MISSING

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL: XXXII. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1907. NO. 15

Removal Notice.

We take this opportunity of reminding our many friends, and the public generally, that we have removed into our new premises across the street. Here you will find anything you need in tinware, agateware and enamelware. Anything you don't see, ask for, and we will make it for you on short notice.

Repairing a specialty. All work neatly executed.

Call to see our goods and get our quotations before buying elsewhere.

W. S. McBRIDE,

WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE,—General Servant. Washing and ironing sent out. Apply soon as possible to MRS. A. STACKHOUSE, Lachute.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Any one having my milk cans in his possession without my authority, will be prosecuted according to law.

D. W. SNEALL, Milk Dealer. Montreal.

Fishing Season—opened Wednesday last, and we are to the front with an up-to-date Sport's Outfit—Bamboo Rods, Jointed Red Cork Floats, Silk Lines, Trolls, Reels, Gut-leaders, Minnows, Flies, Hooks, Sinkers and Lines galore. If you wish to have the best assortment and outfit, let us supply you.

T. McOUAT & SON.

Wilson & Deacon

Successors to R. McArthur,

Tinsmiths, Roofers and Furnace Fitters.

When in need of Milk Cans, Milk Pails, Strainer Pails and all dairy supplies, give us a call.

We make all the requisites for Cheese Factories, from dipper to vats, all of the best material and workmanship and on shortest notice possible.

Full lines of tinware, agateware and enamelware always kept in stock.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

Roofing, Furnace Work, Repairing,

NEB.—Full lines of tin and agateware always on hand.

Wilson & Deacon.

LOCAL NEWS

The Hon. W. A. Weir was in Lachute on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon of Ottawa, are spending the summer months in town.

Mrs. Silas Carpenter jr. is spending a short visit with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. John Paul has purchased the residence of Mr. Odelie Lafleur on Bethany St.

Mr. H. Hampton has purchased the Beckham property in the East End for the sum of $2,700.

Mr. J. E. W. Simpson, who intends shortly to leave for the West, has transferred his insurance business to Mr. Chas. Calder.

The Young People of the Presbyterian Church, intend having a social in the basement on Friday, May 17th. Particulars later.

Mr. McBride has removed to his commodious new store across the Main St. from his old stand, and has opened up a fine new stock of goods.

The Oddfellows will attend divine service in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning on the occasion of the 88th anniversary of the order.

The many friends of Master Paul Masson were pleased to see his return home yesterday from Montreal, after undergoing a successful operation for appendicitis.

The Revs. Messrs. Howe and Blanchard will hold mission services every night for the next two weeks in the Methodist Church at Brownsburg, commencing on Sunday next.

The Methodists have given a unanimous invitation to the Rev. Ernest Thomas to remain as their pastor for a fourth year.

The summer train service has come into effect and the early morning train is greatly appreciated.

Last evening burglars entered the store of McFaul Bros. in the West End and made a raid on their safe. The safe contained no money and consequently was not locked, but the "crackers" evidently thought it was or else they wanted a little fun on their own account. The safe was a new one about a year ago and is badly smashed up. The burglars made off with a quantity of jewelry to the value of about $100.

Owing to the non-arrival of our supply of paper which was shipped us from Toronto on the 26th of April, we were unable to publish last week. Although the C.P.R. have been diligently endeavoring to trace the missing bundles, they have failed to locate them as yet, and we have been compelled to wire for a fresh supply which has only just come to hand. We regret exceedingly the delay.

Miss Amy Hyde of St. Andrews East, may now be numbered among those who have done credit to that good old Parish of St. Andrews. Miss Hyde is teacher in the Model School at Clarendon and brought her scholars up to the magnificent and unprecedent average of 87½ p.c., and was awarded for the same a substantial bonus by the School Inspector. Miss Hyde is all the more to be congratulated as this is her first year in teaching.

The Hiawatha Male Quartette of Ottawa, have had the honor of singing before the Vice-regal party of Government House. Mr. Charles A. Cooke, one of the quartette, made a very fine impression by his songs at the Methodist Tea-meeting this year. The quartette produces wonderful music and will render a programme in the Lachute Town Hall, May 24th.

A meeting of proprietors of Cheese Factories, and all those interested in the manufacture of Cheese, will be held in Raitt's Hall, on Saturday, May 11th, at 3 p.m., for the purpose of discussing the advisability of establishing a cheese board at Lachute. A large attendance is requested.

P. A. LAFLEUR, Sec'y.
Lachute Board of Trade.

THE LATE GEORGE JOSS.

Rarely has a more representative concourse gathered in Lachute than was seen on Wednesday at the funeral of the late George Joss. One of the most respected and worthy citizens, he was cut down by death almost without warning, while still he was on the younger side of middle life. Mr. Joss started life under circumstances calculated to develop in him a sense of responsibility. His father died when he was but a boy, but he learned his trade at tailoring. Later on finding this uncongenial, he adopted his life work as carpentering and many of the best houses in Lachute are monuments of his conscientious workmanship. He was a most devoted husband and father and lived a quiet, consistent life. Mr. Joss belonged to the Order of Workmen, and was a member of the Methodist Church.

On Saturday he retired feeling as well as usual, but during the night awakened in severe pain. Dr. Alexander was summoned and promptly recognized the gravity of the situation. While surgical help would have been, as an autopsy showed, unavailing, every effort was put forth to secure it. In little more than twenty-four hours from the first attack general peritonitis had proved fatal and after much suffering bravely borne, collapse ensued and all was over. The sympathy of the whole town was aroused by the pathetic suddenness of the death. Four children—two boys and two girls remain to comfort the widow.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THE NAME

Bedard

When you are in need of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Sideboards, and everything in the line of household furniture.

Our stock of boots and shoes is also very complete in all lines.

Send for our prices and catalogue before placing your order.

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"THE ELITE."

Grand Exhibition of

SPRING MILLINERY

Wednesday, Thursday,

March 27th, 28th, & following days

Large assortment of new blouses, muslins, ginghams, dress goods, Eolliennes, Panama, Voile, Costume cloth, Raster collars, Gloves, Belts, Hosiery, Baby's and Childrens' made up dresses, cloaks, underwear etc. a specialty.

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,

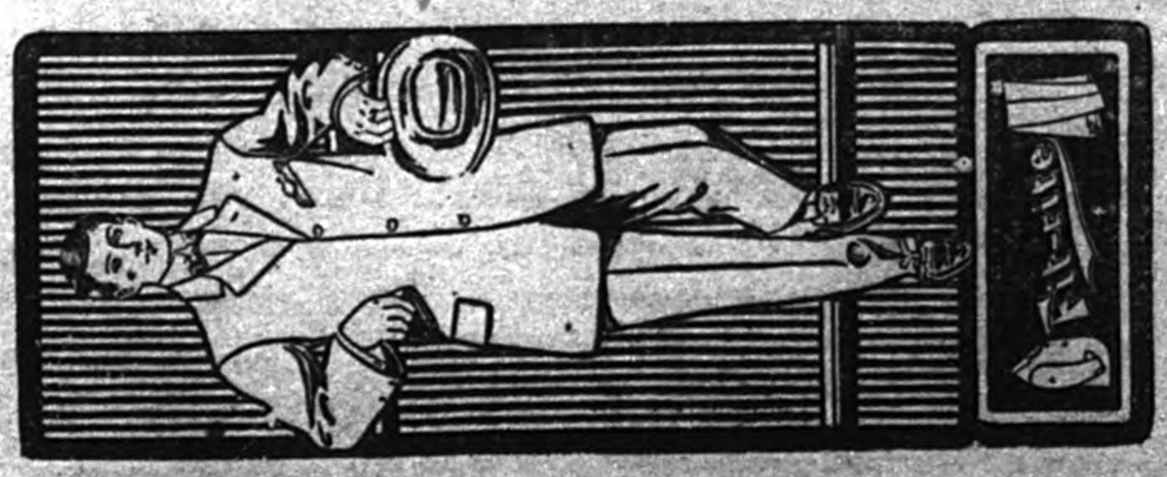
1st Vice-President Canada Association of Opticians

Watch Repairing a Specialty. **LACHUTE.**

CRESWELL'S

ICE CREAM PARLOR

GEO. H. CRESWELL.



CARPENTER BROS.

THE ONE PRICE DRY STORE.

We have opened up our Spring Goods and now offer you the choicest assortment in town. Very prety designs in wall papers, and the best in paints, oils, etc. to make things look nice this spring.

Call and see us, we have everything you need.

DO YOU WANT



A Shave, Massage or a Shampoo, and finish with a good Imported or Domestic Cigar. The only place in town to get this is at Omer Paquette's, where you be assured that everything is of the best.

P.S.—Up-to-date perfumes & toilet articles always kept in great varieties.

Omer Paquette,

Barber and Tobacconist, Main St. Lachute.

His Moment of Madness

A STORY OF WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

"Dad!" Once more her working lips would dare it; once more her woman's whisper thrilled across the stubborn silence of the library. "Dad! Be merciful! See him—hear from his own lips what he has to say. Don't let the world, that is watching all around at this minute, have to point to him as an unconvicted felon, when one word from you——"

"From me? Aye!" Grey with a sudden flare of passion, fed by all the weeks of perverse silence, old Harvey Stares was upon his feet. The revolving chair had crashed down; he took a stride, feeling at his throat. "Aye, I'll speak! Bring all your world to hear this! Yes, you fear for him—it is only your blind woman's love that would forgive him everything—even the shame of black embezzlement from the very man who had lifted him out of a gutter of obscurity and put him—raised him——"

It rattled to nothing. But it had rung through the house—words that could never be taken back. Overwhelmed, both hands to her face, Greta had gone back involuntarily to grope at the half-closed door. She turned, with a little moan, a look in her eyes that might have warned him there is a limit even to woman's endurance.

"No more! You are dear to me, as my father, but you dare not—shall not—say that of the man who has asked me to be his wife. No!"

"His wife!" he repeated. He went back the step, looking at her with sunken eyes. "His wife! You mean—you mean that you deliberately think to sink to that man's level?—my daughter! Come here. When—when has he dared to put such words into your lips?"

"Never!" she whispered, quite calmly. She was drawn up now as firmly as himself. "He would never do that, with the halter of shame that you have placed around his neck. But since you have spoken so that all may hear, I'll answer you. He is not here to speak for himself; the woman he loves will do that for him—or else woman's love is only a mockery. Dad, you can drive him out of your employ at the bank; you can disgrace him in the eyes of all who knew him here at Silvercroft; but you cannot drive a man out of a woman's respect once he has gained that place. If it breaks my heart I must choose between you. I must fight for him, and I will. If ever I loved him, this is the dark hour when he would look to me to prove it. If you refuse mercy, when I have asked only justice for him, I must use the only weapon left to a woman—and go to him of my own accord!"

Quietly, without a tremor—even on a hushed note of rapture—it died away. She stood there sole heiress to his fortune, that was counted in tens of thousands—a slight, queenly figure in her robe of white silk.

Slowly that tremendous truth crept into old Harvey Stares's realization. Only one minute it had taken him to convince himself of Geoffrey Dane's guilt; since then he had set himself to exterminate the man's memory—to sever at a slash every link that bound the man with the house and social circle at Silvercroft.

"It's a—a lie!" he got out, as he felt for his chair. "This is planned; this is the tool he has given you to use—to force me to keep silence and accept him as my son-in-law. No, no; keep away! He owned to debt: the money was missing; and he shall pay. No, no; you have chosen—you have cut me adrift—you can go. You shall ... your wish, and see that I am what the world has named me—a man who can break but never bend. I'll break!"

"Dad!" It was a whisper infinitely soft—a whisper to live in his heart. "Listen! Once—once a precious woman loved you and placed you before all the world in her thoughts. Her love—dead mother's love—was such that no word, no mass of evidence, could have taken the trusting smile from her eyes—the deeper happiness from her life. And now—now to-night Geoffrey calls to me through the silence to believe in him. Whatever happens, I must. Dad, dear, I want you—I want you always! You are not putting my arms away—you'll pause to realize that happiness comes only from within, and that—— God bless you, dad! Some day you will call to me to take back to-night's cruel words; and may Greta be there to answer as she longs to answer to-night!"

Silently she rose from her knees. Her lips quivered, her hand rested upon the stubbornly drooped head. For a moment she stood looking unconsciously out across the dark mass of woods and the red glow of the city beyond, as if asking herself what lay beyond the threshold of the new life from which the veil was lifting to-night. Then calm in her new strength still, she had passed the hanging curtains and gone from the room.

Down in the thickly-carpeted corridor she went. All seemed a little unreal, as in a tinted dream. She knew, as without knowing, that a little knot of the servants in the branch corridor had suddenly dispersed. On the foot of the stair, as she floated past, his figure arched as in anxious hesitation, stood Yelverton, her father's secretary and right-hand man. Of late Yelverton had not cared to cross from his own room to the library unless old Stares's bell jangled.

"You, Miss Greta? Pardon!" he said, drawing back in his courteous way. "I heard Mr. Stares's voice raised, but I did not care to ask whether——"

"You were not wanted," she replied, a little coldness creeping into her faint voice. It was not that she resented or implied spying at such a moment. There were woman's reasons why she shrank involuntarily when she had to meet Roy Yelverton on the stairs or in the corridor—for so long the soft-voiced, soft-footed secretary had implored with his eyes for the love that was locked in another man's keeping.

"One moment, Miss Stares!" And she turned, to see half a sneer upon his refined, scholarly face. "Perhaps I jeopardize my position here, but I claim a man's right. Is it—is it because I have dared to lay my homage at a woman's feet, in spite of my judgment, that I have merited her persistent contempt—her hate shall I say?"

"No, no!" She said it with a real little cry of contrition.

"No, it is not that Mr. Yelverton; you mistake me. I do not hate you; I have kept at a distance for your own sake, believe me. If I answered you once as I had to, no one would ever know. But to-night"—she put a wavering hand to her forehead—"to-night my heart is full in a way you cannot understand. And if——"

He bent forward. His thin fingers wound upon her wrist just a second. The sneer had not vanished.

"What if I do?" he breathed. "You need not have spoken. Half my intuition—without my love—would have told me the name of the shadow that followed you from that room along this corridor. I had hoped—yes, I had hoped that even yet I might step into the blank."

She looked at him, her face a study, her lips set.

"There is no blank," she said. "There never will be in this life—nor the next. I have answered you."

And she swept slowly on—past the dining-room, with its waiting mockery of set glass and silver—past the great, dimly-lit drawing-room. All was rich, dainty, beautiful; yet her heart sickened against it all to-night. Somewhere—somewhere not far away—Geoffrey Dane might to-night be staring down the black throat of the wolf. In his quick sensitiveness he might even have thought his life no longer worth living!

She wanted to weep—and to weep she must be quite alone. She had flitted through the shubbery and gained the edge of the lawn beyond. And then—then it was that the great lump in her throat seemed to break; a wave of incredulity went through her; the moonlit sward ahead seemed to heave like the sea. Just there—just there by the iron railing stood a man, as still as if lost to all but his inner self. If life itself had depended upon it, she could not have kept back the dangerous cry—almost the sob of a frightened child in a dream.

"Geoff!"

Geoff! He swerved convulsively. A stumble, and she was locked within his shaking arms. Geoff!

"Hush, be brave, sweet!" he was trying to whisper, steadily. All her woman's strength seemed likely to go out in that clasp of realization. "It was to be! I had never dared it until to-night. I—I came with just the bare hope of seeing you in some way. I meant—I meant to ask you to believe on—to wait for me until I came back from abroad!"

"Abroad? Abroad?" That slow repetition, and then her arms fell away. She stood looking past him. Abroad! The one awful, lonely word, with its suggestion of eternal farewell and finality, was the surest spur to set her woman's brain working. "No!" she suddenly said, with that breath-catch. Looking down into the shining eyes, Geoffrey Dane found his face held between two calm, compelling hends. "No! It was to be!—your own lips said it. You were brought here to-night with a purpose. . . . Geoff, don't move—hear me—trust a woman's perception! Think! He is there, alone, in the library. I have just left him. I made my last appeal for mercy—for you. I failed. And now you—you—shall say the last word. Yes! It may reach his heart. It may——"

"Never! Never!"

It was stifled on his lips by her hand. She went on, determined, insistent.

"If you want me, prove it! He is there. He can only answer you as he answered me. You will! His threat to have you arrested on the charge was only a flame of passion. Go to him—speak as a man to man—go this minute, with the courage of the man I respect. Not one word; Greta asks it! If you fail, Greta alone knows. You know the room—go straight along the balcony, and tap at his window. It is open—he must hear you. Geoff, to-night or never! And then if all fails——"

"Then?" he whispered, as if an inspiration had thrilled from her to himself. "Then?"

"I can ask you to bear no more." The voice grew fainter. "If—if you must go abroad, you shall not go alone. Geoff!"

He was gone. He had sprung, and by now would have reached the balcony. She stood, her hands straining in the suspense. She lost all count of the minutes. A muffled silence seemed to have descended all around like a pall. He was there, in that room at the far end of the house wall. Perhaps that deep, vague vibration was the condensed sound of their talk. Perhaps, even now—and then, with a mental shock, she realized that all was over. Haggard, trembling, death-white, Geoffrey had gripped her arm and was drawing her on.

"Let me get away from this place—away, while I can!" he said, between set teeth. "Greta, yes, it must be good-bye, until I can come back free to take a wife. I could not take you now—could not ask you to make such a sacrifice. The world would brand me as having dragged you down to starvation—to a steerage passage on board——"

It broke off; the irony of it seemed to choke him. He had paused, as if realizing the hopelessness of his position, halfway across the lawn. Drawing a breath, he looked back at the house. It was the supreme moment, while the scales swung between devotion and man's duty to the woman who . . .

"Murder!"

Hoarse, distinct, awful, the word carried across. There was a moment's silence, a moment lost from the lives of both still figures. Then it came again, with a banging of doors and noise of running feet. The terror of the moment was its own antidote. Greta had shrunk and shivered, as if the meaning of it all had reached her in a flash. Then—then both her arms were tightly about the man's neck. She whispered fast.

"One word Geoff—the word that you will have to say to your Maker! I'm calm—see! I can bear anything now. Tell me quickly—you have not taken vengeance into your own hands? Geoff, if you value my love, my sanity, speak. You have not done—that?"

He could not. Only an inarticuate sound formed and broke in his throat. He could not—not even when Greta went back with a nameless moan. All his volition seemed to have gone from him. He stood staring, as figures crashed through the shrubbery—as Yelverton's voice rose above the hubbub.

"There! Arrest him—a murderer! Bring the police!"

"Geoff!" her breathless cry sounded. She had made her life's effort in that whirling instant, herself forgotten—thinking first and only of him. "Geoff!" she repeated, her voice sinking to nothing. "I'll never ask! Save yourself—go! go!"

It did not reach his comprehension. A stiff, unresisting figure he stood, facing the clamor, his death-white face a blank. His arms were held; the noise had given place to a hush of uncertain awe deeper than all in its tragic eloquence. Greta, her arms still clasping him, was drawn gently but firmly away. She knew, as in the dream still, that Roy Yelverton had plucked her out of the ominious ring around that central, silent man's figure.

"Forgive me! I must—it is kindness to be stern," he said, his voice breaking. "For your sake, if we had known, we might have kept silence; but that could not be! No, not that way—you shall not go near that room to-night!"

She paused, holding him back with an unconscious strength.

"What shall I see there?" she asked. "Not death?"

"Don't!" Yelverton wiped the hair back from his damp forehead. His own eyes were glassy after that shock. "Miss Stares—Greta—don't make it more terrible to bear! Is it a mercy to tell you? . . . One of the servants heard Mr. Stares say, 'Stand back! It is not worth another crime!' We—we had recognized that other man's voice. There was a long silence. We went in, and found Mr. Stares lying there—gone!"

"Let me go!" she whispered. "Let me believe it—if I can!"

And then—then it all seemed to fade slowly, and a merciful blank closed in upon her.

. . . . . .

One—two! The hall clock boomed it just as Greta's door softly opened. She was carrying a lighted taper, and dressed still in the soft white robe of silk; but in her eyes, as she moved out, was the look of a woman acting automatically—a woman impelled from within to something the meaning of which her brain had not fully grasped.

In the branch corridor she paused, a hand to her white forehead. Then—then, as if half unconscious still, she had tapped at a door. It opened instantly, almost as if the tap had been expected. Roy Yelverton, fully dressed, looked out—flinched—stared—and waited. Face to face they stood for a minute. Then as some query rattled in the secretary's throat, Greta's hand wavered out and touched him. Her voice was quite composed.

"Tell me," she said; "tell me the truth! I feel it was you, you who embezzled the money and struck my father down! Tell me—let me save Geoff—and you have nothing to fear. Nothing. You shall have the price in full that you ask."

That was it. Over Yelverton's face, as the steady taper-light played across it, spread a slow pallor that deepened to yellow. He shook. The smile that tried to dawn on his features was like the flitting of moonlight over marble—was gone again.

"Are you mad, Greta—Miss Stares?" he whispered. He could not move, as Greta bent forward until her woman's eyes could seem to read his soul.

"Something—has—told me!" she said, without a tremor. "You know. You can clear the man you hated—Geoffrey Dane. You, and you alone, hold the key of the truth. I know you. I know that, to be revenged, you are a man who would never turn that key. But you will; you shall leave in writing the words that save him. And in return I will give you the promise—the love—you once asked. I will do that. If you wanted me so you'd trust my promise."

One more spell of the nameless silence. Her slight breast was still; her eyes had not quailed; lips parted, she waited for the answer. If a sweat had slowly beaded out on the man's forehead she did not seem to notice. The dream-suggestion haloed her calm figure still.

"Miss Stares!" It was forced out huskily, with a great effort. "What can you mean?—what has come into your mind? If—if—I could write such words as you suggest, to clear Dane, they could mean nothing else than that I—that I should stand in his place! To take that crime upon myself, in the hope of gaining your love——"

"Yes," she whispered. "You will do that. Speak, and then go free. My love! That—that is the only price a woman can think of in such an hour to unlock your lips. Speak! because, even before I looked into your eyes, something told me that you knew! The truth!—the truth about that fatal blow!"

The man's breath came faster. A strange light flickered in his eyes. He seemed hypnotized—carried away from himself by something new in her manner that deadened all other human considerations.

"If I knew—if I could speak—if I told you that it was done in a moment's madness—how could I—— Heavens, no! I know nothing! You make me mad—put words into my lips, out of love for you——"

It broke off. He stood staring, a hand to his throat. A bell had jangled in the dark silence. There was a stumble of feet on the stairs. A voice had called thickly for Miss Greta.

"Here!" she said, not moving. "What is it?"

"Mr. Stares—the master! He has moved—he breathes—he is not to die! They are with him! They say that the blow caused a trance that seemed like syncope! He will live—live to tell all that happened!"

The servant hurried on. One quiver had run through Greta's figure. She touched the arm of the man who stood as though turned to stone. She was fully conscious of her position now.

"He lives! Will you speak—now, or shall I?"

"Mercy!" It broke in an incoherent gasp. His hands groped for hers, as he went down to his knees. "Mercy! Let me go before he speaks! Let me go for the sake of the love that turned my brain in that moment I struck him—for that alone. 'A fiend's whisper made me; I knew nothing, realized nothing, save that the weapon had been thrust into my hands by fate. Greta! He had gone; I went in. Mr. Stares sat there, seeing nothing. A mist rose about me—I was mad at the thought that, in spite of the theft I had planned, I had lost you to that man. I struck. And then—then the mist cleared. I had to accuse him to save my own life. I thought it was murder. Oh, if you knew the nights of sleepless longing—if you knew all the torment in my brain that led up to that supreme moment——"

It was not finished! A rattling gasp, and he had slid back. Slowly Greta brought herself to stoop. He had lost consciousness—lost, as they afterwards told her, his grip upon sanity, never to recover it. He had paid the price. Roy Yelvertons part in the life-and-death drama was ended.

And Geoffrey Dane's? It had but begun. He stepped forth from that night's shadow to grip the hand of the man who had branded him with shame—stepped forth from the darkness into the warm sunlight of a woman's abiding trust. Through love had dawned light!

WOULD BE BETTER DEAD

PESTS WHICH THE WORLD COULD WELL DO WITHOUT.

Dangerous Wild Beasts Destroy Many Lives Yearly—The Venomous Snake Tribe.

The last hippopotami in Natal were a family of seven, who lived in Seacow Lake, not far from Durban. They were protected by law, and for more than twenty years after the last of their relatives within 500 miles had been exterminated this small but weighty family lived in peace.

But hippo is a wasteful feeder. He tears up and tramples down more than he eats, and his appetite is not small. As for fences, barbed wire he cares no more for than a hog would for cobwebs, and at last the protests of the planters could no longer be disregarded, and the last survivors were shot.

More recently war has been declared on the hippopotami which infests the Zambesi, near the Victoria Falls. A European visitor and his guide were recently upset out of their boat by one of the big brutes and very nearly carried over the falls. They just managed to save their lives by struggling ashore on Cataract Island, and it was sixteen hours before they could be rescued.

In March, 1905, four men were upset in similar fashion in the Zambesi and one drowned; while as for crops, it is impossible to grow anything near the river.

WILD DOGS WORSE THAN TIGERS.

Although hippo beef is eatable, and his heavy hide is useful, it is certain that he does more harm than good, and the edict has gone forth that he is to be destroyed. But it will be many years before Africa sees the last of this aquatic monster. The hippo breeds very fast, and is in many localities actually increasing in numbers.

When one talks of dangerous wild beasts, one's mind naturally turns to lions and tigers. Well, lions destroy a tremendous amount of game, and tigers are responsible for a thousand lives in Further India and the big Dutch islands of Borneo and Java. But both these beasts offer very fine sport, and indirectly they bring so much money into the countries they inhabit that their credit and debit accounts are pretty equally balanced.

This is more than can be said for the wild dog. A more abominably mischievous and dangerous brute than the wild dog does not exist, and few have the slightest idea of how common it is nor of the extent of its ravages. Africa, India, and Australia, all have their wild dogs.

THE SHEEP FARMER'S ENEMY.

In Africa they call them hunting dogs, and they are common from Rhodesia northwards. Small but powerful and very swift, they run in packs, and, being possessed of keen scent and enormous powers of endurance, they are the worst peril to all sorts of game. They kill eland, hartebeest, and all the bucks, and they themselves are so cunning that they are very rarely killed.

India's pest is the red dog or "dhole," which inhabits the Terai, that huge jungle along the base of the Himalayas. Nothing is safe from a pack of dhole, not even the lordly tiger himself.

Australia has the "dingo," an ugly brute, but the very worst sort of sheep killer. In most parts of the country there is a price on the dingo's head. Some years ago two mastiff dogs escaped into the bush in Southern Queensland and never returned. These have interbred with the dingoes, and the result is a new breed greatly excelling the old in stature and ferocity. When the S. S. Federal was wrecked on the Southern Queensland coast, these dogs actually attacked the survivors and ate the dead bodies washed ashore. Great efforts have been made to wipe out this new pest.

THE WOLF PERIL ISN'T A MYTH.

No one can deny that the world at large would be much better off without wolves. Many look on the wolf as a mere bogey of childhood. These people would realize that the actual facts of the case are very different if they had to put in a winter's day afoot in any of the big Russian forests, in some parts of Germany, in the Carpathians, or in the lonelier stretches of the Ardennes.

Only last spring a Russian patrol near Georgenberg, on the German frontier, was attacked by a pack of wolves. One man was torn to pieces, a second died of his awful injuries; the other two men escaped into a tree. Yet, remember, these were all four powerful men and well armed.

Another creature, or class of creature, the world would be well rid of are the crocodiles and alligators. True, their hides make useful leather, but they are cruel, voracious monsters which make thousands of square miles of inland waters perilous as shark-infested seas.

But of all quadrupeds whose presence constitutes the greatest menace to human life and safety, the worst is not lion, wolf, nor alligator.

IT IS THE RAT.

The rat is, of course, a ferocious animal, and quite frequently kills injured or helpless human or other animals. Some readers may remember that dreadful case at Lewisham when a three-months-old baby was killed and partly eaten by rats in broad daylight.

But the main danger from rats is that they are the chief instruments in carrying infection of all kinds from country to country. They are the greatest travellers in the world. Two centuries ago they were unknown in Western Europe. They came out of Asia and crossed to England, exterminating the native rats as they came. Now they infest the whole civilized world.

It is no exaggeration to say that the brown rat is man's worst living enemy, and though he is a hunted outcast, with in most cases a price on his head, he increases in a fashion simply astounding.

In the West Indies alone the ruin that rats have wrought can only be computed in millions. They have spoilt thousands of acres of sugar cane and other crops, killed kids, lambs, young pigs, poultry, game, birds, and other domestic animals too numerous to mention. And, unlike most other creatures, they have not one single redeeming quality. The man who invents a perfect method of exterminating rats will be one of the greatest benefactors of his kind.

SNAKES KILL 60,000 YEARLY.

Rabbits are such enemies of the farmer that it has been argued that the world would be better without them. No need to recapitulate the millions which they have cost the Australian colonies. But there is, after all, much to be said for the rabbit. Flesh and fur alike are valuable, and even Australia is now getting back some $250,000 a year by the export of frozen rabbits.

No one can produce an argument in favor of the venomous snake tribes. The cobra and karait yearly cause the lives of 22,000 Hindoos to end in torture, and the world's death roll from snakes is estimated at fully 60,000.

But it is quite hopeless to dream of the extermination of poisonous reptiles. The cobra and rattlesnake might possibly be killed out, but the swamp vipers and all their kind who live in the depths of swamp and jungle must always remain a menace to human safety.

Even poisonous snakes are not nearly so fatal to human life and to the spread of civilization as are insects. And if the scientist be asked what three insects he would soonest see abolished, he promptly replies: first, the anopheles mosquito, the bearer of the malaria poison; second, the tsetse fly, killer of horses and cattle, and now known to infect human beings with the horrible sleeping sickness; thirdly, the common house fly, the unclean insect which spreads in human food bacilli of typhoid and of all other dirt diseases.—Pearson's Weekly.

TWO APIECE.

Baillie Craig, the magisterial authority of a small town in Scotland, had six stout sons, with whom he loved to parade the market-place, says Doctor Kerr in his "Memories." They furnished him the basis of a mathematical joke.

"A fine family you have," strangers would often say. "Is this the whole of it?"

"No, indeed," the baillie would reply "I have two sisters at home for each o every one of them."

"What!" the visitor would exclaim, rapidly counting the sons. "Twelve daughters!"

QUITE PREPARED.

Ascum: "I hear that the French count your wife and daughter met abroad is going to visit you this summer?"

Richman: "Yes, I believe he is."

Ascum: "Better take French lessons, hadn't you?"

Richman: "Oh, I'm prepared! I got a professor to teach me how to say: 'Sorry, but I have made it a rule never to lend money.'"

It is calculated that tourists spend $30,000,000 a year in Switzerland.

A Loveless Marriage;

OR

A MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

Dorothy received her with loving words, creeping down through the darkness on tiptoe, and opening the door for her; so that Miss Jemima might not waken to ask awkward questions. She drew the trembling Cecil upstairs, before she would hear a word, safe into the shelter of her own room, and then comforted her and cried over her, and was indignant with the cause of all her woe as any stricken heart could desire. Dorothy was indeed one of the most sympathetic creatures on earth.

But, alas! she preached the same sermon as St. John had done. She seemed to have taken her text from him. Cecil must go back to her husband.

"You mean I must go back to my death," said Mrs. Vereker; "and you can say that in cold blood!"

Then Dorothy asked if he had actually struck her, but this she denied vehemently. It is one of the strange things about a woman: she will hate a man, revile and scorn him openly, but if you ask her if he has raised his hand against her, she will recoil from the question, and will lie heartily rather than acknowledge herself a victim to such indignity. It is not him she would spare in thus lying, but her own decent pride and self-respect.

"I almost wish he had," said Dorothy. "Then at least, you would have occasion against him, such as the law would hear."

But Mrs. Vereker would say nothing about that brutal dashing of her against the bookcase; and when Dorothy had persuaded her to get into her bed, was so careful about the way she took off the body of her gown, that the former knew instantly that there was some cause for the extreme caution. A chance let her see a crimson bruise, fast turning purple, upon the delicate shoulder.

Her heart grew sick within her: yet what can a woman do? She made a great deal of her guest, grieving secretly, hanging over her with little fond attentions, kindling a fire for her with her own hands, and putting her into one of her warm dressing gowns. She even stole down to the pantry, at imminent danger of rousing her ever alert aunt, and rescued a roast chicken and some bread and butter, and bringing it back in safety insisted on making Cecil eat some of it.

"I am starving myself—roused up at this unearthly hour. Surely you will not let me feel myself a right-down greedy one?"

Thus importuned, Cecil ate something, and presently Dorothy tucked her into bed, where, exhausted, she fell into a dreamless sleep.

But next day Dorothy took her home. Scandal, above all things, was to be avoided, and this true and earnest friend did the best she could for her. She would have liked, indeed, to keep her for ever near her to shield and comfort her, but the impossibility of such a project conquered her.

She bade her sad little guest of a night farewell on the doorstep of the Court, and then, with a miserable sense of having been faithless to her—of having abandoned her ruthlessly to the wiles of her enemy—went slowly away up the drive.

Half-way between the house and the gate she encountered Vereker, looking sodden, purple, abominable, and, in effect, half drunk.

"Ha! You, my dear!" said he, with undue levity. "What good wind blows you here to-day. Come to see that little colorless wife of mine? Why, you're worth a dozen of her, eh?"

It was plain that he knew nothing of last night's work. Had forgotten his own share in it, and believed his wife to be, as usual, in her own rooms.

"Your compliment overpowers me," said Dorothy, whose mouth had grown mutinous. "To be superior to your wife is to be superior indeed, and unhappier than most. A fact you have not as yet taken to heart."

"What d'ye mean?" said he, partially sobered by her eyes, which were flashing fire.

"You know," she said. "And if not, it is a pity no one should tell you. You have married an angel, and your wife has married a devil! I wonder! I wonder," cried she, stamping her foot, "that you have the hardihood to stand there and look any decent woman in the face when you know how you treat Cecil."

"By Jove! I never knew how pretty you were until now! Go it, my dear! passion transforms you!" said the miserable creature, with a loose, detestable smile. His dulled brain failing to catch the righteous anger that filled her, he put out his arm, and suddenly, with a lurch, encircled her waist with his arm.

For an instant only. She flung him from her, and without hesitation lifted her hand and gave him a very hearty, resounding blow across his face.

Even as she did so, St. John came upon the scene, seized Vereker and hurled him backwards; but for this intervention it might perhaps have gone badly with Dorothy, for Vereker once roused was a savage beast, and would have thought as little of striking her as if she was a dog; but she evidently did not think so. She so far believed in herself as to deem herself a good match for this wretched drunkard.

"No. I will have no interference," she said, placing herself between the two men. "You," menacingly to Vereker, "will go home at once."

"You are right there," said he. "By Jove, what a vixen! I'd like (vindictively) to have the taming of you. Yes, I'm going, after such a reception as that." He placed his hand to his cheek, which showed a good respectable color for once. He hardly seemed to see that St. John was present, his intellect being so clouded after his many hours of debauch as to be capable of thinking of one subject alone. He turned abruptly on his heel, and with a last malicious glance at Dorothy, walked away.

"Oh! I do hope I have not made it worse for her," cried she, remorsefully, when he was out of sight. "What a terrible temper shone out of his eyes. And she—she is not fit for excitement of any kind to-day."

"She stayed with you last night? You knew I brought her to you. What of her, Dorothy? speak, I implore you," said St. John, drawing her arm through his, and leading her from the main avenue into a side walk that led to the wood.

"What is there to say?" she exclaimed, vehemently. She was looking pale and troubled. He could see that her eyes were rd from crying.

"You brought her home to-day. To such a home! Go on, tell me how she passed the night. Did she sleep? Why are you so silent, Dorothy? Has——" He stopped short, and caught her arm. "Has anything fresh happened?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," with a sigh. "There is nothing to tell."

"Nevertheless, let me hear it. Anything about her"—his face paling—"must touch me. Tell me what you know."

There was such a passion of anxiety in his manner, that it struck Dorothy as being dangerous, and angered her.

"Her—her! Who?" she asked, coldly. "Why do you speak of her like this? What is she to you? What should she be save an acquaintance—a friend?" After all, has not this unhappy business arisen because of him? Jealousy in a man like Vereker is ever the precursor of brutality. Had St. John not been mad enough to fall in love with Cecil, the latter might have been spared this last indignity. Dorothy's heart grew hot within her; and she looked at her companion with marked disfavor. "If you are talking of Mrs. Vereker——"

"Do not misjudge me, Dorothy," interrupted he, with some agitation. "It would be impossible to misjudge her; but as for me, you know how it is. You are our best friend, do not give us up. I must confide in some one, if only for her good, and who should it be but you? I entreat you to abandon conventionalism in this matter, and try to believe that I love her with singleness of heart. I am half mad with misery at the thought of her being in that brute's power, yet I would not dare so much as breathe to her that—that there might be a remedy—a means of escape. And yet—is it the kinder thing to leave her alone, defenceless, in his power?"

