residence of the bride's mother, after which the Rev. and Mrs. Charters left for New York and Albany. The bride's going away gown was of Alice blue broadcloth with toque to match. The gifts, numbering over one hundred and fifty, were very costly and beautiful and bear testimony to the high esteem in which the young couple are held. Among the guests were Mrs. and Miss Paterson of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Duck of Chicago, Mrs. Parkhurst of Bath, New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Ireland of Buckingham, Rev. Frank Charters and Mr. A. A. Charters of Montreal and immediate 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. GARRETSEE,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN,

1st Vice President Canada Association of Opticians.

Watch Repairing a Specialty. **LACHUTE.**

CRESWELL'S

CHOICE WINTER APPLES.

FRUIT & CONFECTIONETY

OYSTERS. BEANS. BOVRIL.

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, 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.

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.

Lirriper's Deception

"Bills, bills, bills! Only two years in London and £700 in debt. By George! that's not a bad record for a law student. If the old dad knew that I owed even so much as a five-pound note he'd cut me off with the proverbial twelve coppers."

Tom Lirriper lit his pipe and stared moodily at the china shepherdess on the chimney-piece.

"I should have managed all right if I'd only had myself to consider, but when a fellow is engaged to a jolly girl like Dulcie Doone—well, he has to spend a bit; and I think it's dashed inconsiderate of the guv'nor not to double my allowance, considering how pleased he was when I told him of my engagement. Let's have a look at his letter again."

He took the letter from his pocket-book and spread it upon the table.

"My Dear Son,—The news of your engagement to Miss Doone has pleased me beyond measure. Jasper Doone and I went to school together, and you are a lucky dog to be received into such a family. I would run up to London to see you, but my old enemy the gout has got me, and I sha'n't be able to put my foot down for weeks. Work hard, my boy, and make yourself worthy of her. I will give you £2,000 the day you are married.

"Your affectionate father,
Gregory Lirriper."

"By George! Two thousand the day I am married! I shall go smash long before then, and the old man will play the Spartan father and disinherit me."

While he sat ruminating and railing at Fate the door of his room was opened and the figure of his landlady protruded into the apartment.

"Miss Doone has called, and before I sends her up I should like to remind you, Mr. Lirriper, as my bill is now over £16, and as landladies must live as well as other folk——"

"Say nothing about your account, Mrs Mooney, nothing at all; I assure you it will be seen to at once."

The landlady retired, grumbling, and in a few minutes Dulcie Doone entered the room.

"Why, Dulcie, this is a surprise. Fancy you coming to see me in these old diggings. I should never have dared to invite you here."

"They don't look very tempting, Tom, I must say; but I can't stay a minute. I just came to tell you that mother and I are going down to Devonshire; we have had a wire to say that my aunt is very ill and wants to see me. I just called in on my way to the station."

"Oh, I say, and how long are you going to be away?"

"I cannot tell you that, Tom, dear. Aunt is so very ill that they do not expect her to recover, and in that case we shall stay to the end. It is the least I can do, seeing that I am to inherit all her property; and she is very rich."

"Ah, I see how it is. You'll go away, and come back a rich heiress, and then forget all about poor Tom Lirriper."

"Oh, you silly old goose, as if money would make any difference in me. But I must really go now, Tom; mother is waiting at the station, and I must not miss the train."

"Well, good-bye, dear; you'll write to me every day, and——"

The rest of his admonition became inaudible in an affectionate embrace, and in a few minutes he was once more alone, a prey to the terrors of his monetary position.

"By Jove! I don't know what to do. What with Dulcie being away, and these beastly money worries, I shall have an awful fit of the blues."

The door was partly open, and as he walked moodily up and down a bright face with a pair of mischievous eyes looked in at him.

"Why is the lion so restless this morning? Such pacing to and fro is not conducive to the study of the law."

"Ah, Mrs. Crisp, good morning; come in."

Mrs. Caroline Crisp occupied the suite of rooms above Tom Lirriper's. She was a bright, cheery little woman whose husband was away in South Africa on business, and was not expected back for another month. She had not been very long under Mrs. Mooney's roof, but she and Tom Lirriper were already very good friends.

"Well, and what's the matter? You look as cheerful as a rainy day."

"Oh, everything's the matter. I'm up to my neck in debt, and I don't see any way of getting out of it."

"Oh, you poor boy, I'm so sorry; but your father is a rich man, isn't he? Why not lay the whole matter before him?"

"My dear Mrs. Crisp, I have no doubt you mean well, but you don't know what you are talking about. If my old dad knew that I was in debt he would discard me like an old boot."

"Dear, dear, that's bad; and I don't see how I can help you. Is it much?"

"About £700."

"Good gracious! What on earth have you been doing?"

"Well, you see, I—I am engaged to be married, and—well, a fellow must spend a bit when he has a jolly girl to take about."

"And does your father approve of your engagement?"

"Rather! Just look at this letter he sent me when I told him of it."

"That is very kind of him, Mr. Lirriper. 'Two thousand pounds the day you are married.' What a pity you can't get married at once. You could pay your debts and still have £1,300."

"By Jove! that's not a bad idea. Thank you, Mrs. Crisp; I will think about it."

"It is the only way out that I can see, if you really think it is impossible to tell your father."

"Oh, that is out of the question."

"Well, then, try the other. Cheer up and don't be down-hearted; all will come out right. Good-bye, I must be off now."

With the departure of Mrs. Crisp, Tom Lirriper sat down and began to seriously consider the feasibility of her suggestion. His creditors would not wait longer than a day or two, and the necessity of having the money immediately was imperative. But Dulcie was on her way to Devonshire for an indefinite period, and even if she had been in London it was improbable that she would agree to such a hasty marriage.

"Confound it, I don't know what to do."

And as he sat there almost despairing, his evil genius perched himself on his shoulder and turned his thoughts into a channel from which he started back with a shudder.

"No, no, I could never do it; the risk is too great, and he would never forgive me if he found out. And yet—and yet, dad is such a confirmed invalid with his gout that he could not come to my wedding in any case. Could I do it? Dare I risk it? Let me see what I could say to him."

"My Dear Dad,—You will be surprised to hear that I was married this morning by special license. Circumstances in my wife's family made it imperative that we should be married immediately or postpone the ceremony for a couple of years. I feel sure you will not blame me for consummating my happiness at such short notice, and as we are starting at once for our honeymoon tour on the Continent, I shall be glad if you can send me the £2,000 you promised me.

In much haste, your affectionate son,
Tom."

"That reads all right; the only thing is, will it succeed, and what is my position after? Well, I must risk it, and when I have got the money I will buy a special license, run down to Devonshire, and persuade Dulcie to marry me at once."

With many misgivings he addressed the envelope and sealed it, and when he went out to post it his hand hesitated many times before he finally dropped it into the box. His agony of mind during the next two days can better be imagined than described, and when on the second day he found a letter on his breakfast-table in his father's handwriting he tore it open with feverish haste.

"My Dear Son,—Your letter naturally surprised me very much, but as I do not believe in long engagements I cannot blame you for taking the shorter alternative. I am glad to tell you that my gout has wonderfully improved, and as I should like to pay my respects to your wife I am coming to London, and will be with you almost as soon as you get this letter.

Your affectionate father,
Gregory Lirriper."

"What! my father coming here! I am lost, lost! Oh, what a fool I've been! It's all through that Mrs. Crisp putting the idea into my head. What shall I do? Oh, I am going mad!"

"Anything wrong, Mr. Lirriper?"

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Crisp, is it? Yes, there is something wrong. Come in, don't stand there; a nice thing you have done for me with your suggestions."

"Why, what have I done?"

"What have you done? You suggested that I should get married as soon as possible, so as to get the £2,000 my father promised me."

"Well?"

"Well, I wrote to him and told him that I was married, and—and instead of sending me the money, he's—he's coming here."

"But you are not married, are you?"

"Of course I'm not, and that's the worst of it. He'll be here in a few minutes and want me to produce my wife. Oh, I am ruined, and it's all your fault."

"My fault? I like that. I did not tell you to deceive your father."

"No, but your suggestion put it into my head. Here, what's that? A cab has stopped at the front door, and the guv'nor is getting out. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Well, as I don't want to be present at a painful scene I will go up to my own rooms."

Mrs. Crisp rose to go, but to her astonishment Tom Lirriper suddenly seized her by the shoulders and forced her back into the chair.

"No, you don't, Mrs. Crisp. You got me into this mess, and you've got to get me out of it, unless you want to see me ruined."

"I! What can I do?"

"Be my wife for an hour."

"Impossible. I——"

"But I insist upon it; not a word. We leave for our honeymoon by the 11.05 train from Cannon Street, so it will be only for an hour; don't ruin me for goodness' sake. Agree to everything I say, and I will get rid of him as soon as possible. Hush! Not a word, he is here."

Dumbly protesting, Mrs. Crisp collapsed in the chair and nervously awaited the approaching interview. In another instant the door opened and Gregory Lirriper entered.

"Well, dad, this is a surprise."

"Aye, my boy, it is, but it is nothing to the surprise you gave me when I received your letter saying that you were married. And so this is my daughter-in-law, eh? Come along, my dear, and give the old man a kiss."

And before Mrs. Crisp could protest Gregory Lirriper had seized her in his arms and given her half-a-dozen kisses.

"And a bonny lass you are, too, and I'm proud of you. Funny thing, your father and I were at school together."

"Indeed, sir, I——"

"No, I don't suppose you know anything about it; but look here. I've brought you a little wedding present. How do you like that, eh?"

And Gregory Lirriper produced from a leather case a magnificent diamond necklet.

"Oh, sir, I couldn't really, I——"

Seeing that Mrs. Crisp was about to refuse the costly gift, Tom immediately came forward.

"Don't be silly, my dear; dad would not give you such an expensive present unless he could afford it. Here, let me clasp it on. There, my dear, it looks beautiful; thank you very much, dad, for your kind present."

"Oh, that's all right, my boy, and here is the little cheque I promised you, but you haven't told me the reason why you got married in such a hurry."

"Well, look here, dad; you see it's this way. We didn't know that you would be able to come up, and we arranged to start on our honeymoon by the 11.05 from Cannon Street. If I stay to tell you the whole story we shall miss our train, so you won't mind if I postpone it?"

"Certainly not, my boy. But it is the funniest business I ever heard of, getting married at five minutes' notice. No, no; don't let me spoil your arrangements. Hallo! where's the girl?"

Mrs. Crisp found herself unable to bear the situation any longer, and, taking an opportunity when Gregory Lirriper's back was turned, had made her escape from the room.

"Funny, going off like that. I thought she seemed a bit dazed. No insanity in the family, is there?"

"Oh no, dad, I assure you, but she is shy—very shy; and you coming along so suddenly——"

"Ah, made her nervous, I dare say. Well, well, my boy, I hope you will be very happy. By the way, I met an old friend in the train, and I asked him to meet me here. You won't mind me waiting until he comes?"

"Oh, no, dad; stay as long as you like."

"Very well; off you go and get ready."

"You are not vexed that I got married in such a hurry?"

"Not at all, my boy. She seems a very nice girl—not quite so young as I expected; but she's none the worse for that. I only hope she won't be afraid of her dad-in-law."

Feeling very much like a kicked spaniel, Tom hurried upstairs, where he had to use all his powers of persuasion to induce Mrs. Crisp to continue the deception and get ready for the supposed departure for the station.

Meanwhile Gregory Lirriper lit a cigar and made himself comfortable in Tom's sitting-room while he awaited the arrival of his friend. He had not long to wait, for in a few minutes a tall, broad-shouldered man with a bronzed face entered the room.

"Ah, Anthony! You've found your way here, eh? You are just in time to see my boy and his wife start off on their honeymoon."

"Well, he's luckier than I am, for I can't find my wife at all."

"Not find your wife?"

"That's about the size of it. You see, I went away to South Africa for nine months, and left my wife in lodgings in Bloomsbury. Well, I found I could come back a month before my time; so to give her a surprise I started for England without telling her, and now I find that she has left her lodgings, and no one knows where she has gone to."