"I can't bear to think of that either," said Dorothy, and then she began to cry. "She had a terrible mark on her shoulder," she sobbed miserably. "She said he had not struck her, but—how did she get it then? It was a cruel bruise, and she tired so hard to hide it that I knew it meant something! It must have happened to her quite lately, as she could not have had it the night of your dance; it was as high up as this," pointing to her shoulder; "one would have seen it when she wore her evening gown. It made me feel sick. Oh! what is to be the end of it?"

St. John had turned deadly white, and an awful curse passed his lips.

"Can nothing be done?" went on Dorothy, still crying bitterly. "Was there ever so miserable a case? If she were a big, strong girl it would not be so bad, but she is so small and slight and fragile; one would think a heavy wind would sway her, and she is so awfully afraid of him. Yet it would be folly to counsel her to run away from him."

"Unless she ran away with me," said he, in a dull, measured tone.

"Oh, no!" cried Dorothy, shocked. "What a thing to say! How dare you say it! Far better for her to die than to—to——"

"Then there is nothing—and probably she will die," said he, coldly. He looked like one turned into stone. "A blow!" he repeated to himself, as though stunned. "A bruise on her delicate flesh! A blow!"

He turned aside abruptly, and struck across the field on their right. He had evidently forgotten all about Dorothy, but she forgave him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Call that acting! I don't," said Colonel Scott, with supreme contempt. It was a fortnight later, and they were all taking afternoon tea with Miss Jemima Aylmer. That truculent maiden now and then so far bestirred herself as to summon all her neighbors to break cake beneath her roof, and woe betide the one who refused her invitation!—for the next six months his or her bones were not left worth picking.

Lady Bessy, who with some of the other guests was still at The Chase, always made a point of accepting the summons, declaring that she would not miss anything, and hither she had dragged Lady Eustace, Mr. Blair, and the rest. She always wore her most elaborate gown on these occasions, and her most frivolous bonnet, with a view to working up Miss Jemima's temper (who looked upon finery of that sort as a device of the Devil to ensnare unwary souls) to the requisite pitch.

Mrs. Vereker was sitting on a low lounge near the fire. She was looking wonderfully bright and pretty, and in such good spirits, for her, that St. John, who was watching her anxiously from a distance, felt a sense of comfort warm his heart. Vereker had remembered later on something of his conduct towards her on that luckless night, and had had the grace to be sullenly ashamed of it. He had shown his contrition by letting her alone and keeping out of the way, which accounted for the touch of happiness that now illumined her face.

St. John, warned by a word of two from Dorothy, had of late avoided being seen too much with her. A word, a glance had explained to Mrs. Vereker this change of manner on his part, and glad in the thought of his care for her, glad that there was someone in the world who loved her and on whom she could rely, she acquiesced in his decision not to seek her, and was content in the knowledge that he was always near.

Colonel Scott was waxing eloquent over the delinquencies of a little American actress, who had created quite a furore in the fashionable world about two or three years before. He was a man who lived his life thoroughly, if always respectably, and who would not have missed a new sensation for the world. There was so little time left him for the enjoyment of a heart-throb, he would say, that he took care to secure all that he could.

No new Prima Donna, therefore, no fresh tenor, no foreign actress (he adored Sarah Bernhardt) went on unheard by him. He ran up to town as lightly as a robin skips from bough to bough, and enchanted his ear, or enchanted his eye, as the case might be. But he was severe on such artists as disgusted his sense of perfection. He was particularly hard on the little American, who had made a small reputation amongst the gilded youth of the Great Babylon. He was now holding forth with a righteous displeasure; whilst Miss Jemima watched him with an ever-increasing wrath that put his to shame.

Lady Bessy, who was nothing if not mischevious, had led him to this blind wall, knowing that the word actress stank in the nostrils of her grim hostess and hoping that some merriment might result from an encounter between her and the gallant Colonel, who regarded the maiden veteran with awe.

"Call that acting?" said the Colonel, rushing on his fate. "Pouf! my dear madam," to Lady Bessy. "No; I am too old to find laughter in grimaces, or talent either. As a person who can disjoint every feature, and turn a very nearly pretty face into an almost repulsive one, I grant you she has no rival. But where does the artistic instinct come in? Where does her legitimate business lie? I should say in fights, and——"

"My dear Colonel!" protested Lady Bessy, very feebly, more as a means of drawing Miss Jemima's attention to the enormity, than for any moral reason. She yawned sleepily behind her huge fan, and glanced at the spinster. Yes, it was all going on splendidly; a lurid fire was beginning to burn in the orbs of the chaste Jemima. There was something bristling in her whole air, the cap on her ancient head had begun to wag in a fashion that meant immediate war. Lady Bessy regarded this cap with admiration. It was a structure built of velvet, lace and ribbons, and was as like a helmet as it might be.

"Yes, in burlesque she might make her mark," went on the Colonel, all unconscious. "She can dance a little, but as for comedy!" He threw up his hands. "Her attempts at sentiment made one sad."

"Well—that is surely as it should be."

"Change a letter then and make the word 'mad.' I for one found her particularly unpleasant."

"That class of person generally is, eh? so vulgar," said Lady Eustace.

"There you wrong the class. Look at——," he named a celebrated burlesque actress of the day. "She is unutterably, marvellously vulgar, if you like; yet she never jars on one. When she comes forward and condescends to amuse us, why we are amused most honestly. She has ten times the talent of the American, and therefore we can pardon and admire her audacity."

"Have you quite finished your licentious conversation?" demanded an awful voice, at this puncture. It was Miss Jemima. She had done bristling, she had now sprung, and had fastened upon the luckless Colonel, who was turning purple beneath her clutch.

"Eh!" said he, startled into a monosyllable. He, who so dearly loved his own voice.

"You heard me, I think," said the elder Miss Aylmer, with an uncompromising glare. "If you have finished, I beg to say that for the future I hope you will select other room than mine for the airing evil sentiments."

"My dear Miss Aylmer, I assure you——" But he was not allowed to do even that.

"Not a word, sir. If I am to judge by what has gone before, I must decline to hear what still remains to be said."

"But you have mistaken me, my dear——" He had meant to say madam, but, unfortunately, a nervous cough and choked off the conciliatory word, and Miss Jemima misunderstood him.

"Don't dare call me your 'dear,'" cried she, furiously. "You forget yourself, Colonel Scott. One would think I was one of these bold-faced jigs you have just been describing, who go about unclothed, and lure the foolish to their destruction. At your age, you bad old man! to encourage such hussies. I am horrified, that I am. Naked, indecent——"

"Miss Aylmer! Madam! Oh! I beg of you! I entreat! I do assure you! Bless me, what can I say?" shouted the poor Colonel, falling back in his chair and mopping his heated brow with a large silk handana. He felt crushed, stricken.

(To be Continued.)

ESTIMATES and RESULTS.

When the Great-West Life commenced business in 1892, participating rates were issued calling for dividends in 15 and 20 years, and also with the "Quinquennial" or 5 year dividend period.

Life Policies issued in 1892 on the five year dividend plan received their first dividend of the full estimated bonus of $50.00 per $1,000.00; their second dividend in 1902 of 50 per cent. over the estimated dividend; and this year, 1907, are receiving their third dividend of just double the first dividend and estimate.

Every Policyholder has expressed his gratification with these dividends, which are paid at the option of the Policyholder as fully paid bonus additions, the equivalent in cash, or in reduction of future premiums.

The distribution is on the English basis of an equal percentage of the sum assured, and not on the American so-called "contribution" system, and the eminent English Actuaries, R. P. Hardy, F.I.A., and George King, F.I.A., F.F.A., reported recently to the New Zealand Government "that as a working system it has marked advantages over the contribution plan, because it gives more uniform results."

Our 15 year Deferred Dividend Policies issued in 1892 mature this year, and our Actuary has reported that they have earned, and are entitled to be paid, the full amount of the profits estimated at the time.

Our Non-Participating rates are, and always have been, very low, but the results of our fifteen years' experience prove that the cost of Participating Insurance has been very much less than these low non-participating rates, because of our high interest earnings.

The applications for the first quarter of 1907 are over a million dollars in excess of the same period of 1906, every Province of the Dominion having contributed its quota to these magnificent figures in appreciation of the unprecedented results accomplished by this representative Canadian Company.

No attempt of faddy foreign actuaries, disgruntled newspapers that fail to get the advertising they expect, or legislative committees, well described by D. P. Fackler, the well-known ex-President of the Actuarial Society of America, as "absolutely innocent of any life insurance knowledge," must be allowed to "knock" the Canadian business of Life Insurance.

For fuller particulars, send for a copy of the Great-West Life Report for 1906.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG.

BRANCH OFFICES—Vancouver, Calgary, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, N.B.

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. OF CANADA

1906 shows large gains over 1905. New business amounts to $5,503,547 in 3,026 policies, of this $46,000 was written in Newfoundland and the balance entirely within the Dominion. The following are some interest-facts from the Company's 37th Annual Statement.

INCOME.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Premiums, less reassurance	$ 1,604,581.74	Death Claims	$ 327,975.50
Interest and rents	464,646.98	Matured Endowments	168,480.00
Profit from sale of Real Estate	3,194.41	Purchased Policies	88,607.47
		Surplus	83,947.55
		Annuities	10,645.68
		Expenses, Taxes, etc.	339,717.40
		Balance	1,054,048.53
	$ 2,072,423.13		$2,072,423.13

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Mortgages	$ 5,013,647.45	Reserve, 4½ 3½ and 3 per cent.	$ 9,053,332.18
Debentures and Bonds	3,429,625.49	Reserve on lapsed policies liable to revive or surrender	3,901.96
Loans on Policies	1,139,317.25	Death Claims unadjusted	43,083.00
Premium Obligations	25,780.38	Matured Endowments unadjusted	3,000.00
Real Estate	900.36	Present Value of Death Claims payable in instalments	45,338.06
" " Company's Head Office	30,975.79	Premiums paid in advance	13,781.50
Cash in Banks	267,582.05	Amount due for medical fees	6,482.00
Cash at Head Office	3,540.53	Accrued rents	805.66
Due and Deferred Premiums (net)	296,981.81	Credit ledger balances	10,367.50
Interest and rents due and accrued	197,712.83	Sundry current accounts	2,270.66
		Surplus on Company's Valuation Standard	1,202,278.53
	$10,385,539.84		$10,385,539.84

The Company has a surplus on Government standard of valuation of $1,552,364.26. The following are some striking gains made in 1906. In Income, $115,904.22; In Assets, $1,089,447.69; In Surplus (Company's Standard) $251,377.46; In Insurance in Force, $2,712,453.00.

Send to Head Office, Waterloo, Canada, for booklet giving Annual Report and proceedings of Annual Meeting.

Robert Melvin, President — A. Hoskin, K.C. } Vice-Pres.
Geo. Wegenast, Manager — Hon. Justice Britton } Vice-Pres.
W. H. Riddell, Secretary

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1907.

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.

C.P.R. SERVICE.

A special summer train service on the C.P.R. between Calumet and Montreal, was brought into operation this week. Parties from points west of Montreal on the north shore line, can arrive in that city at 8.20 a.m., just in time for the opening of business, and after a full day of over eight hours in the city, can return by a train leaving there at 4.55 p.m. This is the second year of this early service designed for the advantage of residents of Lachute and points east to Montreal, but it is yet in an experimental stage. The Company is persuaded a considerable number of persons desire this early train, and it would like to oblige them; but last year that portion of it west of St. Therese, was operated at a loss. This year the service has been extended to Calumet in the hope that it can be placed on a paying basis. The result of this experiment will decide its fate for another season. On Sundays a train will leave Montreal at 9.30 a.m., arriving at Calumet at 11.40, stopping at all intermediate stations; returning it will leave Calumet at 7 p.m., arriving at Montreal at 9.20 p.m.

DAIRY OUTLOOK.

From all quarters come assurances that notwithstanding the severe cold of the past winter the grasses have been uninjured and there is every prospect that with a free or average rain fall there will be good pastures for the cattle. This is reason for rejoicing, for Canada is yearly giving increasing attention to the dairy interests. The value of the cheese, butter and bacon produced in Canada now exceeds $100,000,000 a year, of which the first named amounts to about 55 per cent. It is learned from reliable sources that a larger number than ever of the farmers will this year give attention to the making of cheese. The high prices which have been realized for this staple in recent years has led many who heretofore have not taken part in this industry to give it their attention, while old patrons are adding to their herds and will send more milk to the factories.

Under the prevailing conditions it is of the highest interest to know that we have not this year the serious damage to the meadows such as occurred a year ago and which in many parts of the country spelled ruin to the dairy trade. The rain which fell Monday and Tuesday in many sections was just what was needed and will, followed by warm weather, give the grasses a luxuriant growth.

It is not so generally recognized as it should be that the prosperity of the various branches of trade in Canada depend on that of the farmers; but it is the truth, nevertheless, and the present outlook is one to be viewed with gratitude by the people of the Dominion.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

Miss Lillie of Montreal, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Barr.

Mrs. D. McGibbon gave a surprise party last week. It was intended to be a surprise on the other side, but the secret leaked out and the would be surprisers were surprised.

There will be a Social in the Methodist church on the 16th in aid of the building fund. The Ladies Aid who are in charge of the arrangements, promise large things for those who attend.

In last week's issue mention was made of a certain party who was supposedly going into the Green Grocery business, but unfortunately it was omitted to state that there was an overwhelming list of applicants for the position of peddler, and driver of the nag.

Sightseers particularly those with Kodak inclinations would well pay themselves by a visit to the West River in the vicinity of the Dominion Cartridge Co. The water is far in excess of its usual Spring flow and the surroundings make it particularly attractive for those seeking beautiful Canadian scenery.

Brownsburg is certainly making a record for marriages, another interesting event taking place on Wednesday when Miss May Moore became the wife of Wm. Jackson. On Tuesday, Mr. Jackson, who is employed in the detonator department of the Dominion Cartridge Co., was surprised by his fellow employees and made the recipient of a beautiful antique sideboard, together with another little souvenir which will remind him of the happiest day of his life. The souvenir was particularly appropriate. The happy couple left on the evening train for a trip and are expected home in a few days.

The Football teams in competition on Saturday next, have been putting in some hard practice. Some years ago there was a Football team in Brownsburg, but unfortunately matters were allowed to drift and consequently interest in the game lagged. This however has been without doubt overcome, as already over 40 have joined this branch of Sport in connection with the new Athletic Club recently organized by the D. C. Co. employees, and all ready considerable rivalry has developed in view of the game arranged to take place between teams representing the Detonator Dept. and the Carpenters. The Basebell Club also promises great things and without doubt the amusements both social and physical will be a great boon for the employees of the Company. The organizers of the Athletic Association have certainly the well wishes of their fellow employees in their endeavors to provide suitable recreation, and we sincerely hope their efforts will meet with that success which such good will deserves.

One of our popular young men, with a very strong inclination to take unto himself a partner for the rest of his natural life, but somewhat lacking the necessary courage, in order to overcome the latter has recently been making experiments in the art of housekeeping. To become fully convinced "that it is all it is cracked up to be" he induced one of his bosom friends to amalgamate his cuisine interests with that of his own, with the result that quarters were secured, housekeeper engaged, and in order to make the domicile look somewhat aristocratic, the sign "The Moor House," was hung out of the second flat window. Things went along pretty well and there were great doings until the first of a series of housekeeping bills arrived. This was bad enough and caused a good deal of worry, but to make matters worse, his friend, being in the habit of getting three square meals a day at his home in Lachute, complained bitterly of not only his proportion of the cost, but also the quantity and incidentally, the quality. Our venerable friend with the marriage inclinations is now in correspondence with the most prominent publishers of the World, endeavoring to get copies of such literature as "Is marriage a failure? If not, why not? "How to get married on $1.00 a day and save money." The object in this is that if he cannot please his friend, how in the dickens will he please his wife?

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the above Council was held on Wednesday last, there being present Mayor Hay, and Councillors Paquette, McKimmie, McFaul, Prevost, Raymond, Berry, McGibbon and Lister.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Road Committee was instructed to have the grading on the C.P.R. Crossing in rear of the Victoria Hall rounded up and fixed properly and then proceed to collect the $350.00 due the corporation by the Company.

The Finance Committee's report was then read and passed the amount being $304.00.

Applications for Licenses to keep Hotels were received; one from Mr. J. B. Richer for the Windsor, and one from Mrs. Marinier in the West End.

As Licenses were already granted for these two places, the parties were requested to have the licenses already granted at last meeting transferred, and to have their applications ready for next meeting.

Relief was asked for one Israel Bernique. This was referred to the License Committee.

A notice was received from Mr. H. Lafleur through his attorney, Mr. J. L. St. Jacques, informing the Council that unless they paid him $35.00 and costs, proceedings would be instituted being for damages by water during the month of April.

This was referred to the Road Committee.

A demand of account was received from Hermas Lamarche for $150.00 in settlement in full of all demands for compensations for injuries received by his son, who was accidently hurt through the falling of Fish's Bridge last winter. It was moved by Coun. Paquette, seconded by Coun. McKimmie that the matter be settled for $100.00.

Moved by Coun. McKimmie, sec. by Coun. Paquette, that a special tax be levied on all property in the Town for payment for the erection of the new Steel Bridge over the West River. Carried.

Coun. McGibbon gave notice of motion that at next regular meeting of Council he would move the first reading of a By-law for the levying of a special tax to defray the cost of building the new Steel Bridge over the West River.

In the meantime the Mayor and Secretary were instructed to make a temporary loan of $1200.00 at once to pay the Contractor for building West River Bridge.

The Council then adjourned.

ST. PHILIPPE.

—:o:—

Mr. George Chambers of Lachine, spent Tuesday here at his home.

Miss McGrandel of Stonefield, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Chambers.

Mr. Robert Smith has recovered from his recent illness, and is able to go out again.

Miss Alice Davidson spent the early part of the week visiting friends in Chute-au-Blondeau.

Mr. G. D. and Miss Eunice Hodgson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Faller for a few days this week.

Mrs. Arch. Graham and children are paying a visit to her brother, Mr. T. Pollock of (Hill Foot,) Lachute.

Mr. L. Smith left on Monday morning to go and work on the construction on the Eastern division of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Miss Mary Chambers spent the week end here with her parents. Miss L. Chambers is spending a few days in Dalesville with her sister.

The Cheese-factory east of Ste. Philippe village was opened last Monday for the season, with Mr. J. Jordon, who has spent the winter in Brownsburg, as cheese-maker.

BIRTH.

CLARK.—At Mount Maple, Thursday, April 25th, 1907, a son to Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark.

DEATH.

CLARK.—At Mount Maple, Sunday, April 28th, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Clarke.

MACEWEN.—On Monday, April 29, 1907, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Locke, Elizabeth McMartin, born in Scotland, May 6th, 1829, wife of Donald MacEwen, of St. Andrews East, Que.

JOSS.—At Lachute, Monday, April 29th, George Joss, aged 53 years.

MACQUAIG.—At Montreal Maternity Hospital, Isabel Barbara, aged two days, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter A. MacQuaig of Brownsburg.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Excursion Rates

— To —

Montreal

— For the —

Military Tournament

May 17 & 18, 1907.

Return tickets to Montreal at lowest one way first-class fare with 50c. added for admission to show on May 17 & 18. Good to return May 20th.

CASTORIA.

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

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.

A Nice Neat Suit

And a Well Shaped Suit

Makes a man not only look good but feel good. We are prepared to give you the quality of cloth of the best, and guarantee you a perfect fit. We are also able to supply you with everything you need in Gent's Furnishings. Our prices are right, so give us a call.

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

WARNING.—Having come to the knowledge of the Agricultural Buildings Co'y., that their property is being broken into and damaged, any person found trespassing thereon will be prosecuted according to law.

By order of the AGRICULTURAL BLDG'S. CO'Y.

TO RENT.—A semi-detached house on Bethany St., containing 6 rooms.

Apply to JNO. HOPE, Lachute.

The Very Best

That is what you will get from us. We only keep the choicest of meats and fish in season. When in want of the makings of a good dinner just ring up Phone No. 49.

Bethany St.

J. H. LACASSE.

MOUNT MAPLE.

Mrs. Wm. Clark has a bad attack of La Grippe.

Miss Bertha Murdock of Cushing, spent Sunday at her home here.

Mr. W. F. Stewart of Lachute, visited his home on Sunday last.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark in the death of their infant son.

School closed on Tuesday and Miss Copeland has returned to her home in Lachute.

Messrs. W. and D. Tomalty of Brownsburg spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Mr. Ernest Cunning of Barb, Ont., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Murdock recently.

Mrs. G. Murdock is visiting her daughter in Montreal, who, we are sorry to say, is seriously ill.

The sugar season has closed and is reported by all to have been the best for a number of years.

Mr. Jno. Gunn is getting settled into his new home which he lately purchased from Mr. Jas. Tomalty.

Mrs. Val. Morrison has left to join her husband at Upper Lachute, where he takes charge of a cheese factory.

We are sorry to lose our esteemed young friend, Mr. John Tomalty, who has gone to work in Upper Lachute.

We are glad to see the family of Mr. W. J. Warwick out again, after having been confined to the house with measles for a few weeks.

DUNANY.

Mr. A. Parker visited Mr. R. Gain on Sunday.

Mr. Henry Wool of Wentworth, passed through Dunany on Saturday.

Mr W. Smith spent Sunday with his brother and sister, Mr. Geo. and Miss M. Smith.

The miners were looking up a graphite mine this week on the farm of Mr. Joseph McCluskey.

Farmers are taking in their sap buckets and are well satisfied with the bountiful supply they have made.

Mr. Henry Carruthers has been employed in Mr. John Campbell's saw mill in the Seigniory.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. William Conlin has been ill in bed since Friday of last week with a severe attack of La Grippe.

LOUISA.

Mr. A. R. Creswell was in Louisa on Saturday.

Mr. Geo. Neill spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. Peter Robinson has purchased a driving horse from Mr. R. Seale.

Mr. R. Matthus was the guest of Mr. J. Boyd on Sunday.

Mr. Nelson Jones has gone to Lachute to work in J. D. Campbell & Co's mill.

Messrs. S. Watchorn and T. Seale were the guests of Mr. Joseph Boyd on Saturday.

Mr. J. H. McFaul has removed his camp to Dalesville, to the regret of the young men.

The many friends of Mr. Joseph Boyd will be pleased to hear of his speedy recovery after his recent illness.

Mr. Frank and Miss Ida Watchorn were the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Seale on Sunday.

The Taffy party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson on Thursday evening last, proved a great success, the evening being spent in Euchre and other games. Among those invited from a distance were Messrs. A. Thorburn, St. Therese; W. Wert, Lachute; and D. Kerr, Dunany.

CHARLES CALDER,

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,

LACHUTE.

A neat cottage for sale, situate on West side of Princess Avenue, opposite the Lachute Paper Mills, at a reasonable price and easy terms.

Money to loan on good security at reasonable interest. Fire Insurance placed with the most reliable companies and at low rates. Losses promptly settled.

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.

DR. HUGH. B. FRASER, B.A.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Brownsburg, Que.

Graduate of McGill Medical College

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. A. W. STACKHOUSE.

SURGEON DENTIST

Office over A. Cleland's store opposite Post Office.

Absent on Monday only.

SAVE MONEY

By Buying at DOIG'S

All of your Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Granite & Agate ware, Kitchen Utensils. Earthenware, such as Churns, Butter and Cream Crocks, Bean Pots, Molasses Jugs and Jars. Everything new and Up-to-date. Some special bargains in Silk Blouses, Prints and Summer Dress Goods . . . . . .

Government Inspected Clover and Timothy Seed on hand that will be sold close. Fully guaranteed.

Highest prices paid for butter, eggs & maple syrup.

W. Doig

Opposite the Post Office.

ATTENTION !

Our store offers some choice snaps in fancy goods, etc. There is no need to go to Lachute or any place else. Just stop right at our store and it will save you money.

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 Spring Goods.

Stock Now Complete In all Lines

Special values in Gents, Youths' and Boys' ready-made clothing, underwear, shirts, collars, ties, Felt hats, caps, Boots, Rubbers, Etc., Etc.

J. R. McOUAT

PHOTOGRAPHS!

IF YOU WANT!

WHAT YOU WANT!

WHEN YOU WANT IT!

In Photographs, call at HOLLAND'S GALLERY. We are showing the latest styles and finish.

Do you want a BROMIDE ENLARGEMENT of yourself or one of the family—nicely framed and mounted?

This work is a specialty with us. See our latest samples.

Family and Sporting Groups, Children's Portraits. Bring the Baby.

ELITE PHOTO STUDIO

(Opposite the Post Office.) Box 26, LACHUTE,

W. S. HOLLAND, Prop. E. M. FINN, Mgr.

$10,000 STOCK $10,000

Great Slaughtering Sale for CASH ONLY

Commencing on Monday next, March 11th we will sell our entire stock at cost and

Below Cost.

The stock comprises a well-assorted line of dry-goods, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hats, caps, furs, crockery, hardware, also a large stock of latest tweeds. All our groceries are fresh goods and will be sold at cost, as will a very large stock of sheeting and roofing paper.

Everything must be sold as I am giving up store.

H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Some of the lines we can save money for you on

Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Carpets and Rugs, Linoleums & Floor Oil Cloths, 1, 2, 3 & 4 yds. wide.

Ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys.

We are sole agents for the celebrated Geo. A. Slater "Invictus" Boots and Shoes. Once tried you will have no other.

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

New Goods

We have opened up our New 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.

FURNITURE REQUISITES.

Furniture Requisites of every description may be had by investigating our beautiful large showrooms. Our prices are correspondingly low but the quality of our . . . goods is high . . .

When you are building don't forget that we can supply you with sashes, doors, . . . windows, etc. . . .

Lachute Furniture Factory

O. B. LAFLEUR, Proprietor.

About the House

VEGETARIAN SOUPS.

Mock Oyster Soup.—Scrape ten good sized roots of oyster plants or salsify, and throw them at once into cold water. Then cut them into small pieces, cover with one quart of water, and cook gently for one hour, or until perfectly tender. Add a quart of milk, one and one-half teaspoons of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of celery salt, a pinch of mace, and two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into bits. Bring to the boiling point, turn into a heated tureen, and serve with oyster crackers.

Cream of Sweet Potato Soup.—This southern delicacy is made by peeling four sweet potatoes, covering with boiling water, and cooking five minutes, after which they should be drained and the water thrown away. Then cover them with one pint of boiling water, adding a slice of onion, a stalk of chopped celery, a bay leaf, and a pinch of thyme. Cover and cook until potatoes are tender, then press them through a colander. Add one quart of milk and turn into the double boiler; rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour; add to the soup and cook until smooth; season with a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne, and strain through a fine sieve. Reheat and stir in two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Serve with tiny squares of toast.

Mushroom and Asparagus Bisque.—Take one full can of asparagus, cut off the extreme tips and put them aside; cut the remaining parts of the shoots into small pieces about an inch long; cover these with a quart of cold water, adding a teaspoonful of salt; simmer gently thirty minutes and then press through a colander. Add a pint of milk and a tablespoonful of butter and thicken with one tablespoonful of cornstarch moistened with a little cold water, using a double boiler for the second preparation. Season with a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, and after it boils strain through a fine sieve; return to the double boiler and add the asparagus tips and a teacupful of small button mushrooms; stir until thoroughly reheated and serve hot.

Creole Vegetable Soup.—Wash and cut into thin slices half a dozen good sized okras; place them in a saucepan with a pint of stewed tomatoes and one thinly sliced onion. Cover the whole with two quarts of cold water and simmer for two hours; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, a saltspoon of pepper, and tow tablespoonfuls of butter; when the butter is dissolved, stir in a tablespoonful of chopped green sweet pickle. Serve with triangles of toasted bread.

Puree of Lima Beans.—Cook one can of lima beans in a pint of salted water, adding a tablespoonful of grated onion, a bay leaf, a blade of mace, and three whole cloves. When reduced to a pulp press through a fine sieve. Return to the fire and stir in two coffee cupfuls of milk, and season with a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Thicken with one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed to a paste, letting it just reach the boiling point, to cook the flour. Serve at once with tiny crescents of fried bread.

PUDDINGS.

Rhubarb Pudding.—Wash and peel some rhubarb, cut it into one inch lengths, set it on the stove, add sugar to taste, and let it simmer until cooked; press it through a sieve, and leave it to cool; boil one pint of milk, with a bit of lemon peel, a bay leaf, and sugar to taste; stir into this, after removing from fire, four lightly beaten eggs; then set it all over the fire until it thickens; when cold stir this custard into the cooked rhubarb, adding more sugar if not sweet enough, and a little grated nutmeg. Make the custard quite thick, as the rhubarb is so watery. Put pudding into dessert dishes and heap each dish with chopped cream. Serve ice cold.

St. James Pudding.—Add one-third cupful melted butter to one cupful each of milk and molasses; mix and sift three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful each of salt, cloves, and allspice, and nutmeg; add to the first mixture with three-quarter pound of dates cut into pieces. Steam two and one-half hours. Serve with cream sauce. Beat white of one egg until stiff, add the well beaten yolk; beat in gradually one cupful of powdered sugar; beat one-half pint of thick cream, diluted with one-third cupful milk until thick; flavor with one-half teaspoonful vanilla and add gradually to the egg mixture.

Floating Island.—Take a quart of rich cream and divide it in half. Sweeten one pint of it with loaf sugar, and stir into it sufficient currant jelly to color it a fine pink. Put it into a glass bowl and place in the centre a pile of sliced almond sponge cake or lady cake, every slice spread thickly with raspberry jam or marmalade and laid evenly one on another. Have ready the other pint of cream, flavored with the juice of two lemons, and beaten to a stiff froth. Heap it all over the pile of cake so as entirely to cover it. Both creams must be made sweet.

Indian Tapioca Pudding.—One quart of milk, save out one cupful, scald the remainder, stir in five tablespoons Indian meal. Have ready two tablespoons of soaked tapioca and add to the mixture two-thirds cup molasses mixed with one well beaten egg, a pinch of salt and a small piece of butter. Add last of all the cup of cold milk and bake three hours in a slow oven.

A SPRING TONIC.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red Health-giving Blood.

Cold winter months, enforcing close confinement in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop and in the school—sap the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened, sleep is not restful—you awake just as tired as when you went to bed; you are low spirited, perhaps have headache and blotchy skin—that is the condition of thousands of people every spring. It comes to all unless the blood is enriched by a good tonic—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish this feeling, but they guard against the more serious ailments that usually follow—rheumatism, nervous debility, anaemia, indigestion and kidney trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal spring medicine. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood. Every drop of new blood helps to strengthen the overworked nerves; overcomes weakness and drives the germs of disease from the body. A thorough treatment gives you vim and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mrs. Jas. McDonald, Sugar Camp, Ont., says: "I was badly run down, felt very weak and had no appetite. I could scarcely drag myself about and felt that my condition was growing worse. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and before I had used a dozen boxes I was as strong as ever. My appetite returned and I am now able to do my housework without feeling worn-out. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best tonic there is."

It is a mistake to take purgatives in spring. Nature calls for a medicine to build up the wasted force—purgatives only weaken. It is a medicine to act on the blood, not one to act on the bowels, which is necessary. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood medicine—they make pure, rich, red blood, and strengthen every organ of the body. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. All other so-called pink pills are fraudulent imitations. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

Stair rods are cleaned easily when tarnished. Wash them in soap and water and then polish with a cloth and a drop of oil, and dust over with finely powdered rotten stone.

Coffee as a Disinfectant.—Many experiments with coffee have proved it to be an excellent disinfectant. The best method of using it for the purpose is to dry the raw bean in the oven, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in dishes, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified.

If soot has fallen on the carpet or rug, quickly cover it with dry salt before sweeping and not a mark will be left.

Sponges will not bear boiling. They may be made almost antiseptically clean by being placed in boiling water, to which has been added a little strong ammonia. Cover the vessel and set aside for a quarter of an hour. Squeeze the sponge vigorously and rinse in cold water.

Flowers dipped in the melted wax of candle ends will keep fresh for at least a week. Small flowers, like pansies, may be dipped in bunches, roses and large flowers separately.

Make slip covers for the ironing board on the principle of a pillow case, making them tight to avoid wrinkling. Have two for each board, using them alternately, and when one needs to be washed it is slipped off and replaced at once with the second one.

To clean granite ware, where mixtures have burned on them, half fill the vessel with cold water, add a generous pinch of washing soda, heat slowly to boiling point, then empty, when dish easily may be cleaned.

When wet shoes are removed fill them with oats. The oats, it is said, will absorb all the moisture, leaving the leather dry and soft.

A ventilating screen for persons who cannot sleep with the windows open at night on account of dampness may be made by fastening a piece of thin angora flannel to an ordinary window screen frame. Place this in the window at night when the sash is raised. In the morning the inside of the screen will be found dry while the outside is quite damp, the air having filtered through the flannel.

Soft cheese cloth wrapped loosely about a long handled broom, passed over the wallpaper once or twice a month, absorbs the dust. Thick crusts of stale bread rubbed downward will remove soil.

To extract grease stains from wallpaper mix powdered pipe clay with water to the consistency of cream, spread it on the spots, and allow it to remain overnight, when it easily may be removed with a knife or brush.

A simple way of shrinking heavy cloth is to hang it on the clothesline with the fold on the line and sprinkle it with the garden hose. This method is not good for light or loosely woven cloth, as the weight of the water will make it sag and lose its shape, but it is a safe and rapid treatment for Scotch tweeds, suitings, or heavy broadcloths.

Pongee curtains are used effectively with oak bookshelves. If the curtains are shirred on two rods, one at the top and the other at the bottom, the protection to the books is quite as efficient as if glass doors are used. The curtains should run easily, however, as otherwise access to the books is difficult.

Place a thimble on the rod and moisten the hem slightly to make the rod slip in a curtain more easily.

Leather goods never should be kept in a place that is extremely dry, as the heat will cause the leather to crack, nor in damp places that will make it moldy.

To freshen traveling bags and book covers which have become shabby or spotted, rub them with the well beaten white of an egg.

BRITONS AND THEIR BEER

NOTICEABLE DECLINE IN THEIR DRINKING HABITS.

Still Retain a Pretty High Average of Consumption — Revenue From Liquors.

Britain's thirst—for intoxicants—is steadily decreasing. It was a bit intense during the war period, and some million gallons of spirituous liquors were consumed to drink to old Buller's health or confusion to De Wet, but the general trend has been a noticeable decline in the drinking habits of the United Kingdom since 1899.

THE BEER.

At least, so says a Board of Trade return. Britons are now drinking only about a quarter of a gallon of wine per head of the population—quite a remarkable falling off. Their beer-consuming capacity has been a varying one. In 1891 there was consumed 30.2 gallons per head of the community. From this high point it fell yearly until in 1894 it was 29.5 gallons. From 1894 it rose steadily until it reached 32.6 gallons in 1899, since which year it has again steadily declined, until in 1905 it amounted to not more than 27.7 gallons.

THE PLACE.

Low as the figure sounds, it is sufficient to enable Britishers to retain third place amongst the beer-drinkers of the world. The Belgians, with their consumption of 48.8 gallons per head per annum, are far and away ahead of the British, while the Germans, with their average 23.3 gallons per head, follow Great Britain in the table. The Bavarian drinks his 51½ gallons per annum, and consequently that State holds the beer-drinking record.

THE SPIRITS.

As spirit-drinkers Britons are the fortunate occupants of quite a lowly place in the list, Denmark, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Holland, Sweden, France, the United States and Belgium each, in the order named, exceeding appreciably the nine-tenths of a gallon of spirits that is annually consumed per head of the population of the United Kingdom.

THE REVENUE.

The total amount of revenue derived from alcoholic beverages in the United States during the period 1901 to 1905 averaged over £40,000,000 annually, compared with £36,000,000 so raised in the United Kingdom and £34,000,000 in Russia. France comes next with £17,000,000 per annum, then Germany with £13,500,000 and Austria-Hungary with £12,750,000.

No fewer than 28 per cent. of the total national revenue of the United Kingdom and of the United States is raised by taxes on drink.

INDUSTRIES OF INDIA.

India, the land of mystery, is rapidly coming to the front in various fields of industry. Britain's Indian Empire possesses no fewer than fifteen coalfields, while iron is worked on an extensive scale in three districts, two of which are situated in the immedite vicinity of Calcutta. Nor are oil fields wanting; seventeen more or less important centres are engaged in this industry in the provinces of Bengal and Assam, while tobacco cultivation is another valuable asset to Assam as well as to Madras.

It's about all some people can do to keep from being done.



A Pointer in Paint

No mattter what you are going to paint—the house, porch, blinds, fence, interior woodwork, barn—you will find the right paint to do the painting right, in RAMSAY'S PAINTS.

Ask your dealer for Ramsay's Paints—or write us for Post Card Series "C," showing how some houses are painted.

A. RAMSAY & SON CO., Paint Makers, MONTREAL.
Established 1842. 49



BANKING BY MAIL

Safe and Profitable

Forwarding your savings by mail to the Union Trust is just as safe as if you deposited the money personally. Acquire the saving habit.

4% ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS

Interest compounded quarterly. Balances always subject to cheque.

THE UNION TRUST CO., Limited

174-176 Bay St., Toronto.

Send for Booklet, "Banking by Mail."

Money to Loan. Safety Deposit Vaults to Rent.

ATTACKED BY OSTRICHES

Twenty of the Big Birds Give Pursuit to a Cyclist.

While cycling to the Nieveld Mountains, South Africa, the other day I had rather an exciting and what might have proved a dangerous experience, writes J. W. New, in the Beaufort West Times. I was attacked by about twenty ostriches. Fortunately I was well mounted and managed to outdistance them, with the exception of one, a very fine specimen of a male bird, who after giving chase for over two miles caught up to me and gave a vicious kick at the machine, which broke four spokes and the hub and sent me sprawling among rocks and bushes. Not being satisfied with the work and damage already done, he amused himself by jumping and sitting on me, and kept me prisoner for over an hour and a half. At last I managed to break a bush and struck the bird several times, and by brandishing it before him succeeded in eventually frightening it away.

BABY'S FRIEND.

"Before I got Baby's Own Tablets my baby was troubled with colic and vomiting and cried night and day, and I was almost worn out. But after giving him the Tablets for a few days the trouble disappeared and you would not know it was the same child, he is so healthy and good-natured now." This is the grateful testimonial of Mrs. George Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., and it tells other mothers who are worn-out caring for cross sickly children, how they can bring health to the little one and ease to themselves. Baby's Own Tablets promptly cure the minor ailments of little ones, and there are no cross, sickly children in the homes where the Tablets are used. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WANTED ECONOMY.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical. Now, there's my old clothes; why can't you cut them down for the children?"

"Because they are worn out when you are done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making over things for the children that won't hold together, smart as you are."

"Well, I wouldn't have cupboards full of things mildewing for want of wear, if I was a woman, that's all," grumbled Jones. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in March. One warm day in June Mr. Jones went peering about the cupboards looking for something he couldn't find, and turning things generally inside out.

"Maria, where's my light dust-coat?" he bellowed.

"Cut it down for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, where's the brown one I bought last summer?"

"Clothes-bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nice one."

"Where are my shepherd's-plaid trousers?" screamed Mr. Jones.

"Cut them down for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned her husband. Then, in a voice of thunder, "Where have my blue and white braces got to?"

"Made a beautiful football belt for Harry," said Mrs. Jones.

"Maria," asked the astonished man, in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat? You have not cut that down for the baby, have you?"

"Oh, no, my dear," answered his wife, cheerfully; "I've used it for a hanging basket. It is full of nice plants, and looks lovely."

"Great Scot!"

Mr. Jones never mentions economy or suggests cutting things down—he has had enough of it—quite cured, in fact.

BY INTENTION.

When a Scotchman has no argument at his tongue's end to defend his own line of conduct which another may have criticized, it may safely be inferred that his ancestry has a strain from some other nation.

A man who has an estate in Scotland took his new plowman to task for the wavering furrows which were the result of his work.

"Your drills are not nearly so straight as those Angus made," he said, severely. "He would not have left such a mess as this."

"Angus didna ken his work," said Tammas, calmly, contemplating his employer with an indulgent gaze. "Ye see, when the drills is crookit the sun gets in on all sides, an' 'tis then ye get early 'taties."

DEPTH OF GREAT LAKES.

Lake Superior's greatest depth is 1,003 feet, Michigan's 864, Huron's 570, Erie's 204, and Ontario 738 feet. The bottom of Superior is 401 feet below sea level, of Michigan 233, of Ontario 491 feet. The bottom of Huron is 11 feet above sea level, that of Erie 369 feet. Ontario, the smallest of the great lakes, is relatively the deepest. If these bodies of water could be drained the basin of Ontario would present striking contours as compared with the basins of the much larger lakes.

THE ENDLESS CHAIN

The doctor-man has got me cinched,
For when I'm feeling ill
I go to him. He cures me up
And then sends in his bill.
But when I see what it has cost
I get so sick again
I have to have his services—
Behold, the endless chain!

CANADIAN INVENTOR'S EXPERIENCE

INTERESTING INCIDENT BY A FAMOUS PATENTEE.

Mr. Wm. Wilson, of Craigie Villa, London (Ont.), the inventor of the Wilson Fruit Case, now adopted by the Canadian Government, tells an interesting experience which shows the healing and antiseptic value of Zam-Buk, the herbal balm. He says: "I had two poisoned wounds on my leg, which were very sore and inflamed. They caused me much pain and suffering, and although I tried several salves they refused to heal. Zam-Buk was recommended and I applied some. It acted splendidly and in a very short time healed the wounds.

"At another time I sustained a nasty cut. Zam-Buk took away the soreness almost instantly and soon closed and healed the wound. I have also used Zam-Buk for other injuries, and I have no hesitation in expressing my high opinion of its value. It is without doubt, a splendid household balm!"

Zam-Buk cures blood poison, cuts, bruises, old wounds, running sores, ulcers, boils, spring eruptions, scalp sores, eczema, itch, barber's rash, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at fifty cents a box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Remember, it is purely herbal.



The effect of malaria lasts a long time.

You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.

Strengthen yourself with *Scott's Emulsion.*

It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

What Some Noted People of the World Are Doing and Saying.

The Austrian Emperor has more titles than any other monarch. He is a King nine times over and a Duke eighteen times.

Major-General Baden-Powell has two favorite mottoes. One is, "Don't flurry; patience wins the day," and the other is, "A smile and a stick will carry a man through almost any difficulty."

The German Emperor rarely prepares a speech, and never uses notes when delivering an address in public. This has been his practice for years, no matter what the subject has been on which he has had to express his views.

The King of Portugal, who is one of the most expert shots in Europe, exercises his skill in a remarkable way. Rifle in hand, he takes up a position by a lake in the palace grounds, and as the fish rise to the surface he fires at them, rarely missing.

The entrance of Lord Archibald Douglas into a monastic house is a final incident of a career of most unselfish good deeds. As a secular priest Lord Archibald was devoted to the service of the homeless boys of London. He established a bakery in the Harrow Road in order to give a certain number education, shelter and employment. His sister, Lady Gertrude, kept the house, and swept the rooms of the adjoining refuge. She finally married one of the young bakers.

The French doctors are particularly anxious to get Behanzin, ex-King of Dahomey, who is seriously ill at Algiers, away from his native suite and his wives, whose notions of nursing are elementary and peculiar. The wives insist on tasting all the medicine prescribed for the King. If they do not like the taste of it they throw it away; but if they do like the taste they give him what is left. Whenever Behanzin gets a fit of coughing, his wives cough too, in sympathy, and the other day they very nearly suffocated him in an effort to stop his cough by strangulation.

General Sir Redvers Buller met with an accident in his youth which, but for his pluck and determination, would have prevented him from entering the Army. He was cutting some wood on his father's property, when the hatchet slipped and cut deeply into his knee. The doctor who was called in declared that amputation was necessary, but young Buller stoutly declined to submit to any such operation. "I'd rather die with two legs than go through life with one," he observed, and he stuck to his guns. Careful nursing worked wonders, and in time the injured limb healed and gave him no further trouble.

Lady Marjorie Sinclair is one of the most talented ladies in society. Before she was thirteen she had turned her thoughts towards literature, and was editing a children's magazine. She has also written a play, and her writings have been seen in several publications. Her mother (the Countess of Aberdeen) Lady Marjorie is also keenly interested in politics and is an excellent platform speaker. Her marriage to Captain Sinclair, the Secretary for Scotland, was the culmination of a long friendship. Captain Sinclair was A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen when the bride was a child two years old.

Caruso, who is a Neapolitan by birth, started in his teens to become an engineer, and joined a sappers' regiment in Italy. A musician who happened to hear him sing told him he had a gold-mine in his voice. So Caruso gave up engineering and started to develop his gold-mine. He had a few lessons and began by singing at obscure theatres and even cafes. Soon a local impresario, foreseeing possibilities in him, made a contract with the young singer for ten years. But in a year or two Caruso appeared at the famous La Scala Theatre in Milan, and his name was made in his own country. The world at large first heard of him at Nice in 1900. A few months later saw Caruso at Covent Garden, London, where his success was immediate, and a similar debut at New York completed his conquest of the world. At the present time no operatic star can command such big fees, and his name alone is sufficient to fill any theatre. His earnings last winter in America were said to total $165,000, and he is reported to get $1,500 a night at Covent Garden.

Saves Time

Celluloid Starch needs no cooking—just cold water and 'tis ready. 'Twon't stick, yet gives a better gloss, with less ironrubbing, than any starch you know. Its price is little. Your dealer sells it. Try it this week. 204

Celluloid Starch

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

A SOCIAL LEADER OF KANSAS CITY

Attributes Her Excellent Health to Pe-ru-na.



MRS. W. H. SIMMONS.

MRS. W. H. SIMMONS, 1119 E. 8th St., Kansas City, Mo., member of the National Annuity Association, writes:

"My health was excellent until about a year ago, when I had a complete collapse from overdoing socially, not getting the proper rest, and too many late suppers. My stomach was in a dreadful condition, and my **nerves all unstrung.**

"I was advised by a friend to try Peruna, and eventually I bought a bottle. I took it and then another, and kept using it for three months.

"At the end of that time my health was restored, my nerves no longer troubled me, and I felt myself once more and able to assume my social position. I certainly feel that **Peruna is deserving of praise.**"

There are many reasons why society women break down, why their nervous systems fail, why they have systemic or pelvic catarrh. Indeed, they are especially liable to these ailments. No wonder they require the protection of Peruna. It is their shield and safeguard.

An appreciative audience is always highly intelligent--from the speaker's viewpoint.

Purchaser (at the bookseller's): "I see you have in your window a book called 'How to Get Rich in Three Months.' Could I have it for a fortnight on approval?"

A young lady being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND that what is called a skin disease may be but a symptom of bad blood. In that case, Weaver's Cerate, externally applied, should be supplemented with Weaver's Syrup, taken daily.

HE WAS SUCH A NICE MAN.

"Your wife reminds me of my first wife."

"She reminds me of her first husband."

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.

FATHER OF THE POOR.

At a certain point of Paris near the Halles there is every morning to be seen an instance for which it would probably be difficult to find many parallels of that benevolence which combines with money expenditures the element of personal service. The Newcastle Chronicle states that an old gentleman, well dressed, presents himself at an hour now well known by those concerned and there distributes with his own hands a hundred large bowls of bouillon or soup, which he first tastes himself, to as many poor people, who, it need hardly be added, are there waiting for him. Then he withdraws, walks for some distance, and is taken up in a fine motor car, which whisks him rapidly away. "The father of the poor" is the only name which can be given to him.

QUITE PREVALENT.

'Here's something new. What do you suppose this circular insanity is?"

"I suppose that it is the kind that is going around."



"OPSONIC" THEORY AT GENERAL HOSPITAL

A "NEW THEORY" THAT IS NEW ONLY IN NAME, BUT CORRECT IN PRINCIPLE.

The Toronto General Hospital is making a series of tests of a "new theory" in medical science, which they claim will revolutionize the theory and practice of medicine. The system is, "Find the germ of any disease, then by a method of increasing the patient's ability to digest or kill off the microbes by increasing the white corpuscles of the blood and filling it with serum, make his recovery possible." This is in reality Dr. T. A. Slocum's theory of thirty years ago. Dr. T. A. Slocum said: "The white corpuscles of the blood are the foe of disease. If I can sufficiently increase these and strengthen digestion and circulation, I have solved the problem of overcoming disease." Dr. Slocum devoted his life to the working out of this problem. When, after innumerable experiments through days and nights and months and years of patient labor, he discovered that wonderful remedy, Psychine, he exclaimed "Eureka, I have found it." For a quarter of a century this remedy has been doing exactly what the authorities at the General Hospital are at present racking their brains to accomplish. Psychine is exactly what they are looking for. It enables the white corpuscles of the blood to overcome bacteria and disease of every kind. Speaking of a number of cases that came under their observation, J. R. Andrews & Co., of Bishops Crossing, says:

"The party whose case was most remarkable, having been given up by several doctors, among them consulting experts from Montreal, and who, so far as can be determined, was restored to comparatively good health by the use of Psychine, most of which I supplied. I have to direct you to their new home in Edmonton, Alta., formerly Cookshire, Que. This woman was past audible speech, except a whisper, was only given ten days as a possibility, friends had been to say good-bye and so forth. No other remedy, so far as I know, was used. Well-known case, prominent family, well-to-do also. Yours in haste,

(Signed) J. R. ANDREWS & CO.,
Bishop's Crossing, Que.

Psychine is a certain cure for all throat, lung and stomach troubles, and all bacterial diseases. At all druggists, 50c and $1.00 a bottle, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street west, Toronto.

Visitor: "How many servants does your mother keep, dear?" Small Girl: "She doesn't keep any; they're always coming and going!"

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

Money a man has spent seldom worries him—unless it was spent for something that interferes with his digestive apparatus.

"FERROVIM" IS A GENTLE STIMULANT to the stomach, thereby aiding digestion. As a tonic for patients recovering from fevers and all diseases lowering the vitality, it is without a rival. At all drug and general stores.

There are 5,416 pieces in an ordinary locomotive.

It is Known Everywhere.—There is not a city, town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not known—wherever introduced it made a foothold for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Eclectric Oil, and that is Dr. Thomas'. Take nothing else.

Lots of men are suspicious of others because they know themselves.

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?

COULDN'T COUNT THEM.

"How many ribs have you, Tommy?"

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Tommy, squirming around on one foot. "I'm so awfully ticklish, I never could count 'em."

GIVE AND TAKE.

Carry: "Do you believe that it is more blessed to give than receive?"

Harry (as he kisses her): "I don't know. I should like to try both before I made up my mind."

No Royal lady is fonder of outdoor recreations than the Queen of the Netherlands. When a young girl Her Majesty derived immense enjoyment from driving a team consisting of six ponies; and driving is still the recreation that pleases her most.

Usually a man who doubts the truthfulness of the Bible has unlimited faith in a patent medicine almanac.

ROYALTY AND OLD AGE.

Eleven Living Members of Ruling Houses Are Past 80.

When the Princess Clementine of Saxe-Cobourg, mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, died a couple of weeks ago, she was generally spoken of as having been the oldest living member of any royal family in Europe. This was an error. She was only the second oldest, although she would have completed her ninetieth year had she lived to June 3.

The oldest is the Princess Charlotte-Amalie of Schwartzburg-Sonderhausen, who was born on September 7, 1816, at Arnstadt, and is therefore 91 years old. She was married at Glockenthal in 1856 to Jean Henri, Baron de Jud, and she has been a widow since 1884. She lives in Berne, Switzerland.

Royalty seems to be conducive to long life. Including the Princess Charlotte-Amalie, there are eleven members of royal families who have reached 80 years and upward. The second oldest at present is the Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria, who was 86 years old on March 12.

Next comes the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mechlenburg-Strelitz, who will be 85 on July 9. The Duchess of Adelgunde of Modena, sister of Luitpold, is the fourth, having been born on March 9, 1823.

There is no survival in the "Almanach de Gotha" from 1824; but Prince Johann zu Holstein-Glücksburg represents 1825; his birthday is December 17. He is the last surviving brother of King Christian IX of Denmark.

George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, will be 81 on April 26, and next in order comes Eugenie, once Empress of the French, who first saw light on May 5, 1826, and who now divides her time between her house in Hampshire, England, and her villa at Cap Martin in the south of France.

The Grand Duke Friedrich of Baden is a sturdy man nearly 81 years old. He was born on September 9, 1836. Ernest, Duke of Sachsen-Altenburg, is seven days younger, and the Princess Malhilde of Schwartzburg, mother of the reigning Prince of Schwartzburg-Ludolstadt, was born on November 18, 1826. Finally, the Archduke Rainer of Austria was born on January 11, 1827.

There are at least fifty members of royal houses whose ages range from 70 to 80 years.

An old lady, really quite well, was always complaining and "enjoying poor health," as she expressed it. Her various ailments were to her the most interesting topic in the world. One day a neighbor found her eating a hearty meal, and asked her how she was. "Poor me," she sighed, "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterwards."

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Women would have but little use for minds and complexions if it were impossible to change them.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE

Send two cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from the cradle to the grave. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the greatest Astrologer living. Patrons astonished and satisfied. PROF. LEO AMES, Dept. 13, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

YOUNG MEN WANTED—FOR FIREmen and brakemen; experience unnecessary; over 500 positions open at the present time; high wages; rapid promotion to engineers and conductors; $75 to $200 per month; instructions by mail at your home without interruption with present occupation; we assist each student in securing a position; don't delay; write to-day for free catalogue, instructions and application blank. National Railway Training School, Inc., Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT., CAN.

PEN-ANGLE UNDERWEAR

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.

Pen-Angle Underwear is form-knit, so it can't help fitting your figure,—it's made of long-fibred wool so it won't shrink—and it's guaranteed besides. The whole idea is to make it so good you can't afford not to buy by the trademark (in red). 205

CANADIAN PACIFIC IRRIGATED FARMS IN SUNNY ALBERTA

Before deciding where to locate in the West, let us tell you about these lands. The best wheat fields, the richest grazing land, are in this province.

Write us for full information about crops, climate and special railroad rates.

Local representative wanted in each county.

Telfer & Osgood
Eastern Selling Agents,
205 CORISTINE BUILDING,
MONTREAL.

CREAM OF THE WEST FLOUR

A pure, hard Manitoba flour for bakers and others demanding strength, color and uniformity.

STRONG & WHITE
AT YOUR GROCERS

DEALERS EVERYWHERE SUPPLIED WITH FLOUR AND FEED. WRITE US.

WE ALSO MAKE "QUEEN CITY," A BLENDED FLOUR THAT HAS GAINED GREAT FAVOR AS A GENERAL HOUSEHOLD "ALL PURPOSES" FLOUR.

THE CAMPBELL MILLING CO.
TORONTO JUNCTION
ONT.

QUEEN CITY WATER WHITE OIL

Gives Perfect Light.

The Most Economical High Grade Oil Ever Sold in Canada.

FOR SALE BY
DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE. C. E. BROOKS, 2515 Brooks' Bldg., MARSHALL, MICH.



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The Horseman's Friend
—Safe and Sure.

If you have a lame horse, get Kendall's Spavin Cure. If you have a horse that you can't work on account of a Sprain, Strain or Bruise, get Kendall's Spavin Cure. If you have a horse, that even the veterinary can't cure of Spavin—or any Soft Bunches or Swellings—get Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Be sure you get KENDALL'S. Two generations—throughout Canada and the United States—have used it and proved it.

TRAVELLERS' REST, P.E.I., Dec. 15, '05.
"I have been using Kendall's Spavin Cure for the last 20 years, and always find it safe and sure." HUBERT P. McNEILL.

$1. a bottle—6 for $5. Write for a copy of our great book "Treatise On The Horse." It's a mine of information for farmers and horsemen, who want to keep their stock in prime condition. Mailed free. 25

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
ENOSBURG FALLS, - VERMONT, U.S.A.





Mrs. James Miller of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. Jas. O'Brien on Saturday and Sunday.

Our School closed on Wednesday, May 1, by a short program m given by the scholars under the careful training of their teacher, Mrs. Laura McFarlane. The programme was very entertaining all through, but there were three items on the programme which I must mention. The song called "Fifty years ago," was very nicely sung by Miss Beatrice Donaldson and she was dressed according; a song by our sweet little singer, well known as Frank Miller, and Mr. Kain's speech was very much enjoyed. At the close of the programme, Mrs. MacFarlane distributed the prizes. In return, she was presented by several presents from her scholars. The programme concluded by a vote of thanks by Mr. Kaine, our popular Secretary, to Mrs. McFarlane for her kind services during the term, seconded by Mr. Salter Clark; and as she is leaving to spend the summer in the West, we hope she will return in September to fill her place again as teacher.

Chatham School Exams

CHATHAM DISTRICT No. 7.

Gr[illegible], Max. 1400,—1st prize, Beatrice L[illegible] 2nd prize, Lily O'Brien 1312 [illegible]. Ruby Donaldson & Frank Mill[illegible].

G[illegible], —Max. 1400,—1st Prize, E. Don[illegible] 1220; 2nd, Archie Forrester absent [illegible] exams. Katie Warw[illegible] absen[illegible] rize.

Gr[illegible], Max. 1000,—1st prize, E. Don[illegible] and George Clark equal 895, 2 Cam. [illegible]r 840; 3rd, Ira Forrester ab[illegible] for [illegible] exam[illegible] 4th, Maggie Warw[illegible] absen[illegible]

I[illegible]rown. Max. 800,—1st [illegible] Russel McMeekin 638, 2nd, Russel Warw[illegible] absent.

II [illegible]rmery, Max 500,—Stella Hill Lawson [illegible]Rowen equal 454, prize.

Edith Donaldson [illegible]rize for good conduct in the girls' class.

George Clark prize for good conduct in the boys' class.

Lily O'Brien prize for regular attendance in the girl's class.

Keith Douglas and Lawson O'Brien prize for regular attendance in the boys' class.

SOME FINE HORSES.

Messrs. George and John Hay have at their stables for service, three of the best stallions they ever imported two imported Clydesdales and our Hackney, which won prizes at Ottawa and our County Fair last fall.

The Clydesdale Stallion "Dalmore" which won sweepstakes last fall was bred on Lord Roseberry's farm, Dallmerry Park, Edinburgh, where the best strains of Clydesdale blood are secured for breeding, regardless of money.

"Dallmore"—Pedigree number (12545) Imported number (5983,) is sired by "Marmion," one of the most noted Clydesdale sires in Scotland "Lord Colum Edmund" which was [illegible] of Dalmore's first dam. "Lily [illegible]" was also the sire of [illegible] mare.

The present [illegible] County never had a better opportunity to breed good horses than they have today with such sires obtainable; [illegible] never a time when the Clyde [illegible] was as valuable as today. [illegible] are [illegible] valued as high as $800.00 which were [illegible] by Messrs. Hays' horses.

[illegible] Clydesdale mares need to [illegible] the ever increasing and for good [illegible] horses, Mr. G. [illegible] has left this week for Scotland, to import twenty [illegible] mares, also a few Hackneys which [illegible] arrive at Lachute about the 15th or 20th of June. We hope [illegible] will be made to have as many [illegible] possible remain in our

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 quarterly.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA.

Lachute Branch J. R Parris, Manager.

Who is Your Tailor?

We have a large and well assorted stock of tweeds that will make you up the nobbiest suit imaginable. We also have Mr. J. C. Paquin, an expert tailor, and a graduate of the A. D. RUDE & CO'S. School of New York, who holds a high class diploma. He guarantees a perfect fit. Give us a trial.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY

Castings in Brass and Iron
General Machinery & Mill Supplies

STOVES, PUMPS, STEAM FITTINGS

Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

The most complete line of Hardware & Mill Supplies between Ottawa and Montreal.

T. McOUAT & SON, Lachute Mills.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED"

(The Finest and Fastest Train in Canada) Leave Montreal 9.00 a.m. daily, arrive at Toronto 4.20 p.m., Hamilton 5.20 p.m., Niagara Falls 6.55 p.m., Buffalo 8.25 p.m., London 7.47 p.m., Detroit 9.50 p.m., Chicago 7.45 a.m. Elegant Cafe service and Pullman Car on this train.

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

(Three Hours Each Way.)

Lv. Montreal 8.30 a.m. 3.40 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Lv. Ottawa 8.30 " 3.30 " 5.00 "

Parlor Cars on day trains.
Buffet Service on 5.00 p.m. train from Ottawa.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK.

Lv. Montreal 8.45 a.m. 11.10 a.m. 7.40 p.m
Ar. New York 8 p.m. 10.00 p.m. 7.18 a.m

Parlor Cars on day trains.

Pullman Sleeping Car on night train.

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

This is "THE EMPIRE"



That will give you entire satisfaction in its use. It is a money as well as a labor saver, and that is what we are after now-a-days isn't it. Are you open for a deal this spring?

We have just stocked four car loads of agricultural machinery in which it will be an easy matter for you to pick out what you may be needing. Buying in such large quantities I am able to get the goods at bettea prices, which advantage I am giving to my many patrons.

Don't forget that we can get you anything in the machinery line. Our prices are right.

H. A. Blair

Go to "BERRY'S"

A full and complete stock now on hand for Spring in BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS, for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and children. All grades, heavy and light are now on hand.

New Spring SUITS & HATS in the latest designs and styles for Men and Boys. Sometoing to suit everybody. A large assortment in 2 and 3 piece suits for little boys.

Come and see my Spring Overcoats, very up-to-date. Very best values at lowest prices. To see them is to buy.

WM. BERRY

Main St. · Lachute.

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, Lathe, Plaster Paris, Asbestos, Etc., Etc.

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

J. W. Cottingham

Don't Forget

That your carriages and wagons need painting and that I am the one that can do the work for you in an up-to-date manner.

Our shop is now fitted up for doing kinds of wood turning etc.

We make a specialty of Bicycle epairs and do all kinds of sign painting. All work promptly executed.

A. C. Bradford

Opposite the Skating Rink.

Lachute Bakery

J. W. Charrett, Prop.

Having bought out the baking business of Mr. Jno. Hope I shall be pleased to supply his many customers and any others with bread, buns, rolls and cakes of all kinds.

I solicit a trial, and guarantee to give the people a first-class article.

J. W. Charrett, Lachute.

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

ROUGE RIVER IMPROVEMENT CO'Y.

Fee schedule of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber passing by all or any of the Co's works for season 1907, viz.

The Improvements are divided into 15 sections and one-fifteenth of the amount of Tolls have been apportioned to each section to facilitate the collection of same as follows:

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, square or waney board per thous. cubic ft 20cts.

Oak, Elm, or other hardwood, square or flatted or waney board, per thousand cubic ft. 30cts.

Saw logs 17 ft. and under in length per thous. ft. board measure 1½cts.

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, round or flatted, over 17 ft. and under 30 ft. long per thous. ft bd. measure 1½

Red or White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, and Hemlock, round or flatted, 30 ft. and upwards in length per thous. ft. bd. measure 2 cents

Sawn Lumber per thous. ft. bd. measure 4cts.

Staves, per thous. ft. bd measure 20cts.

Cords of wood, shingle butts and other lumber per cord of 128 cubic ft. 1½cts.

Spars per piece 4cts.

Masts per piece 8½cts.

Railway ties, other than cedar in 8ft., or 16 ft. lengths per length of 8ft. 1-18cts.

Cedar round or flatted 8ft. long & under per piece 1-24cts.

Cedar round or flatted over 8ft. and under 17ft. long per piece 1-12cts.

Cedar round or flatted 17ft. and under 25 ft. long per piece 1-8cts.

Cedar round or flatted 25 ft. and under 35 ft. long per piece 2-9cts.

Cedar round or flatted 35 ft. and upwards in length per piece ¼cts.

Rouge River Improvement Co.
pr Thomas Kenny, Sec. Treas
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

ROUGE BOOM CO'Y.

Fee schedule of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber and logs passing through the Co's Booms for season 1907.

On each saw log seventeen ft. and under in length 1ct.

On each piece of round or flatted timber over 17 ft. in length 5 cts.

On each piece of square or waney timber 10cts.

On each piece of 4 ft. wood ½cts.

On each railway tie pr. length of 8ft ½ct

The above charges cover not only the tolls for the use of the boom but also the cost of gapping as the Boom Co. does the gapping itself.

Rouge Boom Co.
pr, Thomas Kenny, Sec-Treas,
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

Don't Worry

Over the loss of furniture because it is is broken or needs re-upholstering, just bring it along and let me fix it for you.

If you have any kind of rig to be repaired or painted that will give you satisfaction let me do it for you.

Sign Painting a Specialty.

I have accepted the agency for the CANADA CARRIAGE COMPANY so if you want a fine easy riding buggy, just call on

DAN. JOSS,

In front of the Old Academy, Main St.

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

CUSHING.

Rev. Mr. Fraser spent Wednesday of last week in Montreal.

Miss Alberta Nicholls is spending the week with friends in Hawkesbury and Stardale.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Cooke attended the business meeting of the Methodist Church at Grenville on Monday.

Mr. Geo. O'Brien was also in Grenville on Monday.

Miss Eva Conway of Stonefield, was a guest at "Highland Home" on Sunday.

A few of our farmers took advantage of the first boat last week to bring their superfluous live stock in to the Montreal market.

The ladies of St. Mungo's held a pleasant meeting last week at Miss B. Nicholls.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church meet on Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. S. Townsend.

Mrs. Walford and family arrived from Montreal on Thursday per Str. "Ottawan," to take possession of the fine new cottages which they recently erected, and which they will occupy for the summer.

The funeral of the late Miss Margaret Forrester took place from the residence of her brother, Mr. Robt. Forrester on Saturday, Apr. 27th, to St. Mungo's Church, where Rev. Mr. Fraser conducted the service and the remains were afterwards interred in the church cemetery. The deceased lady who was 67 years of age and highly respected, was a native of Irelana, and came to this place with her parents when very young. She leaves one brother and a sister to mourn her loss.

IN MEMORIAM.

In Lachute, on the 13th Feb. 1907, there passed to her rest in the 81st year of her age, Elizabeth Todd, relict of the late Rev. John Hiscocks, Methodist Minister. Deceased was married twice, her first husband being Mr. Clark Davis. She was a kind and devoted wife, a good neighbor and a warm friend. There are a number who will miss her here, where she was best known.

She suffered much in her mind during her last illness, but passed away to be, we hope, forever with the Lord. She leaves one brother, Mr. Reuben Todd of Malone, N.Y., and a sister, Mrs. Samuel Blakely of Barrie, Ont., also two other sisters in the West, and a number of nephews and nieces both here and in the United States.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
Along Eternity of Love;
Formed for the good alone.
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JAMES McGIBBON, Dalesville,
Wednesday, May 15th., 1907

The following effects—One mare in foal rising 8 years old, 1 two year old colt, 1 year old colt, 12 milch cows, 3 year old heifers, 2 sows (one with pig,) 20 hens, one lumber waggon with box and hay rack almost new, Deering reaper almost new, 1 horse rake, 1 mowing machine, tumbril cart, top buggy, light express, pair bob sleds with rack, box sleigh, 1 cutter, 1 fanning mill, iron plough, 1 Vilas plough, spring tooth & wooden harrows, stone boat, set double harness, 3 neck yokes, set cart harness, set light harness, whiffletrees, trace chains, logging chains, picks, shovels, forks and rakes, horse fork and rope, cooler, cant hook, 1 grindstone, 2 cross-cut saws, 2 scythes and snaths, quantity of dry lumber, quantity of yellow corn, 100 bushel oats, 40 bags of potatoes, 3 milk cans 4 coolie cans, sap pan, cans & spouts, cooking stove and pipes, double stove and pipes, kitchen utensils, sideboard, two cupboards, 2 bedsteads and springs, 4 tables, 6 kitchen chairs, 12 cord of dry cord wood and a quantity of stove wood, and many other articles unmentioned.

All must be sold without reserve as the proprietor has sold his farm.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

TERMS:—$5. and under cash, over that amount, 12 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

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

TO LET,—For 1st May, a new house containing large parlor, dining room, office, kitchen, five bed rooms, bath-room. All modern conveniences. Apply to

JOHN HOPE, Lachute.

SUPERIOR COURT

Canada,
Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne } No. 214

DAME AZILDA JETTE, of the parish of St. Jerome, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband GILBERT LABONTE, laborer of the same place.

St. Scholastique, April 12th, 1907.

PREVOST, RINFRET & MARCHAND,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXII LACHUTE, FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1907. No 16 to

Removal Notice.

We take this opportunity of reminding our many friends, and the public generally, that we have removed into our new premises across the street. Here you will find anything you need in tinware, agateware and enamelware. Anything you don't see, ask for, and we will make it for you on short notice.

Repairing a specialty. All work neatly executed.

Call to see our goods and get our quotations before buying elsewhere.

W. S. McBRIDE,

Wilson & Deacon

Successors to R. McArthur,

Tinsmiths, Roofers and Furnace Fitters.

When in need of Milk Cans, Milk Pails, Strainer Pails and all dairy supplies, give us a call,

We make all the requisites for Cheese Factories, from dipper to vats, all of the best material and workmanship and on shortest notice possible.

N.B.—Full lines of tin and agateware always on hand.

Wilson & Deacon.

A Large Shipment,—Of Screen Doors and windows direct from the factory. Call and see if these lines are not the nobbiest and best for the money that has ever been offered to the buying public

T. McOUAT & SON.

WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE,—General Servant. Washing and ironing sent out. Apply soon as possible to MRS. A. STACKHOUSE.

Lachute.

Gardening,—For profit as well as pleasure may be yours, if you will only use our Poultry fence to keep out your own and your neighbors hens. We have it in 3, 4, and 6 feet high, by roll or by yard, also the Far Famed Ellwood and American fence and garden gates. T. McOUAT & SON.

CRESWELL'S

ICE CREAM PARLOR

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

LOCAL NEWS

Messrs. Roy and Ivan Fraser spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Burpe of Hawkesbury, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Messiah of Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Mackie.

Mrs. Given and Miss DeLisle were in Ottawa on Friday last.

Dr. Rutherford of Hawkesbury, was in town on Sunday last.

Miss Parsons of Montreal, is the guest of Miss Jessie Drennan.

Miss K. Barron returned from a trip to Montreal on Tuesday.

Mrs. Paisley of Burlington, is the guest of Mrs. Albt. Morrison.

Mr. Jas. Carpenter is spending a few days in Montreal this week.

Mrs. Oscar Lalonde left for Winnipeg on Tuesday to join her husband.

Messrs. McVicar and Gordon Marshall left Monday for Smiths' Falls.

Mrs. McGregor left on Tuesday morning to join her husband in Winnipeg.

Mr. Hugh Gall is spending a few days with his brother in Mont Tremblant.

Miss Nellie Hildreth of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. James Raitt last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Forbes and Mr. Andrew Forbes of Montreal, were in town on Tuesday.

Mr. James MacKimmie Turner of Edinburgh, Scotland, is the guest of his uncle, Mr. Joseph MacKimmie.

The Rev. Mr. Mitchell is attending a meeting of the Synod which is being held in Brockville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Todd left for Montreal on Tuesday, owing to the serious illness of their daughter, Mrs. D. Curry.

Mr. Roy and Miss Ada Dewar, accompanied by their cousin, Miss Hawking of Vancouver, spent Tuesday in town.

Mrs. Chas. Slack and her sister Miss Herrick, of Abbottsford, were guests of Mr. & Mrs. C McBurney the early part of this week.

Mr. Cole, auditor for McIntosh and Hyde of Montreal, was in town on Wednesday making a transfer of the Argenteuil Seigniory Books.

The Rev. Mr. Byron, having received a call to the Presbyterian Church at Thurso, removed his family there on Saturday last.

Mr. P. R. McGibbon spent a couple of days in Montreal last week.

Mr. Stanley Raitt left on Wednesday morning for Sorel, where he has secured a position on the Government Yacht "Maisonneuve."

Mr. Moxon of Ottawa, has removed his family to our town and they are now residing in the McConnell property just vacated by Mr. McBurney.

Mrs. Charters of Montreal, who has been visiting her son, Rev. H. Charters left on Monday for Buckingham to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ireland.

Mr. Chas. Calder has taken over the Insurance business of Mr. J. E. W. Simpson, and has also been appointed Agent for the Seigniory of Argenteuil.

The many friends of Miss Lottie Carr, who has been spending a pleasant year visiting in the Old Country, will be pleased to welcome her return home, having arrived last evening.

A meeting was held in Raitt's Hall on Saturday last to consider the advisability of establishing a Cheese board in Lachute. As the attendance was small, no definite action was taken.

Mr. J. John who has been engaged in Peterboro' for the past couple of weeks opening up another branch of his tea business, returned home on Monday and reports a pleasant and profitable time.

Mr. Thos. Fulton left on Tuesday evening for a short stay in Montreal, during which time he has been engaged to letter the inscription of the monument erected to the memory of the Hon. Raymond Prefontaine.

The Lachute "Crescents" are holding a Football Match on the Exhibition Grounds on Saturday next. They will play against a team from the D. C. Co'y. of Brownsburg, and the game is billed to start at 2 30 p.m.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie Moore of the Academy staff, daughter of the late J C. Moore of the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and sister of the Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A. of Stanstead, to Mr. G. Self, of the Commercial Cable Co., Canso, N.S. The marriage will take place in September.