"That is very awkward, Anthony; you'll have to advertise in the agony columns of the papers. Halloa! who is this?"

At this juncture the door opened and Dulcie Doone entered the room.

"Oh! I beg your pardon; I thought to find Tom—I mean Mr. Lirriper—here."

"That's all right, my dear; come in and sit down. Tom will be here in a minute; he's just getting ready to go off on his honeymoon."

"His honeymoon! Is Tom—Tom married?"

"Ah, my dear, that surprises you, does it? Well, I can tell you it surprised me last night when I got the letter telling me the news."

"Tom—married! I—I can't believe it."

"But it is true, my dear; I've seen his wife, and surely I—Tom's own father—ought to know."

"Tom's father?"

"Yes; I am Gregory Lirriper, and would you mind telling me who you are, my dear? You seem upset."

"I—I am Dulcie Doone; and I—I was engaged to Tom. I can't believe it."

"What! You Dulcie Doone! Then who is this woman he has married?"

"How can I tell? I left London two days ago, and—and Tom told me nothing about this when I said good-bye to him."

"Two days ago! Why, he must have been married by then. Look here, my dear, there is some mystery here, and I'm going to solve it. Here comes Tom now; you go behind this screen for a minute while I tackle him. Anthony, would you mind going also?"

Gregory Lirriper bundled the two behind the screen just as Tom entered the room.

"Well, Tom, my boy; all ready, eh?"

"Yes, dad; my wife will be down in a minute."

"Well, look here, my boy. I'm not quite satisfied about this hasty marriage of yours. Can you assure me that everything is all right?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I will ask you a plain question. Can you assure me that you have not been playing fast and loose with the affections of any young lady other than your wife?"

"I do not understand you, sir, and I beg you will not upset my wife just as we are starting on our honeymoon. She is so very sensitive that the slightest worry makes her ill. Hush! here she is now."

Mrs. Crisp entered the room dressed for travelling, but looking more dead than alive. Tom sprang forward and supported her around the waist.

"H'm! She certainly looks very guilty about something. May I ask, madam, what your Christian name is?"

"Dulcie," answered Tom, promptly.

"Oh indeed! then may I ask who this is?" answered the old man, as he drew Dulcie from behind the screen.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, why did you do it?"

"Dulcie! you here?"

"Yes, I am here; I am sorry I came, but it gives me the opportunity of returning your ring."

"But, Dulcie, I can explain——"

"You cannot explain the fact of your marriage."

While Tom was still supporting the half-fainting form of Mrs. Crisp, the man whom Gregory Lirriper called Anthony came from behind the screen and gazed at her in astonishment.

"Caroline!"

"Anthony!"

She took a step forward and held out her arms, but Anthony Crisp stood like a statue.

"I should like some explanation of this. I leave England for a considerable time, and when I return I find that you have left your lodgings and committed a bigamous marriage with this man."

"But Anthony, Anthony, we are not married."

"And yet you are about to start on your honeymoon."

"Oh, this is preposterous; Tom Lirriper, be a man, and get me out of this trouble."

"Ayel" exclaimed Gregory Lirriper, "I should like to hear Tom's explanation. It will take a lot to convince me that he's not a young blackguard."

"Oh, Tom; what is it? You are not married, are you?" asked Dulcie.

"No, dear, I am not, but I have made a thorough fool of myself, and must ask your forgiveness all round. I am sorry to say, dad, that I am deeply in debt, and in order to avoid a smash it was necessary that I should find some money. Knowing your horror of debts I could not ask you, and, in an evil moment I thought of the £2,000 you promised me on my wedding day."

"And you wrote and told me you were married, while all the time it was an untruth!"

"That is so, dad, and I am very sorry for it. As soon as I got the money I was going down to Devonshire to ask Dulcie to marry me, but you turned up, and I—I made Mrs. Crisp play the part of my wife."

"Very well, sir, you have made a fool of me and a fool of yourself, and so you must bear the consequences. I don't want ever to see you again; and you will not inherit a penny of my money. Good day."

"Oh, Mr. Lirriper, don't go like that," exclaimed Dulcie. "If I can forgive Tom, surely you can. As for your money we don't want it, as my aunt has left me £20,000; but we do want your love, and you will not refuse us that?"

"Well, well, if you put it like that, I suppose I must forgive him. And what about you, Anthony?"

"Oh! I am so rejoiced at finding my wife that I am ready to forgive anybody and everybody."—London Tit-Bits.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Well-Known People.

General Togi, of Port Arthur fame, is paying the penalty of popularity at the hands of autograph seekers. But the form which this has taken in Japan has about it a touch of sentiment, inasmuch as the relatives of soldiers who fell before Port Arthur are seeking the General's autograph inscription to place on the tombstones of the dead.

The Bishop of London spends no great amount of time in the planning of his sermons—forceful though they are. He writes them only on very special occasions. Usually he selects a suitable text, ponders it for a moment, notes down the heads of his subject, verifies his quotations and references, and in the space of a few minutes he has settled the whole matter.

The Marquess of Ailsa is a man of many hobbies. He has made a study of naval construction, and has a shipbuilding yard at Troon, Scotland, while he is an authority on motor engineering and runs his own motor-boats. He is known, too, as an enthusiastic floriculturist, and at Culzean Castle, Ayrshire, has managed to grow flowers which can be seen nowhere else in Scotland.

The King of Spain's full name is Alfonso Leon Fernando Maria Santiago Isidore Paschal Marcian. His mother decided on Alfonso, Santiago is the patron saint of Spain, Leon is adapted from the name of his godfather Pope Leo, the ploughman Isidore is the patron saint of Madrid, Paschal is the patron saint of the King's birthday, and Marcian is that of his christening day.

The Prince of Wales has made wonderful progress as a shot, and is one of the deadliest in England. His Royal Highness is almost as good as his friend, Lord de Grey, who has often the embarrassing experience of finding himself watched by other sportsmen, who prefer to see him bring down the birds rather than shoot themselves. The King is also a very fine shot, but the best shot amongst Royalties is the King of Portugal.

Mr. Arthur Burrows, of Lincoln's Inn, who is in his ninety-fourth year, is the oldest barrister in Great Britain, and continues to hold the post of conveyancing counsel to the Chancery Division, to which he was appointed in 1877. Mr. Burrows regularly attends his chambers in Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, on certain days in the week to dispose of his work. His connection with the law extends to nearly seventy-six years, as he entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn in November, 1830.

Mme. Flammarion, the distinguished wife of her equally distinguished husband-astronomer, never allows anyone to cut her husband's hair but herself, and she uses the shorn locks for pillows. Her home in Paris is full of such pillows stuffed with clippings. The Flammarions were married thirty years ago; therefore, taking the average time of a man's growth of hair between each cutting as three weeks, the treasured accumulation of over 500 hair-cuttings must make a goodly pile.

The Princess of Monaco is the second wife of the reigning Prince of the little principality. She was Mlle. Heine, daughter of the rich banker of Hamburg and niece of the great poet. New Orleans gave her birth, and in due course she was married to the Duc de Richelieu. Her fortune on the death of the Duc was said to have been $10,000,000. She married the present Prince in 1889, his first marriage with Lady Mary Victoria Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, having been dissolved by the Pope. She has always regarded the gaming-house at Monaco with the utmost disfavor, if not with positive aversion.

The Sultan is very fond of animals, and has a wonderful collection at Yildiz. His pets are kept on a small island, and are of all sorts—stags, roe-deer, gazelles, rare goats and sheep, and birds of every land. They are all tame, and are said to be very fond of their Royal master. A special kiosk is given up to dogs, of which a few fine specimens are generally imported every year, especially from England. There is also a cat-house, but the most luxurious of all are the aviaries. These are under the care of a Kooshjee Bashi or head fowler, with twenty attendants. All the rest of the menagerie is under a director, with thirty helpers. The only wild beasts are a few lions, panthers, and such-like, presented by King Menelik.

THE MORNING AFTER THE DANCE.

The dance broke up at two a. m., we
reached our beds at four,
At five o'clock the farmer's fist was rapping at our door;

"Wake up," says he, "your breakfast
waits—we're most uncommon late;
The hogs are squealing 'Give us corn,'
the cows are at the gate."

We heard his heavy tread retreat along
the naked floor,
Six steps it may have been or seven—
and then we heard no more.

Sleep's touch that sealed our eyes
down was feather-soft and sweet;
Our dreams were all of sparkling eyes
and little twinkling feet.

Again we waltzed Matilda Jane and
Annabel and Sue,
And chassed down the middle of the
parlor, two by two;

But just as we were bowing our partners
to their chairs,
The farmer's cowhide boots again were
heard upon the stairs.

With sighs and groans, we fumbled and
grumbled in the gloom,
For shoes and such etceteras that carpeted the room.

The frost was on the drowsy corn what
time we drove that way;
The moon still lit the silent vault, as
when we came from play;

The reedy ponds were garmented with
gossamery lines;
The stars were blinking sleepily above
the sombre pines;

The sun was gilding Boston's domes a
thousand miles down East,
And evening seemed a thousand years
away from us, at least.

A thousand years from two of us—Bill's
thoughts were lighter-toned;
He grinned and gaped and chuckled
while we yawned and husked and
groaned.

"Which one" says Jim, "Matilda?" and
Bill replied, "It's Sue;
And every ear I'm husking now, I'm
husking it for two."

Quoth Jim: "Congratulations—but before this day is done,
I reckon I'll be mighty glad I'm husking 'em for one."

—Frank Putnam in National Magazine for November.

A BRAVE SINGER.

"I tell you," said one man to another, as they emerged from the dimly-lighted corridor of a concert hall, "I envy that fellow who was singing."

"Envy him!" echoed the other. "Well, if I were going to envy a singer I'd select somebody with a better voice. His was about the poorest I ever heard."

"It's not his voice I envy, man," was the reply. "It's his tremendous courage."

"That was a great sermon you preached this morning," said the old churchwarden," and it was well timed, too." "Yes," replied the parson, with a deep sigh. "I noticed that." "Noticed what?" asked the puzzled warden. "That several of the congregation looked at their watches frequently," answered the good man, with another deep sigh.

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER XI.

"You don't mean to tell me they've accepted, Hilda?"

Mrs. van Slack's voice expressed the greatest surprise. She was reclining on a divan in the library of a cottage, holding a novel in her hand and looking at Hilda, who stood beside a book-covered table near the centre of the room, reperusing a note she had just read aloud.

"Yes. The answer is evidently in Mrs. Durkee's writing. She regrets that her husband is out of town, but says that she will be glad to be present with Miss Durkee. Well, it's just the funniest thing I ever heard of."

Hilda sank into an easy-chair, and looked at her mother inquiringly.

"What do you suppose it means, mamma?"

"Why, I don't know exactly. Rutger urged me to write to them this morning asking them to dine with us to-night. I told him it was not at all en regle, but he used some vulgar slang like 'Everything goes in summer,' or some such horrid expression, and I did as he wished. I didn't for a moment think they'd come. But I don't know that I'm sorry. She's the daughter of a marquis, you know."

"Yes. And I'm wild to see her. Even John Dare says she's handsome, and, you know, he's very critical about women." .....

Hilda said this complacently, as though she were paying herself a well-deserved compliment.

"Well, I'm really getting worried about Rutger," remarked Mrs. van Slack musingly. "He has been acting very strangely of late. I am glad that this Mr. Durkee is going to take his wife to Europe so soon. Rutger keeps me on pins and needles all the time. You never can tell what he's going to do next. I do wish he'd get married. I'd feel so much easier about him then.."

"Humph! If his wife wasn't just the right kind of a woman, you might have more to worry about than you have now."

"Hilda, Hilda, you are sometimes too annoying! When I was a girl we didn't look at life in such a cold-blooded way as you children do now. If you didn't read so many morbid novels, you wouldn't get into such pessimistic ways of thought."

Mrs. van Slack arranged the pillows at her head, and resumed her perusal of "Tristrem Varick."