A splendid large group picture of the Lachute Hockey Team and officials of the Club is adorning the window of Mr. Doig's store just now, and is commanding a good deal of attention. The picture is the work of the Elite Photo Studio, and is really a splendid piece of work and reflects much credit upon the "Hollard Gallery" of which Mr. Finn is manager.

This week our readers will find their paper enlarged to that of a six column which we feel sure will be greatly appreciated. Now, we would again ask the co-operation of our readers in acquainting us of any items of interest that may be taking place in your vicinity.

The Lachute School Commissioners Meeting was held in the Academy on the 7th inst., there being present Commissioners Gall, Garretsee, Giles and Calder, also the Secretary, Mr. James W. Raitt. Miss Bertha M. Dresser, of Kingsbury, sent in a written acceptance of the position as teacher of the Grade II Elementary class, and will also take charge of all drawing classes in the Academy. Miss Christena Muir, of Richmond & St. Frances College, was engaged as teacher of Grades II and III Model, to replace Miss Moore, who had resigned. A committee composed of Messrs. Gall and Giles were appointed to superintend the erection of fences on the new lots bought for the use of pupils taking the course of Nature Study. The Misses Paton and Dresser will instruct in above course.

The Oddfellows attended Divine Service in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning last, when the Rev. Mr. Mitchell preached a most eloquent and impressive sermon, befitting the occasion. After kindly references to the order of which the 43 members present were commemorating its 88th Anniversary, the Rev. gentlemen addressed his audience from the 4th chapter of Genesis and the 9th verse. "And the Lord said, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper?" The speaker pointed out clearly that, much as we were unwilling to acknowledge the fact, we were our brothers' keepers, and as such, what were we doing to help them. Why is it that there are still empty pews in our churches? Is it because your brothers are indifferent, or that they are lounging round some tavern? What are you doing to bring them to the membership of another order—The Church of Christ with the living God as its Head. Let us be alive to the privileges that are ours and seek to do what good we can towards the reclamation of those around us. During the service a very pretty solo was rendered by Mrs. D. Lapointe and the choir also sang an anthem, both of which were most appropriate.



THE NOBBIEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST.

That is not what we say, but what the people are saying after dealing with us.

A BARGAIN in Men's Soft Front Shirts, Regular 75c. shirts for 50c.

We also have in stock a complete range of the celebrated Fit - Rite clothing, all high class goods, and at very low prices consistent with quality. Come in and see them before buying your summer suits.

.. Carpenter Bros ..

THE ONE PRICED STORE.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THE NAME

Bedard

When you are in need of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Sideboards, and everything in the line of household furniture.

Our stock of boots and shoes is also very complete in all lines.

Send for our prices and catalogue before placing your order.

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

"THE ELITE."

Complete assortment of new summer goods now in stock.
Long Silk Gloves in Black and White.
Summer Blouses in Silk, Muslin and Lawn.
Patent B. & I. bias filled Corsets.
Summer Underwear, Hosiery and Whitewear.
Grand assortment of Souvenir Goods.
China, Glass and Novelties suitable for Wedding Presents.
Full line of best Soaps, Perfume and Sundries, for Ladies and Children.
Millinery of every description.

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.

DO YOU WANT



A Shave, Massage or a Shampoo, and finish with a good Imported or Domestic Cigar. The only place in town to get this is at Omer Paquette's, where you be assured that everything is of the best.

P.S.—Up-to-date perfumes & toilet articles always kept in great variety.

Omer Paquette,

Barber and Tobacconist, Main St. Lachute.

MILES IN AN OPEN BOAT

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG NORWEGIAN.

He Voyaged a Thousand Miles for the Rescue of a Shipwrecked Crew.

In the South Indian Ocean on a barren and desolate island, thousands of miles from the active world and far from the course of ships, eleven men, shipwrecked there four months ago, are supposed to be still alive and awaiting rescue, which, unknown to them, is now at hand.

Determined to risk everything to save themselves and send rescue to their comrades who had no other hope of escape from a living death, the captain and two of his crew set out in a small story on a 4,000-mile voyage to Australia. The odds against them were overwhelming, but fortune favored the three brave men. After covering 1,000 miles in their tiny craft, they were picked up nearly dead from exposure and exhaustion by a Dutch sailing vessel and taken to Melbourne.

Clark Russell's novels contain no more thrilling tale of the sea than that told by Captain Ree. He is a young and sturdily built Norwegian, with fair, curly locks and features which at once disclose his nationality. Since childhood he has been at sea, with the exception of six months, when, strange to say, he was a newspaper artist in Philadelphia. And now, at the early age of 25, he is the captain of a shipwrecked crew, after crowding into ten weeks more stirring incidents than usually fall to the lot of a sailor in a lifetime.

HIS STORY RUNS LIKE THIS.

The Norwegian bark Catharine, under his command, was on a sailing expedition in antarctic regions. On the first of December the vessel lay at anchor in Americano Bay, Possession Island. This is one of the barren and rocky members of the Crozet group way to the south of the Indian Ocean, within the zone of floating ice from the polar regions. While the bay offered a good shelter from westerly winds, it was open to the east and when a gale sprung up from that quarter without warning the small ship was at its mercy. The anchors dragged and the ship was soon thrown against an uncharted rock. The crew had barely taken to the boats when a monstrous sea dashed their abandoned vessel to pieces. Their own boats came within an ace of being swamped, but as they neared the beach a huge wave landed them high and dry on the island. There they watched their broken vessel, with all their provisions, toss about in the angry waters.

The raging storm, as if to tantalize its victims, threw small pieces of the wreckage on to the shore. Plunging into the surf, the men secured what large pieces they could and later built a crude hut. A search of the island disclosed a store of provisions which had been left there by a British warship 27 years before. The tins of preserved meat were a mass of rust, the biscuits had turned green, and the flour was in a rotten state. But desperate hunger did not despise these things. They might as well die of poisoning as starvation. The moldy flour was made into pancakes and

MIXED WITH PENGUIN SOUP.

Seals as well as penguins were found to be plenty, but as a steady diet only famished men would adopt it.

From the first the captain had held that their only hope of ever being delivered from this terrible plight was for some of the party to set out in a boat on the 4,000-mile voyage to Australia, and if saved, send some ship to rescue those left behind. The crew regarded the scheme as a crazy one. There wasn't one chance in a hundred, they said, of the little boat surviving such an ocean journey, to say nothing of the men living to navigate it so far. But day after day passed without a sail being sighted, they gradually came round to the captain's view that there was no other hope of escape for them. It was agreed that two of the men, who like him were unmarried, should accompany him on the desperate venture.

"With little hope of our success," said Captain Ree, "the other men dressed us and prepared our little boat. The only tools saved from the wreck were an axe, a hammer and a pair of tongs. With these a crude rudder was made and fitted to the twenty-foot boat. We provisioned the little craft with seal meat and penguins for 45 days.

"On New Year's Day, as nearly as we had counted the dreary days, our boat was launched. When good-bys had been said—and everyone felt that it was good-bys indeed—we pushed off to the north east. At once we saw the danger of our undertaking. For nine days the weather was terrible, and at times we hardly knew whether we were inside or outside the boat, as the seas flew over us and kept us drenched to the skin, and the cold was intense. After a month's battle, during which we had often surrendered ourselves to fate and fallen to the bottom of our tossing boat in utter exhaustion and despair,

WE SIGHTED A SAIL.

We rallied what little strength we had, knowing that our rescue must be at hand, or would never come, for we were nearly dead. We had already covered 1,000 miles. For two hours we were unnoticed, and as the vessel kept on her course, it seemed to us that we were doomed. Then the ship—it was the [illegible] turned and bore down on us. They had seen us and we [illegible] what it meant to us after the stubborn struggle we had made for life and the result we scarcely realized. [illegible] and left behind on Possession Island. We were taken aboard, and after a time brought back to life from our frozen and exhausted state sufficiently to tell our story.

"What would I not give at this moment," added the captain, "to know that those eleven poor fellows could learn that we have been picked up and are back in Melbourne, and that a vessel will be sent to rescue them. They have only of fresh water in the crocks on the island and, of course, they can live on seal and penguin for some time. But the rude hut which we built there cannot afford much comfort when you remember that every day gales prevail, with almost incessant snowstorms, and as the days go on they must have become more and more convinced that I and my comrades have perished and that their deliverance is hopeless.

"There is no probability of their being taken off the Crozets by any passing vessel. The islands are avoided owing to their great dangers, though their highest peaks can be seen 100 miles away. The shores are strewn with anchors and cables, relics of long past disasters, but not a solitary one bears any trace by which its ship can be identified."

Immediately upon landing at Melbourne, Captain Ree communicated with the Norwegian consul, in order to make arrangements for the rescue of his eleven comrades. No vessel could be found which would be passing near the Crozets, the course of all lying much further to the north, so arrangements have been made to send a steamer from Capetown to rescue them.

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S"

THE HISTORY OF SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

Origin of Sayings Which are Familiar Wherever the English Language is Spoken.

Although in some cases several versions have been given of the origin of popular sayings, there are quite a number which can be traced to one authentic source, and the history of these is sometimes of rather a humorous character.

"My Eye and Betty Martin."

The origin of this phrase has been told by Dr. Butler, who was head master of Shrewsbury School, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. It apears that many years ago a party of gipsies were apprehended and taken before a magistrate. The constable gave evidence against a very extraordinary woman named Betty Martin. She became violently excited, rushed up to him, and gave him a tremendous blow in the eye. After which the boys and rabble used to follow the unfortunate officer with cries of "My Eye and Betty Martin."

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S."

This expression arose from the ancient custom of hanging a slate behind the ale-house door, on which was put (pints or quarts) against the name of each customer, according to the quantity which he drank, and which was not expected to be paid for till Saturday evening, when he received his wages.

While in the opinion of one authority the phrase

"BEFORE I COULD SAY JACK ROBINSON."

originated from a very volatile gentleman of that appellation, who would call on his neighbors and be gone before his name could be announced, it is generally considered that Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist and orator, gave rise to the saying. On one occasion Sheridan was attacking a politician named Jack Robinson, who was a great favorite of George III. When denouncing bribery and its instigators, Sheridan, in reply to the cries "Name!" pointed to Robinson on the Treasury Bench, exclaiming at the same time, "Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"TO KICK THE BUCKET."

Tradition has it that an ancient seer hung himself to a beam while standing on the bottom of a pail or bucket, kicked the vessel away in order to pry into futurity, and it was all up with him from that moment. He had "kicked the bucket."

"HE'S A BRICK."

This is a comparatively modern saying that possesses a peculiar history. Not many years ago a duel took place in Scotland, and the person who was backed with its preliminary arrangements carried with him to the ground two bricks, which he so placed as to mark the distance between the combatants when their pistols were discharged. Several shots having taken place without effect, the parties became reconciled and returned to Glasgow together. One of the seconds being asked how his principal had behaved, replied, "Like a regular brick," meaning that he had been as immovable as that which was at his feet all the time when the shots were exchanged.

"CATCHING A TARTAR."

A native of the Emerald Isle is said to be responsible for this phrase. In a battle an Irishman called out to his officer, "I have caught a Tartar!" "Bring him here, then," was the reply. "He won't let me!" rejoined Pat, and, as the captive carried off his captor, the saying caused much amusement, and has been a popular phrase ever since.

Anyone who has witnessed the manufacture of a rustic whistle can be at no loss for the origin of the saying—

"AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE."

A piece of young ash, about 4 inches long and the thickness of a finger, is hammered all over with the handle of a knife until the bark is disengaged from the wood and capable of being drawn off. A notch and a cut or two having been made in the stick, the cuticle is replaced and the instrument is completed. When stripped of its covering the white wood, with its colorless sap, presents the very acme of cleanliness.

"AS RIGHT AS A TRIVET."

seems to have had its origin in the fact that a trivet, or any other utensil with three legs or points of support, will invariably stand firm, although these may not be exactly of the same height or length. The case is, however, different with a four-legged stool [illegible] table still and accur[illegible] sure it resting on all four legs at once.

Whether sign-painters ever take umbrage at hearing the phrase,

"GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT,"

the writer does not profess to know. It was on account of the unskilful efforts of one of their fraternity, however, that the saying arose. Some years ago a sign-painter of Cheshire attempted to represent a lion rampant, which was the crest of an influential family, on the sign-boards of many inns. But the lions were a failure, and resembled cats to such an extent that they were always called by the more ignoble name.

"AS MAD AS A HATTER."

One is at a loss to understand why a hatter should be made the type of insanity, rather than a tailor or a shoemaker. An authority, however, explained the origin in the following ingenious way. The French compare an incapable or weak-minded person to an oyster. "He reasons like an oyster," they say, and it is suggested that, through the similarity of sound, the French huitre may have given occasion to the English "hatter." From "Il raisonne comme une huitre" may have come, out "As mad as a hatter."

TRAINING CATS AND DOGS.

This phrase is derived from the French word enlacompe, a waterfall, cats and dogs being the nearest approach which John Bull can find for the expression.

It may not be generally known that a herring dies immediately upon its removal from its native element, from want of air. Accustomed to swimming near the surface, it requires a good supply of air, and so it comes about that the gills, when dry, cannot perform their function. Hence the saying: "As Dead as a Herring."—London, Tit-Bits.

ROMANCE OF CHINA SEAS

END OF BARON KREIGLSTEIN, CORRESPONDENT OR SPY,

Baron With His Vessel on Lookout for Rojestvensky Caused Intense Excitement.

A paper published in Yokohama recently translated a brief despatch from a Japanese settlement in Southern Saghalien saying that the steamer Cecilie, which was wrecked on the west coast of the island in the summer of 1901, was being broken up in order to be sent back to Hakodate, Japan, to be used as a junk.

Thus ends the last chapter in the history of a man who made himself famous as a war correspondent in the Far East during the Russo-Japanese War—Baron von Kreiglstein, a German, who had the credit of being the most picturesque, if not the most successful, of all the correspondents who were baffled by the Japanese War Office, and trailed through stale battlefields by Japanese censors during that memorable campaign. The baron was the one man amongst them who cut himself loose from convention, and furnished news by his own exploits during lulls in the fighting.

LOOKING FOR RUSSIANS.

Von Kreigstein, who seemed to be supplied with plenty of money, first went to Shanghai, and prepared to meet the Baltic fleet, which was then creeping up past the Mango Swamps of the Indo-China coast. He chartered the steamer at Shanghai, renamed it the Cecilie, and shipped a crew of nondescript sailors from every land in the Orient.

Then (says the Straits Times) he started out to sweep the seas in his search for the elusive Rojestvensky. He went south to Hong-Kong. He dropped into Amoy for a night. From all the stations along the China coast frantic stories came to Shanghai of his movements, and the Shanghai papers jumped to the conclusion that he was acting as a spy for the Russians. Japanese secret service agents worked hard to circumvent the baron and learn something of his mission.

One afternoon the news came to Shanghai that the Cecilie had that day steamed out of the harbor at Woosung having painted a war-grey over night. That capped the frenzy. Shanghai told the world that the Cecilie had become a full-pledged despatch boat for the Russians.

WRECKED AND SHOOTS HIMSELF.

The China Sea, however, swallowed up the baron, and not another word was heard of the Cecilie until a month after the notable battle in the Sea of Japan, when news was brought to Tokio that the Cecilie, with the baron aboard, had run upon the rocks off Khorsakoff.

A Japanese cruiser was despatched to the spot and found the captain and crew on board, waiting relief. The baron, however, had left in a frail boat, to try to cross the narrow straits at the mouth of the Amur River, and work his way up the stream 1,000 miles or so to Gen. Linievitch's army.

The captain of the Cecilie told the Japanese authorities that when the Cecilie left Shanghai for the last time, Von Kriegistein waited for Rojestvensky on the west side of Formosa instead of in the Eastern Channel between that island and the Philippines. The Russian fleet consequently slipped by him and was destroyed.

About two months after the rescue of the Cecilie's crew, news reached the Japanese papers in Tokio that Baron von Kriegistein had shot himself with a rifle while he was cleaning it in a camp which he had made on the Amur River.

Whether the baron shot himself by accident or design was never known. His body was buried by the native guides whom he had engaged to lead him to Linievitch's camp on the bank of the Siberian River 500 miles away.

FINE FINISH.

Binks: "He wants to be cremated when he dies."

Jinks: "Well, there's nothing like a hot finish."

There are 928,008 houses in Greater London.

Over a hundred thousand Russian peasants who have emigrated to Siberia from the famine-stricken districts have [illegible]

SOME RUSSIAN OUTRAGES

PEASANT AND BUREAUCRAT ALIKE INDULGE IN THEM.

Repentance and Contrition of the Peasantry for What They Have Done.

The Russian citizen has only just been born, he is floundering about in his first bath, and, alas, there are a multitude of nurses who do not understand how to handle the infant.

Now comes along the Social Democrat or some other firebrand, with his bookish theories of an ideal state—teachers who have themselves to learn what it means to be a citizen. All the social democracy that the peasant understands and all that he gathers from these blind leaders of the blind is that the land ought to belong to him because he tills it. The idea is a new and welcome one to the peasant, and he would gladly appropriate it whole and uncurtailed. And so well has he learned this lesson that in many places bands of these poor fellows have deliberately gone up to the manor house and announced their intention of cutting down the forest and taking the wood for themselves, and then, as in the Russian manner, have translated word into action.

Two sisters who had lived on their estate for many years in peace in the province of S—— were astonished one morning to see a procession approach the house. The excited peasants demanded to see the women of the house. When the women appeared and asked what was wanted several stalwart men laid hold of both, carried them to the balcony and set them in armchairs facing the crowd below. Here these victims were compelled to sit while the mob

DISMANTLED THE WHOLE HOUSE,

dragging forth pictures, furniture and books. A huge bonfire was then made of the heap and everything burned before the two women. When the destruction was completed and the peasants' fury abated, they departed, leaving the women personally unharmed. The shock was too great for the elder sister, and she died a few days afterward from fright.

On another estate, in a neighboring province, the peasants learned that Prince ——, a not unkindly man, one whom they had no reason to hate, was to visit his estate. Several hundred set out to meet him at the station. What was the surprise of the Prince on alighting to be seized and tied and laid on a peasant cart. Bound in this fashion they took him home, jeering and ridiculing him as they went. The insane mob halted at last in front of the manor house, and set about their dire work. Conceive it. Thoroughbred horses and beautiful cattle were driven up in front of the cart where Prince —— lay, and were ripped open and slaughtered in front of him; haystacks were fired and barns burned. The havoc ended, the prince was released, and the peasants went home drunk with their own mad deeds.

On an estate in the south, where there had been a good deal of restlessness during the spring of 1905, many of the peasants warned the family in the manor house that

TROUBLE WAS IMPENDING.

"We would prefer," they said, "not to touch you or your goods, but we are afraid that trouble will come upon us if we don't. It is not our wish to hurt you. You don't, indeed, know whether it is God's wish or the Czar's, but this year we are told, is to be a year of profit to us."

Four hundred men appeared on the given day and announced to Mr. M—— that the laws had been changed, that he must dismiss his servants and workmen, otherwise they would be beaten, and that they would fix prices in future. The excitement here lasted about seven days, during which time the family were without servants. The cattle, however, were secretly fed and watered by the very peasants who had presented this ultimatum. At the end of the week Mr. M—— met them half way and agreed to raise their wages during the summer months. This simple concession was, fortunately, sufficient to restore peace and order on this estate.

There is a strange phenomenon constantly observable, in connection with these wanton outrages, namely, the repentance and contrition of this same peasantry for what they have done. One day they will burn down barns and farmhouses, mutilate horses and cattle, and a short while after they will appear with their heads hanging down and beg forgiveness, full of sorrow and grief for their evil acts. The peasantry on the estates of Mme. X—— destroyed everything they could lay their hands on, hundreds of pounds of food being

CONSUMED BY THE FLAMES.

Three days after the men and women came on bended knees imploring Mme. X—— to overlook their misdeeds, and they undertook a pilgrimage to a neighboring monastery to ask heaven to look down with mercy on them. In some parts (for it is impossible to generalize when talking of the Russian empire) the monasteries have never been so eagerly visited, and the number seeking the consolation of the church has never been exceeded. The pilgrimage to the great Kiev monastery was in 1906 greater than was ever known before.

A similar psychological phenomenon has been observed in the few regiments which have shown signs of mutiny. After temporary revolt, the majority have delivered up the ringleaders, have laid down their arms, and returned to their allegiance and discipline of their free will, contrite and repentant. And in many cases (notably at the Sveaborg riots) regiments purged their guilt by repressing fresh outbreaks.

Count [illegible], a handsome representative of a great family, had threatened to have told my people that if they burn my house and stables I will destroy their homes also. Fear, fear, that is the only thing they understand. They came to see me a short while ago en masse, and we held a parley together. "Now, children, tell me," I said, "do you mean to burn my house?" "Oh, no, barin," they said, "we do not mean to do you any harm, but," they added, "if a student comes and orders us to do so—well, then, yes; we will burn it." And they left me with these words. What is to be done with such people, half-brute, half-man, unreasoning creatures as they are?"

TO COMBAT THE CAMORRA

SECRET SOCIETY IS THE FONT OF ITALIAN CRIME.

Government Takes Drastic Measures to Rid the Country of Criminal Organizations.

A batch of arrests recently made in Naples illustrates the extremes to which the Italian authorities often have to go to combat the Camorra and other criminal organizations, of which the Black Hand bands in this country are only a feeble imitation. The occurence which led up to the arrests took place last June. It was a double murder in Naples.

A young man named Cuocolo, who was supposed to be a follower of the Camorra of the humblest grade, was enticed out to the Torre del Greco and stabbed to death. His body was covered with wounds in the usual way of such "executions." When the body was taken home it was found that his wife had been murdered too, stabbed to death in the same manner.

Such investigation as was made showed that the two murders had taken place simultaneously, and all the signs of a Camorrist plot were apparent. The local police promptly dropped the case. It may here be said that the arrests that have been made were not only unknown to them, but greatly to their displeasure. The central Government at Rome apparently took no notice of the crimes at all. To have made even an inquiry of the Neapolitan police would have rendered detection impossible. It was determined, however, that an effort should be made to capture the criminals.

Ten members of the Carabinieri, a highly trustworthy, courageous and trained body of men, were detailed under a captain to the case. They were ordered to disguise themselves as tramps—lazzaroni—and drift into Naples. They were ordered to take up a life of crime, and promised immunity for anything they might do short of murdering respectable citizens, so long as they got next to the chiefs of the Camorra. In accordance with the programme, they started a career of sneak thieving and highway robbery. Some of them were arrested. In the prisons they met members of the Camorra and made friends with them. They were initiated, and showed themselves so proficient and enthusiastic in the malavita that they were taken into the favor of the chiefs. Then the arrests were made.

MANY IMPLICATED.

There are twenty prisoners charged with the murder of Cuocolo and his wife. They include the chief and the secret tribunal of the Camorra, the authorities say, besides the men who actually committed the murders. The most notable prisoner is said to be one Toledo, one of the showiest frequenters of the Neapolitan theatres and cafes, and driver of the finest equipage on the Corso. He is known in the Honorable Society—the official name of the Camorra—as "Il Mandriere."

He started in life as a cattle driver, driving oxen to the slaughter houses. Then he became a butcher himself. Getting into the malavita he made and saved money, and became a sort of criminal capitalist. His ostensible purpose was lending money at usury, but he was besides receiver-general of stolen goods for all the crooks in Naples. The murder of the Cuocolos was instigated by him on account of a denunciation to the police, which they had made into a bit of pique at some wrong he had done them. It was regularly decreed after a form of trial by the secret tribunal of the Camorra, and was carried out by some of its sworn agents.

Extraordinary developments as to ramifications of the society are expected at the trial.

KEEPING IT DARK.

Perhaps the most unpopular man in the regiment was Captain Martinet; but, at the same time when Private Tomkins caught sight of him floundering in a swift-running river he forgot old scores, divested himself of his tunic, and sprang into the water to his rescue.

It was a difficult task, but eventually he managed to bring the gasping, half-dead officer in safely to the river bank.

"Tompkins," he said in tones of gratitude, when he had recovered, "you've saved my life. How can I show how much I appreciate your action?"

"That's all right, sir," said Tompkins. "Don't say anything about it, that's all I ask—specially not to the other fellers."

"But why not?" asked the astonished captain.

"Well, sir, if they get to know I pulled you out of the river they'll chuck me in!"

HANKERINGS.

"At this season," said Uncle Josh this morning, "when the young man's fancy is a-turnin' lightly t' thorts o' love an' sody water, the hankerin's fur ice cream pie like me begins t' go aout t' th' strawberry shortcake t' th' links."

TURNING BROWN.

"Oh!" exclaimed little Frank, anxiously examining a mole on his arm, "I've found a rotten spot on me?"

Prof. Albert Ritter Von Mosaig Moorrhof, the first surgeon to use chloroform, has been drowned in the Danube at Vienna.

New Zealand has women's franchise, and out of 212,000 women qualified to vote, 174,615 went to the polls at the last election.

The largest stock of hewn granite is that which supports Peter the Great's statue in St. Petersburg. It weighs 1,217 tons.

SAVING A BIG STEAMSHIP

HALF OF THE OCEAN LINER SUEVIC TAKEN OFF THE ROCKS.

Remarkable Engineering Achievement in Regard to the Salving of the Ship.

The loss of the ocean liner Suevic on the rocks of the Lizard off the south coast of England and the rescue of all the passengers and crew was one of the great events of a few weeks ago. The saving of the lives was a great feat and now a scarcely less notable one from an engineering standpoint has been achieved in regard to the salving of the ship. The liner was so tightly wedged on the rocks that she could not be pulled off. She was therefore broken in two by the use of dynamite, and the forward portion left on the rocks while the main body of the ship was pulled off into deep water and proceeded under her own steam and with help of tugs into port. Her water-tight bulkheads kept her from sinking. The London Chronicle thus describes the last act in this salvage.

The severed portion of the White Star liner Suevic was safely docked at Southampton just before noon Wednesday. The operation was carried out before a large number of interesting spectators, and the curiously-proportioned hulk presented

A REMARKABLE SPECTACLE

as she slowly edged on to the quay with the assistance of the attendant tugs.

It was ten o'clock before the wearied watchers at the dock extension were rewarded by a sight of the curious procession as it first appeared to view off Calshot Castle. There were six tugs engaged in the duty of escort. The Liverpool tugs Blazer and Herculeneun were in the van, the tugs of the Southampton and the Isle of Wight Company accompanied the vessel on each side as guides, and two more tugs followed close behind.

It was a wonderful journey of 170 miles under most remarkable conditions. From the time it was commenced at the Lizard at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the vessel was under her own steam all the way. The final act of salvage took place none too soon, as immediately after the bisected portion was towed off the rocks into deep water it commenced to blow strongly from the south-west, and the journey up the Channel was made in a rough sea. By the time the Isle of Wight was reached the weather had moderated, and the remainder of the journey was without danger.

Captain Murray, in an interview on board the Suevic after her arrival at Southampton, said the vessel was not brought to a dead stop during the journey, but it was decided to time the arrival at Southampton during the day, as being more convenient for handling the ship, which was under her own steam and behaved excellently all the time.

Captain McClellan, of the Liverpool Salvage Association, said that the divers did their work excellently.

IT WAS A VERY DIFFICULT TASK.

They had to conduct all their operations from the outside of the ship, as they were unable to get at the work from the inside.

The divers were frequently washed some distance away from the vessel and badly bruised and cut by being dashed against the pinnacled rocks, amongst which the liner was lying. During the severing operations debris was sometimes hurled by the explosives on to the cliffs 1,200 yards away, and it is therefore very fortunate that under the circumstances only one slight mishap occurred, one of the salvagemen being knocked down by a flying bolt.

There are still 1,700 tons of cargo on board. The vessel presents a remarkable sight as she lies at the Test River quay. A portion of the promenade deck hangs over the end, and the section opened to view displays a mass of pipes, broken woodwork, and ship's gear. The work of discharging the cargo is to be commenced at once. Messrs. Harland and Wolf, the builders of the ship, will make the defects good. But there is no official intimation as yet whether the repairs will be carried out at Southampton or at Belfast.

NOT WORTH TROUBLING ABOUT.

The doctor had been summoned hastily, and he alighted from his carriage with a grave face.

A woman was awaiting him on the step, but he noticed that she had not the anxious look he had expected to see.

"I understand," he said, "that your boy has swallowed a quarter. Where is he?"

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "I'm glad to tell you we made a mistake. It wasn't a quarter—it was only a cent."

TOLD WHAT IT WAS.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the barrister, in a very loud, commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness, at the top of his lungs.

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" cried the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the ostler.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

"Coffee," hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you've been drinking! Don't look at me like that, sir!" furiously. "Look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Sugar."

"This man is no fool, my lord—he is worse!" stormed the counsel.

"Now, sir,"—turning to the witness—"look at me. What beside sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The ostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and, in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out:—

"A spune!"

A Loveless Marriage;

OR

A MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

He struck her full on the forehead. She staggered, but caught at a chair near her, and presently was able to stand quite still. No cry escaped her. Once again the thought arose in her that he meant to kill her, but this time she felt no fear. She was almost conscious indeed of being glad of his brutality. Now she might indulge the passionate hatred that for long time had found a home in her breast—might give a loose rein to the bitter scorn and contempt that scorched her spirit. Now, too, surely, she might think without such great sin upon the deep, unhappy love that filled her very being!

That first time when he had actually ill-treated her, she had striven with all her strength, and on her bended knees, to compel herself to forgiveness, and had very nearly succeeded. She had at last brought herself as close to condonement as earthly soul can go.

There had been a suspicion of jealousy in that first cruel attack, and she had made excuses for it to herself, and had sought to blot it from her memory; but this—this was different. Out of sheer revenge, born of a baffled desire, he had struck her that evil blow. No; she would not forgive. Though death indeed were coming (and his face was black with fury), she would meet it, and her judgment hereafter, without a thought of pardon for this brutal tyrant.

"Will you give in?" demanded he, his breath coming thick and fast.

"Not though you kill me," returned she, her face like marble, save for the dull, red mark that was now slowly covering her forehead.

Her calmness, that looked like, and was in part, defiance, enraged him. He struck her again, then caught her in a vicious grasp, shook her like a reed, and flung her from him.

This time she lost her balance, swayed, and came heavily to the ground, striking her head against the corner of an ottoman as she fell.

Not caring whether she lived or was dead, Vereker turned out of the room, closing the door with a savage bang behind him. That last time—that night in the library—he had felt some twinges of remorse; now, he felt nothing, only a savage joy in that he had punished her.

By degrees consciousness returned to her, she rose to her knees, and from that got on to her feet, and then stood looking round her in a half-dazed fashion. She pushed back the hair from her forehead, and stared vaguely at the fire, which had begun to burn low. A long, long sigh escaped her.

Presently she made a mechanical movement, as if to lift her right arm to her throat, but something, some shooting pain that felt like the touch of a red-hot iron, checked her, and a sensation of sickness almost overcame her. The arm was not broken, but in falling she had severely bruised it. She raised her left hand then, and pressed it against that side of her brow from which the dull intolerable throbbing anguish seemed to be coming. As she touched it, she winced and let the hand fall again languidly to her side. She saw then that there was blood upon it.

She was in great pain. She knew that at least, though as yet she was so benumbed in mind that the whole truth had not come to her. She still stood on the same spot on the carpet, as though she had forgotten she could move.

But now her eyes began to roam from side to side, as if with returning memory. All at once they concentrated themselves on one object; it was a mirror; and in it she saw reflected what brought sense, memory, and an abhorrence of that memory, back to her with a cruel rush.

She looked, and looked again; letting a horrible shame sink deep into her. There she stood, revealed! The same woman she had seen an hour agone, yet, was it the same? The ghastly pallor, that crimson streak, the dull lack-lustre eyes, the rigid mouth, did she know them? Her hair had escaped from its fastenings, had come undone, and was hanging in artistic confusion round her. It seemid to hold in an untidy frame her strange, staring face.

It was a hideous portrait of a most lovely woman! And to this he had brought her!

A low moan broke from her. She put up her hands as if to hide from her that painful semblance of herself.

"Oh! God have pity! Must I submit to this degradation?"

After a little while, she made an effort, and bound up in some wise her loosened hair; and sought to make herself presentable again, as women will even in their direst hours. Man call this vanity; but who shall say it is not an honest virtue?

The expression on her face was beginning to change, as a fuller consciousness grew on her. The dulness, the apathy, disappeared, and every feature began to assume a look of hard and unflinching hatred, terrible to see in one so young, so gentle. As remembrance became perfected, so, too, this deadly loathing gained vigor. She raised the hand on which lay the stain of blood, and her eyes fastened themselves upon it with a sort of tigerish rage. This dainty, petted creature, who in her old home, poor as it was, had never known what it was to have a wish thwarted, was now the legal prey of a brute, who treated her as he would certainly not dare to treat any other human thing.

She sank upon a lounge and crouched there, immovable, with dark eyes staring before her into an unseen future. The old resignation, the gentle patience, was all gone from her. Gone, too, was the soft girlishness that had been one of her chiefest charms. She looked haggard, and years older—quite a woman.

The hands that used to rest in her leisure moments in a pretty idleness upon her knees, were now firm and tense; the right one was clenched, and with the knuckles of it she kept rubbing the palm of the other, up and down, up and down ceaselessly, in a slow, curious fashion. She was thinking.

Her thoughts all ran in one groove. That sooner or later there came an end to all things. One day there would come an end to Francis Vereker. Oddly enough she had ceased to believe that he would do her to death, either through wrong or actual physical ill-usage. It seemed as though he was the one to die. She had survived this last brutal treatment of his; she could still think, move, feel; there was no reason that she should not survive another, nay, a hundred such. Life was evidently terribly remorselessly strong within her. There was no escape that way. But he, he would go! Things when they came to the worst always mended, and therefore, as matters lay, he was the one bound to sink into the grave. Death was waiting for him, so she devoutly prayed, hoped—believed!

The idea had a fascination for her. She began even to picture her life as it would be when he was no longer there to darken it. In this strange wild fit that was on her—when all the decent womanhood in her had been outraged, affronted—when she had been crushed and bruised and beaten as might a dog—she longed for revenge. She felt as though she could hardly be satisfied, no matter what form vengeance took. She saw the coming life—without him—that she hoped for, and with a passionate sense of freedom threw wide her arms. Oh! the joy of it—the exultation! To know him gone—for ever. Her tyrant lowered, removed, laid in the very dust. It was impossible that she should not live to see it! Surely she should not die until she had seen her desire upon her enemy.

She was still crouching, hurt, and spent, and fierce, like some wounded animal, when the footman flung open the door and announced "Mr. St. John."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The door had closed again, and the man had disappeared before St. John quite understood that something had gone terribly wrong with her. She raised her head and looked at him, but beyond that effort made no attempt to greet him. He was horrified at the change in her.

The blood-streaked forehead, the large dark eyes, the deadly pallor of the face all shocked him, but what was worse than all was the cruel calmness, the sternness that seemed to disfigure the young face.

A sharp cry escaped him as he went quickly up to her. Was this Cecil?—the gentle, pretty, fragile creature whom he loved. This! He felt half mad, and a terrible imprecation fell from his lips.

"What has that Devil been doing to you?" he said presently.

"Not quite enough," returned she, with a bitter smile. "After all, you see, he has failed again. It is marvellous how long life will stay in one. Misery will not kill, nor brutality. Don't look so distressed, I assure you I was seldom more alive to everything than I am at this moment."

"Cecil——" he began.

"We cannot talk here." She interrupted him in a quick, cold way. "Other people may come in. If I could get to my own room,"—she paused—without meeting the servants, I mean. I can't have them know, at least, not until they must."

"Well, come," said he.

"Go to the door and see if anyone is in the hall." She seemed quite collected and cold, as if turned into stone.

"Come," he said again.

"I must first get rid of this," said she, touching the wound upon her forehead, from which the blood was still slowly oozing. "At any turn of the staircase one of them might appear. Good Heavens! has there not been humiliation enough?"

When she had washed away the blood she went quickly to the door, passed St. John almost as if she did not see him, and ran in a quick, yet firm, way up the broad staircase to her boudoir. She gained it unseen by any of the domestics, and standing on the heartiug, acknowledged that fact by a sigh of relief.

St. John followed slowly. His blood was boiling, and there was a feeling of such devilish hatred in his heart as seemed to numb him. He felt all at once as if the knowledge of good and evil had failed him, as if he knew only the evil, and as if that were the only real good. A longing to destroy was full upon him.

"Look here," he said. He touched her shoulder to rouse her to gain her attention—but she never moved. "Listen to me," he said again. She raised her eyes for a moment.

"That night when he thrust you out—you remember?—and you came to me. Do you remember?"

"Yes. Go on." She spoke with apathy, and yet with a vague touch of impatience.

"That night," he went on deliberately, "I was tempted to say to you something that I refrained from saying (although I confess the temptation was almost too strong for me), simply because I thought the idea that filled me would harm you. Now I think differently. I do not hesitate to say now all that was in my mind that night, because I refuse to believe that any man has the right to keep you here and subject you to—to such indignity."

He paused, and she looked at him again; this time steadily, and without lowering her eyes.

"What are you going to say?" she asked slowly.

"Will you come away with me? Will you leave this brute's house? Will you trust yourself entirely to me?"

She half rose from her seat.

"Wait!" said he, quickly. "There is more to be said. In time you would get your divorce, and then it would be——"

She put up her hand, and by a peremptory gesture checked him.

"Don't go on," she said. "I understand all that you would say, all that you have said, but it is useless."

"You are angry with me, perhaps, now," said he calmly. "But if you would hear all there is to be——"

"Do not mistake me," interrupted she. "I fully comprehend the nature of your proposal, but I am dead to all shame—to all emotion I think, because I feel no anger towards you, or indeed anyone. That night to which you allude I might perhaps have listened to you, but not now. I shall not leave this. I shall stay on here—until the end."

"The end! Until he kills you, you mean!"

"He will not kill me." Her voice was low and curiously penetrating. "Not I shall not die," she went on, leaning forward, as if seeing something on the opposite wall. "All the world may die, but I shall not—until——" She paused abruptly. "I cannot explain it to you," she went on; "I cannot explain it to myself, but something here," laying her hand upon her heart, "tells me that if he were to strike me to the earth again and again, if he were to do his best to murder me, still I should live. No; it is not I who shall die."

"Who, then?" asked he, involuntarily. Her whole tone was suggestive, not only of her belief in her own exemption from death, but of the certainty of another's being obliged to succumb to it.

"He will!" She spoke with a nervous but glad and eager assurance. "Don't ask me to explain that either; I can't; but I know that he will die, and soon—soon!" She threw out her hands. "Oh!" cried she, "How can it be soon enough?"

A strong shudder ran through her. "It is not just that I should suffer always!" she said, her voice now nearly a whisper. "He will die—die—and then——"

St. John felt his heart grow cold. He went quickly up to her. He knew she was half delirious, and he could not bear to see her slender figure crouching there, with the small hands clenched, and that terrible expression of exultation on her death-like face.

"It is all dream-work; do not dwell on it," he said, with actual entreaty.

"It is not. I am awake. I feel as if I should never sleep again. And I tell you what I say is true." She was growing excited now. "I don't know when the knowledge first came to me, but I think it was when he stood over me, with his hand clenched to strike—or else when he had struck, and was looking down at his work—I cannot be sure"—she broke off confusedly, and pressed her hand to her brow—"but something in his face then told me I should be free—safe—alone!"

She rose to her feet and began to pace the room; presently she swayed a little, as if faint, but when he would have caught her she waved him aside.

"If he dies, will you marry me?" she said.

"Don't talk like that," exclaimed he, sharply. "Bad as he is, I cannot bear you to speak thus of his death!"

"Ah! you hesitate—you evade the question. Will you marry me?" cried she, obstinately. Her tone was almost fierce; she came closer to him. "Answer me!" she said. "No, do not touch me; only speak, speak. I will have an answer; or is it that you, too——"

"Do not say that," interrogated he. "You know you don't think it. You know that you trust me. If—if your husband were to die, what thing is there that could keep me from you?" She sighed heavily. "Go to your room and try to get some sleep," said St. John gently, seeing indeed that a reaction had set in, and that she was once again on the verge of unconsciousness.

"Yes. Go," she said, faintly. "Go away. I want to be alone."

"And you will lie down? Promise me that. Shall I send Dorothy to you?"

"Oh, no. I will have nobody here, not even her. Now go!" She pressed him away from her peevishly, and, after a last entreaty or two that she would try to sleep, he left her.

(To be continued.)

HOPEFUL.

Harold: "Papa, when I grow up, can I get married?"

"My son, do not let us anticipate the worst."

The Farm

PRUNING FOR BUSINESS.

In setting out apple trees the question of long or high heading seems to be an open one, writes Mr. F. H. Fassett. I have practised the medium height. I think some varieties should be headed higher than others, for instance, Spy and Baldwin and other upright growers should be quite low, while Greening, Bellflower and other spawning varieties should be higher as they have a tendency to droop. The amount of top left on at time of setting should be regulated largely by the roots; if a large part of these have been broken off by digging a considerable amount of top should be cut off.

In shaping the trees one should not try to shape all alike; if he does it will surely end in disappointment, because one cannot successfully make the top of a Spy and that of a Greening alike. They are entirely different in growth. The Spy should be kept from growing too thick in the centre and induced to spread out while the Greening and other sprouting varieties should be trained more upright. Limbs shooting straight up should be avoided as they will rob the other parts of the tree and when allowed to grow will spoil the tree. A little attention each year, cutting limbs that cross and thinning when too thick will enable you to grow a tree natural in form and in best possible shape for good results.

The time to trim is subject to a good many different opinions. I have practised trimming as early in the spring as all danger of severe freezing is past. Some recommend trimming when trees are in blossom, but this has its objections. In early spring one lies more time, hence I can recommend it. I think the wound heals best at this time of the year. All limbs should be cut square off, commencing as close to the tree as possible on the upper side as it makes a smaller stub and heals better than when cut with the body of the tree. If it becomes necessary to remove large limbs the stubs should be covered with paint or grafting wax, but with careful pruning each year it will not be necessary to cut many large limbs.

I am a firm believer in cultivating orchards, so I trim with this in view. It is surprising what low trees one can cultivate under. There are several points which should be kept in mind. When pruning we should aim to cut enough to keep the tree healthy, to admit sunshine and light that the apples may color up alike. There seems to be a tendency on the part of some growers to commence on the inside and trim off all small limbs and fruit spurs, turning up the limbs until they resemble a lion's tail, leaving the brush ends thick and thus forcing the fruit all on ends of branches. This makes a leverage which breaks down many valuable trees. I saw an orchard trimmed this way in our county. It was loaded with fruit, but nearly 13 of the trees had large limbs broken down, thereby causing a lasting injury to the orchard.

My method is to cut out all limbs that cross each other, avoid breaking or cutting small limbs, fruit spurs or large studs as here you will find some of the finest specimens; then thin the limbs on the outside by cutting off small limbs, letting in the sunlight and forcing the fruit in toward the body where the tree is able to bear the enormous weight when in full crop. This in some instances will weigh from one and one-half to two tons. I keep the top clipped back a little each year so as to prevent getting too high. A low tree is much easier to pick or trim and on the whole much to be preferred.

One of the best tools and an almost indispensable one is the regular pruning saw costing from 50 cents to $1.50. This in the hands of an active man who is not afraid to climb makes a good combination. I have used some of the long handled pruners. They have their place for cutting small limbs and clipping back the top, but are very hard to work all day. A light step ladder is very useful. In the case of an old orchard which had been neglected for years, I would advise to go slow the first year. Remove the dead limbs and the suckers, then by thinning a little each year, the trees may be brought to the proper shape.

PEAS AND OATS FOR EARLY FEED.

There is not a better crop to put in for early feeding, or when the fields give scant promise for hay than peas and oats. No crop can be put in easier or earlier. First sow the peas broadcast over the ground, allowing a bushel to the acre if the soil is rich, more if poor, and plow under 4 or 5 inches. As soon as the peas begin to come up, broadcast the oats, using the same amount, then drag in, going both ways. When the oats are in bloom, cut and cure as you would clover. They can be used for green feed if desired, coming at a time when pasture begins to be short. There is nothing better for milch cows, unless it is green alfalfa.

If after putting in the barn the peas shell out, it has been found that mixing them with any kind of chaff makes a fine feed for hens and hogs. They will, when fed in this way, furnish plenty of exercise for the hens.

RATION FOR MILK.

It is generally believed, with very good reason, that a ration consisting of a certain portion of succulent matter is necessary for the most economical production of milk and butter. This is usually supplied in the form of silage, roots, fresh brewers' grains, or dried brewers' grains moistened to a spongy consistency. Corn silage is undoubtedly the cheapest; that is, it will bring the greatest return at the least cost. Roots are greatly relished, conducive to good health and stimulating the flow of milk, but are quite expensive to raise. Wet brewers' grains, if drawn daily, fresh from the brewery, can be fed without seriously affecting the quality of milk or butter. The wetting of dried grains is sometimes done, with good success, if fed with reasonable care. Fresh beet pulp is hard to handle in the natural state, quick to change and to be rendered unfit for feeding, that it can only be used by farmers in the immediate vicinity of beet sugar factories.



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HUNTING THE FUR SEAL

REWARD OF PERILS UNDERGONE IS VERY SMALL.

Great Dangers Run by the Hunters From Newfoundland and Labrador.

This has been a hard season with the sealers on the East coast, both those from Newfoundland and those from Labrador. There have been heavy gales, and the ice has come down from the north in such large masses as to be difficult to escape. One Newfoundland steamer, the Greenland, has been lost, and fears are entertained for smaller crafts which have not returned. The method of conducting the hunt is thus described by a Quebec correspondent of The New York Sun:

That amount of seal life destroyed by the Labrador hunters does not begin to compare in volume with the result of the Newfoundland hunt. Nevertheless a crew of eight men have been known to kill five or six hundred seals in a couple of hours.

Much depends upon the opportunity offered of taking the animals by surprise. When a large herd is seen upon an ice field the men, who usually number four to eight to twelve on a schooner, take to a small boat and get as near as possible to the part of the floe where the seal are basking, especially if that is the side nearest to the water.

If still unperceived, they crawl upon their hands and knees, and spare no effort to get close up to the herd without being seen. Then, the slaughter begins.

KILLING THE SEALS.

Each man is armed with a stout stick six to ten feet long, and seal after seal is struck on the nose with the weapon. A slight blow suffices to fracture the skull and kill the young animals, and many of the others are stunned and disabled, while the hunters hurry on to slaughter as many more of the herd as possible before they can make their escape into open water.

Then the hunters' knives are brought. The skin with the adhering fat is rapidly detached from the carcass, which is left on the ice. The floe is soon stained with blood and dotted with the skinless carcases of the slain.

The shivering seals now move nimbly in the air. The whimpering cry of the baby seals has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing of whining of an infant in pain. Wherever there are openings in the ice the mother seals are seen jumping up their heads looking for their offspring.

The great aim of the hunters is to get among the "whitecoats," as the young harp seals are called in their baby hood when yet fed by their mothers' milk and while they are powerless to escape. The oil then extracted from the blubber is of a much finer quality than that obtained from the full-grown seals.

These ordinary seals of the gulf, commonly known as harp or Greenland seals, are perfectly defenceless. Not so, however, the hood seal, which is frequently met with by the sealers.

THE HOOD SEAL.

The hood is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters the dog hood, is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or enraged he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot.

When thus protected he can only be killed by shooting him in the mouth and the base of the skull. The dog hood fights desperately in defence of his mate and young ones, and if they are killed he becomes furious, inflates his hood and rushes on his foe. Instances have occurred in which a fight between an old dog hood and five or six sealers lasted for an hour, and sometimes a hunter is seriously hurt and even killed in the encounter.

The greatest danger to these hunters, however, is that of being caught with their vessels in the embrace of the ice giants of the gulf. Rafts upon rafts of broken fragments of the ice-floes are piled up sometimes fifty feet high, and often in the course of blinding snowstorms these are dashed upon one another. Little can be expected to remain of the vessel caught between those ponderous masses of ice.

In one year a hundred Newfoundland sealers lost their ships in the summer fifty of them going down in a single sailing vessel, the Huntsman. Two other steamers were thus caught in the ice of the gulf in 1901, the steamer Horncon, one of which Commander Boyle had been in command of, and had brought home the Antarctic relief party from Cape Crozier, the crew of the great Discovery ship, were rescued by the steamer Greenland, which shared the fate last month.

The reward for the seals taken is very small. The members of a crew divide their profits equally, and the latter do not exceed $40 for the season, though formerly the average was at least $100. Seal oil, which was formerly worth 80 cents a gallon, now sells at from 30 to 35 cents, and there has also been a falling off in the value of the skins, which are mainly used for leather purposes. Their grey or pepper and salt colored fur is by no means unsightly and does not become valueless when the animal's winter overcoats, which retain its baby fur, are cast. A fine coat can be made for about $30, or $40 at most, of Alaska seal.

PICNIC PARTY IMPRISONED.

White Men on Holiday Trip Assailed by Basuto Tribesman.

A remarkable incident occurred in Basutoland recently. A picnic party decided to make a trip into the Basuto country, and they arrived at the village of the Lable chief on the Natal frontier, and encamped for the night. Early next morning they started on the Drakensberg range, and after a long climb reached the summit. Here they found a cave in which they decided to take their midday meal. The Basuto appears to have viewed the intrusion with displeasure, for presently the picnic party was surrounded by a number of natives, the old man who appeared to be in charge carrying a gun. The Europeans were then ordered to surrender their arms (which they did), and taken to a place which had the appearance of a mountain stronghold, beneath an overhanging cliff. Here their horses were turned into a kraal, and the headman, telling them that they would not be allowed to go any further, signified that they would have to carry their own baggage and would have to obey his orders.

After a night spent under surveillance in the cave, the Basutos, maintaining a close watch upon their captives, made preparations to move on. Their party made their escape by means of a stratagem, in which they were assisted by their Basuto guide, who helped them to capture the horses and mules belonging to the chief by which they had been surrounded.

After a furious ride in the darkness, the precipitous nature of the country leading to Natal rendering it impossible for the party to proceed during the night, they arrived at Natal side early in the morning, after their escape, and safely spent their unnerved.

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.





SOMETHING TO BOAST OF.

Reformed Cannibal: "I may be black, sah, but I've got British blood in my veins."

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1907

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to Subscribers in Canada and the United States for $1.00 in advance, or $1.50 at the end of the year.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

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

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The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. - . QUE.

GEORGIAN BAY CANAL.

The Commission appointed to examine into the proposed construction of the Georgian Bay Canal has completed its work and its report, it is understood, will be laid before Parliament at its session this fall. Meanwhile it is definitely stated that the canal is feasible and that there are no insuperable obstacles in the way of its construction. The cost of the work is given as $105,000,000. This seems like a large sum, but it is less than the amount estimated as the governments' expenditures for the current fiscal year. It is pointed out that the building of the canal will make available water powers equal to no less than 500,000 horse power. It is said the tolls on the canal would put it on a paying basis. Should that not prove true a large revenue would be derived from the electric power developed along the route. The canal when built will give Canada the carrying trade of the great west, both American and Canadian.

Had the Americans such a natural canal route they would not be long in building it, and Canada should not be too long in getting busy at it.

DOLLAR WHEAT.

A sharp advance in the price of wheat in the markets of the world—the dollar mark being passed and talk freely indulged of much higher prices before next harvest,—has directed attention to the world's visible supply. The farmers of Western Canada were unable, owing to the severe weather and consequent blockade of the railroads, to get their grain to market last fall and winter and it is stated that they have upwards of thirty million bushels which they will be able to sell at the higher prices now prevailing. Thus again is the old saying illustrated. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Generally, however, there is a marked decline on the amount of wheat usually in sight at this season of the year. Then, too, the backward season has retarded spring sowing and fears are expressed in some quarters that the harvest will be less than usual by reason of a smaller acreage sown and lighter returns because of late seeding. The Winnipeg Free Press, as the result of a widespread enquiry of conditions in the West, says:

"Summarized the reports received indicate that in Manitoba 15 per cent of the wheat has been seeded and in the Saskatchewan area about 10 per cent. No growth is reported from any point with a single exception, but everywhere the ground is in splendid condition to receive the seed and there will be plenty of moisture to carry it well into the second week of June. The area sown to wheat will be considerably less than that of last year instead of 15 per cent. greater as it would have been had there been time for the annual spring ploughing. There will be a largely increased acreage sown to barley and oats, and the amount of flax will probably be larger than for some years. Given fine warm weather from now on there is nothing to prevent the west reaping a splendid crop. But in the words of one farmer. 'There is not an hour to lose'."

From what is known at present there is reason to believe that the price for wheat will rule over the the dollar. Possibly the prediction by Mr. Hosmer, a C.P.R. director, that wheat will sell at $1.50 per bushel before the grain is harvested this year will be fulfilled.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

THE LATE ROBT. HAMILTON.

An old and highly respected resident of Grenville, who for many years has been well known to the people of this county, passed away on the 7th inst., at Montreal, in the person of the late Rev. R. Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton came to Grenville over 30 years ago as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church which opened about that time. In the earlier years of his life he had been employed by the late Wm. Evans of Montreal, and travelled extensively throughout Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces in the interests of the seed trade. No doubt this was the origin of his great knowledge in Botany and Horticulture, the study of which became to him a real avocation. While at Grenville he continued this work on a small farm which he purchased and there inaugurated what is now one of the finest nurseries in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Hamilton had a peculiar talent for this work and made the cultivation, selection and care of apple trees a special study until he became expert in all varieties, more especially those which had been introduced from Russia by the late Chas Gibb. Upon retiring some years ago from the ministry, he devoted all his time to this work with a result which was an eye-opener to all who attended our exhibition of last fall. The number, variety and quality of the apples exhibited by him as grown in this county was a complete revelation to those who attended the fair. When the present government extended the system of exhibitions throughout the world, the Hon. Mr. Fisher chose Mr. Hamilton as superintendent of Canadian Fruit Exhibits in 1900 and as such he had charge of those exhibits at the several exhibitions held at Paris, Glasgow, Japan, St. Louis and at Liege in Belgium. It was at the latter place that the disease which finally terminated his life first manifested itself in the form of neuritis. Although upon his arrival home he somewhat recovered and became fairly active, nevertheless the disease progressed, until finally acute paralysis ended his life in Montreal where he had gone for treatment a few days previously.

The funeral was held at Calumet on the 9th of May in the Anglican Church of that place, the services being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Asosh, rector of Grenville, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, Presbyterian Minister, the interment taking place in the cemetery of that village overlooking the Ottawa River. The funeral was largely attended by many friends of the deceased among whom were the Hon. W. A. Weir, Minister of Public Works, Jno. McD. Haines, of Montreal, and many others from a distance. Owing to the short notice and limited train service, a number of Mr. Hamilton's associates from his department at Ottawa were prevented from being present. The late Mr. Hamilton was 69 years old and leaves a widow and one daughter to mourn his loss.

DUNANY.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. William Parker is better.

Messrs. E. McCoy and D. Joss passed through here on Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Conlin who has been ill for the past three weeks, is slowly recovering.

Messrs. Ernest and Dawson Kerr have sold their farm to Mr. Robt. Copeland.

Rev. A. E. Mount visited in Dunany on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

CASTORIA.

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

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

Preparations are on foot to make Victoria Day a gala one for Brownsburg.

Mr. Thos. Johnston of Glasgow, Scotland, accompanied by Mr. H. D. Brainerd, President of D.C.Co., were visitors at the Factory on Wednesday.

The D. C. Co. Football team have arranged a match with Lachute for Saturday afternoon. A large crowd is expected to go down with the boys and yell for the local team.

Mr. W. McManus, with great fishing inclinations, spent a day last week after the speckled beauties, but apparently there is a Hoodoo, as 'Old Mac' had his usual luck—no fish, no dear. Try something else Mac!

Mr. Harry Gardner met with rather a painful accident on Thursday. While cutting some material with a pen-knife, his hand slipped, inflicting a nasty gash in the leg. The wound was dressed by "Doc." Hipenstal.

It is proposed to hold Baseball and Football Sports, also shooting competitions. In the past the employees of the D.C.Co. have held an Annual Picnic on the Recreation grounds, and which has practically been the only event of the year. It is now proposed to hold several Athletic games and sports during the summer in addition to the regular Annual picnic, and the employees are certainly indebted to the new Association for the way in which this new venture has been taken hold of by the Committee.

DETONATORS vs CARPENTERS.

The first Football game of the Season, under the auspices of the newly formed Dominion Cartridge Co'y. Athletic Association, was played on Saturday last on the Company's Picnic Ground. The contesting teams were employees of the Detonator and Carpenter Departments, the attendance, however, was only fair which was accounted for by the extremely cool weather which from a player's point of view, was ideal even to the high breeze which has so often served as an excuse for want of accuracy in play.

When the teams lined up on the field, the Carpenters looked very attractive with blue knickers and white Shirts, while the Detonators appearance was equally pleasing in similar uniform but with the addition of a red sash across the breast, which made each team distinguishable. By winning the toss, the Detonator, who were generally supposed to have the better team, were able to take the end from which the wind was blowing and as the sun was barely visible, had considerable advantage. As very often happens the play at first showed that stage fright seriously affected the forward play on both sides. The game was somewhat inclined to be dull, and in the first half neither goal-keeper had much to do. In the first half, however, after some thirty minutes play, the Detonators made a lucky kick which with the aid of the gale blowing, carried the ball between the Carpenters' goal posts for the first score. There was no further score, and the first half finished with the score of 1-0 in favor of the Detonators.

The second half opened with the Detonators defending the west goal with the advantages all in favor of the Carpenters. But do what they could it was impossible for them to even at the score, as the "Dets" played an entirely defensive game, and all attempts to add to their score were abandoned, the team evidently realizing that it was better to make sure and be satisfied with the small lead, than to take any chance of removing the mass congregated round their own goal, consequently the game ended with the score of 1-0 in favor of the Detonators.

Of the game itself, considering the little practice put in by both teams, they are to be congratulated on the showing made. Comparatively, however, the Carpenters, although losing the game, certainly gave the best exhibition of football. As a rule the forwards betrayed great anxiety to get rid of the ball, especially the inside men; while the wings, even when they appeared to break clear of the defence and might have drawn it towards goal invariably contented themselves with a long selfish dribble down the field, with the result that many good opportunities to at least tie the score were not taken advantage of.

On the whole the teams were very fairly evenly matched, and though it happens that the "Dets" gained the victory, their superiority was not otherwise distinguishable. The best point of the game was the perseverance with which all the players maintained their efforts to the end.

BIRTH.

JOUSSE,—At Vanklee's Hill, Sunday May 12th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jousse.

GILMOUR,—At Brownsburg, Monday, May 13th, 1907, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Gilmour.

DEATH.

FORRESTER,—At Chatham, Que., April 25th, '07, Margaret Forrester in the 67th year of her age, a native of Dumblane, Perthshire, Scotland.

Presentation To Mr. Simpson

On the ocasion of Mr. J. E. W. Simpson's departure for the North-west, a number of his friends tendered him a banquet in the Argenteuil Hotel on Tuesday evening last, and presented him with a handsome gold mounted pipe and a Winchester rifle together with the following address:

To J. E. W. SIMPSON, Esq.,
LACHUTE.

DEAR SIR:—On the eve of the occasion of your departure from our midst for the North-West, we, a few of your friends, assembled together for the purpose of evincing our regard and esteem toward you.

As a native of your town, we have naturally regarded your career with interest; and whilst we regret the event of you leaving us, we wish you God-speed and every success in your new sphere of life, and as a young man, we regard with confidence the happy moulding of your future.

Although your family will be pained at parting with you, they will be comforted by the bright assurance of your conduct to carry you on to success.

Your late lamented father enjoyed in a singular manner the respect and affection of all who knew him as a man exemplary in private life, and as a worthy son of a worthy parent you will take with you the very best wishes of many friends, who will await with hope the report of your well doing, and look forward with earnest pleasure to once again meeting you.

Allow us to present you with this slight token as a souvenir.

Mr. H. Slater presided over a good toast list and the presentation was made by Mr. G. F. Calder. All joined in wishing Mr. Simpson every success and hoped to see him and future happiness in his new sphere.

ST. PHILIPPE.

—:o:—

Miss K. Paterson returned home to Lachute last Friday after a weeks visit with Miss Cass.

Miss Mabel Davidson spent several days of last week in Montreal, and while there she attended the Smith—Clendenning wedding at Cote St. Paul.

Miss Irene Hewitt left Monday to take a position in Creswell's fruit store.

Mr. A. Graham made his first trip to the city by boat last Thursday.

Mr. T. and Miss C. Gray of East Hawkesbury, were guests of Mrs. F. Fuller last Friday.

Miss M. Davidson entered upon her new duties last Sunday, as organist of Cushing Methodist Church.

Mr. A. Homer Vipond of Hudson, paid a visit in this vicinity last Saturday.

Arbor Day was celebrated in its usual manner by teacher and pupils of School No. 6.

Miss Lizzie Chambers is spending this week with Mrs. E. Brown, of Stonefield.

Mr. Wm. Chambers of Rossland, B.C., who has been absent from this vicinity for the past 15 years is now spending a few weeks with his brothers and other friends.

Empire Day [May 23rd] will be celebrated by the pupils of School No. 6, by giving an entertainment at 2 p.m. Parents and friends are invited to come.

CIRCUIT COURT.

—:o:—

A session of the Circuit Court was held here yesterday, at which Judge Robideaux presided. The following cases were heard and disposed of:—

Delorme vs. Lalonde:—Action dismissed.
Boyd vs. G.N.R.:—Continued to next term.
Moody & Sons vs. Larocque:—Judgment for Plaintiff.
Simpson vs. Ladouceur:—Judgment next term.
Lacasse vs. Hoff:—Judgment for Plaintiff.
Todd vs. Jolin:—Judgment for Plt'ff.
Blair vs. Stephens:— " "
McCoy vs. Fenard:— " "
Martin vs. Guay:— " "
" vs. Maisonneuve:—Judgment for Plaintiff.
McLennan vs. Morrissette:—Seizure maintained.
Ramsay vs. Paquin:—Seizure annulled.
McLeod vs. Millard:—Action dismissed.

DRINK JOHN'S TEAS.

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.

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A Nice Neat Suit

And a Well Shaped Suit

Makes a man not only look good but feel good. We are prepared to give you the quality of cloth of the best, and guarantee you a perfect fit. We are also able to supply you with everything you need in Gent's Furnishings. Our prices are right, so give us a call.

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WARNING.—Having come to the knowledge of the Agricultural Buildings Co'y, that their property is being broken into and damaged, any person found trespassing thereon will be prosecuted according to law.

By order of the
AGRICULTURAL BLDG'S. CO'Y.

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Apply to JNO. HOPE, Lachute.

The Very Best

That is what you will get from us. We only keep the choicest of meats and fish in season. When in want of the makings of a good dinner just ring up Phone No. 49.

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Physician & Surgeon.
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College.

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office over Wm. Doig's store, opposite Post Office.
Absent on Monday only.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, D.D.S. L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P.O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in French and English.

G. J. WALKER,
INSURANCE & FINANCIAL AGENT.
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Notes discounted and Loans made. Only First-Class Insurance Companies represented.

CHARLES CALDER,
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
LACHUTE.
A neat cottage for sale, situate on West side of Princess Avenue, opposite the Lachute Paper Mills, at a reasonable price and easy terms.
Money to loan on good security at reasonable interest. Fire Insurance placed with the most reliable companies and at low rates. Losses promptly settled.

—:o:—

Mr. R. Cain passed through here on Sunday en route for Brownsburg.

Mr. D. Rowe was the guest of Mr. R. Seale on Sunday.

Miss L. MacVicar spent the week end at her home in Dunany.

The Messrs. Tomalty and Morrison, passed through here on Tuesday.

The Messrs. A. McGibbon, C. Vary, and J. Moore was in Louisa on Tuesday.

Miss Susie Boyd is spending a few days the guest of her mother Mrs. R. Boyd.

Rev. H. Charters will conduct a rvice in St. Aidens Church every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

The many friends of Mrs. Wm. Coslin will be sorry to hear of her serious illness.

Mrs. J. Wilson and Master Harold of Montreal, is home on a visit to Mrs. Wilson's parents Mr. and Mrs. Rowe.

The Misses E. C. Whitbead and N. Cruise, of Lachute, spent the week end the welcome guests of Miss M. E. Seale.

Miss Agnes Creswell has returned home from St. Philippe where she has been spending the past week the guest of her sister Mrs. D. McKenzie.

The many friends of Mrs. Wm. Watchorn will be sorry to hear of the death of her mother Mrs. Robinson who passed away on Thursday May, 9th, at St. Therese. The body being brought to Louisa for burial. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. H. Charters, and was largely attended.

Seigniory of Argenteuil.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. Chas. Calder, of Lachute, has this day been appointed Local Agent of the above named Seigniory.

The office of Mr. Calder will be at Lachute where payments of rents, interest etc., must be made. For the convenience of censitaires, Mr. Calder will be at St. Andrews on dates of which he will give notice, where payments may also be made.

MACINTOSH & HYDE,
Attorneys of the Heirs of the late Charles Christopher Johnson, Seignior of Argenteuil.

Montreal, 15th, May, 1907

Property For Sale At A Bargain.

A brick tenement dwelling (formerly owned and occupied by the late Jas. Fish as the Lachute Mills Post Office,) situate in the West Ward next to the old Grist Mill. It is in good locality and is one of the best business stands in that ward. As the owner resides in Montreal, he will sell at a sacrifice if purchaser can be obtained immediately.

Terms easy.

Call or write for full particulars to the undersigned,

CHAS. CALDER,
Insurance Agent, Lachute.

Phone 10.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Excursion Rates
— To —
Montreal
— For the —
Military Tournament
May 17 & 18, 1907.

Return tickets to Montreal at lowest one way first-class fare with 50c. added for admission to show on May 17 & 18. Good to return May 20th.

Fishing Season—opened Wednesday last, and we are to the front with an up-to-date Sport's Outfit—Bamboo Rods, Jointed Red Cork Floats, Silk Lines, Trolls, Reels, Gut-leaders, Minnows, Flies, Hooks, Sinkers and Lines galore. If you wish to have the best assortment and outfit, let us supply you.

T. McOUAT & SON.

: : GEOFFRION BEDARD : :

Tailor and Gent's Outfitter,

MAIN ST., LACHUTE

If you want to be rigged out complete, just call on me and you will find perfect satisfaction, as we handle all you need in style, and we can certainly give you the fit and finish.

Our prices are at all times in keeping with the goods, and of the very best value that can be procured in town. Call and see our splendid assortment of goods.

SAVE MONEY

By Buying at DOIG'S

All of your Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Granite & Agate ware, Kitchen Utensils. Earthenware, such as Churns, Butter and Cream Crocks, Bean Pots, Molasses Jugs and Jars. Everything new and Up-to-date. Some special bargains in Silk Blouses, Prints and Summer Dress Goods . . . . . .

Government Inspected Clover and Timothy Seed on hand that will be sold close. Fully guaranteed.
Highest prices paid for butter, eggs & maple syrup.

W. Doig

Opposite the Post Office.

ATTENTION !

Our store offers some choice snaps in fancy goods, etc. There is no need to go to Lachute or any place else. Just stop right at our store and it will save you money.

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 Spring Goods.

Stock Now Complete In all Lines

Special values in Gents, Youths' and Boys' ready-made clothing, underwear, shirts, collars, ties, Felt hats, caps, Boots, Rubbers, Etc., Etc.

J. R. McOUAT

PHOTOGRAPHS!

IF YOU WANT!
WHAT YOU WANT!
WHEN YOU WANT IT!

In Photographs, call at HOLLAND'S GALLERY. We are showing the latest styles and finish.

Do you want a BROMIDE ENLARGEMENT of yourself or one of the family—nicely framed and mounted?

This work is a specialty with us. See our latest samples. Family and Sporting Groups, Children's Portraits.

Bring The BABY.

ELITE PHOTO STUDIO

(Opposite the Post Office.) Box 20, LACHUTE,
W. S. HOLLAND, Prop. E. M. FINN, Mgr.

$10,000 STOCK $10,000

Great Slaughtering Sale for CASH ONLY

Commencing on Monday next, March 11th we will sell our entire stock at cost and

Below Cost.

The stock comprises a well-assorted line of dry-goods, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hats, caps, furs, crockery, hardware, also a large stock of latest tweeds. All our groceries are fresh goods and will be sold at cost, as will a very large stock of sheeting and roofing paper.

Everything must be sold as I am giving up store.

H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Some of the lines we can save money for you on

Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Carpets and Rugs,
Linoleums & Floor Oil Cloths, 1, 2, 3 & 4 yds. wide.

Ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys.

We are sole agents for the celebrated Geo. A. Slater "Invictus" Boots and Shoes. Once tried you will have no other.

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

New Goods

We have opened up our New 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.

FURNITURE REQUISITES.

Furniture Requisites of every description may be had by investigating our beautiful large showrooms. Our prices are correspondingly low but the quality of our . . . goods is high . . .

When you are building don't forget that we can supply you with sashes, doors, . . . windows, etc. . . .

Lachute Furniture Factory

O. B. LAFLEUR,

CURRENT TOPICS.

Dr. Jameson of South Africa is a man of large hopes and large ideas. Had he been otherwise he would not have been the friend and agent of Cecil Rhodes. In 1896 Dr. Jameson hoped that his bold but hopeless dash on Johannesburg would bring South Africa under the British flag. At the opening of the Colonial Conference a few days ago he expressed the hope that South Africa would be consolidated and represented at the next conference by one Premier. It is probably much too early in the game for any such consummation.

That there will some day be a federated South Africa, a union like that of Canada or Australia, is little short of inevitable. It is the logic of the situation. As the provinces of Canada united and became the Dominion of Canada, and as the colonies of that region became the Commonwealth of Australia, so in the fulness of time will there arise a united South Africa extending from Lake Tanganyika to Cape Agulhas. It will be another of those great political institutions which have developed under British rule and control.

In their progress toward such a state the people of South Africa are as yet heavily handicapped in one way. Sentiment counts for much. All men desire the right to include themselves in some specifically named group. The settler in Canada becomes a Canadian. In Australia he is an Australian; in New Zealand a New Zealander; and even in smaller places he may be a Newfoundlander, a Jamaican, or a Bermudan. In South Africa about all that a man can become is a rather vague colonial. In time the term Africander will in all probability be adopted. At present it is somewhat discredited through its use by the Boers.

It is not likely to come before the next Colonial Conference, but the day will probably come when the people of a united South Africa will be as proud of being Africanders as the people of Canada and Australia now are of being Canadians and Australians.

Fist and he a Samson. G. Low, an English physiculturist, has been able to raise a million pounds—100 pounds a thousand times—in less than thirty-five minutes. Less than one meal a day is Low's habit when in training. Besides being wonderfully endowed by nature with muscle and nerve force, Low trains with walking and deep breathing combined with light gymnasium work and keeps out of doors as much as possible. During the two months he was in special training for a million pound lift he lived on one meal a day for the first five weeks. This meal consisted of three eggs, half a loaf of whole wheat bread, fresh fruit, cereals, and nuts, with one glass of milk taken afterwards. As an experiment he ate meat twice in this period, but found it detrimental and ceased using it. The last three weeks he ate but four meals a week, made up of the same menu as before. The feat was accomplished as a scientific test before more than fifty experts, including physicians, food specialists, university professors, teachers of physical culture, and well known athletes. Low lost in actual weight 5¾ pounds during the half hour he was performing. Immediately after the 800,000 pound mark had been reached his pulse registered only 85, an increase of 13 beats, showing a wonderful condition of heart and circulation. His respiration had increased only in volume and not in velocity. A further evidence of his superb condition was seen when he increased the speed as the lift progressed.

HUNTER SHOT ON RIFLE RANGE.

Soldiers at Practice Sent a Bullet Through His Head.

A tragedy attended the last meet of the season the other day of the Ripley and Knaphill Harriers, Robert Spens, the son of Nathaniel Spens, of Frimley Park, England, being accidentally shot by some soldiers at practice.

The accident was an extraordinary one. The meet took place near Pirbright, and a large field was present. Very soon a fox was put up, and the hounds led the field across Normandy Common, and up the eastern slopes of the Fox Hills.

The western slopes of the hills are occupied by the Ash Ranges of the Aldershot command, and on these a number of soldiers were engaged in firing practice. A small plateau at the top of the hills divides the two slopes, and the danger zone at the back of the range is marked out by rows of red posts.

These were not noticed by the hunt, however, as they galloped along in the mist. The first indication that they were in serious danger came from an exclamation by the master, who felt a bullet whiz by his face.

He turned his own horse, and promptly shouted to the others to ride back for their lives, but at that moment Mr. Spens was seen to fall from his horse. There was a rush to his side, but it was too late. A bullet had passed through his head, killing him instantly. Mrs. Spens, the mother of the young man, was taking part in the hunt, and was one of the first to reach his side.

While some of the huntsmen rode off to stop the soldiers at their practice, others obtained an ambulance, and the body was removed to Frimley Park.

CANADA SUITS THIS LADY

ENGLISHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN ONTARIO.

Great Future Awaits People With Capital as Well as Laborers in This Country.