It was a day of excitement to Rutger van Slack. Late in the afternoon the first issue of the Clarion under its new management reached the startled Patonketans. The town was thrown into a fever of excitement at once. Men read Dare's editorial to their wives, and then rushed off to Edwards's store to gossip with their neighbors regarding the Clarion's change of base. There were a few among them who agreed with the arguments advanced by the paper in opposition to sumptuary laws, but the majority felt that Patonket had been insulted. No matter how sound might be the position now taken by the Clarion, the fact that strangers had brought about its change of views offended the conservatism of the village.

Dare and van Slack as they walked back to the cottage, began to realize that they had stirred up a hornet's nest. They passed several groups of Patonketans, and, though no violence was attempted against them, they could not help overhearing remarks that were distinctly threatening. Perhaps van Slack's reputation as a pugilist deterred any fanatical Prohibitionist from taking summary vengeance upon the editors, or perhaps a scheme for a more complete punishment than lay in mere personal chastisement was in the wind. At all events, the young men were not molested, and reached home, not in high spirits by a good deal, but thankful that they had escaped an unpleasant possibility.

Van Slack had given but secondary consideration to the affairs of the Clarion during the day. He had been in a state of nervous excitement, the cause of which in a general way John Dare easily guessed, though he did not know that his friend was looking forward to dinner-hour with a longing which had nothing to do with an epicurean admiration for the culinary achievements of Mrs. van Slack's chef.

"Well, your friends are coming, Rutger," said Hilda as she met the young men in the hall. "Mamma and I have been discussing the question whether we should have wine for dinner."

"What's this, Van?" asked Dare. "Who are your guests to-night "

"Oh, I thought it would be nothing more than polite to have the Durkees here to dine with us, you know; as they go to Europe so soon, and as you and I take their place, to a certain extent, in Patonket. See?"

"Ah, yes," exclaimed Dare, smiling. "That was very thoughtful and kind on your part. And what did you decide about the wine, Miss Hilda?"

"We haven't come to any conclusion. Mr. Durkee won't be here,—only his wife and sister. What shall we do, Rutger?"

"Oh, don't make any change. Let's have what we usually do," answered van Slack hurriedly. "They needn't drink anything if they don't want to."

With that, he went up to his room to dress for the evening.

"Well, Miss Hilda, how is the Baron?" asked Dare, lingering a moment in the hall.

"It's so kind of you to ask," she returned sarcastically. "I suppose you will feel very badly to learn that he's not especially well to-night, and won't be down."

Dare walked musingly upstairs. "Miss Durkee is my cue," he said to himself. "I'll cultivate her."

The meeting between Mrs. van Slack and her guests passed off with less constraint on either side than might have been expected. Hilda, a thorough woman of the world, displayed a great deal of tact upon this occasion, as if in penance for the ironical remarks she had made to her brother regarding his new acquaintances. She and her mother were astonished at Yvonne Durkee's beauty. "Miss Durkee looked very much as I thought she would," remarked Hilda to Mrs. van Slack late that night, "but I never was so surprised in my life as when I saw 'la Marquise.' I don't wonder Rutger admires her."

After the first greetings were at an end, and van Slack and Dare had engaged Yvonne in conversation, Mehetable remarked impressively to her hostess:

"It gives me much pleasure, Mrs. van Slack, to welcome you to Patonket. The dullness of a place like this is a fog which it takes a great deal to disperse, but your advent has already begun to drive away the clouds which have so long settled above our village."

The poetess had spent at least an hour in perfecting this little speech, and looked up at Mrs. van Slack with a self-satisfied smile on her face and a rather patronizing gleam in her sparkling eyes. She was attired in an old-fashioned, black silk gown, while above her romantic curls rested a black lace cap trimmed with light-blue ribbons. Her thin face was unusually pale, but her manner was vivacious and inspiring. She evidently cherished the conviction that the growing fame of her own genius was the cause of her and Yvonne's presence in the van Slack's drawing-room.

"Thank you, Miss Durkee," returned Mrs. van Slack, in a somewhat distant way. "It is always a satisfaction to be instrumental in atmospheric changes."

Hilda, who had overheard all this, could not repress a smile. "Mamma seems to have developed a vein of sarcasm all of a sudden," she said to herself. "I wonder where Mrs. Durkee learned to dress so becomingly."

There was good reason for her surprise at Yvonne's attire. "She had on a dress of foulard silk," said Hilda, describing this occasion to an intimate friend a number of months later. "On a light ground flower-figures were scattered in graceful sprays. Cut low at the neck it permitted you to see the most beautiful throat a woman ever had. Her arms were bare to the elbows, and her hands were perfect. The funny part about it was that she didn't seem to realize that she was beautiful. I fell in love with her the moment I saw her. And to think that I'd made fun of her! I'll never forgive myself for what I used to say to poor Rutger about her."

"Come over here, Mr. Dare," exclaimed Mehetable after she had recovered from the strain incident to the effective delivery of her opening address to Mrs. van Slack. "I'm so glad to see you again! Now what do you think I have on my mind?"

Dare looked astonished, and Mrs. van Slack glanced at Hilda as though to ask, "Is she crazy?"

"I am sure I can't say," answered the young man politely, as he stroked his moustache, and prepared to fascinate the nervous little woman.

Mehetable was disappointed. "Perhaps he doesn't do any mind-reading on an empty stomach," she reflected.

"Well, I'll ask you again after dinner," she remarked in a half-apologetic voice. "And how do you like Patonket?" she continued, turning to Hilda.

"Oh, it's a delightful place, Miss Durkee. The scenery is a constant source of enjoyment."

Mehetable edged away from Mrs. van Slack and Dare, and putting her face close to Hilda's whispered: "Have you seen the Clarion to-day?"

"No. It's here, but I haven't had time to read it."

"Well, don't say anything about it, of course, but I'm 'Mayflower,' on the second column of the fourth page, and there's a bad typographical error in the fourteenth line. If you are fond of scenery, I know you'll like it."

"You mean the typographical error?"

"No, no, the poem! But hush; Mr. Dare will know what we're saying. I suppose you have to be awfully careful with him."

Hilda started nervously. "Yes—no—Why, what do you mean?"

"Hush! I'll tell you some other time. He's looking at us. He has such a strange influence over me. I feel as though he must know everything that comes into my head. I actually try not to think when he's around. Now, Mr. Dare, do tell us how you like editing a newspaper." And, as though she could not resist his magnetism, she returned to his side.

Meanwhile van Slack had had an opportunity for a short tete-a-tete with Yvonne.

"It was very kind of you to come," he said in a low voice, bending over her chair.

Her face was pale, while dark shadows beneath her eyes added to the striking effect of her patrician beauty. Her hair was drawn back from her brow and coiled closely behind her head. She looked up at him, with a smile on her warm, red lips.

"I promised you, monsieur. You did not think that I would break my word?"

"No, but the joy of seeing you again seemed almost too great to be mine."

The perfume of her hair affected him, and again he was alone with her in the half-light of the starlit night, longing for one kiss which would seal their love forever.

"You speak gloomily, monsieur, as though fate had ordained that you should not win happiness."

She turned her soft, bright eyes toward his face in a pleading way, as if she besought words of cheer from him.

"Oh, what can we know of fate?" he asked, with a note of recklessness in his voice. "All that we can feel certain of is that what must be will be."

"What is the use, then, of praying to a falling star?" She smiled mischievously.

"Well," he retorted, "a meteor is as likely to heed our supplications as your deity, the sea. By the way, is that not a strange instinct which leads us all to worship something? Alas, for us moderns! The world, I think, was happier when it had too many gods to worship than now when it has none."

"You go a long way in your pessimism, Monsieur van Slack. Your philosophy is depressing."

"Forgive me, then. I did not mean to refer to such topics. But, you know, at a great crisis a man can not help wondering whether life is worth the living. Ah, dinner is announced. You will find me an optimist in a very little while. A clever chef has it in his power to overturn our theories of the universe, Mrs. Durkee. German philosophy and French cooking are in eternal warfare with one another."

Giving his arm to Yvonne he led her to the dining-room.

At the table Mehetable was delighted, yet somewhat awed, to find herself placed next to John Dare. The poetess was dazed at first by the splendors which met her eye as she seated herself stiffly in the chair to which Mrs. van Slack had directed her, and wondered whether anybody would say grace. "They're awful extravagant about their glasses," she thought, glancing around the table nervously. "Here's five at my plate. Well, I s'pose it's city ways."

"And so you're to be left alone for some time, Miss Durkee," said Dare in a sympathetic voice, turning to the poetess, who was eating her raw clams with a large fork.

"Yes, 'Saint and Eevon are goin' to Europe. I s'pose you've been there."

"Oh, yes. But I don't care much for travel. In fact, I'm thinking seriously of settling down in Patonket."

"You don't mean to say so? I'm so glad! Perhaps we can get you to give readin's. Patonket ain't ever had a pyschological phenomenon before. Greyport had a reader last year, but he wa'n't good for much. Greyport'll be awful jealous if we get you."

Dare looked at her in amazement. Had she been talking Choctaw, he would have understood her fully as well as he did.

Van Slack had overheard the conversation, and almost laughed outright.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Durkee, that you go away so soon," remarked Mrs. van Slack, as the soup was being served. She had come to the conclusion that the daughter of Kercabelec was worthy of the name. "We should be delighted to know you well."

"You are very kind, madame. I hope you will like Patonket well enough to return next year."

Yvonne spoke with stupid politeness, but her voice lacked its usual warm, mellow tones.

"What a sacrifice of pride she has made for me!" thought van Slack, with a self-satisfaction which was as truly masculine as it was unworthy.

"Ain't they beautiful!" whispered Mehetable to Dare, looking at Hilda and Yvonne across the table.

"That's just what I was thinking," he returned, and his words suggested to the poetess the possibility that she might possess some mind-reading powers herself.

The two young women presented a sharp contrast to each other. The dark beauty of Hilda's face took on an additional brilliancy beside the less-pronounced coloring of the delicate-featured Bretonne. But Yvonne's countenance was of a higher type than the American's. It was more intellectual in cast and more symmetrical in outline. Even Mrs. van Slack was not blind to the fact that her daughter lost an intangible something when her face was compared to Yvonne Durkee's.

Mehetable had now begun to take a good deal of practical interest in the use made by the butler of the glasses at her plate. She drank her Sauterne with evident satisfaction, sipped the Amontillado suspiciously, and, when the roast came, appeared to derive great pleasure from the champagne. Gradually her face lost its paleness, her eyes danced with almost feverish fire, and she talked to Dare incessantly. Although Yvonne did not refuse the wine, she watched Mehetable deprecatingly. It was evident that she was surprised and somewhat alarmed by this bold and sudden desertion of Prohibition on the part of the poetess.

"I suppose, Mrs. Durkee," remarked Hilda, "that you will spend a good deal of time in France?"

"Yes, I expect to, though we haven't made any plans. Mr. Durkee returns to-night, and to-morrow we will decide more definitely about the course of our journey."

Van Slack lost his color for an instant, and nervously drank half a glassful of champagne. He had been unusually silent during the dinner, and his manner had had a depressing effect upon every one save Mehetable. Her loquacity, indeed, was becoming uncontrollable. Deserting Dare for a moment, she looked fixedly at the ceiling, and, in a tone of suppressed excitement, said:

"Yes, Eevon is goin' away. You don't know how I shall miss her. She has kept me alive for some years—actually kept me alive. I have leaned upon her as a faded flower reclines against a marble pillar, and now that the pillar —I mean Eevon—is goin' to Europe, what is to become of the faded flower?"

She turned toward Dare, as though he was the only one present competent to answer such a question.

(To be Continued.)

The Farm

CARE OF SWINE.

Up until the finishing period young swine should have an abundance of bulky, succulent feed, such as will develop good frame and strong digestion. There is nothing better than milk and mill feed made into slop, with a ration of corn added. The amount of corn fed depends on the amount of clover, or other pasture, that they can be given. And the pasture should be part of the ration throughout the entire finishing period. The practice of confining fattening swine in a pen, or small lot is, or should be, a thing of the past. Swine can be kept more healthy if allowed the run of a pasture lot; and as a consequence a better pork product can be produced. If the pasture is not available, then milk and mill feed should take its place, to balance the corn ration. If pure corn is fed for any considerable length of time, the system becomes feverish, the blood is dried up and the product loses much of its juicy tenderness.