Just now the suitability of Canada for English people of different classes is being canvassed on both sides of the Atlantic. Usually the discussion ranges around the chances for the laborer, the small farmer and the artizan with little or no capital. In an article in the London Express a lady signing herself "C. V., Oxford," sets forth the opportunities Eastern Canada, in particular, offers to those of the English middle class with more or less capital. As being different from the ordinary point of view, and interesting on that account the article is reproduced in full. It reads:

As an Englishwoman long resident in Canada, I have read with much interest the interview with Mrs. Simpson Hayes, and the article subsequently published in The Express regarding the demand in Canada for educated women.

I would add to the discussion the experience of an Englishwoman who has now become a Canadian, and has brought up a family of seven children in the Dominion. In certain sections of society in England the idea prevails that, while the advantages which the emigrant from the labor and artizan class may enjoy in Canada are undeniable, the gentle-born would find little incentive to migrate. This idea may have gained credence through the avowed policy of the Canadian Government Immigration Department to encourage primarily the agricultural laborer and domestic servant, in deference, it may be supposed, to the crying need for this class in a country which is only on the verge of real development.

But it is an erroneous idea that no one else may profit from emigration. A great portion of Eastern Canada is as highly civilized, though not as thickly populated, as the Motherland. While, however, the picturesque incident of the laborer who migrated with only sufficient money to pay his fare to Winnipeg, six years ago, and is now a member of the municipal council of the town near which he located, and has a snug little sum in the bank, is set forth to attract his fellows, little or nothing is heard of people who, like ourselves, went to Canada with a fair amount of capital—which has grown in bulk, thanks to buying Canadian securities—and who have not relinquished the traditions and habits of life which were ours in this country.

LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES.

Canada is a land of magnificent distances, and consequently it presents magnificent opportunities for men, women, and, above all, children of every class.

My husband was a member of a well-known country family, was possessed of a fairly comfortable income, which was not, however, sufficient to allow of his keeping pace with the growing demands of an increasing family and the many channels of outlay which a man of his position has to meet in England. We migrated to Eastern Canada when the two eldest children were mere babes, and we have never for one instant had cause to regret the move.

My husband found employment which was congenial to him, and we settled in an eastern town. We have traveled the length and breadth of Canada, and have friends scattered throughout the Dominion. Our two eldest boys we educated primarily at one of the Government schools, where the system is excellently well calculated to prepare them for the life before them, and the fees are merely nominal. Later they went to one of the large public schools, based much on the same principle as the public schools in England, and from this school they entered Trinity College, Toronto, where many of the professors are Oxford and Cambridge men.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

One of our boys entered the Imperial army through the Military College at Kingston, and will shortly be exchanged into the Canadian Regular Army at Halifax. The three girls received their grounding from an English governess, and they have been for three years at the Cheltenham of Canada, Havergal College, Toronto, a most flourishing college, presided over by the sister of one of our English bishops, and with a staff of women holding first-class Oxford and Cambridge degrees.

Our eldest boy is now a bank clerk in one of the Western towns, owning his "broncho" and a member of one of the smartest polo clubs in the Dominion, and enjoying an existence unknown to any bank clerk in this country.

Society in Canada is delightful. It is true that you are in the midst of what is social evolution in its most accentuated form; but you will find congenial "sets," within what is known as society, which answer your particular requirements. Those who delight in what is called "smart society" will find it easy of access if their purses allow of rather lavish expenditure, but there are literary, musical and artistic, and quiet circles to be found in every community.

MELBA AND MARIE HALL.

We go to Toronto to hear great artists like Melba and Marie Hall. Music is far advanced in all the large cities, and the daughter of Lord Minto, the ex-Governor-General, passed her examination at the Toronto College of Music. Sports fill a great part in Canadian social life. Golf clubs, tennis and rowing clubs, hunt and country clubs are filled with men and women who are a cheery, wholesome-minded lot, whom it is a pleasure to meet. There is a freedom from chaperonage, but this is a tribute to the excellent moral tone which pervades all Canadian communities. There is not the division between [illegible] which exists in England, and a sort of good-comradeship prevails, which does not, however, mean the extinction of the parent noticeable in the United States.

We have openings for every one of our boys assured, and have educated them with a definite goal in view. My girls are happy, strong, self-reliant and extremely well-informed in all that concerns current affairs. We have relinquished none of the traditions of our forefathers worth retaining, and have acquired a wider outlook than those who remained in the same old rut of ceaseless striving to make ends meet in this overtaxed rate-burdened portion of the Empire. We owned not an acre of land in England. To-day we have a homestead in an eastern town and a large slice of our capital invested in Canadian Pacific Railway lands in the Canadian Northwest.

I write this on the eve of our return to Canada, booking our passages from the Canadian Pacific Railway offices at Charing Cross with as much ease as one might take one's ticket for the Crystal Palace. Our ocean voyages are a delight in the palatial turbine steamers which have converted the Atlantic Ocean into a "mere ferry"; and we hail with joy the prospect of the spring which awaits us in one of the great fruit-growing districts of Ontario, a veritable garden of blossoms in May and June.

THREE HORSE STORIES.

From Ireland, California and South African Rhodesia.

What is said to have been one of the most surprising feats of horsemanship in all Ireland is credited to the late Empress of Austria. After a desperate chase a fox leaped the wall of Maynooth college, where the students were meditatively pacing to and fro. As the fox scurried across the ground the young clericals were about to take up the chase themselves when a beautiful woman, superbly mounted, cleared the wall in pursuit of the quarry. It was the Empress. Dr. Walsh, the present Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, received his unexpected guest with gracious courtesy. The chase had taken her through deep water and her wet, clinging garments suggested the desirability of a change. But there was not a shred of female attire at Maynooth College, so the Empress threw over her shoulders an academical gown belonging to Dr. Walsh. In exchange for her wrap the Empress pressed upon the future archbishop a diamond ring, and upon her return to Austria she sent to the college a superb statuette, in solid silver, of St. George and the Dragon, and for Dr. Walsh vestments of silk and gold worked with shamrocks in green silk.

Here is a story of a wonderful jumping horse as told by an English journalist: "A California cowboy was taking steers to Leadville and had camped for the night on Bear river near its junction with the Little Snake. In the middle of the night something occurred to stampede the cattle. The man mounted his bronco and rode hither and thither on the flank of the herd until their fright had died away. Four or five times the rider felt his horse give tremendous leaps, and with daybreak he discovered the cause. The cattle had climbed on to a level plateau which is intersected by a canyon four miles long and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet deep. Its walls incline toward each other at the top, where the distance is fifteen or twenty feet. In riding the man had kept the steers circling about this plateau. A dozen of them, he found, had fallen down the canyon and been killed. Hoof marks showed him that the great jumps made by his horse were occasioned by the animal's clearing the canyon each time it came to the taking-off spot."

Gertrude Page, author of "Life in Rhodesia," tells of a very intelligent South African horse: "Smoke is the delectable animal's name, and in all Rhodesia for character and endurance he probably has not his equal. One tells of how he carried him up a kopje like a house side, looking round occasionally to make sure his rider had not slid off his back. 'I was too busy keeping my seat to see how he did it,' he explained, 'but he must positively now and then have hung around trees with his forelegs.' Another will describe how he steps over a little ledge a few inches wide across a river without turning a hair."

WOMEN'S EARS CUT OFF.

Gang of Toughs in Marseilles Terrorize Community.

The latest exploit of the hooligans of Marseilles, France, has struck terror into the heart of every woman in that city. A few nights ago a woman on her way home was suddenly approached on the Quai du Vieux Port by a stranger and asked to hand over her gold earrings. She started back in alarm, and a minute later screamed and fell fainting to the pavement. When she was picked up by a policeman it was found that the lobe of her left ear had been cut off, and the earring with it.

A woman wearing a pair of pearl earrings was accosted by a well-dressed man in a quiet street, and asked to give up her earrings. She offered resistance and screamed. In an instant her left ear was cut entirely off and the thief ran away with the ear. Another woman lost both ears. Quite a number of women have been similarly robbed during the last few days.

Several ears have been found, and M Cavialler, the Marseilles judge d'instruction, has had them preserved in alcohol. In one case the assailant has been captured, and is to be tried before the Assizes at Aix, when the ear will be produced as evidence.

One result of the crimes is that the women of Marseilles have now begun to discard earrings altogether.

RAPACIOUS TYRANT!

"Does your landlord come around for the rent promptly?"

"He does worse than that! He makes us go around to him and pay it promptly!"

CHANGE.

[illegible] used to speak of man and wife,
But now since women plan
To be the bosses in this life,
It should be "wife and man."

So much enthusiasm is wasted at the start of most enterprises that there is but little left at the finish.

MOST PECULIAR HOUSE

VISIT TO M. KNAPP, OF TROYES, IS A WEIRD EXPERIENCE.

Place Where Electricity is Used for Cooking, Waiting on Table, and Dish-washing.

One feels as if one were going over a chapter from Jules Verne or the "Arabian Nights" when one reads the account given in La Vie Illustree of a visit to the house of M. Georgia Knapp of Troyes, France.

It was 8 o'clock in the evening when the guest reached M. Knapp's gate and pressed an electric button. In a few seconds a flood of light burst violently from an electric projector, brilliantly illumining the gateway.

I moved to one side, declares the man, but the light moved also. Perplexed and startled, I stepped again to the right; the light followed me. In a few seconds more the garden path was illumined in its turn, while a clear, strong voice rang out from a stone pilaster and said to me:

"Ah, it's you, cher monsieur! I didn't recognize you. Come in! You're welcome! All the others are here, and we're waiting for you."

At the same moment I heard the lock unfasten and the gate opened wide before me as if moved by an invisible hand. I was alone in the long, deserted path, the same mocking voice cried out from its pillar:

"Why don't you come in?"

Hearing a sound behind me I turned instinctively and saw the gate gently close. I felt that I was being observed, that my every movement was being spied upon. But by whom? From what quarter? I saw nothing and as I pressed forward I muttered between my teeth:

"JOVE, BUT THIS UNCANNY!"

"There is nothing uncanny about it," replied my invisible interlocutor, who seemed to be dogging my footsteps. "Don't worry. Come this way; now turn to the right. Here you are. Enter, monsieur; I'm waiting for you in the vestibule".

As my foot touched the first step of the porch I felt a gentle friction upon its sole. What hand was repairing an involuntary oversight and wiping my boots before I entered? Between the narrow boards of the porch I saw the bristles of the brush that so vigilantly guarded the cleanliness of the stairway.

Following my host, who received me at the threshold, I entered the study—a veritable laboratory in which were assembled all the instruments of modern chemistry and mechanics. With the genial smile that never leaves him, he said to me: "You are now in the realm of the fairy Electricity. If you like, we'll pass on into the dining room, where several friends who have been kind enough to accept my invitation are awaiting us."

We all sat down around the table, in the centre of which were several ordinary epergnes; then, between these epergnes and the guest, an elliptical open space bordered by a band of silver plated metal; then, in front of each cover, a bar—half silver, half glass—making a circular rail dividing off the open part of the table. A bunch of flowers with slender stems sprang from the large central epergne; also there were huge Parma violees.

"We're going to have things all to ourselves all the while," said our host. "No servants will come near us."

His hand pressed upon a little four-footed pedestal provided with keys and a grimy colored card, the master of the feast waited without speaking a word. Perfect stillness reigned at the moment and so we were enabled to hear a slight tinkling and then a sound like the rolling of drums in the room beneath us. All at once the light streamed forth, the great flowers of the central epergne suddenly became incandescent, and the violets upon the table formed

AN ARTISTIC GLOWING GARLAND.

And now the steaming supper made its appearance, borne upon a disk let into the table at one end of the elliptical open space. Without a sound it moved toward the place of honor.

As the spoon was turned away from the guest he leaned forward a little to grasp it, but you would have believed this intelligent supper had read his mind for the plate turned around of itself and brought the spoon to his hand. Then it passed on silently and after a little came back to proffer a second helping.

After the supper came a basket into which we put our dishes. In twenty seconds our twelve covers had disappeared and returned to the room below.

The bread basket and the bottles borne upon special supports came next, and then the supper continued, the viands being set before the guests in plates warmed by electricity.

Moving my feet about beneath the table, I found that I had been favored, like the rest of the company, with an electric foot warmer, which I could turn on or off by pressing the toe of my boot upon a little lever alongside it.

As the repast came to an end, the room became quite warm. The magician then said, "One degree more, and a fresh breeze will come in." Two minutes later the air began to stir around the table and the temperature changed in a few moments.

When the mercury rose to the highest point permitted, it had closed the circuit of an electric ventilator in the basement, which let in, beneath the table, a current of air cooled by perfumed water, and thus enabled us to avoid draughts from open windows.

After the dessert, which made its appearance upon a platter blazing with a thousand colored flames, we asked our host to take us behind the scenes. Our first objective was the kitchen.

Upon the walls were all sorts of apparatus—levers, commutators, amperometers, disjunctors, and rheostats upon big slabs of marble. The range and ovens were made of alluminum in novel shapes.

HERE WAS THE ELECTRIC OVEN,

in which the delicious fowl was roasted which we had just eaten. The interior of this oven is composed of a series of reflectors and its top contains incandescent lights, by whose rays the roasting is accomplished.

This curious roasting process begins at the centre, the outside being done last. The operation is perfectly regular, and is complete according to the weight of the fowl—in from twenty to thirty minutes.

Now, as the current passes through an ingenious timepiece, regulated in advance, the fire goes out as soon as the fowl is roasted and a bell announces that "Madame est servie."

Eggs a la coque are boiled without water by rays of light. Mayonnaise sauce is prepared in three minutes; when it is done the motor stops automatically and a bell rings.

In a corner we saw upon a revolving table all the culinary apparatus run by electricity—the meat chopper, the churn, the machinery for the making of pastry, the grinding of coffee, the preparation of creams and sauces and the sharpening of knives. To secure the work you want done you have only to press a lever and the process goes forward without noise or the need of surveillance.

An electric machine washes dishes, fifty at once, in thirty seconds, and you don't have to wipe them, for they come out clean, dry and shining.

We next noted the long table, in the middle of which is the clever dumb-waiter that carries the dishes to the dining room just over it. The whole thing works automatically.

Bring the lever to "Up" and it starts on its way and halts at the end of its journey. Bring the lever to "Down" and it makes ready to receive a new dish.

The electro-mechanical apparatus which opens the great door and whose working had so puzzled me is to be seen close by. After a rapid inspection of it I understood why I had been seen, why I had been heard, and how I had been answered, although no one had been near me; again it was electricity that

PERFORMED THE FEAT.

Electric spies are posted almost everywhere, even in the garden, and the slightest word is grasped in special receivers.

The contrivance for opening the door involves a switchboard that plays the part of a concierge whose vigilance and accuracy are perfect. A bronze head occupies one side of it, the eyebrows bearing the words "Entree" and "Service" and the mouth the word "Lettres."

If you ring at the outer gate the eye corresponding to this indication turns white, so that it is made known at which entrance you have rung. If the postman drops the mail into the box the tongue darts forth from the mouth and substitutes the word "Courrier" for the word "Vide."

As for the powerful electrophone, that can carry the human voice a long way and still leave it sonorous, it is provided with a little lever that enables you to disguise your voice so that you can yourself inform visitors that you aren't at home.

And now observe how, near the doors of each apartment, are set certain instruments working like automatic fire alarms regulated to report any previously determined degree of heat. Winter or summer, if the temperature rises above the degree indicated at the moment, all the bells in the house are set ringing.

Next a visit to the sleeping rooms. Upon the night table a tiny switchboard on an infinitesimal standard. Turn a button, and the electric warming pan in the bed becomes hot.

Turn another button and your sixteen candle electric light begins to shine—at a cost of a tenth of a cent an hour. When morning comes turn still another button and your curtains and blinds open electrically. From the "office" at another signal come the newspapers and the coffee or chocolate without needing any one to bring them.

And now a visit to the laundry, where a little dynamo turns the two rotary washing machines. In the first the linen turns about twenty minutes, in the second about the same length of time. A complete drying apparatus completes the plant.

When we returned to the drawing room our host coolly announced that all this was only a beginning. He has undertaken the production of a sort of light so like that of the sun as to fool plants into growing in it, dyed stuffs to bleach in it, and even atoms to vibrate in the neighborhood of its arc.

Would you like to write a letter? You need only dictate it in a loud voice and it will emerge from the gramophone all written in a legible English hand: it would even be possible, given the desired degree of sensitiveness, to apply it to the telephone so that a subscriber could receive messages in writing if he happened to be out when they came.

Such are the marvels achieved by M. Georgia Knapp, marvels that qualify him to rank as the successor to Jules Verne, and even to Antoine Galland.

POSES AS PRINCE.

Bogus Nephew of Menelik Seeks Loan From English Mayor.

A strange story was told to the Mayor of Grimsby, England, the other day by a colored man, who called himself Prince Thomas Makaroo, nephew of Menelik, King of Abyssinia.

The Mayor was rung up on the telephone at 6 o'clock in the morning from one of the principal hotels of the town. "I'm Prince Makaroo, of North Africa," said the voice. "I've just landed from Hamburg, and before going on to Buckingham Palace I should like to see you."

The Mayor, Alderman Pickwell, made an appointment for later in the morning, and the "Prince," in tall hat and fashionably cut clothes, drove up to the Town Hall. He explained that he had been in communication with Buckingham Palace in regard to the oppression of the Zulus as a consequence of the importation of Chinese labor into South Africa, that he had been robbed of 4,000 roubles, a watch and 1,000 marks, and that he wanted a temporary loan.

Inspector Baglee, who was consulted by the Mayor, identified the "Prince" as "Khaki Jim," a man with a criminal record. He confronted him with his photograph, and detained him pending enquiries.

GIRLS SEW IN CHUR

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY SHO IN THIS CASE.

Railway Companies Make Big Re tions in Fares for Benefit of Workingmen.

At least one city church is attempting to grapple in a practical way with the daily problem of London's (Eng.) world of work. This is the unfortunate position of those boy and girl employees who start work at nine or half-past, are too poor to travel by ordinary fares and have to come up to town by workmen's tickets early in the morning.

From 6.30 a.m. to 9 a.m. every week day the old church of All Hallows, London Wall, opens its doors to give shelter to hundreds of workers who would otherwise have to spend an hour or more in the streets before their day's work begins.

TO SAVE PENNIES.

These are employes of city firms compelled to avail themselves of the cheap fares issued by the railway companies to work people who arrive in the city before 7 a.m. What can they do until they are due at the office, factory, or shop at eight or nine o'clock.

Thanks to the practical Christianity of the Rector, the Rev. Montague Fox, and his fellow workers, they can rest at All Hallows Church.

From all parts they come—Walthamstow, Poplar, Edmonton, Stratford, Enfield, Leyton, Seven Sisters, Clapham, and many of them are mere boys and girls who have left home soon after five o'clock in the morning just to save a few coppers constituting the difference between the cheap and the ordinary fares.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

The girls and women are welcomed and accommodated in the church, while the men and boys are admitted to the adjoining men's hall. There is a fire for the use of the visitors in both, while a lady organists play hymns, and every morning one of the clergymen of the church conducts a short service, both in the church and in the hall, with a simple, practical address.

It is an unusual and interesting sight to see the women and girls sewing in the church. They are all permitted to bring their own mending or knitting, and busy fingers ply needle and thread while the words of the preacher, homely and to the point, are attentively listened to.

The average number of those present in the church is nearly 300 daily, and the men and lads in the hall about 120. Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Nonconformists, Jews, and those who profess no religion at all may be found here.

SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS.

The traffic superintendent of the London Railway said:—

"Our fares, even the ordinary ones, could not well be much cheaper. From Bond street to Poplar or Chelsea the ordinary return fare is 6d, compared with 2d. on the workmen's trains. From Broad street to Homerton 4d. compared with 2d.

The Great Eastern Railway had the same story to tell. "All our workmen's trains are always crowded, and it would be indescribably worse if the time were extended.

"We make every reasonable provision for the workman; and our season ticket rates are extremely cheap. For instance, from Enfield to Liverpool street, a distance of 10¾ miles, the ordinary return fare is 1s. 3d., while workmen's tickets are 2d. return.

"From Walthamstow to Liverpool street the ordinary return fare is 4d., compared with 2d. between 5.00 and 6 a.m. From 6.47 to 6.58 there is a 3d. return fare, and so on, on a graduated scale."

OFFICIALS PLOT WITH THIEV

Great Haul Made in a Raid on Italian City.

The wholesale arrests of Italian railway officials, at Turin, implicated in international train robberies, effected last week, were the outcome of repeated protests on the part of a Scotch gentleman tourist, Walter Neilson, of Edinburgh, whose portmanteaus were ripped open and plundered between Modane and Genoa.

The Turin authorities, after weighing the circumstances of several hundred complaints from foreigners about their missing property, became convinced that the culprits must be associated with the State railways staff. Cavaliere Carbrano, who was appointed to superintend the secret investigations, discovered that a corte of railway men were in the habit of meeting together frequently in a reserved saloon of a popular Turin cafe, where they were always joined by a certain Rossi, a peddler merchant who seemed to be in a flourishing financial condition. On being more closely watched, the habitues of these reunions were noticed journeying often by express trains in which they had no business.

Nine arrests were made to begin with, including the suspected peddler. The arrested officials had in their possession their latest hauls, together with bunches of keys of every description for opening baggage. The police then searched their homes and a city warehouse, discovered by the peddler accomplice.

Among the abstracted goods recovered are comprised hundreds of yards of silks and satins, necktles, handkerchiefs, boots, patent leather shoes, hundreds of cigars and Panama hats, and a wardrobe of priestly paraphernalia.

That Englishman who was awakened at midnight in a Vienna hotel by a waiter knocking at his door, and telling him the place was in flames, showed great coolness. "How far has the fire reached along the corridor?" asked the man, without moving. "As far as No. 90, sir," was the reply. "And what number is my room?" inquired the man. "No. 100, sir," answered the waiter. "Then wake me up again when the fire reaches No. 97," cried the man from the bed.

WOMAN'S TRIALS.

Can be Banished by the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

The health and happiness of growing girls and women of mature years depends upon the blood supply. There is a crisis in the life of every woman when there are distressing headaches and backaches; when life seems a burden and when some women seem threatened with even the loss of their reason. It is at this period that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove a blessing to women. Every dose increases the richness and the redness of the blood supply, and this new blood strengthens the organs, enables them to throw off disease and banishes the headaches and weakness and dizziness and secret pains that have made life a burden. There are thousands and thousands of growing girls and women in Canada who owe their health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. James McDonald of Sugar Camp, Ont., is one of these. She says: "I was badly run down, felt very weak and had no appetite. I suffered from headaches and backaches and a feeling of weakness. I could scarcely drag myself about and felt that my condition was growing worse. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a dozen boxes, but before they were all used I had fully regained my health, and was able to do my housework without the least fatigue. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing to me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People from any medicine dealer or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50. If you are weak or ailing give these pills a fair trial—they will not disappoint you.

TONS OF DIAMONDS.

An Estimate on the Output of the Mines of the World.

Like all precious metals and stones, the unit of weight usually employed in regard to diamonds is the carat, of which 151½ go to make up a single ounce. To think of sacks of diamonds by the ton staggers the imagination; indeed, the average annual output of the Kimberley mines is not more than half a ton all told, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

Statistics have been published recently at Cape Town giving the output for several years past of the Kimberley mines and the river diggings. These yielded in the three years 1903-05 nearly 7,250,000 carats, say a ton and a half. The monetary value of these diamonds was £14,450,000. Since the first diamond was discovered by the banks of the Vaal in 1867 down to the end of 1906 it is estimated that the total weight of diamonds extracted from the Griqualand mines is over thirteen and a half tons, of a market value of fully £95,000,000.

If statistics of this sort can be trusted—and in the case of the South African yield they closely approximate to the facts—only seventeen tons of diamonds had been mined all over the world to the end of 1904. With the same relative output since that year from Brazil and India the world's output of diamonds is now more than twenty tons.

The figure seems small, considering the ages diamonds have been worked in India and elsewhere in the East, and must be largely guesswork with respect to the output in antiquity. It is, however, certain that more diamonds have been placed on the market in the last forty than in the previous thousand years.

TESTED WITH DROPS OF WATER.

Number That a Sceptical Student in Paris Could Stand.

A drop of water, even three or four drops, falling on the head seems a thing unworthy of attention, nevertheless in China a slow and continuous dropping of water on the head has been found to be a method of torture under which the most hardened criminal abjectly howls for mercy.

When a professor in the Sorbonne stated this to his class the other day, says the London Chronicle, one of the students laughed incredulously, and said it would take a good deal of that sort of thing to affect him.

The professor assured him that even one quart of water dropped slowly onto his hand would be beyond his endurance. He agreed to experiment.

A quart measure filled with water was brought in, a microscopic hole was bored into the bottom, and the performance began, the professor counting.

During the first hundred drops the student made airy remarks. With the second hundred he began to look less cheerful, then gradually all his talk died away, and his face took on a haggard, tortured expression. With the third hundred the hand began to swell and look red. The pain increased to torture. Finally the skin broke.

At the four hundred and twentieth drop the sceptic acknowledged his doubts vanished and begged for mercy. He could bear no more.

MOTHERS FEEL SAFE.

Mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones say they feel safe with the Tablets at hand, for they are a never failing cure for all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. Mrs. Urias Cressman, New Hamburg, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach trouble and constipation with marked success. I always feel that my little one is safe when I have a box of the Tablets in the house." Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a Government analyst to contain neither opiates nor other poisonous drugs. They always do good—they can't possibly do harm. For sale at druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In 1897 only 14,406 British emigrated to British North America. The number has been growing since then by leaps and bounds, and last year reached 97,133, of whom 75,664 were English.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

A short time ago the German Empress was asked by a very rich baroness what things in the world she would like best. "I can tell you very readily," said the Empress. "There are four things I prefer to all others, and they all begin with 'K.' They are my Kaiser, my kinder, my kirche, and my kuche" (my King, my children, my church, and my kitchen).

Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous hunter of big game, was nicknamed "Zealous" by his companions at Rugby. On leaving school he went to Switzerland to learn French and German. He rather startled the worthy Switzers on one occasion by jumping into the Rhine clad in top-boots and great-coat. A duck, which he had shot had fallen into the river, and he wanted to get it out.

Earl Roberts, who has given up his town house in Portland Place and gone to live in the country, has transformed his large collection of curios to his residence at Englemere, near Ascot. One of the most highly prized is a piece of dirty white rag, very much the worse for wear; and many seeing it have wondered what on earth it was doing among the other curios. It is the "white flag" that General Cronje sent to Lord Roberts intimating his surrender at Paardeberg.

It is interesting to note how rapidly the members of the English Royal Family are dividing up the Royal spoils of Europe. An English Princess is on the throne of Norway; another, Princess Margaret of Connaught, will some day wear the Swedish crown. The daughter of the late Princess Alice, King Edward's sister, is now the Czarina; the son of the Duke of Albany is Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh is Crown Princess of Roumania; the Crown Princess of Greece is a daughter of King Edward's eldest sister; while a daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg is on the Spanish throne.

Easily first among lady astronomers is the gifted wife of Sir William Huggins. It is not only since her marriage that Lady Huggins has devoted herself to star science. The most treasured possessions of her early girlhood were a small telescope and star atlas. Sir William Huggins's house at Tulse Hill is splendidly fitted for the study of the stars, but Lady Huggins declares that the first requisite for a British astronomer is a broken heart. If the organ is not fractured already, the vagaries of the terrible British climate, to say nothing of London fog and smoke chilling off all observations for weeks together, will effectually break it for him.

ECZEMA AGAIN OVERCOME

ZAM-BUK CURES A CASE WHICH FOR TWO YEARS HAD DEFIED EVERY REMEDY TRIED.

A Farmer's Grateful Testimony.

No case of eczema, skin disease, or ulceration should be despaired of until Zam-Buk has been applied. The case of Mr. Francis Benoit, of St. Anne's (Man.), is a powerful illustration of Zam-Buk's efficacy. He says: "I suffered from eczema for two years, and tried a great number of remedies. None of them, however, seemed to do me any good. The ailment was mostly in my legs, and both these were actually raw from the knees down. A small sample box of Zam-Buk was given to me, and even so small a quantity as that did me a little good. I then obtained a proper supply, and by the time I had used a few boxes I was completely cured."

Zam-Buk differs from ordinary salves and embrocations in containing no animal oil or fat. It is compounded from rich healing herbal essences, and is an ideal natural combination of power and purity. It is highly antiseptic, and instantly kills bacilli and disease germs, which settling on to wounds and skin diseases set up festering, blood poison, etc. For cuts, burns, bruises, ulcers, abscesses, pimples, boils, skin eruptions, scalp sores, spreading sores, children's skin troubles, chafing sores, etc., Zam-Buk is unequalled. It also cures piles. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50.

ITCH. Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch in human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

Next to London which has nearly 139,000 Jews, Manchester is the town with the largest Jewish population. It has 28,000. Glasgow—a large city—has only 6,500, and Liverpool 7,000.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

Judge: "You say you are going to marry this woman you have been beating?" Prisoner: "I am, your Honor. I've got the paper right here." Judge: "Well, is it a marriage license or a lick her license?"

Miss Maud Branscombe, the famous actress, relates an amusing story concerning the unappreciated attentions of a youth who once fell in love with her. The young man's parents were much concerned about the matter, and implored the actress not to marry him. "I'll give him a sound hiding," said the father. "Don't do that," said Miss Branscombe. "There is a better way of curing him. After the performance this evening I'll put on an old dress and hat, and make myself up to look quite ugly. You bring your boy round to the stage-door and point me out to him as I come out." This was done, and so cleverly was the ruse carried out that Miss Branscombe heard the youth exclaim to his father as she passed them:—"My golly! I thought she was pretty!"

Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh



MISS DORA HAYDEN.

"Without hesitation I write to thank you for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with catarrh to that fact. Besides I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering with catarrh in any form."—Miss Dora Hayden, 819 6th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

A CASE OF SPRING CATARRH.

Mrs. N. P. Lawler, 423½ N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kas., writes: "Last spring I caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep well.

"A member of our club who had been cured of catarrh through the use of Peruna advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

DEADLY PARALLEL.

"You drink beer in winter to make you warm and in summer to keep you cool," sneered the maid.

"Yes," admitted the man, "I handle it just as you do openwork."

Then the conversation languished.

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.

The United Kingdom produces some 600,000 cycles yearly, of a value of 3½ million pounds, and of these exports nearly 50,000.

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.

An editor is a man who is liable to grammatical blunders, toothache, typographical errors, and lapses of memory, and usually he has half a million people watching to catch him tripping. And yet the world is full of people who want to be editors!

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victim before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and it acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

They had a dispute, and agreed to leave it to the military expert. "What bullet," they asked, "do you consider the deadliest?" For several minutes he remained in a brown study. Then he looked up with the air of one who had settled the matter finally and definitely. "The one that hits," he said.

A LITTLE QUIET is the best of all diet, yet it will not make bone and muscle but "Ferrozim" will. Try it. All drug and general stores. $1 bottles.

"If you come in a year's time and say you have not touched drink, I will refund the money," said the magistrate at Grays in fining a man for an assault on a constable.

The housing committee of the Battersea Borough Council have decided that it will be necessary to increase the rents to make the Latchmere and Town Hall Estates as far as possible self-supporting.



CONSUMPTION IS NOT HEREDITARY

Such is the Decision of the British Medical Association.

The old theory of Consumption being hereditary has been completely exploded by the investigations of the British Medical Association. Consumption is purely and only a germ disease. But lung weakness and contracted chest, which is commonly constitutional or inherited, form especially favorite soil and conditions for the lodgment and the development of consumption germs or tuberculosis. One of the world's most famous physicians spent his life studying this disease and finding a cure. As a result he gave to the world the most remarkable and successful cure for tuberculosis, and all the conditions that lead up to it that has ever blessed the human race. That one word "Psychine" embraces the life work of one of the world's greatest benefactors. Thousands upon thousands owe their life to Psychine. Space permits only one testimony now:

"Several years ago my wife was so seriously ill of lung trouble as for months to be unable to walk, at which time a noted physician told me that the next dress that I would buy for her would be a shroud. She used Psychine and is now reasonably well.

"Another case that came under my notice was Mr. Galbraith.

"His was an extreme case; apparently, so far as I could judge, a hopeless case, and yet he is now so much improved as to be away on a visit. Previous to going he was gaining at the rate of 3½ pounds per week, and was again quite well and able to walk about. The doctors absolutely gave him up."

REV. C. E. BURRELL,
Baptist Minister.
Forest, Ont.

Psychine is a world-famed remedy for the cure of all those troubles that lead to Consumption, such as coughs, colds, La Grippe, chills, bronchitis catarrh, night sweats and all stomach and wasting diseases. At the druggists, 50c and $1.00, or write Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street W., Toronto.

AS TO EXTRAVAGANCE.

Spendall: "If I'd known you were so extravagant I would never have married you."

Mrs. Spendall: "If I hadn't been, papa would never have let you."

DON'T OVERDRAW YOUR BANK ACCOUNT.

To overdraw your bank account; whether mentally or physically, is more suicidal even than to overdraw materially. Repair wasted tissues, strengthen shattered nerves and rejuvenate your rheumatic system by visiting the famous Mineral Salt Springs of the "St. Catharines Well" of St. Catherines, Ont.. A postal card to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto, will bring illustrated descriptive matter.

PA STOOD THIRD.

"I've got a wonderful boy," said the father of five. "My oldest, I mean. He came to me the other night with a subject for composition. He asked me offhand to write it for him. I put down my paper and wrote it. I flattered myself that I did rather well with that composition, it having been some time since I had had occasion to write one, but I hardly expected the encomium I got from him. The next day at dinner time he came rushing home, hurried up to me and slapped me on the back.

"'Hurrah for you, Pop!' he cried. 'You are all right. You stand third in the class.'"

THE REMEDY.

Tramp: "Madam, I am suffering from indigestion."

Lady: "Why, I'm sorry. What can I do to help you?"

Tramp: "Madam, you can cure me instantly by giving me something to digest."

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.

Public-houses in the United Kingdom numbered 99,727 in the year 1881. In 1904 the number was only 91,502, and it is still steadily diminishing.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

The Admiralty is controlled by four Sea Lords, one Civil Lord, and a Parliamentary and Financial Secretary. The latter gets the best pay of all—namely, $10,000 a year.

It Lays a Stilling Hand on Pain.—For pains in the joints and limbs and for rheumatic pains, neuralgia and lumbago, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is without a peer. Well rubbed in, the skin absorbs it and it quickly and permanently relieves the affected part. Its value lies in its magic property of removing pain from the body, and for that good quality it is prized.

Young Doctor (to patient): "That prescription I left last night, sir, was a mistake. It was intended for another patient suffering from a complaint of quite a different kind from yours. Did you have it made up?" Patient: "Yes, doctor, and I took the medicine." Doctor: "Well, how are you feeling this morning?" Patient: "Very much better."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

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

Five snakes, each 2 feet in length, have been killed at Port Isaac village, Cornwall.

Lieut.-General Dorrien will assume command of the Aldershot corps on December 1, in succession to Sir John French.

Nineteen vessels, aggregating 43,000 tons, have been launched from the Clyde shipbuilding yards during March.

While ploughing in a field at Monks Risborough (Bucks) a ploughman turned up a Roman copper coin dated A.D. 361.

Lord Methune has opened a new Church Lads' Brigade drill hall at High Wycombe, on a site given by Earl Carrington.

Princess Christian is to preside at the annual summer sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework, which is to be held in May.

For sixty years without a break the aged sexton of Easton Church, Suffolk, has sung in the choir, which he joined at the age of 25.

Two visits are to be paid to Aldershot this summer by the King—one for the purpose of holding a royal review on Laffan's Plain.

Funeral volleys fired over the grave of a young naval officer at Apuldram have had the curious effect of cracking one of the church bells.

An army veteran has died at Ipswich in his 86th year in the person of Alfred Johnson, who served at Inkerman, Alma, Balaclava, and Sevastopol.

A screen of her own working has been given by the Princess of Wales to the London section of the Australasian Exhibition of Women's Work to be held in Melbourne.

Bravery characterized the conduct of Police Constable Plackett, of Hackney, who, in stopping a runnaway horse, was dragged 50 yards. He holds rewards from the Royal Humane Society for saving lives from drowning.

Summoned at Dover for not sending his little girl Rose, aged eight, to school, Harry Philpott said the child practically kept house, at the same time looking after two younger children and her mother, who was subject to fits.

Dover has been selected for this year's competition of the National Artillery Association, the high elevation of the guns on the cliffs making it more suitable than Shoeburyness, where the previous competitions have been held.

When a wedding party arrived at St. Mary's Parish Church, Scarborough, the bridesmaids were told that they could not enter, as they were not wearing hats, but only wreaths of marguerites. They then placed handkerchiefs over their heads and were admitted.

The Finance Committee of the Bermondsey Borough Council recommend a reduction of 7d. in the £ in the rate for the next year. The council, before declaring the rate, will endeavor to induce the Board of Guardians to return a surplus of £23,000, by which a further reduction of 5d. can be effected.