Brood sows that have raised fall litters should have the pigs taken from them at least a month before the time we expect to mate them for spring farrow. The practice of weaning the pigs, and at once breeding the dam is a mistake. It is scarcely possible to keep a sow that is a good suckler from going down in flesh after the pigs have passed the age of four to six weeks. If bred when in this condition, it is unreasonable to expect the best results. She should have time to begin rapid improvement. Not necessarily fat, but enough to insure vigor and strength. She should have plenty of exercise and good pasture. Her feed should be so balanced as to avoid producing a feverish system. This is an important item to be carried out.

The same is equally true of the boar. He should not be allowed to become low in vitality; nor allowed to be on the descending scale in flesh during the breeding season, but rather the opposite if possible. He, too, should have plenty of exercise, and under no circumstances allowed to run with the sows. His pasture lot and apartments should be as much isolated from other swine as possible. Ordinarily one service is preferable. When breeders are kept and treated as above indicated, we always have greater assurance that they will produce large litters of strong pigs, the delight of every farmer.

THRESHING FIELD BEANS.

If you have no plow to pull the beans, proceed to pull them by hand in this way. Pull five rows and throw them into one row. This will give you a good driveway between the rows, and enable you to haul from the field, unless you thresh in the field. Commence early in the morning while the vines are damp, then the beans will not shatter out and waste. You will find some plants that are not ripe. Leave all such plants standing as they will lower the grade of your crop, if you mix these with your ripe beans. Set your machine in a convenient place and haul your beans to the machine with dispatch.

Run them through the bean thresher as fast as you can and get them into the sacks, (trying to avoid a shower). A shower would not materially injure them, but it is better to stop operations until the sun has dried your beans in the rows. If you use a little judgment and consult the weather bulletin, you should harvest them successfully without rain.

If the bean thresher does not do good, clean work, it will pay to run them through a fanning mill, which will separate the defective, small beans and will improve the general appearance of your crop. Take an average sample of your beans to the wholesale house and compare with your competitor and if your crop is clean, bright and plump, you may with confidence command a premium above your rival. Of course, this commodity is subject to supply and demand, as all other merchandise.

Proceed as above, only that you haul your beans to shelter, or stack them in a convenient place near your stable lot. If possible they will do better in the barn than in a stack or pen, as the outside of the stack or pen is subject to the fall rains and winter snow and gives your beans an off color. They are where you can thresh them by hand at your leisure.

When all the work on the farm is suspended, either by extreme cold or by the depth of snow on the ground, then proceed to thresh. The colder the weather the better, as the pods will break early and the beans fly all around, while handling the old-fashioned flail will give you such exercise that you will feel comfortable in zero weather. Proceed to spread the beans on the floor about 1 foot in depth for the first operation. When they have been thoroughly threshed, which you can determine by examining the hulls, fork them over and throw outside. Your cows will eat them greedily.

Continue the same process by covering the floor 18 inches deep. After you have threshed about four layers, remove the beans into one corner of the floor, or in large boxes, until you have a sufficient quantity to justify you to run them through a fanning mill. You will probably have to run them through the mill twice. Use screens or riddles that will let small and defective beans run out the waste spout. Sack as soon as cleaned and market.

THE ART OF MILKING.

The art of milking is considered as being on a level with pumping water, etc., and yet there are many points needed to stamp a man as a good milker. Too many children are allowed to attend to this important work and many of the chronic troubles of the cheese factory originate right here. A good experienced milker can soon tell if there is something wrong with the udder and milk, and will not allow such milk to be delivered to the factory, but what can you expect of a child? Cleanliness is absolutely collateral to good success in the factory. Everybody knows this and yet you can notice cows being milked that have udders covered with dirt, mainly caused by the swamp-like condition of some of the barnyards.

And the milk utensils, do they always get the proper care? Are they always properly washed with hot water and kept in proper places? Are they used exclusively for their purposes alone? I think not, or else the collection of things of all variations delivered with the milk would not be so large as it is. It seems to me that it would be a step in the right direction if we would follow the example of the dairy farmers in Switzerland, who arrange milk courses every year, where the proper care of cows and the milking is taught in all its important details. We certainly need something of this kind.

STRAIGHT HAIR MADE CURLY.

Discovery of Process Which Produces Lifelong Ringlets.

A process has been discovered by which the desire of those who want straight hair changed to curly can be satisfied.

The inventor is Mr. Nestle, the well-known ladies' hairdressers, of Oxford Street, London, who claims to transform plain, straight hair into a delightful mass of curls and ringlets which last for a lifetime—all for a modest two to five guineas.

"Naturally curly hair," said Mr. Nestle, "is really inferior in quality to straight hair. Flaws and holes in the hair make it contract and curl. If, therefore, ordinary hair be treated so as to produce such holes and flaws, it will become lastingly curly."



GRANDMA PREFERS STEAK.

Little Mary—Two penn'orth of bird-seed, if yer please.
Shopman—Is it for your grandma love?
Little Mary—No, it's for the canary.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, NOV. 30, 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, nonpariel measurement.

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

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. - - QUE,

MR. BOURASSA.

The Toronto Globe, the chief Liberal organ in Ontario, taking for its text the speech of Mr. Bourassa in the House of Commons on Monday last, which it is evidence that he wants to boss the Liberal party and remain inflexible on all matters of importance, reads the member for Labelle a severe lecture in the following trenchant language:—

"Mr. Bourassa may say that his differences with his party are not minor matters. Well, questions of peace or war have been settled by cabinet majorities and among the minorities who have yielded their views were public men quite as high minded and as serious minded as Mr. Bourassa. Without this spirit of concession and compromise progress would be next to impossible and government reduced to chaos. No one would wish to deny Mr. Bourassa the right to differ with his party leaders, but he will also allow us the privilege of challenging his estimate of his attitude. The one act upon which Mr. Bourassa challenges comparison marks the difference between himself and the premier. The Canadian who proposes to make the feelings and perferences of his own people the sole standard by which things are to be judged in this country proclaims himself an unbending sectionalist.

"The only person in Quebec who seems to preserve any feeling about the sending of troops is Bourassa, whereas if the wholly natural and creditable desire of the English-speaking Canadians had been refused, a grievance would have been created that would not have died out for years and Canada would have been disgrace in the eyes of the world."

WHITE PLAGUE.

Mr. George H. Perley, M.P. is actively identified with the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which seeks by addresses and the circulation of literature to interest the people and governments in measures for the prevention of the spread of consumption. He has brought the subject before Parliament and secured its unanimous expression of the opinion that it is the duty of Parliament to exert its utmost influence to eradicate the white plague.

Yet Parliament hesitates to render the measure of help which the association's officers deem necessary to maintain an effective propaganda. They have asked for a grant of $5,000 a year to promote the work, but by a cheese-paring process this has been cut down to $2,000. The work of the association has been approved by the press of Canada of both political parties and endorsed by the House of Commons, yet the money is withheld. Mr. Perley has put up a good fight in Parliament for this worthy cause and it is to be hoped that he will not be discouraged by the inaction of the Government.

The Ottawa Citizen has taken up the question and makes this appeal:

"Were eight thousand citizens of the Dominion to die in one year from a scourge of smallpox, the whole country would be alarmed and the government that would fail to respond to the coditions and take steps to quarantine the sufferers, and so arrest the spread of the plague, would be made to fall before a popular uprising of an indignant electorate; yet it has been demonstrated that eight thousand Canadians die annually victims of the white plague, and the federal government has scarcely made sign that it has heard of such a ravage of the people."

"Were an enemy to cross the boundary, invade our country and destroy even 1,000 homes, no government would for one moment hesitate to spend the last dollar in the treasury to drive back the common enemy; yet consumption, the uncompromising enemy of Canadians, is in the land working disaster as dire as war and Sir Wilfrid Laurier apparently remains unmoved, or at best is indifferent to the appeals which have been made for aid in fighting the foe and driving him into exile."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Academy Exams.

GRADE III ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Class I—Katie MacGibbon 89, Miles Walker 85, Egbert McOuat 80, Ethel Bailey 76.

Class II—Clara Banford 65.

Class III—Willie Boyce 52.

GRADE II ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Class I—Alice Arthur and Amy Hammond 84, Christina Drennan 81.

Class II—Dora Watt 69, Effie Cooke 67, May McGibbon 66.

Class III—Lawrence Smith 53, Robt. Kennedy 48, Isabelle Raitt 4., Kenneth Smith 42.

GRADE I ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Class I—Margaret Hay 87, Violet Joss 84, Willie Cameron 82, Myrtle Cameron 80, B. Fraser 77, L. Gall 76, M. Cottingham and L. Palliser 75.

Class II—E. Keys 72, J. MacLean & R. Strong 70, R. Ewan 67, E. Bradford 63, M. Black and A. Smith 62.

Class III—M. Gall and M. Patterson 59, K. Derrick 56, E. Latta 49, Dan Bates 48, L. Davis 43.

GRADE III MODEL.

GEOGRAPHY.

Class I—Justina McCrea 83, Alice McClure 82, Lowell Banford 79.

Class II—John Calder and Harlow Giles 73, Hartley Thomas and Harold McOuat 70, Edith Fraser 68, Lillias Brown and Naomi Ivall 64, Winnie Riddell 63.

Class III—Ethel Winters and Sadie Dawson 57, Violet Kennedy and Erle Todd 56, Carrie Black & Gertie Rodgers 55, Robbie Giles & Willie Hamilton 54, Lucy McGregor 53, Annie Graham 52, Emma Morell 51, Ruby Smith 50, Annie Hume & Katie Giles 49, Jessie Copeland 45.

GRADE II MODEL.

FRENCH.

HONORS—Irene Riddell 94, Josaphat Lemay and Jos. Berniquer 93, Bessie Fraser 90.

Class I—Charlie Palliser and Judith Bondesen 85, Harry McIntyre and Winnifred Banford 82, Elmer Giles 79 Walker McArthur 78.

Class II—Marian Slater 74, Alice Frutier 64, Sadie Scott 63.

Class III Geo. Hay 53.

GRADE I MODEL.

FRENCH.

HONORS—Charlie Bedard 96.

Class I—Jennie Forbes 87, May Cruise 85, Norah Christie 84, Lizzie Paul and Harry Hammond 80.

Class II—Bessie McGibbon 67, Reid Giles and Harry Joss 66, Jessie McArthur 62.

Class III—Bessie McGibbon and Arthur Joss 59, Aggie McGillvary 58, Ruby Todd 56, Arthur Drennan 54, Nettie Kettyle 50, Grace Bradford & Cecil Bradford 48, Douglas McGibbon 41.

GRADE IV ELEM.

ARITHMETIC.

HONORS—Hattie McCoy 93, Willie Calder 90.

Class I—Jessie Cruise 89, Frankie Joss and Roy Kennedy 81, Vernon Hammond 76.

Class II—Eleanor Hay 74, Vern Riddell 69, Jack Menzies 65, Everett McGibbon 63, Gordon Harkness 60.

Class III—David Campbell 58, Thayer Carpenter 54, Jessie Earle 52, Annie McCoy 49, Willie Hay & Roby Carpenter 48, Robert Beers 47, Omer Danis 40.

GRADE III ELEM.

SCRIPTURE.

HONORS—Gracy McOuat 94, Aida Patterson 91, Catherine McGibbon 90.

Class I—Cameron Hay 84, Mary McDiarmid 82, Gertrude Hammond 79

Class II—May Ewing 63, Rubert Robinson 60.

Class III—Maggie Walker 56, Ellice Palliser 52, Stuart McFaul 43, Georgina Baldwin 40.

GRADE II ELEM.

WRITING.

HONORS—John Drennan 95, Margaret McKimmie 92, Ruby McOuat, Jean McGibbon, Grace Marshall, Lila Giles and Jennie Vietch 90.

Class I—Alison Cottingham, Effie Neill and Mary Miller 88, Mary Hope and Hazel McGibbon 85, Inez Giles and Bella Wood 84, Edgar Hammond and Eddie Jones 82, Edith McDiarmid and Gilbert Wood 80, Angus Hay, Stuart Harkness and Muriel Joss 78, Roy McCrea and Kyle Patterson 76, Constance Banford & L. Campbell 75.

Class II—Reggie Campbell 72, Leona Garretsee 70, Donald Beers & Edward McOuat 68, Dell Mitchell 67, Gordon Fraser and Agnes Hay 64, Robert Cruise and Douglas Simon 60.

Class III—Grace Carpenter & Geo. Calder 58, Thomas Carpenter 55.

By-Law No. 41

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF STE. AGATHE DES MONTS
COUNTY OF TERREBONNE

At a meeting of the Municipal Council of the Municipality of the Village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, held at the ordinary place of meetings of the said Council, on the twelfth day of the month of November, one thousand, nine hundred and six, at seven o'clock and adjourned to the twenty-second inst of the afternoon, according to the provisions of the municipal code, at which were present His Worship the Mayor H. A. Belisle and Messrs the Councillors C. Forget, J. Chalifoux, J Chartrand, and a Dufresne, forming more than a quorum of the Council, under the presidency of His Worship the Mayor, the following By-law has been passed by this council, viz:

BY-LAW.

Authorizing the Council of the Municipality of the Village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, to borrow the sum of five thousand dollars ($5,000), for the purpose of paying certain debts and obligations due and to become due by this Municipality.

Whereas on the eighth day of the month of October, one thousand nine hundred and six (1906,) the Municipal debt of the village of Ste. Agathe des Monts was composed amongst others, of the following amount, to wit:

1st, Andre Goulx, amount due on the purchase price of a lot for the City Hall of date of the 22nd of April, 1901..... $ 500 00

2nd, Dame Roch, amount of a loan contracted on the 20th Sept., 1905, to meet the payment of unforseen expenses RE extra works in the roads, and materials furnished to the Corporation. $ 400 00

3rd, H. Desroches, amount of a loan contracted on the 26th August 1905, to meet the payment of the unforseen expenses RE installation of the hydrants and works in the roads..... $ 250 00

4th, M. A. Desroches, amount of a loan contracted on the 26th Aug. 1905, to meet the payment of unforseen expenses re installation of hydrants and works in the roads.. $ 250 00

5th, The Laurentian Water and Power Co., amount due in August, 1906, for lighting and care of the hydrants..... $ 400 00

6th, Merchants Bank of Canada, amount of a loan contracted on 1st of August, 1906, to meet the payment of cost re The Corporation of Ste. Agathe des Monts vs J. B. Reid, & al & Dame Lambert & al, intervening..... $1500 00

7th, Merchants Bank of Canada, amount of a loan contracted on the 21th of September, 1906, to settle the case re Dame Lambert vs The Corporation of St. Agathe des Monts..... $1200 00

8th, Merchants Bank of Canada, amount of a loan contracted on the 8th of October, 1906, to meet the payment of the balance of cost re The Corporation of St. Agathe des Monts vs J. B. Reid, & al & Dame Lambert & al, intervening..... $ 175 00

Whereas it is of the interest of all the rate-payers of this Municipality to acquit the municipal indebtedness herein above mentioned and thus put the Municipal Corporation of the Village of St. Agathe des Monts, in a position to meet all its legitimate obligations.

Whereas circumstances are convenient for a permanent loan destined to consilidate the said above mentioned municipal indebtedness and to prevent temporary loans, the rate of interest of which is necessarily higher than that of a permanent loan.

Whereas the amount of the hereinbefore cited indebtedness forms a total amount of four thousand six hundred and seventy-five dollars ($4675.00.)

Whereas a sum of three hundred and twenty-five dollars (325.00) is necessary to pay the cost of construction of a sidewalk, of a fence and of a bridge in the said Municipality, as also the cost of the present loan.

Whereas the hereinabove sums of money form a total amount of five thousand dollars (5,000.00).

It is therefore resolved and enacted by By-law of this Council, as follows, to wit

ARTICLE FIRST.

The Corporation of the Village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, is by these presents, authorized to borrow the sum of five thousand dollars (5,000.00.)

ARTICLE SECOND.

In order to contract said loan, the corporation of the village of Ste. Agathe des Monts, by its municipal council is by the present by-law, authorised to issue bonds or debentures on the credit of the corporation of this municipality, for a total amount of five thousand dollars, ($5,000) divided in five debentures of one thousand dollars each to be signed by the Mayor and the Secretary treasurer of the said municipality and bearing the date of their issue.

These debentures will bear interest at rate of five per cent per annum, which interest with the principal will be payable, in the manner determined in the following article, to the bearers of said debentures, at the office of a bank in the city of Montreal, the name of such bank to be indicated in the debentures.

ARTICLE THIRD.

This interest and principal of the said debenture will be paid by means of a fixed amount of three hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents ($325.25) per annum, which will comprise the interest and a sinking fund sufficient to entirely pay all the indebtedness in principal and interest and extinguish the same at the expiration of a period of thirty years, the first payment to become due on the first of February one thousand nine hundred and eight.

This last sum of three hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents ($325.25), payable annually during the said term of thirty years, will have to be accepted by the lender, as a definite mode of complete reimbursement of the principal by him loaned on these debentures and of the payment of the interest.

For the payments of these interests and the portions of the principal to be thus paid annually, coupons to the number of thirty will be annexed to each debenture, the maturities of which will correspond to those above determined for the whole term of the said thirty years. Each one of the coupons bearing the signatures of the Mayor and of the Secretary-Treasurer will bear and contain an obligation to pay to the bearer a sum of sixty-five dollars and five cents, ($65.05) for the portion of the interest and of the principal then exigible and being the fifth part of the annual instalment of three hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents ($325.25) then to accrue on the total amount of the said debentures.

The payment of all these instalments of interest and of the principal on each one of these debentures according to the coupons, will entirely acquit the debentures to which they are attached and the bearer will have to remit the said debentures to the Corporation, upon payment of the last coupon which must not have been detached therefrom.

ARTICLE FOURTH.

The said debentures will be issued upon the order of the Council, when convenient, considering the purposes for which their issue is authorized and they will be negotiated by the same council at the time, in the manner and according to the conditions which will appear to it as the most advantageous.

ARTICLE FIFTH.

To meet the payment of the sum of three hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty five cents ($325.25) during the said thirty years, for which it will be necessary to provide for the extinction of both principal and interest of said debentures, a special and annual tax of similar amount is hereby imposed for the whole term of thirty years on all the taxable properties of the municipality of the Village of St. Agathe des Monts.

This tax will be levied and perceived from the proprietors of the said properties according to the value of same appearing to the roll of valuation existing and in force at the time that the said tax shall be levied and perceived.

ARTICLE SIXTH.

Upon previous agreement which the said Council might make to that effect, with the purchasers of debentures, but without any loss on their value, instead of issuing the debentures of one thousand dollars ($1,000) as hereinbefore authorized, with coupons of interest and sinking fund, upon each of the same the said Council shall be at leisure to issue thirty other debentures of three hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, ($325.25) each, without interest, also payable to the bearer at the place of payment indicated in the debentures and at dates corresponding to the maturities hereinabove specified of the instalments of principal and interest

And these last debentures corresponding to the total amount of the coupons in the debentures hereinabove authorized in article third and being equivalent to the same shall replace the latter for the purposes of the present by-law and of the issue which is therein authorized.

ARTICLE SEVENTH.

The present By-law will take force and effect when it has been approved by the Municipal rate-payers and the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, in the manner provided by law.

H. A. BELISLE,
Mayor.

RODOLPHE DAZE,
Sec.-Treas.

Attested.

I, the undersigned, Rodolphe Daze, Secretary Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the Village of St. Agathe des Monts, certify and attest that the copy of the hereinabove written By-Law, is true and conform to the original of the By law No. 41 passed by the Council, at its session held on the twenty-second day of the month of November, 1906, authorizing a loan and an issue of bonds or debentures to the amount of five thousand dollars ($5,000.00.

St. Agatne des Monts, the twenty seventh day of November, one thousand nine hundred and six.

RODOLPHE DAZE,
Sec-Treas.

TO THE RATE-PAYERS OF THE MUNICIPALITY.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Rodolphe Daze, Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the Village of Ste. Agathe des Monts.

That according to the order of this Council, by resolution to that effect passed on the twenty second day of November, one thousand nine hundred and six, a general meeting of the rate-payers of this Village duly qualified to vote in such a matter, is by these presents called to be held at the Village of St. Agathe des Monts, on the twentieth day of the month of December next in the Town Hall at ten of the clock of the forenoon, to the effect of authorizing an issue of bonds or debentures, to the amount of five thousand dollars ($5,000.00) to pay or consolidate the amount of the indebtedness therein mentioned.

Given at St. Agathe des Monts, on the twenty-seventh day of the month of November one thousand nine hundred and six.

RODOLPHE DAZE,
Sec-Treas

CALUMET.

The Perley Mills closed last week and the men are scattering for the lumber camps.

We are pleased to know that Mr. Wm. Bennett is rapidly recovering and hopes soon to be home from the Victoria Hospital.

Under the direction of Rev. & Mrs. Budd assisted by Miss Walker, the school-children are preparing a Chsistmas Cantata entitled "Santa's Surprise"

John Prophet who was shot by his companion George Moore, is on the fair way to recovery. Careless hunters are in evidence every year, in spite of the repeated warnings. Had young Prophet been shot anywhere else but in the muscle of the leg it would have been a very serious affair, owing to the kind of bullet that was used. It was pure accident, 'tis true, yet it need not have occurred had there been the proper amount of caution.

CASTORIA.

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

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

GRENVILLE.

—:o:—

Miss Berta Wilson is spending a few days in Ottawa. We believe she is making preparations for the culmination of her musical studies during the winter.

Mrs. Sherwood has returned home after a three months visit with her daughter in Sault Ste. Marie.

Rev. Ernest Thomas of Lachute preached in the Methodist Church last Sunday evening (Nov. 18th) and the sermon was along educational lines.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the Young People's Society on Tuesday evening (Nov. 27th) at the home of Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Arnold's Mountain Road. Interesting parlor games and refreshments made up the programme.

Rev A. C. Ascah delighted all who attended the meeting of the Young People's Society on Tuesday evening in the Methodist Church, by his address on "My work among the Cree Indians." A large gathering from all the Protestant Churches listened with interest to the account of missionary work around Hudson Bay. The address is to be continued, illustrated by limelight views, on Wednesday evening in the Anglican Church.

Could the poet visit Grenville at present he would be led to re-write his "Deserted Village" making this the spot from which all are deserting—not that there is anything contagious here—the trouble is there is not enough going on to hold our young people. Yet Grenville is not asleep. Have not the progressive Town Council so legislated that soon—how soon we know not, we hope this fall—we are to have our streets and dwellings lighted by electricity. Then we manage to keep three hotels busy and that means an occasional street brawl and a little excitement. What better coule we wish when we have Mayor Williamson and the Fathers watching to see that there is nothing worse happens? But it might be better—a great deal better—and we forewarn the Council that it would pay them to think so and to legislate in that direction also. Perhaps, then, it might be easier to secure the tax money to meet the electric light bill.

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

Mr. G. McDonald was in Montreal on Thursday.

The Social Club has organised for the season and held their first meeting on Monday last in McAllister's Hall.

Three more students have enrolled their names in the Dominion Catridge Co., Employees School. Interest in increasing to such an extent that it will be necessary to engage another teacher shortly. The present quarters are not large enough for the present attendance and larger rooms are being fitted up which will materially help in the efficiency and discipline of the School.

The second lecture of the series by the Rev. Mr. Thomas of Lachute was given on Tuesday evening and was largely attended. The subject taken by the Reverand gentleman being "Wants and Wealth" the lecture being a continuation of the previous one. Great interest is being taken in the course and the thanks of the community are due Mr. Thomas for his kindness in providing both an instructive and pleasant evening for the residents.