Celluloid Starch

Easier froning gives better finish on things starched with Celluloid Starch, the only no-boil cold-water starch that can't stick. You will like it best, once you try it. Buy it by name. Any good dealer.

Saves Labor—Time—Linen, Too

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.

202

We authorize every dealer in Pen-Angle Underwear to replace, at our cost, any garment faulty in material or making.

CREAM OF THE WEST FLOUR

A pure, hard Manitoba flour for bakers and others demanding strength, color and uniformity.

STRONG & WHITE

AT YOUR GROCERS

DEALERS EVERYWHERE SUPPLIED WITH FLOUR AND FEED. WRITE US.

WE ALSO MAKE "QUEEN CITY," A BLENDED FLOUR THAT HAS GAINED GREAT FAVOR AS A GENERAL HOUSEHOLD "ALL PURPOSES" FLOUR.

THE CAMPBELL MILLING CO. TORONTO JUNCTION ONT

CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send parcelsby post and we are sure to satisfy Address Box 159, Montreal.

YOUNG MEN WANTED—FOR FIREmen and brakemen; experience unnecessary; over 500 positions open at the present time; high wages; rapid promotion to engineers and conductors; $75 to $200 per month; instructions by mail at your home without interruption with present occupation; we assist each student in securing a position; don't delay; write to-day for free catalogue, instructions and application blank. National Railway Training School, Inc., 1432 K., Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.

STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONT., CAN.

FOR SALE.

300 LIGHT DYNAMO

In good running order. Bargain for cash.

S. FRANK WILSON,
73 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO.

There are at least 40,000 habitual vagrants in Great Britain, and in times of trade depression the number of tramps nearly doubles.

Chaplain: "This is your third term in this prison. Are you not ashamed to have your friends see you here?" Abashed Convict: "Indeed, I am. The prison is disgraceful. The reception-room smells like a tap-room, the cells are dark as caves, the governor is no gentleman, and the table is not fit to sit down to. Ashamed to have my friends come here? I am mortified every time I see them; but what can I do?"

The largest salmon on record was a Russian fish, which Von Siebald declares to have weighed 93 pounds.

4%

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Compounded Quarterly

Send for booklet

"BANKING BY MAIL"

It explains how our Savings Department is no further from you than your nearest mail box.

Capital and Reserve
$2,900,000

THE UNION TRUST Co., LIMITED

Temple Building, - Toronto

Go to "B RRY'S"

A full and complete stock now on hand of spring in BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS, for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and children. All grades, heavy and light are now on hand.

New Spring SUITS & HATS in the latest designs and styles for Men and Boys. Something to suit everybody. A large assortment in 2 and 3 piece suits for little boys.

Come and see my Spring Overcoats, very up-to-date. Very best values at lowest prices. To see them is to buy.

WM. BERRY

Main St. - Lachute.

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 quarterly.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA

Lachute Branch J. R Parris, Manager.

Who is Your Tailor?

We have a large and well assorted stock of tweeds that will make you up the nobbiest suit imaginable. We also have Mr. J. C. Paquin, an expert tailor, and a graduate of the A. B. RUDE & CO'S. School of New York, who holds a high class diploma. He guarantees a perfect fit. Give us a trial.

Wall Papers!

We have one of the finest and most complete stocks in town. It will just tickle your fancy to see the magnificent designs, patterns and colors, and at such low prices. Now is the time to choose them.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY

Castings in Iron and Brass

General Machine Jobbing & Mill Supplies

STOVES, PUMPS, STEAM FITTINGS

Sheet and Heavy Hardware.

Promises compliance with Hardware & Mill Supplies between Ottawa and Montreal.

T. McCUAT & SON, Lachute Mills.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED":

(The finest and Fastest Train in Canada) Leaves Montreal 9.00 a.m. daily, arrive at Toronto 4.20 p.m., Hamilton 5.20 p.m., Niagara Falls 6.55 p.m., Buffalo 8.25 p.m., London 7.17 p.m., Detroit 9.50 p.m., Chicago 7.40 a.m. Elegant Cafe service and Parlor Car on this train.

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

(Three Hours Each Way.)

Leave Montreal 8.30 a.m. 3.40 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Arrive Ottawa 8.30 " 3.30 " 5.00 "

Parlor Cars on day trains.

Connection on 5.00 p.m. train from Ottawa.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK.

Leave Montreal 8.45 a.m. 11.10 a.m. 7.40 p.m
Arrive New York 8 p.m. 10.00 p.m. 7.18 a.m

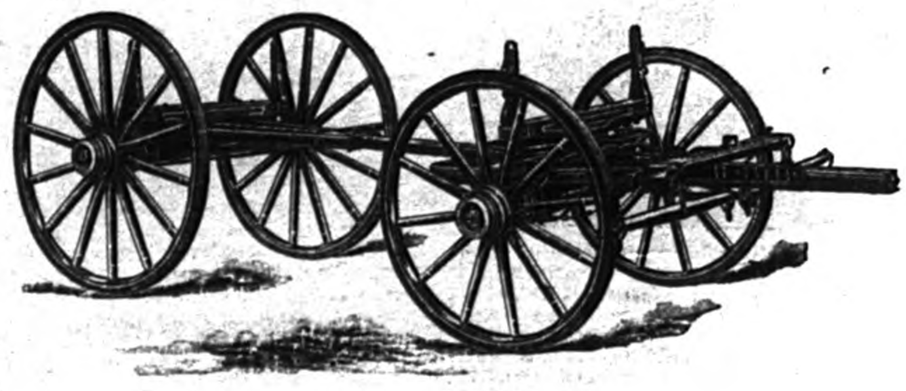
Parlor Cars on day trains.

Sleeping Car on night train.

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

JUST RECEIVED - 3 CAR LOADS

Of Buggies and the Celebrated Chatham and Adam Wagons . . .





Now is the time to make your purchase of a good buggy or wagon. The prices and terms are like the rigs, light and easy.

Don't forget that we are head-qarters for implements of every description

H. A. BLAIR

Lachute, 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, Lathe, Plaster Paris, Asbestos, Etc., Etc.

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

J. W. Cottingham

Don't Forget

That your carriages and wagons need painting and that I am the one that can do the work for you in an up-to-date manner.

Our shop is now fitted up for doing all kinds of wood turning etc.

We make a specialty of Bicycle repairs and do all kinds of sign painting. All work promptly executed.

A. C. Bradford,

Opposite the Skating Rink.

Lachute Bakery,

J. W. Charrett, Prop.

Having bought out the baking business of Mr. Jno. Hope I shall be pleased to supply his many customers and any others with bread, buns, rolls . . and cakes of all kinds . .

I solicit a trial, and guarantee to give the people a first-class article.

J. W. Charrett, Lachute.

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

Re RIVER IMPROVEMENT CO'Y.

Schedule of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber passing by all or any of the Co's works for season 1907, viz.

The Improvements are divided into 15 sections and one-fifteenth of the amount of Tolls have been apportioned to each section to facilitate the collection of same as follows

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, square or waney board per thous. cubic ft 20cts.

Oak, Elm, or other hardwood, square or flatted or waney board, per thousand cubic ft. 30cts.

Saw logs 17 ft and under in length per thous. ft. board measure 1½cts.

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, round or flatted, over 17 ft. and under 30 ft. long per thous. ft bd. measure 1½

Red or White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, and Hemlock, round or flatted, 30 ft. and upwards in length per thous. ft. bd. measure 2 cents

Sawn Lumber per thous. ft. bd. measure 4cts.

Staves, per thous. ft. bd measure 20cts.

Cords of wood, shingle butts and other lumber per cord of 128 cubic ft. 1½cts.

Spars per piece 4cts.

Masts per piece 6½cts.

Railway ties, other than cedar in 8ft., or 16 ft. lengths per length of 8ft, 1-18cts.

Cedar round or flatted 8ft. long & under per piece 1-24cts.

Cedar round or flatted over 8ft. and under 17ft. long per piece 1-12cts.

Cedar round or flatted 17ft. and under 25 ft. long per piece 1-8cts.

Cedar round or flatted 25 ft. and under 35 ft. long per piece 2-9cts.

Cedar round or flatted 35 ft. and upwards in length per piece ½cts.

Rouge River Improvement Co.
pr Thomas Kenny, Sec. Treas.
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

ROUGE BOOM CO'Y.

Schedule of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber and logs passing through the Co's Booms for season 1907.

On each saw log seventeen ft. and under in length 1cts.

On each piece of round or flatted timber over 17 ft. in length 5 cts.

On each piece of square or waney timber 10cts.

On each piece of 4 ft. wood ½cts.

On each railway tie pr. length of 8ft ½cts

The above charges cover not only the tolls for the use of the boom but also the cost of gapping as the Boom Co. does the gapping itself.

Rouge Boom Co.
pr. Thomas Kenny, Sec-Treas.
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

Don't Worry

Over the loss of furniture because it is is broken or needs re-upholstering, just bring it along and let me fix it for you.

If you have any kind of rig to be repaired or painted that will give you satisfaction let me do it for you.

Sign Painting a Specialty.

I have accepted the agency for the CANADA CARRIAGE COMPANY so if you want a fine easy riding buggy, just call on

DAN. JOSS,

In front of the Old Academy, Main St.

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

SOME FINE HORSES.

Messrs. George and John Hay have at their stables for service, three of the best stallions they ever imported two imported Clydesdales and our Hackney, which won prizes at Ottawa and our County Fair last fall.

The Clydesdale Stallion "Dalmore" which won sweepstakes last fall was bred on Lord Rosebery's farm, Dalmerry Park, Edinburgh, where the best strains of Clydesdale blood are secured for breeding, regardless of money.

"Dallmore"—Pedigree number (12545) Imported number (5983,) is sired by "Marmion," one of the most noted Clydesdale sires in Scotland. "Lord Colum Edmund" which was the sire of Dalmore's first dam, "Lily of Dalmerry," was also the sire of our present King's prize mare.

The people of this County never had a better opportunity to breed good horses than they have today, with such sires obtainable; nor was there ever a time when the Clyde horse was as valuable as today. There are some teams valued as high as $600.00 which were sired by Messrs. Hays' horses.

Feeling the need of good Clydesdale mares to breed from to supply the ever increasing demand for good Clydesdale horses, Mr. G. Hay has left this week for Scotland, to import twenty Clydesdale mares, also a few Hackneys which should arrive at Lachute about the 15th or 20th of June. We hope there will be an effort made to have as many of these mares as possible remain in our County.

YOUNG MOSCOW.

Young Moscow was foaled May 12th, 1903, is a good black, small star in face, stands 16¼ hands high, weighs 1450 lbs., is Canadian bred, he is very compactly and powerfully built, has superior style and action, has taken 1st prize wherever shown.

TERMS: To insure a foal $6.00. Two mares from same owner $11.00. Payable 1st of March 1908. Single service $3.00. Mares tried and not duly returned, and all mares disposed of before foaling will be considered with foal and charged accordingly. All mares at owner's risk.

JOS. LACASSE, Prop.
Brownsburg.

[SUPERIOR COURT

Canada:
Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne } No. 214

DAME AZILDA JETTE, of the parish of St. Jerome, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband GILBERT LABONTE, laborer of the same place.

St. Scholastique, April 12th, 1907.

PREVOST, RINFRET & MARCHAND,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

Death has again claimed another old landmark in the person of Esther Robinson, widow of the late Zachariah Robinson, of Louise, who died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. J. Thorbourne, St. Therese, Thursday, May 9. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Brodeur at St. Therese. The remains were taken by rail to Lachute, and thence to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Watchorn, of Louise. The funeral took place Sunday, 12th inst., the Rev. H. Charters officiating. The remains were then taken to the old burying place across the lake and laid beside her husband's, four sons, mother and an aunt. She and her husband were about the first settlers that came to the Lake. She was the mother of fifteen children—five sons and ten daughters, of whom one son and seven daughters survive her. Her grand children number above eighty and her great-grandchildren above thirty. The deceased lady was in her 83rd year, and was loved and respected by all who knew her. [Great sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is still.
A place is vacant in our home
That never can be filled.

God saw fit to call you;
We laid you beneath the sod.
Oh! but it was hard to bear,
But we knew it was the Hand of God.

Why should our hearts be sorely riven?
Why our tears flow down?—
Another soul in Heaven,
Another gem in the Saviour's crown.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

W. J. LISTER, Lakefield,
Tuesday, May 28th, 1907.

The following effects:—1 mare, 4 milch cows, 3 two year old heifers, 1 two year old bull, 1 yearling heifer, 6 sheep, 6 lambs, 1 mowing machine, 1 horse rake, 1 waggon (almost new,) rack sleigh, set bob-sleds and wood rack, plow (new,) set steel harrows, 1 horse fork, set double harness, set of light harness, 1 buggy, 1 tumbril cart, hay cart, one stone boat, whiffletrees and chains, two factory cans, 2 cooley cans, 1 grindstone, 1 cross-cut-saw, axes, shovels, hay forks, 3 ft. double stove, 2 ft. single stove, 1 range (Home Comfort), chairs, tables and kitchen utensils, and other articles unmentioned.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS:—$5. and under cash, over that amount, 9 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

TO LET,—For 1st May, a new house containing large parlor, dining room, office, kitchen, five bed rooms, bath-room. All modern conveniences. Apply to

JOHN HOPE, Lachute.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Any one having my milk cans in his possession without my authority, will be prosecuted according to law.

D. W. SNEALL, Milk Dealer,
Montreal.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXII. LACHUTE, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1907. NO. 19

Removal Notice.

We take this opportunity of reminding our many friends, and the public generally, that we have removed into our new premises across the street. Here you will find anything you need in tinware, agateware and enamelware. Anything you don't see, ask for, and we will make it for you on short notice.

Repairing a specialty. All work neatly executed.

Call to see our goods and get our quotations before buying elsewhere.

W. S. McBRIDE,

Wilson & Deacon

Successors to R. McArthur,

Tinsmiths, Roofers and Furnace Fitters.

When in need of Milk Cans, Milk Pails, Strainer Pails and all dairy supplies, give us a call.

We make all the requisites for Cheese Factories, from dipper to vats, all of the best material and workmanship and on shortest notice possible.

NB.—Full lines of tin and agateware always on hand.

Wilson & Deacon.

A Large Shipment,—Of Screen Doors and windows direct from the factory. Call and see if these lines are not the nobbiest and best for the money that has ever been offered to the buying public

T. McOUAT & SON.

Don't you want to exchange a horse, cow, or lamb, etc., for a nice express, wagon, buggy or cart? If you do, just call on

A. LAVIGNE, Foundry St.

Gardening,—For profit as well as pleasure may be yours, if you will only use our Poultry fence to keep out your own and your neighbors hens. We have it in 3, 4, and 6 feet high, by roll or by yard, also the Far Famed Ellwood and American fence and garden gates. T. McOUAT & SON.

We have secured the services of Zotique Rochon, so now if you want your horse well and properly shod, just bring them along to A. LAVIGNE, Foundry St. Lachute, P.Q.

CRESWELL'S

ICE CREAM PARLOR

GEO. H. CRESWELL.



THE NOBBIEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST

That is not what we say, but what the people are saying after dealing with us.

A BARGAIN in Men's Soft Front Shirts, Regular 75c. shirts for 50c.

We also have in stock a complete range of the celebrated Fit-Rite clothing, all high class goods, and at very low prices consistent with quality. Come in and see them before buying your summer suits.

Carpenter Bros.

THE ONE PRICED STORE.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. G. E. Bampton, K.C., spent the week end in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McIntyre were in Montreal on Saturday last.

Miss Catherine Barron spent Sunday in town with her parents.

Miss Wilson, of Grenville, was the guest of Miss Lydia Morrison.

Mrs. E. H. Wilson and son are spending the week in Montreal.

Mr. Colin McDonald, of Montreal, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Lilly Hyde of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. J. S. Giles for a few days.

Mr. O'Reilly of the C. W. Lindsay Co'y., of Montreal, was in town this week.

Mrs. Beers returned on Monday from a pleasant visit with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ryckman of Almonte, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. Channell of Montreal, are occupying the Shepherd property on Main St.

Miss Florence McGillveary of Montreal, was the guest of her parents over Sunday.

Messrs. J. E. W. Simpson and Roy Dewar left on Monday morning for Regina, Albt.

Mrs. Thos. Christie sr., spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) G. H. Christie.

Mr. F. Briegel, Superintendant of the Railway Mail Service, was in town on Monday.

Mr. John Cruise left on Tuesday morning for Brockville, to attend a sale of Holstein Cattle.

Mr. Angus McCallum of Montreal, spent Sunday in town, the guest of his cousin, Mr. A. McCallum.

The Rev. Mr. Minard of St. Scholastique, was the guest of Mr. Jousse the early part of this week.

The Rev. Mr. McLeod of Three Rivers, spent a few days in town with his daughter, Mrs. T. Christie.

Mrs. G. Holland of Montreal, is now occupying her pretty little residence, "Ivan Bower," for the summer months.

The Rev. H. and Mrs. Charters, and Mrs. W. J. Simpson are spending a short visit with friends in Buckingham this week.

Don't fail to take in the grand moving picture entertainment of Duclos Bros. in the Victoria Hall on Wednesday, May 29th.

Miss Gladys McOuat of the Ladies' Business College, Ottawa, is home on a short visit, and is accompanied by Miss Fanny Vilas, of Cowansville, and Miss Ernestine Moody of Terrebonne.

Mr. O. B. Lafleur is erecting a splendid large residence on his corner lot on Bethany St.

In reply to a request of the Board of Trade, the Postal Department at Ottawa, have granted that a letter box be placed at the Railway Station for the general convenience of the public.

Mrs. George MacFarlane accompanied by her daughter Frances, left on Monday fo Pembina, N. Dakota, where they will spend the summer months with the former's brother, Mr. John Mitchell.

One of the Illustrated Bickmore Lectures from McGill College entitled 'The River & Gulf of St. Lawrence' will be given in St. Muneo's Church, Cushing, under the auspices of Chatham School No 6 on Friday, May 31st. Admission 10cts.

The Misses F. Slade and F. Burrows, of Silverton, Devonshire, Eng., and Mr. E. J. Halls, of Weymouth, Dorset, England, arrived here on Saturday last and were guests of Mrs. Marshall. They have already, we are pleased to say, secured positions in town.

On Saturday last the Lachute Football Club held their first match of the Season. The "Crescents" had a brush with the D. C. Co. team of Brownsburg, and were defeated by the score of 1 to 4. The home team were somewhat weak on the forward line, but they have been steadily practising this week and in their return match with Brownsburg this afternoon, they expect to be able to return the compliment and come home victorious.

A large and representative meeting of the ratepayers on Foundry, Rethany and Court St., was held in Lavigne's Hall on Monday evening, to consider the advisability of constructing a drain for sewarage. All parties present expressed themselves strongly in favor of the project and a committee was appointed to secure probable costs of excavation and pipes and also to draw up a request of permission to be presented to the Council at their next meeting.

The social held in the hall of the Presbyterian Church on the evening of the 17th, was a great success. It was the first of a series of socials which the young people purpose giving and a welcome is extended to all. The Rev Mr. Mitchell made an excellent chairman. Miss Fraser's two musical selections were prettily rendered. Miss B. Wilson, of Grenville, favored with two songs, well deserving the encores they received. There was also a most amusing charade, which was greatly appreciated as also was the violin playing of Mr. Dumouchel. This gentleman is well known in Ottawa musical circles and his rendition of certain numbers has already made him a great favorite with us. Mrs. G. H. Christie made a perfect accompanist. The decoration of the church hall and the lunch provided were such as we hope to see at the next social in the near future to which an open invitation is now extended.

Board of Trade Meeting.

A general meeting of the above Board was held in Raitt's Hall on Wednesday evening, Mr. J. R. McOuat, president of the Board, in the chair.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

It was moved by Mr. H. Kearns, seconded by Mr. W. Howard, that the secretary procure the 5th edition of the Canadian Textile Director.

The Committee appointed to call a meeting of those interested in the establishment of a cheese board in Lachute reported, that in accordance with the wishes of the Board, the meeting had been called, but there being only a couple of factories represented it was decided that the matter be dropped for the present.

A number of communications from cheese buyers in the city were read by the secretary, all of which strongly opposed the formation of a Cheese Board in Lachute.

The secretary stated that he had been asked to bring the attention of the Board to the excessive charges of the Dominion Express Company. Having taken the trouble to phone to St. Philippe, he found that they were, although nearly five miles further, getting their express cheaper than it was being delivered to Lachute. The matter was fully discussed and it was moved by Mr. Slater, seconded by Mr. P. R. Mcelibbon, that this Board draw the attention of the Dom. Exp. Co., to their excessive charges now in existence as compared to those of a like or greater distance from Montreal, and would ask their kind attention to an early revision of the same.

It was moved by H. Kearns, and seconded by Mr. Farris, that Messrs. Arthur McOuat and F. Brennian be admitted to membership.

The meeting then adjourned.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THE NAME Bedard

When you are in need of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Sideboards, and everything in the line of household furniture.

Our stock of boots and shoes is also very complete in all lines.

Send for our prices and catalogue before placing your order.

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

"THE ELITE."

Complete assortment of new summer goods now in stock.
Long Silk Gloves in Black and White.
Summer Blouses in Silk, Muslin and Lawn.
Patent B. & I. bias filled Corsets.
Summer Underwear, Hosiery and Whitewear.
Grand assortment of Souvenir Goods.
China, Glass and Novelties suitable for Wedding Presents.
Full line of best Soaps, Perfume and Sundries, for Ladies and Children.
Millinery of every description.

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.**

DO YOU WANT

A Shave, Massage or a Shampoo, and finish with a good Imported or Domestic Cigar. The only place in town to get this is at Omer Paquette's, where you be assured that everything is of the best.

P.S.—Up-to date perfumes & toilet articles always kept in great varieties.

Omer Paquette,

Barber and Tobacconist, Main St. Lachute.

A Loveless Marriage;

OR

A MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Why, what is the matter now, Matilda?" asked the younger Miss Aylmer, as she passed through the kitchen. Matilda was sitting on a low stool, her apron over her head, sobbing boisterously. Matilda pulled down her apron with a bang, and showed two scarlet-lined eyes to the sympathetic Dorothy.

"Oh, Miss!" gasped the maid, "you know how ill my mother have been of late."

"Yes, yes, indeed. Is she worse, poor thing?" with ready interest.

"Oh, yes, Miss. Oh! dear, oh! dear, I doubt if ever I'll see her alive again. You know, Miss Dorothy, I told you as how, when I went to see her on Sunday—which was my evening out, and not beholden to anybody—you know, Miss, how, when I came back, I told you she looked like death—that pale, you wouldn't give tuppence-ha'penny for her."

"Well, but if you heard nothing since, perhaps she——"

"Oh, but that's just it, Miss," with a fresh burst of tears. "Bobby Mitcham, old Barty's boy, came up here a while ago, and told me she was at the very point of death, and that she wanted me, and she sent me a message to come to her, and Oh! dear, Oh! dear, the mistress says I can't go, unless I do all my work first, and promise to be back here by five o'clock."

"Well, why don't you go?" said Dorothy. "Good gracious, what are you wasting your time here for, crying like one silly, and your poor mother waiting for you? Run, run, run away."

"But, Miss Dorothy dear, you know it is ironing day, and the mistress said I wasn't to stir until I had folded all the clothes for the mangle and the iron; and there they are, and never a hand near them yet."

"All those!" said Dorothy, gazing with dismay at a huge basketful standing on a table near.

"Yes, Miss. All them. And you know now, Miss Dorothy, that it would take me two hours alone to fold them. Oh! if I'd only known las night, I could have folded them then, and mangled them when I got back this evening."

"Why not fold and mangle them to-night?" suggested Dorothy.

"Because the mistress comes down punctual at five, Miss, to see they're folded; and, indeed, I'd risk all, Miss, and go to my mother, only—I'm a poor girl, Miss Dorothy, and to throw up my place and get no character from it would be the ruin of me. Oh! what shall I do?"

"How far away does your mother live?" asked Dorothy, who was now on the verge of tears herself.

"'Tis a long way, Miss. It would take me two hours to get there and two to get back, and it's twelve now, Miss Dorothy, and even if I could start this minute, it would only give me an hour at home with poor mother. But I can't start now, Miss, with all them clothes to be folded, and damped and settled."

"Matilda," said Dorothy suddenly, "you shall start this instant."

"Lawks, Miss, your aunt would never forgive me. She as good as told me I might take my month's warning if I left them clothes undone."

"They shan't be undone. When five o'clock arrives, and Aunt Jemima with it to inspect these clothes, they shall be ready for her."

"But who's to do them, Miss?"

"I shall."

"You, Miss! Oh! Miss Dorothy, you couldn't. What! you with your hands, Miss? You haven't a thought of how hard a job it is, and——"

"You are wasting valuable time, Matilda," declared Dorothy severely. "Go, and make yourself tidy and start at once, or you'll be late for clothes and mother and all. I tell you, you can go in peace, because I'll see that Aunt Jemima is satisfied. Now run away; there's a good girl, and whatever you do be back at five sharp, or I shall catch it for letting you go."

"Oh! Miss Dorothy, was there ever anyone like you, I wonder?" cried the grateful Matilda, springing to her feet, fresh hope in her moist eyes. "But indeed, Miss, I can't bear to think that you——"

"Well, don't think it. There, go, every minute is precious." Yet as the girl joyfully disappeared, and Dorothy turned her gaze upon the heaped-up basket full of rough-dried clothes upon the table near, it must be confessed that her heart fainted within her, and her courage sank so low that she found a difficulty in raising it at all.

She had pledged her word, however, and it must be done. She called upon Jane, the other maid, and telling her to catch one handle of the clothes-basket, she herself laid hold of the other, and together mistress and maid started for the orchard.

Here they laid the basket on the short crisp grass, and Jane having desired Miss Dorothy for about the twentieth time to be sure and call her to her help when she came to the bigger articles, such as sheets, ran back to the house to continue her work there.

Dorothy toiled steadily on, folding, pulling out, smoothing, doing all things with an elaborate care, as conscientious tyros always will. She had finished all the smaller things, and was sufficiently tired to regard with hatred those still left.

With a sigh she drew out the end of a sheet. Good gracious! was there no other end to it? It seemed as though it would reach from that to the village. How could she fold such a thing as that? How did Matilda do it? It suddenly occurred to her that Matilda's mother was a very troublesome old woman, and that she was positively certain she wasn't half as ill as she said she was. Well, if she was to die over this task, that was all about it, but it did seem a poor thing to be slain by a sheet. She hoped they wouldn't put it on her tombstone. She was still laughing rather forlornly over this mild joke, when a voice broke on her ear.

"What on earth are you doing?" exclaimed Captain Farquhar.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Dorothy's forlorn laugh all at once became an intensely joyous one.

"Earning my living, of course," cried she, throwing down the abnormally long sheet and turning to greet him. Her pretty cheeks were flushed with her unwonted exercise, her eyes shining. To Farquhar, at all events, she stood out there from all the rest of the world as the very sweetest thing in it.

"But what has happened?" asked he, detaining her hand. "Have all the servants left in a body?"

"All is two, and only one of them has departed this life at present, and that only for a time. It was Matilda. Her mother is, or thinks she is, dying (she has been doing it now for eight months) and Matilda naturally wished to go to her."

"Yes," said he, "but surely she could go, and her mother could die without you having to kill yourself like this?"

"There you are wrong. There you differ from Aunt Jemima. Aunt Jemima has principles. Work first and pleasure afterwards is a favorite motto of hers. If Matilda finished her folding of these awful clothes first, she might have the pleasure of seeing her mother expire later on. But Matilda was afraid her mother might expire before the clothes were done. So I sent her off, and promised to do her work for her."

"How long have you been killing yourself here?" demanded Farquhar, almost sternly.

"About an hour, I think—I suppose! Though, if you ask me how long it seems, I should say a month," returned she thoughtfully.

"Well, give it up now," peremptorily.

"Oh, I can't! I have pledged my word to Matilda, and I must either do or die."

"Nonsense! I shan't let you do anything of the kind. What folly! The worst that can happen to the girl is a severe scolding from your aunt."

"It would be dismissal from my aunt; and Matilda's people are very poor. Oh, no, I couldn't get her into such a scrape as that—not after telling her to go," said Dorothy gravely. "Sit down there, and talk to me, and I daresay I'll be able to get through the rest of them before to-morrow dawns."

"I certainly shan't sit down," said he doggedly. "If you are determined to sacrifice yourself like this, I shall help you."

"You!" She had, perhaps, meant to say more, but a sudden fit of laughter choked her. "Don't be absurd," she said.

"I shall certainly do what I can," said he, unmoved. "Come, show me how to begin, and we'll get it finished as quickly as possible."

"I really couldn't. I shouldn't like to ask you," said she, growing confused. "To come up here to pay a visit, and to be compelled to——"

"Here! What's to be done with this thing?" said he impatiently, seizing hold of the sheet.

He too, like her, had flung his hat aside, and, seeing that he was really determined to see her through with it, she attacked the sheet, and told him how to hold it by the corners and how to pull it this way and that, until he quite entered into the spirit of the thing.

"Where were you all the morning?" asked she idly, looking at him over a white linen field.

"I went up to The Court to see Mrs. Vereker. She wanted to know something about the local concert that is to come off at Chrismas."

"You saw her?"

"No. She wasn't well, the servant said—was lying down. Do you know, Dorothy, I couldn't help fancying there was something queer about the man's manner. I hope Vereker hasn't been at it again."

"I think not. I hope not. Indeed, I'm sure you fancied it, because Francis has been quite wonderfully improved late. He has let her alone, which is the greatest boon the poor darling craves. However, you have made me a little uneasy, so I think I'll walk up there this evening and see her."

"I'll go with you," said he, promptly.

"Now, why?" said she, judicially.

"Well, just for a walk, you know." He paused. "I can come, can't I? I could meet you at the cross roads, you know."

"I certainly know them," said she; "but considering you are here now, which means seeing me once to-day, I do not know why you should want to see me twice."

"Don't you? And yet you are a clever girl," said Farquhar, mildly. "Try again. A child could guess it. Besides," artfully, "do you call this a visit? Why I've been about ten yards away from you ever since I came."

"True," she said, sweetly. "This is but a sorry reception you have had. Very well, then; you can meet me at the cross roads about six o'clock. There! That's the third. I really believe there is only one more left for us to do."

The fourth sheet was dragged from the basket, and taken into hands that had grown vigorous again, because of the hope of a speedy finish to their labors that now sustained them.

Her cheeks were pink as a newly opened rose from fatigue and anxiety, and it cannot but be said that Farquhar himself was considerably the worse for wear. They both sighed now and then, and conversation had fallen low.

They had now come to the shaking of the huge piece of linen—that had grown positively hateful to them. Little sharp angry sounds came from the damp linen as they did this; resonant reports that smote the air, and breathed of reproach and defiance. Dorothy's charming face grew pinker, and Farquhar's moral strength gave out.

"Let's wait awhile, and—and give it time to dry a bit. It's the water in it that makes it so confoundedly heavy," said he.

"Water! There's no water in it; it is barely damp," pouted Dorothy. "But it's the heaviest thing certainly that I ever felt, and I do hate banging my arms up and down in that jerky way. However, it must be done, so come on."

"Give us breathing time," said he.

"What's the good?—once done we can rest. Better finish it," said she, in a despairing tone; but he held on to his two corners with so stern and immovable a grip and with so open a determination to carry on the war no further just at present, that she succumbed to it.

"If it gets too dry, Matilda will be able to do nothing with it," she said, as a last protest.

"She can stick it in the steam, or somewhere," said he. "What on earth is the matter with her mother? Why couldn't she be ill some other day but this?"

"Oh, hush! Poor thing! she is—I'm almost sure she is dead," said Dorothy.

"I bet you anything you like she isn't," said Farquhar. "You'll find Matilda will come back to-night with excellent accounts of her."

"You speak as though you would be sorry if she did," said Dorothy, with reproach, which was rather unfair of her, as she was conscious all the time of a feeling in her own mind that would, she felt, amount almost to indignation, should Matilda return with a buoyant air.

"Oh, not sorry!" said he, rather shocked, "only—I can't bear to see you so thoroughly done up as you are at present."

"I am tired," confessed she, with such utter abandon and with a glance so full of a desire for sympathy that his pulses began to beat quickly, and a raging hatred towards the absent Matilda, her mother, and Miss Jemima, tore at his heart. "All I can say is," continued she, "that if Matilda does bring back a good report of her mother's condition, that I hope it will be a lasting one. A little more of that poor old woman's sciatica, or whatever it is, would be the death of me. I have borne a good deal of it; I can bear no more."

"I don't see why you need bear anything," cried he impatiently. "What folly it is, your subjecting yourself to scenes like this, all because of your aunt's temper! You can come at any moment to where (uninviting as it may appear in other ways) you won't, at all events, have to tire yourself to death helping your servants."

"Would you have had me not help her?—and her mother dying!"

"Nonsense! You know what I mean?"

"I know this, at all events, that if we don't make haste with this sheet, Aunt Jemima, temper and all, will be down on us." She seized upon the article in question again, and he, of course, followed her example, but not in silence this time.

"Servants impose on you," he said indignantly, though holding on valiantly to the linen, and dragging and shaking it in obedience to her movements. "So long as you are there to stand between them and your aunt's wrath, they feel themselves at liberty to go and see not only their mothers but their thirty-first cousins should occasion arise. They take every advantage of you, and as for that old tyrant of an aunt of yours, I——"

"Sh!" anxiously and peering round. "Not so loud. It is amazing what she can hear sometimes, when she isn't wanted to hear. Her ears are the thinnest things possible—all sounds, even the lowest, go through them. I'd hate to have such acute hearing myself, one would learn so many things personally unpleasant."

"I wonder if your aunt has ever heard my opinion of her," said Farquhar, still wrathful.

"Judging by the extreme cordiality of her manner towards you at all times, I should say she had," returned Dorothy, with a little irresponsible burst of mirth.

"Well, I don't care. She behaves abominably to you. I wonder why it is you cling to her as you do."

"She's all I've got, you see. I haven't a relation on earth but her, and—of course Hilary and his people—but they don't count. They are not so close as an aunt, you see. She is the only person, I suppose, who would really care whether I lived or died."

"Dorothy!" said he, with such a burst of indignation that she stopped short in her manipulation of the sheet and glanced at him.

"Oh! take care, take care. See what you are doing," cried Dorothy in an accent so heartrending that it reduced him to a standstill. "Now, what have you done? You are dropping it. Oh! do stay where you are. How can you be so wicked as to deliberately let it fall after all our trouble! But this all comes of idle talking. Now to our work again."

"Good heavens! isn't it jerked enough yet?" said he. "Is it possible that one can't sleep in a sheet unless some wretched creature has worked his or her arms out of their sockets in the preparation of it?"

"Of course, if you don't want to finish it——"

"Of course I want to finish it."

"I can call Jane——"

"You shan't call anybody, Dorothy. You know it isn't this beastly thing that is annoying me; it is the look of your lovely tired face and—and the fact that I begun to doubt if you will ever give yourself to me."

"I think you needn't tease me about that now," said Dorothy rather feebly. She fastened her eyes on the sheet. "Perhaps, after all, you are right, and it is shaken enough," she said with hesitation.

"It's worn out from it," said Farquhar with alacrity, yet still very sadly. Why would she never give him an answer? Surely the real answer to that was that she did not care for him.

"What's the next thing to be done with it?" he said, alluding to the sheet.

"Fold it. That's the last move."

"The gods be praised," returned he piously. "After that you will perhaps come with me for a stroll round."

"No!" dejectedly. "After that, Aunt Jemima will want me."

"Ah!" crestfallen. "At that rate, I don't think this thing is jerked enough; we might as well do all we can for Matilda. It looks queer, doesn't it? I think perhaps we had better give it another——"

"Not one," sternly. "Now! Hold your corners tightly, and your arms up high—so!—it mustn't touch the ground, you understand—and come up close to me, and give me your corners into my hand."

There was quite a promising sound about the command so far. With arms uplifted Farquhar advanced on her.

"There! That will do. Now go back and catch the middle of it. Pull it tight, and keep your arms up always. Now, that's all right."

Suddenly, regardless of all consequences—of Matilda's despair, of Miss Jemima's wrath, of Dorothy's displeasure, he caught the sheet, and flinging it deliberately to one side, caught Dorothy in his arms.

"I can't stand it any longer," he cried; "you must end it one way or the other now."

To his surprise she made no effort to free herself, and indeed there was something in the quick sigh that escaped her that savoured of relief. No doubt she was tired. She glanced at the sheet, however.

"What a shame!" she said plaintively; "after all the time we have spent over it."

"Think of all the time I have spent," exclaimed he. "Doesn't that count with you? I have waited and hoped, and endured. Dorothy, say you will marry me?"