One of our worthy sportsmen, whose veracity had never yet been doubted has somwhat fallen from grace on account of a few cold facts becoming known which demonstrate how easy it is to go back in the bush and return with game. The revelation caused somewhat excitement which has since (simmer)ed down. It appears this party has discovered a new brand of ammunition hitherto unknown to the Manufacturers and has been named "Silver Bullets." Well stocked with this new ammunition a trip was made and of course with wonderful results. The silver bullet is not only guranteed to find game but will also procure what is needed for the inner man.

CASTORIA.

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

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.

To get the Greatest Returns for Your Money—go to

W. DOIG'S

Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

and Dry Goods.

Everything New and Up-to-Date

FREE DELIVERY ALL OAER TOWN.

GIVE YOUR ORDER TO THE DRIVER.

W. Doig

Opposite the 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.

...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

As Pretty as a Picture!

They will say,—If it was taken at the "Elite" Photo Studio,—Lachute.

Now is the time for Xmas Photographs so **Do it Now** before the rush.

The finish of our photographs is artistic and permanent. A call will satisfy you of the excellence of the work.

We make a specialty of Bromide Enlargements—life size or smaller.

A full line of sample frames carried in stock.

P.S.—Re-orders now received for Photographs from 10,000 "Lambly" negatives, in our possession.

'ELITE' Photo Studio.

Opposite Post Office, Box 26, Lachute.

Now is the Time To Think of FURS!

And when you are thinking of them remember that I have a magnificent assortment of the very choicest of furs that will make you look natty and look nice, and put a smile on you that won't rub off, when you think how cheap they are compared to other stores.

Our Crockery Display

Is worth while a visit from you and will prove you a good money saver. Everything you need in this line can be secured right with us and we will be sure to please you.

Our Groceries, Dry goods, Boots and Shoes, and Hardware Departments are always well stocked.

H. PAQUIN,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

Our Store is the Bargain ...Centre...

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

McFaul Bros.

Ladie's 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, andeverything you need. Our prices are very low and we are money savers for you.

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

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

And you are anxious to know what is a suitable gift to make. Well, if your pocket will allow, why not a nice organ or piano. If that is out of your reach, then a visit to our show rooms will help you in a choice, for here you will see a beautiful array of Pictures, Easels, Rockers, Wicker Chairs, Lounges, Dining Room and Parlor Sets, Etc. Etc. If you want a Piano, Organ, or any article of furniture, just call and talk it over with us. It will pay you.

Lachute Furniture Factory

O. B. LAFLEUR, Proprietor.

About the House

PERSONAL APPEARANCES AND HOUSEHOLD WORK.

Some women who work about their own homes neglect their personal appearance, one might say, shamefully. It is at least a pitiable thing to see a woman grow so absolutely careless of the love and respect of those around her. Many a graceful young girl, with good figure and pretty face, after serving an apprenticeship for a few years following her marriage at housework, develops into a tousle-headed, slatternly matron. Women are by nature proud creatures. They want to be loved, and they like to be admired. There must be some good, some excellent reason for this common metamorphosis of women after entering the duties of a home.

There is a great deal of current information to the effect that housework and the common duties of life may be reduced to mere child's play, or simply a butterfly existence. However, it is customary yet among those whose personal equation has practical work in this line for its equivalent to refer to housework as drudgery, and the routine duties attendant upon the care of a household, no matter how trivial, are generally regarded as arduous. An onlooker often marvels at this, especially one of the male persuasion, since the preparation of dainty meals and the whisking around of dust brush or cloth in tidying up rooms bears to him but small suggestion of labor. Well, like all questions, this one has two sides to it. Undoubtedly a great deal that is objectionable in housework wears more upon the mental than upon the physical condition of women. In the first place, very few women are born housekeepers, and know just how to manage and systematize things to make them easy. Very few women have the knack of being daintily and tidily dressed when about their work. Some being clumsy and awkward, soil and tear their clothing, while others never find time to devote to their toilet.

No one realizes more than the woman herself, when she appears before her family and friends attired in unfit and unbecoming old clothes, the misery of it. One reads in the magazines and papers just how to look well under all circumstances, but practically, it is another story. Everybody knows how step by step a woman grows careless of herself if she finds it necessary to do for others. Besides lack of time there is frequently lack of funds, and an unselfish woman supplies her family's needs before her own are thought of. Many times the realization that she is looking like a fright tries a woman's nerves to the extent of irritability. Sensitive women often become hardened to the amenities of life through a constant neglect of person. A woman drifts into this slipshod way of living before she realizes it. Her first intimation of the change may be when her husband looks askance, and with a perturbed, perplexed manner, refers casually to her tousled hair. A man always thinks a woman is looking well when her hair is neatly and becomingly arranged. A slight allusion to her tout ensemble may occasion a serious outbreak on the part of a woman who possesses nerves and may end in a copious supply of tears. Women are much alike, take them the world over. Henceforth there is usually nothing further to call to mind the fact that the family housekeeper is rapidly developing into slatternly ways, until a stranger appears unannounced and unexpected. Then the extreme mortification is keener than at first.

Lines and wrinkles are added to faces through the unfortunate way in which some women carry their responsibilities around with them at all times. They take them to bed at night, and get up with them still burdening their shoulders in the morning. Did you ever notice that faraway preoccupied air that many women possess even when one endeavors to enter into conversation with them upon most entertaining topics? You see they are wholly taken up with the cares of to-morrow or next day if not with those of to-day. It may be they are wondering if it will rain on their wash-day, or planning how to make a dress for one of the children, or making out a market list for to-morrow. The habit of dwelling on these things has become so engrossing that it fills up their lives to the exclusion of everything else. They are narrowed down to a routine of thought and purpose that completely possesses them. No woman is satisfied with this, since she understands that she is missing the best in life. She blames all upon her environment (which means her housework), over which she seems to exert little or no control or sway. She grows crabbed and indifferent. Sweet faced girls we find developing into garrulous, hard-faced women. Life seems to lose its color and romance for them.

Maybe this view is old-fashioned. Of course modern ways and conveniences and club methods have brought forth a broader outlook and a different viewpoint for women, but woman has not changed much after all. We find the same care-worn, over-burdened class of women among housekeepers as of old. It is the menial wear and the nervous dissatisfaction over her narrow, uncongenial life that tells upon most women. The club woman has theories, but the practical worker has nothing but experience. She has no club, and very little sympathy or companionship. Her life is efull of dull work. It will take many generations of training schools and simplified methods to reduce the routine of every-day life to a minimum. Tastes and inclinations will have to be taught to follow the line of necessary duties, thereby including a higher training or moral culture.

Courage and adaptability are extremely valuable acquisitions to a young woman taking upon herself the care of a household. If more women understood the sterner facts of existence there would be fewer disappointed faces and careless, indifferent women after life's work had begun.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Fruit Cookies—To one and one-half cups brown sugar add one scant cup butter, two eggs, four tablespoons sweet milk, with one small teaspoon soda dissolved in it, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, one large cup raisins or currants, flour to make soft dough. Treat as others.

Drop Cookies—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, two-thirds cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour, one egg, one scant teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar. Drop in tablespoonfuls on a buttered pan, put a raisin in centre of each and bake quickly to a light brown.

Coddled Apples.—Peel, but do not core a dozen tart apples of an even size. Be careful to leave the stem on or stick a clove in each. Place in a large stewpan, and place a slice of lemon on each apple. Nearly cover the apples with cold water, and a large cup of sugar. Cover the pan tightly, and let them simmer over a slow fire until soft, but not so they will come to pieces. When tender lift carefully into a glass dish and pour the juice over them. When ready to serve pour whipped cream over them.

Apple Charlotte.—Six large apples, one pint of cream, sugar to taste. Pare and steam apples until tender, then press through a colander and add sugar. Cover gelatine with cold water and soak half an hour; then add two hot apples, stirring until dissolved. Pour this into a basin, stand the basin in a pan of ice water and stir continually until it begins to thicken, then add quickly and carefully the cream, which has been whipped. Turn into a mould and stand on ice.

Turkey au Gratin.—Cut the remnants of turkey meat in small pieces; there should be one and one-half cupfuls. Cover the turkey bones and the skin with cold water, bringing slowly to boiling point, and let simmer until stock is reduced to one cupful. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the hot stock. Season with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper. Sprinkle the bottom of a buttered baking-dish with half a cupful of seasoned cracker crumbs, add the turkey meat, pour over the sauce, cover with half a cupful of cracker crumbs, and bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are brown. For seasoned cracker crumbs allow one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter and a few grains of salt to each cupful of crumbs.

EACH MEAL AN AGONY.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Obstinate Indigestion After Other Medicines Fail.

"When I was first troubled with indigestion I did not bother with it. I thought it would pass away naturally. But instead of doing so it developed into a painful chronic affection, which in spite of all I did grew worse and worse until I had abandoned all hopes of ever getting relief." These words of Mrs. Chas. McKay, of Norwood, N. S., should serve as a warning to all who suffer distress after meals, with palpitation, drowsiness and loss of appetite—early warning of a more serious trouble to follow.

"I used to rise in the morning," said Mrs. McKay, "feeling no better for a night's rest. I rapidly lost flesh and after even the most frugal meal I always suffered severe pains in my stomach. I cut my meals down to a few mouthfuls, but even then every morsel of food caused agony, my digestion was so weak. Some days I could scarcely drag myself about the house, and I was never free from sharp piercing pains in the back and chest. I grew so bad that I had to limit my diet to milk and soda water, and even this caused severe suffering. In vain I sought relief—all medicines I took seemed useless. But in the darkest hour of my suffering help came. While reading a newspaper I came across a cure that was quite similar to my own case, wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if another person had been cured by these pills of such suffering as I was experiencing, surely there was hope for me, and I at once sent to the druggist for a supply of these pills. The first indication that the pills were helping me was the disappearance of the feeling of oppression. Then I began to take solid food with but little feeling of distress. I still continued taking the pills with an improvement every day, until I could digest all kinds of food without the least trouble or distress. I am in splendid health to-day and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of indigestion and other troubles by making rich, red blood which tones and strengthens every organ of the body. That is why they cure anaemia, with all the headaches and backaches and sideaches, rheumatism and neuralgia and the special ailments of growing girls and women of all ages. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CARE OF THE TEETH

THOUGHTFUL PAPER ON THIS IMPORTANT MATTER.

Some Instructions Which Everyone Would Do Well to Heed and Act Upon.

An interesting paper was read recently by Dr. Gowan, at a meeting of the Woman's Institute in Simcoe County. It was published in the Dominion Dental Journal, and contains so much good advice that its publication is thought desirable.

Dr. Gowan said: Decay of the teeth will not occur if they are kept entirely clean. Therefore, the first thing necessary in the care of teeth is cleanliness. Eat food that requires vigorous chewing, and clean the spaces between the teeth with quill toothpick after every meal. Use tooth brush and clean water at least once a day, or as often as you wash your face. Preferably, the brush and water should be used after every meal.

Hold the brush lightly between thumb and tips of first and second fingers, to allow a rapid yet gentle action of the bristles upon all surfaces of the teeth and to prevent injury to the gums and delicate lining of the mouth. Learn so to use the brush that it will clean all the surfaces of all the teeth—upper and lower—inner as well as outer sides, and the spaces between. Use a large bowl of water, or better, a stream as from a tap, holding your face close over it; keep the brush as wet as you can by frequent dipping, and allow the excess of water to run out of the mouth while brushing. Rinse with

A GLASS OF WATER TO FINISH.

Except when prescribed by a dentist, use no drugs, powders, dentifrices or soaps, and avoid all nostrums sold for the teeth. They are mostly injurious. Water costs you nothing and is far better. However, if the teeth become discolored, the wet brush touched to dry powdered pumice stone will take up enough to perfectly polish the surfaces of the teeth when properly applied.

Frequently examine your teeth in a small looking-glass. Get acquainted with them. And once a year, if you are under thirty, have them examined by a dentist. Children's teeth should be examined oftener.

At the age of three years, a child has twenty temporary teeth. About the sixth year permanent teeth appear. The first permanent grinders appear behind the temporary ones several years before the latter are lost. This occurs generally between the ages of six and seven, and from this time until the age of twelve the child will have twenty-four teeth. During this period the mouth undergoes the greatest changes and should be frequently examined. Parents often do not know that a child has permanent grinders at this time, and so neglect to have them attended to until toothache begins. In this case, serious trouble and loss of the teeth may follow.

If, when they begin to decay, the teeth are repaired by filling, the pain, time and expense of the operation will be much less than if delayed until the cavities are large, and, besides, the child will generally submit to it willingly, whereas if delayed until disease and pain compel the extraction of a tooth, the child will forever afterwards dread dental operations. And this may defeat further attempts to

SAVE HIS DECAYING TEETH.

Allow no one but a qualified dentist to extract or otherwise meddle with the teeth of a child, for no one else is competent to judge what ought to be done. Far-reaching injury may result from the ill-advised extraction of a child's tooth, so what nature, the child, or yourself cannot do, refer to the man whose special knowledge enables him to see and do what is best, and to instruct the child in how to clean and examine his own teeth as well.

For lack of acquaintance with their teeth young people often suffer decay to proceed unnoticed until pain warns them that something is wrong. The use of toothpick and glass might, in most cases, enable them to find cavities before decay has gone so deep as to cause toothache. But if toothache has begun, proper treatment and filling will be the remedy. More time and work will be required, however, for which a larger fee must be paid.

When a cavity is found or suspected, have it attended to without delay. The damage should be repaired, decay stopped, and so far as possible, prevented from beginning again, by filling.

When properly done, filling is a success in preventing decay, suffering and loss. On the other hand, such work, badly done for lack of knowledge, skill, or honesty, is worse than useless, for it destroys people's confidence in filling operations, and leads to loss of teeth in whole families. The quality and value of a dental operation depend on the knowledge, skill and honesty of the man who performs it.

By all means preserve the natural teeth. They are essential to health, beauty, convenience and the voice. If this advice is too late for you, see that your children have the benefit of it, and, for them, never contemplate artificial teeth. Old people, whose teeth are already gone, have no other remedy. For them great skill must be used to make artificial teeth satisfactory, and even then they are almost as far short of perfection as are

GLASS EYES AND WOODEN LEGS.

In this kind of professional service there may be vast difference between the work of one man and another, so do not think you can buy a set of teeth as you do a set of dishes, not caring who makes them. You will be the sufferer if you try it. Always keep artificial teeth clean. Use brush and water on them every day and do not wear them at night. Your mouth needs to be rid of the plate at night as your feet need to be rid of shoes.

In consulting a dentist, remember always that his judgment and advice is what you need most. Do not dictate. For you are no better prepared to dictate to a dentist than you are to a lawyer or a physician. If you have no confidence in his knowledge of dentistry, go to someone else.

If practicing properly, a dentist has no goods to sell, no "prices" to quote, and nothing to advertise. His business is to render professional service by means of special knowledge and skill for his patient's welfare. For this he collects a fee proportioned to the extent, difficulty, importance, etc., of the service rendered. He instructs his patients so far as possible in means to prevent suffering and loss, and takes a charitable view of human weaknesses and a sympathetic interest in relieving pain.

The teeth are the most prominent feature of the human face. No other feature—not even the tongue—tells so long a story in so short a time. This story is pointed as to the education, intelligence, cleanliness, good sense, taste, style, social position, and general character of the person whose teeth you see. And you need not be a dentist to read it.

PURE FOOD

Is an Absolute Necessity for the Preservation of Our Well-being.

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

Is Positively "All Pure Tea" Without Any Adulteration Whatsoever

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

PIPE-SMOKING RACE.

Brewers' Exhibition in London Holds a Novel Event.

Pipe-smoking as an art was exemplified by a most novel competition held at the Brewers & Allied Trades' Exhibition at Islington, London, England, recently.

Although such competitions have been held in Germany, this is the first in England. The brewers believe the art has been long enough obscured by music, painting and literature and so will give it in future a place on the ladder to fame. It is contended that a man who can keep his pipe going for half an hour with one lighting is an artist. He is usually an Irish laborer, a stolid German or an English navvy.

The prizes were nine in number. The conditions were as follows:

"Bring your own pipes. Lady smokers will not be barred. Tobacco—one-eighth of an ounce of Virginia—will be provided.

Pipes will be inspected by the judges before filling.

Pipes must be filled once only.

Forty seconds will be allowed for lighting.

No relighting permitted.

The smoker who makes his tobacco last the longest will be the champion pipe smoker of England.

Weingott, a well-known pipe-maker of England, interviewed, offered this advice to the competitors:

"The man who wants to win must have a large briar pipe of respectable age. The inside dimensions of the bowl should be 1¼ inches in depth by seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. This will hold comfortably the amount of tobacco allowed and any expert pipe smoker would be able to keep it alight for at least half an hour."

The world's record is held by a sausage manufacturer in Berlin who last summer kept his pipe going in the national pipe race for a few minutes over an hour.

USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent cake from sticking to tins when baked, first grease tins, then flour them, lightly beating out all loose flour, leaving only what clings to the grease, thus doing away with the old form of lining with paper.

A narrow strip of muslin pinned around a cake will prevent the icing from dripping down the sides, as it too often does. After the icing hardens the muslin may be removed without injury to the appearance of the cake.

A good way to clean dirty pails, or enamelled baths, is to make a pad of newspaper and pour on a tablespoonful of paraffin oil and shake a little brick-dust on the article to be cleaned. Rub well, and the grease and dirt will come off like magic. Use one or two more pieces of clean paper and the articles will appear just like new with very little trouble.

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTHERS.

When mothers become enthusiastic over a medicine for little ones, it is safe to say that it has high merit. Every mother who has used Baby's Own Tablets speaks strongly in praise of them, and tells every other mother how much good they have done her children. Mrs. Alfred Marcouse, St. Charles, Que., says: "I strongly advise every mother to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house always. I have used them for teething troubles, colic and other ills of childhood and found them the most satisfactory medicine I ever tried." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no poisonous opiate and no harmful drug. They are equally good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and are a sure cure for all their minor ailments. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Commercial travellers will appreciate this story, which is told of one of their number. He had been summoned as a witness in a case at court, his employers having sued a delinquent customer, and the lawyer for the defence was cross-examining him. "You travel for Jobson and Company, do you?" asked the attorney. "Yes, sir." "How long have you been doing it?" "About ten years." "Been travelling all that time, have you?" "Well, no, sir," said the witness, making a hasty mental calculation; "not actually travelling. I have put in about four years of that time waiting at railway stations and junctions for trains."

Apple Souffle.—Bake six large tart apples until tender, scrape out the pulp, and beat until smooth, add one tablespoon of sugar to each apple, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, and add the apple pulp, sugar and lemon, stirring lightly. Pour into a buttered pudding dish, and bake in the oven about fifteen minutes. Serve at once warm with cream or a hard sauce.

Line a shallow baking dish with puff paste or ordinary pie crust, and fill with the following mixture; stew or steam four large tart apples until pulpy then add half a cup of rolled cracker crumbs, the yolks of two eggs well beaten, butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, a little grated lemon peel, one-half cup of sugar. Bake three-fourths of an hour and then make a meringue for the top of the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, and two spoons of sugar. Brown slightly.

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.



Before you get Pen-Angle garments all the shrink is taken out.

In a variety of fabrics, styles and prices, in all sizes for women, men and children, and guaranteed by your own dealer.

Patents Secured Free

I prepare patent applications free of charge. If you have an invention send sketch to-day for free opinion. 24 years' experience.

F. H. Gibbs, 52 St. James St., Montreal.

CLEANING LADIES' . . . WALKING OR OUTING SUITS

Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC

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. W, Orillia, Ont.

THE

FEATHERWEIGHT



MIC-MAC

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR HOCKEY SKATES IN USE

Light in Weight
AND
Exceedingly Stiff

the latter feature secured by using a web bracing.

THE FINEST TEMPERED STEEL ONLY USED.

STARR QUALITY Throughout

THE STARR M'F'G. CO.,
LIMITED,
DARTMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.
BRANCH:
126 Wellington St. West, - Toronto.

Write for 1906 Catalogue.

Visiting Uncle—"There is no beast that has a roar so terrifying as a lion." Small Niece—"Did you ever hear papa when dinner wasn't ready in time?"

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 thousand 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.

SHE LIKED IT.

Tom—I kissed her when she wasn't looking.

Clara—What did she do

Tom—Kept her eyes closed the rest of the evening.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

She was newly married, and did not know a little bit about either housekeeping or shopping, and she was giving her first order. It was a crusher; but the grocer was a clever man, and was used to all kinds of orders, and could interpret them easily.

"I want 10lb. of paralyzed sugar," she began, with a businesslike air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two tins of condemned milk."

"Yes'm."

He set down pulverized sugar and condensed milk.

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt. Be sure it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated codfish."

He wrote, glibly, "desiccated cod."

"Nothing more, ma'am? We have some nice horseradish just in."

"No," she said, "it would be of no use to us; we don't keep a horse."

It Keeps the Muscles Pliant.— Men given to muscular sports and exercises and those who suffer muscular pains from bicycle riding will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil something worth trying. As a lubricant it will keep the muscles pliable and free from pains which often follow constant use of them, without softening them or impairing their strength. For bruises, sprains and contusions it is without a peer.

"And is this man come unto this court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to draw fifteen bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity?" asked a barrister. There was no reply.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT, "The D & L" Menthol Plaster is guaranteed to cure the worst case of backache, headache, stitches. Avoid substitutes. Get the genuine mape by Davis & Lawrence Co.

Little Sister: "Any new studies this term?" Little Brother: "One—elocution." "What's that?" "It's learning how to read a thing so it will sound as if you was at the other end of a drain-pipe."

The efficiency of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

"How in the world, Mrs. Wisely, do you manage to have all of your three daughters in so early when they spend the evening out?" "The last one home has to get breakfast next morning."

A Pleasant Duty.—"When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes." 50 cents.—9

"I used ter think," remarked Meandering Mike, "that I wasn't popular with dumb animals." "Are ye?" inquired Plodding Pete. "Tremendously. I met three dogs to-day, and every one of them thought I was nice enough to eat."

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager, "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head." "That's me," replied the applicant, "I'm the father of eight children."

Eat what you like.—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—60 in a box, 35 cents.—8

HIS TURN FIRST.

"Maria," he said, as he entered the house, speaking before his wife had time to say a word, "this house is in an awful condition."

"Why, Henry——" she began.

"Don't try to excuse yourself," he interrupted. "Look at this room! I was going to bring a friend home with me, but I refrained for fear the house would be just in the condition that I find it in."

"If you had sent word, Henry——"

"Send word, Maria! Why should anyone who claims to be a housekeeper have to be notified, so that she can scurry about and make thinks look respectable? And that dress, Maria! It's outrageous to be dressed in that fashion at this time of day."

WHOOPING COUGH
CROUP

Don't let the child suffer. Instant relief and a permanent cure is obtained with

DR. SLOCUM'S
COLTSFOOTE
EXPECTORANT

It heals and soothes throats that are worn and inflamed with coughing arrests the progress of disease, and effects a complete cure speedily.

Sold by all druggists. Price 10c. and 25c. per bottle. Dr. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

$5.00 Brooch



Does it strike you as "almost too good to be true"? It is only one instance of the price-attractiveness of Diamond Hall's stock — backed by its half-century reputation for quality.

This Brooch (Catalogue No. 31683) consists of a 1¾ inch crescent of solid 14k. gold, supporting a lily-of-valley spray set with 16 pearls.

It is sent post free in dainty satin lined case.

We send upon request free of charge our large illustrated catalogue.

Ryrie Bros Limited
Toronto, Ont.

Judge—"And your wife aimed at and struck your head with a cup" Witness—"Yes, sir." Judge—"Well, all I have to say is that you ought to be very proud of her."

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails.

"Hair is getting pretty thin, sir." "Think so?" "Yes." "But it was much thinner about thirty years ago." "But you do not look much older than that." "I was thirty yesterday."

WELCOME AS SUNSHINE after storm is the relief when an obstinate, pitiless cough has been driven away by Allen's Lung Balsam. No opium in it. The good effect lasts.

A young stick of bamboo stretching its head above the ground looks much like a stalk of asparagus. In Japan these young shoots are as much sought for food as asparagus is here.

A Small Pill, but Powerful.— They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

"I hear your firm discharged you." "Yes; but I wouldn't mind that so much if they hadn't added insult to injury." "How?" "They advertised for a boy to fill my place."

Your Doctor

Can cure your Cough or Cold, no question about that, but—why go to all the trouble and inconvenience of looking him up, and then of having his prescription filled, when you can step into any drug store in Canada and obtain a bottle of SHILOH'S CURE for a quarter.



"THE REAL" SAFETY RAZOR

Agents Wanted in Every Town in Canada

The man with a tender skin and a tough beard may now shave himself with comfort and safety. Nervous men need not be afraid, they cannot cut themselves. This Safety gives the perfect draw-cut and does not scrape. It has a ridged handle in proper position which gives better control. The safety device is adjustable and can be turned from right to left hand without removing the blade.

Retail price $2.50 each. Every razor is absolutely guaranteed, and is full concaved as good as the finest barber razor. Send for circulars and information to

GEO. W. KORN RAZOR MFG. CO., - LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.

"OSHAWA" Steel Shingles.

Wind, Water, Storm and Fire Proof



Locked 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 ccompany 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. 321-3 W Craig St. | Ottawa, Ont. 423 Sussex st. | Toronto, Ont. 11 Colborne st | London, Ont. 89 Dundas st. | Winnipeg, Man. 76 Lombard st. | Vancouver, B.C. 615 Pender st.

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

YOU CAN SAVE $13.15



$11.85 A SUIT

TO-DAY

We will present every Reader of this paper who places an order for our celebrated $11.85 Suit with the two most serviceable Premiums ever offered to the public of Canada.

Our Great Free Premium Offers

One Pair of $6.00 Trousers (made to measure) and a really elegant patent Suit-Case given entirely FREE with every order.

YOU ARE UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO BUY, and we will REFUND your money if you find either the Special Suits or the FREE GIFTS are NOT EXACTLY as advertised in this paper.

Agents Wanted.

We will send you, FREE OF ANY CHARGE whatever, a handsome range of patterns, including our wonderful value Blue and Black Serges and Cheviot Tweeds, together with our latest New York Fashion Plates. THEN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. Our home measurement system is so SIMPLE that we require only 5 measurements (which anyone can take) to enable us to give a PERFECT FITTING tailor-made garment.
All goods are shipped 5 days from receipt of order.

THE MAIL-FIT CLOTHING CO. Pattern Dept. 1274 Mount Royal Ave, Montreal, Can.

Don't fail to mention name of this newspaper.

The young physician looked pleased and confident. "Well," he began, "I must say that with my first patient I have succeeded remarkably well." "Of what did you relieve him?" his friend asked. "Five dollars," said the younger man.

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors. Irritation of the Scalp or Rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box.—7

The Cathedral of Alexander Nevski, St. Petersburg, is said to have the finest choir in the world.

AN UGLY FAMILY of skin diseases is the one generally described by the word Eczema. In all its forms it resists ordinary treatment, but is completely cured by Weaver's Cerate used in connection with Weaver's Syrup.

Master—"When was Rome built?" Kid—"In the night, sir." Master—"How do you make that out?" Kid—"Well, everybody says Rome wasn't built in a day."

Faulty Kidneys.—Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you failing vision? Have you dizzy feeling? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any

"I hear you and Jones have been out shooting." "Yes; just got back." "Did you have any luck?" "I should say I did. Jones only hit me once."

They are Carefully Prepared.— Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines is retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

Miss Sharpe—"I've paid this bill once." Baker—"Indeed, ma'am, I'm very sorry that I didn't recollect it." Miss Sharpe—"I dare say that you are sorry that you didn't re-collect it, but I'll take care of that."

FERROVIM, WHAT IS IT? It is the name of the best tonic. It builds up the system, gives new life, makes people well and strong. Be sure you get the genuine "Ferrovim."

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

Mrs. Henpeck—"If you marry Dick, you need never expect me to come to

Furs! Furs! Furs!

We have as usual, for the Coming Winter, a

Large Stock of Furs

— — Consisting in part of — —

Men's Coon Coats, different grades,
Men's Buffalo and Dog Skin Coats,
Men's Fur lined Coats, different kinds,
Ladies' Fur and Fur lined Coats,
Ladies' Short and Long Ruffs,
Ladies' Fur Sholes, Boas and Caperines,
Grey Lamb Collars and Caps for Children,
Fur Gauntlets for Men and Ladies,
Nice assortment of Muffs,
Fur Collars for men to button on cloth coats,

All our other lines of stock are very complete and our prices are right.

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.



This is the Chopper

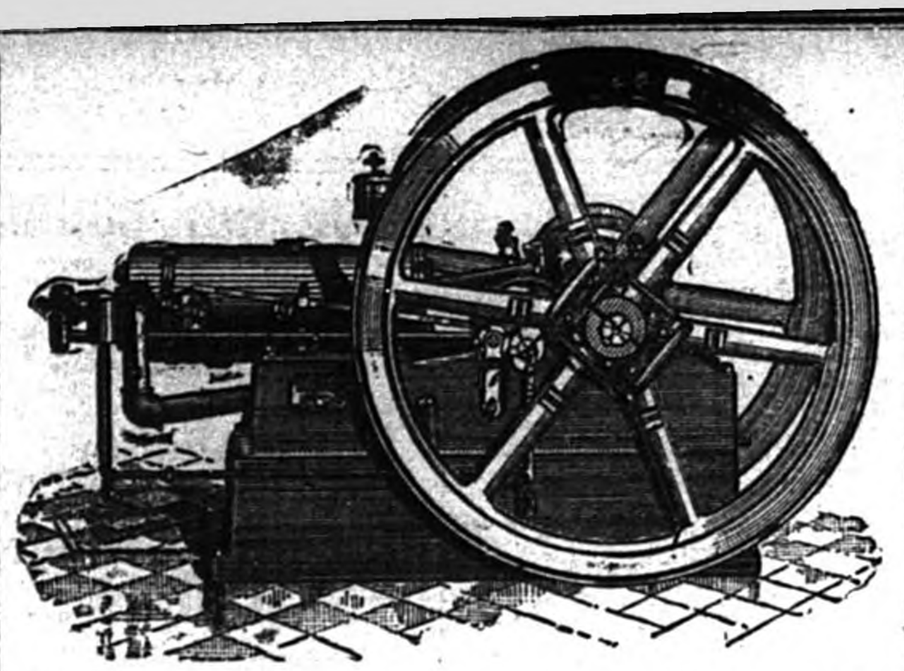
That chops all kinds of meat and foods. Easily operated, simply adjusted, nothing to go wrong, and does the work well. In demand the year through.

For Sale by

N.B.—A full supply of meat saws, meat axes, and butcher knives, etc. always on hand.

T. McOUAT & SON.

Hardware Merchants, LACHUTE MILLS.



This is the power that makes work on the farm a pleasure. A Gasoline Engine will, at little cost, not only do your work, but prove a source of revenue. Ask of the many in this county who are using them to advantage. We also have a fine stock of sleighs, robes, gauntlets, harness, stoves, ranges, separators, and machinery of all kinds.

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. Some 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. R'ly 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 outbuildings 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.

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, Dunany, P Q.

Vacant Succession.

District of Terrebonne.

In Re: Late Jessie Levesque.
Ex parte:
S. G. Laviollette, Petitioner.

A meeting of the relations and creditors of the late Jessie Levesque, in her lifetime of the town of St. Jerome, said district, widow of the late A. A. Laviolette, in his lifetime manufacturer, of the same place, is convened before this Court or the Honorable J. E Robidoux, judge of said Court, for Friday, the 7th December next, 1906, at seven o'clock in the evening, at the office of said court, in the Village of Ste Scholastique, said district, to give their advice on the appointment of a curator to the vacant succession of Jessie Levesque aforesaid.

Ste. Scholastique, Nov. 23rd, '06.
GRIGNON & FORTIER,
Prothonotary.
CAMILLE de MARTIGNY,
Attorney for Petitioner.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, D.D.S., L.D.S.
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday Friday 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,
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Over Banford's Block,
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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.

PINE HILL.

After a long and protracted illness James Carpenter, second son of Mr. and Mrs Geo. Moore of Dalesville, passed quietly away on Sunday morning, Nov. 25th, 1906. Though afflicted at a very early age, and almost since that time a confirmed invalid, this did no lessen the family-ties of love's great affection which they bore to him. For eighteen long years he was tenderly nursed, cherished and loved with the utmost patience and devotion by the family circle, till God in his great and wise Judgment, saw fit to take him unto himself. The funeral service was solemnly and most appreciately conducted by the Rev. A. E. Budd, which took place on Monday, Nov. 26th, at 2 o'clock. The Pall-bearers were Messrs. Willie, Thomas and George Moore, brothers of the deceased, also his three cousins, the Messrs. Henry Moore, J. Hardy, and G. Carpenter. The remains were interred at Dalesville Cemetery. We all extend our deepest and warmest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs Moore and family in their recent bereavement.

"Darling Brother, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel;
But it's God who has bereft us,
He will all our sorrows heal."

CARILLON.

—:o:—

Rev. Mr. Ballantyne of St. Andrews was a guest of Mr. & Mrs. J. Nicholls on Tuesday evening.

Mr. E. and Miss M. Whelehan were guests at Evergreen Cottage on Sunday evening.

We are sorry to report that Miss Edna Hodgson has been confined to the house for the past week, owing to a slight attack of measles.

Messrs. J. and D. Bradley were the guests of Miss Grace Sittlington on Friday evening last.

Miss P. Lacroix arrived home the latter part of last week having spent summer months as Stewardess on board the "Str. Ottawan."

Once more the good old Canadian Winter has dawned upon us, and nature has again provided the earth with her soft white mantle of snow. On Monday evening as one gazed at the silent work of the sky, Lowell's sweet poem "The First Snowfall" was again brought to memory, and as our eyes rested on the peaceful white mantled earth the next morning, we found ourselves reciting together the second verse of the above mentioned poem.

BIRTH.

BESSERER,—At Saint Andrews, on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Besserer of St. Paul, Minn.

DONALDSON, At Chatboro, Nov. 11th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donaldson.

MARRIAGE.

MacDONALD—McGREGOR.—At the home of the bride's sister, Oakland, Calif., on Nov. 14th, 1906, by the Rev. Griffith Griffith, Annie Carmichael, youngest daughter of the late Richard Wilson McGregor of Geneva, Que., to William Duncan MacDonald of Oakland, California.

LAKEFIELD.

—:o:—

The snow has just arrived and we are thankful for it but water is very scarce.

The Methodist Church Xmas Tree will be held Monday, Dec. 24th, at 7.30. A good programme is promised some outside talent being expected.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Beattie lost their baby Saturday morning it died of convulsions and was buried here Monday morning last.

Mr. Jas. Dawson met with a fatal accident Tuesday Nov. 20th, being killed while cutting down a wind fallen tree the remains were taken to Mille Isle on Thursday, Nov. 22nd, both familys have the sympathy of all people.

FARM FOR ALE.

Good farm of 90 acres, part bush, with stock and implements, near River Rouge Cheese and Butter Factory. For further particulars apply to

Mrs. C. Ladouceur, or
C. E. Ladouceur, St. Andrews.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

— TIME TABLE —

Trains Going West.—Leaving Lachute 10.03 a.m., and 7.33 p.m.

Trains Going East,—Leaving Lachute 9.40 a.m., and 8.57.

Commencing Sunday, November 18th, train heretofore leaving Place Viger at 9.15 a.m. for Nomining and intermediate stations, and returning leaving Nomining 4.15 p.m. same day, will run to and from Labelle and will be cancelled between Labelle and Nomining.