"Is that a command" said she, with a faint laugh. "Well—yes, then."

"And you love me?"

"I do—I think."

"My darling girl, there is just one thing more. You will marry me soon, Dorothy? My sister, as I tell you, will be glad to take a house of her own, and you, you," with a little hug, "will be mistress of mine, and of my heart and my life, and everything. You will marry me soon?"

"Don't you think you are as bad as Matilda?" said she, with another low little laugh. "Are not you too, taking advantage of my good nature? You plead in a happy moment; it seems to me, I have not the strength to say no to anything; those clothes have been too much for me. You shall have it all you own way."

"I am too happy," said he, presently. "I don't believe it will last. There is one thing more, Dorothy; promise me that you will not wake to-morrow morning, and go back of every word of it."

"This is too much!" cried she, pushing him away. "Good Heavens! is it possible you really want me not to wake to-morrow morning? What an inhuman monster! In such mad haste to be rid of me. No, I shan't answer any more questions to-day. There is four o'clock striking, and I have many things to do before we go down to The Court."

The "we" is sweet to him.

"I shall go and speak to your aunt at once," said he, thinking it wise to strike whilst the iron is hot.

"Now?" evidently startled. "So soon? Well, if you will. But I warn you to be prepared for all things. She is quite as likely to fall upon your neck and kiss you as to turn you of doors. I don't know which contingency would be the worse, but in either case you have my sincere sympathy."

"I feel it will be the latter," said he. "Your modesty is well placed," said she saucily. "You evidently see you are not good enough for me." Then all at once her mood changed, and, with a suddn shy but lovely friendliness, she held out her hand to him.

"I think you are too good for me," she said.

(To be Continued.)

ANGLO-RUSSIAN ENTETE

BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES.

Negotiations Being Conducted Which Will Result in an Amicable Arrangement.

It is authoritatively stated, says a London journal, that there is no truth in the statement published on the Continent that there has been an interruption in the Anglo-Russian negotiations for an understanding between the two countries. On the contrary, the negotiations have been continuous between M. Isvolsky (Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs) and Sir Arthur Nicholson (the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg), in which capital, it is fully expected, the agreement will be signed.

THE AGREEMENT.

Unless something unforseen occurs, the signature of this agreement cannot be far distant. As, however, questions connected with Afghanistan and Tibet are included in the negotiations now proceeding, it is just possible that there may be some delay in their conclusion, due to the fact that some questions may have to be referred to certain Oriental potentates, namely, the Emperor of China and the Ameer of Afghanistan. As regards the relations between the two countries, it can be definitely stated that, even before the signature of the agreement, a real and definite entente exists. For instance, the two powers are acting in complete accord regarding Persia, and without this understanding there is little doubt that recent events in Teheran would have resulted in serious complications.

PERSIA.

It is most necessary to emphasize the fact that the agreement between Great Britain and Russia is in no sense a menace to any other power. It does not threaten the integrity of Persia, neither does it interfere with any vested interests in that country. On this point it may be well to state that the question of the Bagdad Railway does not come within the sphere of the geographical questions forming the subject of negotiation between the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg. This is a matter which will have to come up for discussion; but it will, no doubt, be between the four powers concerned.

THE CONFIRMATION.

In regard to Persia, an entire confirmation is given the statements already made, that no action will be taken in that country by Russia without consultation with the British Government, and further, that no British action will take place without previous reference to St. Petersburg. The reports of the entry into Persia of Russian and Indian troops can only refer to Legation or Consulate Guards, which are sent to Persia in normal times, and the recent movements had only to do with the question of reliefs.

INTERFERENCE.

So far, there is no indication that the safety of foreigners in Persia is threatened. Should such be the case, active interference would become necessary. It is possible that Russia may have to make some armed demonstration in the north; but, as already declared, there seems to be no necessity for this so far, and, in any case, whatever action either Government might take would only be as the result of consultation with the other.

KNOWLEDGE FROM EXPERIENCE.

Young Bride: "Mother, dear, how long does the honeymoon last?"

Mother: "Until you ask your husband for money, my child."

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CURRENT TOPICS.

Curiously enough two of the May magazines have articles relating to the speed of railroad trains. Scribner's Magazine goes into the subject exhaustively. It calls attention to the fact that the human element cannot be eliminated from the problem if there is to be safe running of trains which are scheduled at a high rate of speed. Much depends on the discretion of the engineer. Given a good roadbed, a straight track, a clear atmosphere, and accurate signals, and there is no reason why a train should not be safely run by a competent engineer at a speed of seventy or even more miles per hour. But these are conditions that seldom coexist. Few persons realize how crooked railroads are, even the best of them, and how frequent the grades are. One who sits at the end of a fast passenger train will be surprised to notice the recurrence of curves, some of them quite sharp.

One fact that is dwelt upon in the Scribner article is that a railway train cannot be run at an extremely high rate of speed around a sharp curve. Indeed, if the curve is sharp enough and the speed is high enough, the train cannot be run round the curve at all. In the case of the lamentable Salisbury accident in England it was mathematically demonstrated in the London Times by formulae that no train could go around the curve at Salisbury at the rate of seventy miles an hour. A train running at that speed around that curve would go off the track, not occasionally, but every time the attempt was made. This at least was the statement of the mathematician who wrote for the London Times. Engineers must be taught that there is a limit to the speed at which trains can be run when taking sharp curves. They must be familiar with every rod of the track which they have to cover and must moderate the speed when they are approaching sharp curves.

The article in the Century Magazine deals with the question of signals. The writer makes the statement that the night signals, consisting of red, green and white lights, are unsafe; that men who are not color blind cannot always distinguish between a white and a red light. We know that in passing through switchyards the engineer has to deal with a multitude of lights which he passes at lightning speed. If the night happens to be dark or foggy, or there is a sudden emission of steam from the engine, the engineer cannot with certainty distinguish signals. He must either stop the train or take his chance of finding the block ahead of him clear. In the case of the frightful accident in the New York Central tunnel, which resulted in the banishment of steam locomotives from that tunnel, so that electric locomotives only are now used there, the engineer was unable to distinguish the signal owing to the condensation of steam. He took his chances that the block ahead of him was clear. He guessed wrong, and the consequence was a frightful loss of life.

The writer of the Century article suggests that the night signals ought to be a modification of the semaphore used in the day time. That is to say, the semaphore should be illumined either by lamps or electricity, and the engineer should be guided by its position as he is by day—whether it is horizontal, perpendicular, or midway between. Signals of this kind could easily be distinguished and would be likely to prevent many accidents. It is manifest that there will be no absolute safety as far as signals are concerned until there is some automatic way of communicating with the cab of the engine and informing the engineer whether the block ahead of him is clear or not. There is need of great improvement in the running of railroad trains in America, where the science of maintaining with safety a high rate of speed, even on a good track, is imperfectly understood.

RAILWAYS IN AUSTRALIA.

Two Transcontinental Roads to be Built in the Future.

The agreement for the transfer to the Commonwealth of the Northern Territory of Australia, which was signed by the State and Federal Premiers, provides for the construction of a transcontinental railway, linking the Northern dependency to South Australia. Should the agreement be ratified by the State and Federal Parliaments the Commonwealth will assume the responsibility for the Northern Territory debt of £3,000,000, and the annual deficit of £134,000; it will take over the railway from Port Augusta to Oaduadatta, upon which the State is losing £85,000 per annum, and it will agree to build a line—joining Hergott with Pine Creek, via Queensland—costing between £6,000,000 and £9,000,000.

South Australia, for its part, agrees to the construction of a line by the Commonwealth from Port Augusta to Kalgoorlie, a line which has been almost vehemently championed by West Australia. If constructed, these two trans-continental lines will bridge Australia from north to south and from east to west, linking Perth to Sydney and Melbourne to Port Darwin.

THE MYSTERIES OF SCENT

VAGARIES WHICH HUNTERS CANNOT EXPLAIN.

Theories That Have Been Advanced—Good and Bad Hunting Days.

If there is one thing more than another that has vexed the minds of sportsmen through countless centuries, it is the question of "scent"—that remarkable commodity which is so necessary to the success of the hunter. And yet even in this twentieth century, says the London Daily Mail, with all the accumulated knowledge of successive generations at our disposal, it is doubtful whether we know much more about the mysteries of scent than did Nimrod, who, so far as we know, was the mightiest hunter of early days.

As to Nimrod and his methods of hunting we are actually told but little, for he is only referred to twice in all the writings of ancient days that are given to us, and no mention is made of his hounds. But we have records of one Marri—who is held by many old-time writers to be one and the same as the mighty hunter of Genesis—and he certainly hunted with hounds, the latter being invariably mentioned with his name.

At that very remote period, therefore, the usefulness of the hound as a tracker of wild beasts had been recognized, and doubtless everything was done then, as it is to this day, to encourage the natural instinct of the canine race in this particular with a view to aiding man in the chase. Yet after all these days there is not an M.F.H. in the land, or a huntsman either, who can tell you why it is that under precisely similar meteorological conditions hounds can run on a burning scent all day on the Monday, and can scarcely raise a whimper on the Tuesday, though the fox be but

HALF A FIELD AHEAD OF THEM.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the vagaries of scent, but none of them is entirely satisfactory. Some no doubt still pin their faith to the words of the poet who declared that:

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim a hunting morning.

But as a matter of fact neither the one nor the other will make scent "hang" if so be that Providence wills it otherwise. You cannot indeed lay down any hard and fast rule concerning so variable and intangible a thing as scent, which is generally at its best when you least expect it.

Take for instance the behavior of scent during the present season. Prior to Christmas the sport enjoyed with most packs had been up to the average and rather better than that with some. With Christmas came the first spell of winter, and hunting was abandoned throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. After that the thaw and with it a period of stirring gallops day after day such as are seldom chronicled within the space of a few days in any season. Hardly a pack went out that week without a good run every time hounds left kennel, and many a huntsman went home with as many as three or four good gallops to his credit in a single day and as many masks dangling from sundry saddles.

Shortly afterward the frost returned and again broke up. To all intents and purposes the conditions were once more the same—the atmosphere close and heavy, little or no wind, showers of rain at intervals, and the ground cold and wet. But none of the brilliant runs of a few days before were to be had.

Hounds found as frequently as usual, and as frequently, after running on a faint line for a few hundred yards, threw up their heads in

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISGUST.

A holding scent during a thaw after severe frost has usually been regarded as the rule, but the exceptions have been more marked this season than was needed to prove it.

A year ago there was considerable discussion among hunting men as to the why and the wherefore of good and bad scenting days, and among the many suggestions that were put forward was that which has become to be known as the condensation theory. The argument is this: When evaporation is going on in the air scent should be good, while when the opposite process—condensation—is in progress, scent must be bad or wanting. The basis of this theory may be correct, but it is no more infallible than many another.

Scent certainly at times hangs well in a high wind, just as certainly as on a very still day it will unaccountably disappear all of a sudden. But there are days when the wind is high and the ground wet, at which times there must be plenty of evaporation going on, but never a vestige of scent is to be discovered, although half a dozen foxes may leave covert before your very eyes.

Country folk will frequently tell you that scent is never good during the fall of the leaf in autumn or, indeed, until the fallen leaves have become rotten. The reason given in support of this argument is that the fox while running turns over the leaves as he goes along—accidentally of course!—and so conceals his tracks, as it were, behind him.

It must be a careful fox that could accomplish this sleight of foot with any degree of accuracy, and a poor nosed pack of hounds that could not own his scent through the shallow density of a withered leaf. But the yokel is quite right up to a certain point in his argument. Scent is very often at its worst during the leaf fall, but that is because the smell of the decaying leaves themselves is so pungent that it baffles the noses of the pack unless the fox carry

A VERY PRONOUNCED ODOR

of his own. Perhaps it is because like the countryman, we sometimes forget side issues of this description that we are often puzzled by the mysteries of scent.

One point in particular in regard to scent seems impossible of solution. A fox slips away on one side of a covert while hounds are drawing on the other. Somebody sees him and shouts a view hallo! Along comes the huntsman at his best speed and lays on his hounds at the spot where the aforesaid person swears that the fox left the wood, but not a hound in the pack will own the line; never a whimper breaks in upon the expectant silence of the eager field. Cast after cast is made, but to no purpose, and eventually the huntsman moves off to resume his draw, muttering to himself that he "don't believe there weren't no fox at all."

For all that, twenty minutes later, when hounds happen again to be passing that way toward the next covert, suddenly there is a whimper here and another there, and away they go like a pack possessed right across the field and through the very gap in yonder hedge that had been pointed out to the unbelieving huntsman. "Well, I never!" remarks that worthy, "and so old Mr. Stiggins was right after all."

Later in the day, when horses are jogging homeward, the incident is referred to, but nobody has any explanation to offer. And sometimes when a fox passes you his scent is so strong that even the imperfect olfactory organs of mere man—so vastly inferior to the brute beast in this respect—are positively offended by the tainted atmosphere. Verily to the mysteries of scent there is no end.

LORD STRATHCONA.

"Uncle Donald's" Railroad Building Turned His Hair White.

At half-past nine o'clock on the morning of November 7, 1885, at Craigellachie, British Columbia, an old man, whose hair was snowy white, drove a golden spike into the cedar tie upon which the rails met from east and west.

The man was Donald Smith. The spike completed the Canadian Pacific. In the terrible five years of its building, from 1880 to 1885, he had changed from a strong, black bearded, sturdy man to a white-haired veteran.

In the year following Mr. Smith was rewarded for his services with knighthood in the Order of St. Michael and St. George. His cousin, Mr. Stephen, had already been recognized with a baronetcy, and both had been immortalized in the names of two of the greatest mountains of the Canadian Rockies, Mount Donald and Mountain Stephen.

Since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Lord Strathcona's appearance has scarcely altered. At the age of 84, says a writer in the World's Work, his eyes are as clear as they were thirty years ago. His form is slightly bent with age, but he still walks with firm and steady step. He talks freely and brightly on the topics of the day, though never committing himself on matters of state, and he always makes his visitor feel at his ease from the moment he begins conversation to the time when he bids him a cheery "Good-by."

It is this sense of persistent kindliness that has won for him such a host of friends. Once you have experienced it, you can well understand why the King and the Queen of England dispense with all formality where he is concerned—why they call him "Uncle Donald." You feel that he is "Uncle Donald" to you and to all people who come within the circle of his friendship. This characteristic sums up the man as he is to-day.

There is one little feature which may mean much or little, but which a visitor to Lord Strathcona cannot but notice. When indoors he always wears a little brown mat of silk, daintily crocheted, on the top of his head to cover the place where the once abundant hair has disappeared.

Why he wears this little cap nobody seems to know, but there must be some reason of no ordinary nature, for it gives him a great deal of trouble, slipping over his head whenever he turns with a quick movement, as he often does when engaged in a conversation which interests him. He always balances it again carefully.

It may be some gift of the olden days, some memento of a faithful Indian friend during his long and lonely sojourn in the Canadian wilds, or it may be the work of his wife's hands. Certain it is that some interesting history attaches to it, and that Lord Strathcona sets a high value on the little square of worked silk.

Lord Strathcona sits close by his visitor and sometimes lays his hand on your knee with a gesture of paternal friendliness. At other times he will lean back with folded arms, his bright, deep set, keen eyes twinkling with a merry light. The bushy, over-arching white eyebrows but add to the kindliness of the man's whole countenance.

BABY CONJUROR.

Little Chinese Kid Whose Father is Amusing Londoners.

Dainty little "Bamboo Blossom," an almond-eyed young lady of four, who has just arrived in London, England, is a born conjuror.

"Bamboo Blossom" is the tiny daughter of Chung Ling Soo, the Chinese magician, now appearing at the New Cross Empire, and she could conjure long before she could speak.

In the tea gardens of her own land "Bamboo Blossom" can perform all her tricks freely in public, but in London she has just learned that she is far too young to be granted a license.

This strange prohibition has bewildered "Bamboo Blossom," who cannot understand why she should not come on the stage like her father, and pull rabbits out of empty flower-pots for her own amusement as she does at home.

When the reporter went to see "Blossom" she completly mystified him with her slight-of-hand tricks.

Holding half a dozen cards in her chubby fists, she invited a choice, and then, with astonishing ease, produced the chosen cards in the most unlikely places.

A five-shilling piece placed in paper in her hand on the instant was transformed into five separate shillings, while "Blossom" chuckled in infantile delight.

Cards laid in a box in the "magic baby's" custody, were at once changed into different suits, and articles disappeared and reappeared all around her.

Mr. Carnegie has offered to pay for a Palace of Peace to be erected at the Hague, and the prize of 12,000 florins for its design has been won by M. Cordonnier.

THE GREAT HIDDEN GIANT

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE COULD "HARNESS" ELECTRICITY.

Then the World Would be a Vastly Different Place From What It Is To-day.

Unless some new power greater than electricity is discovered—an unlikely contingency, indeed, when we remember that the current can describe a circle round the earth in a second or two—a century hence will see our great towns one gigantic maze of wires, over which the mysterious "fluid" will rush to perform a million functions.

Clocks as we know them now will have vanished, a few specimens being retained in the British Museum. In their place will be dials round which hands will be urged by electricity regulated at some central depot, and the man who is rushing out to catch a train will have no need to ask whether the clock is "right." Its movements will coincide unerringly with those of all other clocks.

NO MORE PAVEMENTS.

Footpaths will also have joined the limbo of things partly forgotten in the great towns. For short journeys we shall merely step upon the electric sliding platform, which will convey us up the street at a good pace, and longer journeys will be accomplished in the inevitable electric aeroplane. Trains will not disappear altogether, for though passengers will travel in the sunshine above the clouds, heavy goods will be whisked along the electric monorail at the rate of two or three miles a minute.

The man who learns how to utilize the colossal forces of electricity that at present lie neglected in the earth, who, in other words, dares to harness lightning, will cause a greater revolution in the conduct of the world than one could picture in his wildest imaginings. Electricity as a motive power will then cost nothing, excepting the upkeep of wires, and so bewilderingly great is Nature's store of the power that it could be made to do the whole of the world's hard work and still be affected as little as a giant would be if made to carry a cigarette paper.

The throb of huge pistons in mill and factory would cease. Instead, there will be a great cable leading from Mother Earth, through which the strength of a million horses will steal silently and perpetually.

Everyone will have a motor car of some sort, for the cost of propulsion will be nil. Small accumulators that some genius of the future will certainly devise will hold a charge sufficient to keep the automobile running for a thousand miles. When empty, it will merely be taken to one of the taps from the earth, and, hey presto! it will drive the car another thousand miles.

OVER THE ATLANTIC.

Those who do not care to fly across the Atlantic will be taken by electrically-driven boats. How long the journey will occupy is a matter which must be left to the ingenuity of a future race—perhaps it will take six hours, or possibly eight, for the new ships to skim across from Liverpool to New York. As all the present handicap of coal and boilers will be absent, the possibilities of speed will be infinite.

Entirely new "rules of the road" at sea will be framed, for were two of these vessels to collide at such an enormous speed, nothing would be left of either but a few splinters, and there would not be enough trace of the passengers to justify the holding of an inquest.

Manual agricultural labor will become entirely obsolete, both in the case of the big farmer and the little suburban amateur gardener. If the latter wishes to turn up the soil of his little 14ft. by 12ft. front plot, he will only need to use an electrical appliance, which will, by touching a button, set a number of little spades, rakes, and hoes at work.

Meanwhile, all that is necessary to turn these wonderful things into every-day realities is the discovery how to take from the earth that power which has been waiting to be taken ever since the earth first revolved on its axis.

TAMING A HUSBAND.

The daughter of a certain statesman has a husband who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth, who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entree his wife had racked her brain to prepare.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be a salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served.

The wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card, and on that card the information in a big round hand:—

"This is soup."

Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:—

"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labelled. The gravy dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad-bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice-pudding came in, a card announcing "This is ice-pudding," was with it.

The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labelled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire the name of anything set before him.

Truth is better than falsehood, but false teeth are better than no teeth at all.

NEW CHANCE FOR BLIND

TRAINING SAVES THEM FROM BEGGARY AND POORHOUSE.

Many Trades in Which They Succeed—New York Institution for Training.

In its campaign for the sightless, the New York Association for the Blind has sent a circular telling of the work already done, and of immediate needs. The workshop, started on May 29th, 1906, has provided work in chair-caning and broom-making for twenty-two men, and has kept a number from beggary and poorhouse. The officers of the association say that they could practically treble the capacity of the workhouse and open mattress-making and willow-weaving departments and a salesroom for the wares, if the means permitted.

The expenditures of the plant to February 1 were $5,193; wages paid to blind men amounted to $1,957, the total expenses therefore being $7,150. As the receipts from sales, etc., amounted to $3,779, the net cost of the shop for ten months was $3,371.

COST OF WORK.

It is estimated that $6,000 would maintain a workshop for forty blind men; $3,500 would establish workrooms for blind women, and that $3,000 would pay for the teaching in their homes of the men and women who are not able to go out to work. To continue the educational campaign the ticket and registration bureaus, and the distribution of leaflets for the prevention of infantile blindness, $2,000 is required. It is a matter of encouragement that results of last year's work have appealed so strongly to friends of the association that they have urged a permanent endowment, and have themselves already offered $26,525 towards it, if the balance of $100,000 can be secured.

IN BUSINESS OFFICES.

In a recent address, Miss Winifred Holt, secretary of the association, discussed the manual education of the blind and showed pictures illustrating the work they are able to do. One picture showed a blind telephone operator who successfully manages a switchboard in a business office where many sighted people are employed. She keeps a list of more than 200 names, the usual calls which may be wanted in the office, and she finds them as quickly as any sighted person. Furthermore, she transcribes messages on the typewriter.

"When I first asked the telephone people to give me a switchboard for the blind to learn on, they thought I was crazy," said Miss Holt. "The presence of a blind friend, who had successfully operated a switchboard in a hospital for about a year gave me courage to persuade them that I was not, and finally a switchboard was installed in our house

BLIND TELEPHONE GIRLS.

"There are now working in New York in positions of responsibility three blind switchboard operators. For a long time the life of sighted people has depended on the quickness and faithfulness of our pioneer blind switchboard operator, as she answers the ambulance calls at the telephone in Labanon Hospital. The third is an equally responsible position in one of the largest hospitals in the country."

The association has two other trained operators ready to take positions. Another of Miss Holt's slides showed a blind Columbia student, operating a shorthand machine. In England several stenography and typewriting offices for the blind have given excellent financial returns, notably one in Birmingham, situated near the railroad station. Frequently business men drop in at this office on their way to and from the train, dictate their letters to a blind stenographer, and later receive them typewritten.

BLIND MASSEURS.

A third picture was that of a blind masseur. "It is a strange and not agreeable fact," said Miss Holt, "that while Yokohama alone has 900 blind masseurs, most of whom are able to earn a satisfactory livelihood, we have not been able to secure enough work yet from the sighted public for our blind masseur. London has recently opened a college of massage for the blind, and there should be no objections to a blind masseur, while his sense of touch is infinitely finer than the average sighted person's. I will add here that the properly educated blind are exceptionally fastidious about their personal appearance, and as a rule a refined blind person is neater and tidier than the average sighted person."

OTHER EMPLOYMENTS.

According to Miss Holt, women are able to make bead work, and good baskets, and they can successfully operate power machines, making mattresses, pillows, and other upholstery. Sightless men make cord-fenders, while even weak-minded blind children can weave marketable rugs and make other simple articles.

Alice—"Don't you think a cookery-book is fascinating reading?" Clara—"Yes, indeed. It contains so many stirring incidents."

During the cross-examination of a witness at the Tombs, New York, the district attorney asked him where his father was, to which the witness, with a melancholy air, responded, "Dead, sir; dropped off very suddenly, sir." "How came he to drop off so suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir. The sheriff imposed on his unconscious nature, and, getting him to go up to a platform to look at a select audience, suddenly he knocked a trap-door out from under him."

Over-shrewd lawyers often furnish adversaries with weapons. "Did you see this tree that has been mentioned, by the roadside?" "Yes, sir; I saw it very plainly." "It was conspicuous, then?" The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion. "What is the difference," sneered the lawyer, "between plain and conspicuous?" But he was hoist on his own petard. The witness innocently answered:—"I can see you plainly, sir, among the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous."

SUBSTITUTE FOR RAZOR

SHAVING WITH PEN-NIBS AND BITS OF GLASS.

Remarkable Ingenuity Shown by Men Who Wanted a Clean Face.

An amusing story has been told by a convict, lately released from Parkhurst Prison, England, of how he managed to have a clean shave everyday, to the astonishment of the governor and warders. When employed in the tinsmith's shop of the jail he secreted an ordinary steel pen-nib, flattened the nib out, and put on a double edge equal to the best of razors. In the cell he hid the pen on the wall by covering it with a flattened-out piece of soap, which happened to be of the same curiously drab color as the wall, and when his tin of water came round he reserved a portion for shaving purposes.

The ingenuity of this man calls to mind that of some soldiers during the South African War, who, having lost their razors, resorted to all sorts of expedients in order to get rid of the stubble which covered their chins. Strips of bully-beef tins, rubbed to an edge on stones, were the favorite substitutes for razors, although some of the men had a preference for a bit of glass.

As a matter of fact, the latter is excellent for shaving purposes, providing it is used with care and patience. The writer's barber, an old soldier, demonstrated the capabilities of a piece of

ORDINARY SHEET-GLASS

by shaving himself with it in ten minutes.

"I often used such a razor in barracks," he said, "and I might mention that in the military prisons glass razors are very largely used by the prisoners in lieu of the better article."

Impossible though it may sound, the writer has also heard of a man shaving himself with a nail. It was of the ordinary wire pattern, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. With a hammer he flattened it out sufficiently to put an edge on it with a fine file, and added a keenness to his unique razor by rubbing it on a stone. In order to make the job complete he then fixed the "blade" in a small wooden handle, and declared the implement to be equal to the costliest razor.

Probably the most curious shaving competition which ever took place was that conducted at a local hall in the North of London two years ago. The skill of a certain barber having been disputed, he offered to shave ten men with ten penknives in quicker time than any other tonsorial artist could perform the same feat with razors.

The challenge was taken up, and on the night of the contest ten men, each with three days' growth of beard, were arranged down either side of the platform. Assistants lathered each man in turn, while the barbers performed the shaving operations.

THE MAN WITH THE PENKNIFE

proved so dexterious that he finished his ten men, with but three cuts amongst them, in six and a half minutes, the other man not only taking half a minute longer, but also cutting five of his victims.

Apropos, by the by, of the Japanese "dry" shaving process, which is being introduced into this country, one of the virtues of which is that after three months only one shave a fortnight is necessary, it might be mentioned that a shave which will last a lifetime is procurable by those who are prepared to pay the price.

It is done by means of the same kind of electric-needle machine as that which removes moles and other blemishes from the face. The operation is a costly one, the fee asked being usually one hundred guineas, and is, in addition, lengthy as well as painful. The use of the machine entirely destroys the roots of the hair, so that the individual who has once submitted to the process is precluded from ever growing a beard again.

THESE COMMON SAYINGS.

These common sayings make me laugh,
For they are never true by half;
These foolish sayings, which each day,
The common run of people say.

"I'm frozen stiff," we've often heard;
If true they couldn't say a word.
"I'm all broke up," a man will say,
Yet 'tend to business every day.

"The wind blew through me," mind you, through!
How queer they'd look if it were true.
"She dropped her eyes;" would not that be
A very sad calamity?

"I'm busted," a financial break
A hundred times you've heard men make.
"I caught the train." You did? Well, well,
What did you catch it with, pray tell?

"She cut me dead the other day,"
You've often heard some fellow say.
Worse still, you've heard some one aver:
"She's stuck on him," or "he on her."

"I never slept a wink last night,"
Is an exaggeration quite.
"The rain came down in buckelfuls"
Is but another of these bulls.

And so they go from day to day,
These foolish things that people say.
To get them all in print, I think,
Would take a barrel full of ink.

A certain Irishman was very proud of a huge bulldog he possessed, which was his constant companion. One day a friend met him without the dog, and looking very disconsolate. "Well," he asked, "and how is that dog of yours doing?" "Oh, be jabers, he's dead! The illigant baste wint and swallowed a tape-measure!" "Oh, I see! He died by inches, then?" "No, shure, he didn't! He went round to the back of the house an' died by the yard!"

The Watchman

AND

VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1907.

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

AN INSANE POLICY.

The Montreal Witness questions the sanity of the people who will stand for the present tariff on steel rails, imposed by the present Liberal rulers—Sir Wilfrid and his followers. It might better question the sanity and honesty of the political leaders that sought office on a program of "Free-Trade-as they-have it-in-England," and then when elected lacked the courage to give effect to their views, but stole the policy of Protection from their political opponents. It is amusing to see these Liberals quarrelling among themselves. Old Liberals, like the Montreal Witness, the Huntingdon Gleaner and the Hamilton Times, demanding the policy for which they fought in the years of Opposition and the new Liberals admitting that could not give effect to the policy and remain in power.

THE WHEAT CROP.

Latest advices from the West show beyond doubt that there is a smaller area of wheat shown than last year, owing to the lateness of the season, but there is nothing to suggest that the crop or yield per acre will be less. Many experienced grain growers report that they have completed their sowing on May 20th with most profitable results. Apparently sowing in the new provinces is further advanced than in manitoba. However, in the 'Soo' line country, a vast fertile stretch south of Moose Jaw, where a considerable volume of wheat is produced, the sowing is very seriously delayed. In Alberta it is about completed.

In Manitoba much progress was made last week, and with favorable weather the bulk of the wheat will be in the ground this week. The tendency has been to drill some wheat on last year's stubble, because of difficulty of completing the spring ploughing

Estimates in the three provinces are from twenty to eighty per cent of wheat sown. The hopefulness of the farming element is a most significant circumstance, as forecasting a tremendously active and profitable year among the men who grow the millions of bushels of grain in the Canadian West. Altogether there is nothing in the situation to create alarm from the apparent view point of the farmer.

NEEDLESS ALARM.

The Ottawa Anti Tuberculosis Association that has offered to build and equip a house for incurable consumptives of that city, at its own expense, it the city would provide a site and maintain the home, is finding great difficulty in securing a location. The Association would provide the latter if it had powers of expropriation, but it has not. The city can take the desired land and settle the price by arbitration A site on Regan's hill remote from settlement was recommended by the Sanatorium Committee as a suitable place and the city council approved the selection. Immediately the appeal was made to the prejudices of residents in St. George's Ward wherein the home was to be located. They were told that it was the purpose to focus the disease in that section and it was predicted that the east wind would be laden with the pestilence. It is pitiful to record that the appeal to the ignorance and selfishness of the constituents was successful and a majority of the city council reversed its action and the Sanatorium Committee is now obliged to look for another site.

An incident of the controversy was the publication of a letter by the Bishop of Ottawa demonstrating conclusively that a consumptives' house, properly managed, is not a menace to the public health, but the contrary; that the sanitary measures adopted by such an institution made directly for the reduction of the danger of infection by guaranteeing the destruction of the sputum with the bacilli or germs. The time will yet arrive when men will act rationally in dealing with this plague.

THREE-FIFTHS MAJORITY.

A local option measure applicable to Scotland is now before the British parliament and is encountering the usual opposition. While there were fifty petitions against the bill there were five hundred for it. The act provides that if one-tenth of the electors of a ward, town or parish sign a requisition for a poll, the vote must be taken. A three-fifths majority of the votes cast is necessary to prohibit the sale of excieseable liquors, but a bare majority will reduce the number of licenses by one-fourth. Another poll may be demaddd at the expiration of three years. Under the bill one ward of a town or city may go "dry" while the others remain "wet." The opposition in the commons to the bill was chiefly among the Unionists, the Liberals were divided, ists, the Liberals were divided, and the labor party gave the bill an almost solid support. The majority on the second reading was 156. As amended by the government the majority will probably be larger.

Commenting on the several features of the measure, the Toronto News (Liberal) says: "The fact that the three-fifths majority clause in the British act is the same as in the Ontario act is worth of speciel note. It heartlessly robs a certain section, perhaps the extreme section, of the temperance people of this province of the rather florid argument about British practice. The Ontario act was reviled from end to end of this province by earnest temperance men who conceived that the three-fifths clause was unjust, un-British and unfair. It must be gratifying to the Whitney government to find this feature of the Ontario local option law upheld by British practice.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE,—General Servant Washing and ironing sent out. Apply soon as possible to MRS. A. STACKHOUSE. Lachute.

Fishing Season—opened Wednesday last, and we are to the front with an up-to-date Sport's Outfit—Bamboo Rods, Jointed Red Cork Floats, Silk Lines, Trolls, Reels, Gut-leaders, Minnows, Flies, Hooks, Sinkers and Lines galore. If you wish to have the best assortment and outfit, let us supply you.

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

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

Mr. C. C. Fraser spent the holiday in Montreal.

Mrs. N. Dixon and daughter, left for Toronto on Thursday to spend the holidays.

If the present temperature continues skating parties will soon be the order of things.

Mr. H Routh for some years with The Dominion Cartridge Co., has resigned and left for Montreal on Saturday last, where he will in future reside.

Jack Mc ehouse entertained his o chums, Sam Rennie and S. L. Tammage. The three "old pals" were school-mates together, but the latter two have long since joined the Benedicts, which the former anticipates doing in due course.

Mr. E. J. Johnson, a recent arrival from England was attacked with the fishing fever last week, and in order to surprise his friends, arose with the sun and hied back to the stream after the speckled beauties,—returning at 9 a.m with "Mac's" experience, no luck. Mr. Johnson, however, did manage to get a bite which, in his anxiety to land the teaser, caused him to overbalance and with the usual result.

The Box Social held in the Methodist Church on Friday the 17th, proved a huge success. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Rev. M. Thomas. Amongst those contributing to the programme were the following:—Mrs. E. Thomas, Miss W. Bond, Mr. A. Taylor and others The recitations by Mrs. Thomas were particularly pleasing and the solos rendered by those contributing were excellent. During the intermission, the Chairman gave a short address in which he thanked all those who had so kindly come forward and helped to make the Social such a success, particularly mentioning Mr. K. Doyle, who had undertaken the musical part of the programme. A handsome sum towards the building fund was realized.

Victoria Day promises to be a gala one in Brownsburg. The D. C. C. Athletic Association promise a splendid day of sport on their grounds. In the morning there will be a shooting match at 100 yards range for a cash prize of five dollars. The match will be an open air one so that all who wish can contest. In the afternoon Baseball and Football will be the attraction. The Hon. W. A. Weir has kindly consented to be present and will pitch the first ball. The Committee have made special arrangements with the famous opal Baseball Club of Montreal, to play the local team. This team won the pennant offered by the Mount Royal Baseball League in 1906, consequently are champions. This league is considered the fastest of the Amateur League of Montreal, so that a splendid game is promised. The Local Team is putting in some good hard practice and will do their utmost to uphold their fine record of the past. Immediately following the Baseball Match there will be a Football Mate between the Crescents of Lachute and the Brownsburg Football Club These two clubs met on Saturday last and although the game was won by the latter team, their opponents proved themselves worthy warriors and a hard game is sure to ensue for supremacy. In the evening, in fact during the afternoon too, there will be dancing, so that the fair sex can also have recreation and all that is needed to make the day one long to be remembered, is the good will of "old probs." who has never yet failed to do his best on the greatest of all days. "Victoria Day." The Committee having the arrangements in hand have worked hard so as to have the smallest detail properly arranged and are now expecting to see their efforts crowned by having the largest record so far as attendance is concerned. Lachute promises to be largely represented, added to which no doubt, the visiting Baseball team will bring a large representation of Montreal fans.

Duclos Bros.

Moving Pictures

Victoria Hall,

Wednesday, May 29th

The San Francisco Earthquake.
The Great Mail Robbery.
The Secret of Death Valley.
Rescued by the Dog Carlo.
Sights of a Great City.
When we were boys
The Olympian Games at Athens.
The Tom Boys'
And many other new and up-to-date pictures.

DRINK JOHN'S TEAS.



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Makes a man not only look good but feel good. We are prepared to give you the quality of cloth of the best, and guarantee you a perfect fit. We are also able to supply you with everything you need in Gent's Furnishings. Our prices are right, so give us a call.

D. LAPOINTE,

Main St. Lachute.

CUSHING.

—:o:—

Rev. Mr. Fraser was absent last week in Quebec city attending the funeral of his sister, Miss J. Fraser, whose death occured somewhat suddenly on the 8th inst.

The Missionary Auxiliary met at the Manse on Thursday of last week

Mr. W. Watson of Montreal, spent Sunday & Monday at his home here.

The trains of the C. & G.R. began their regular daily trips on Wednesday.

Miss L. Kerr of Montreal, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Kerr last week.

Mrs. Geo. Nicholls, Miss Whelehan and Miss Dolly Nicholls were in Lachute on Monday last.

The first shipment of Cheese from Cushing factory was sent out on Wednesday. The factory is being operated by Mr. Frank J. Gaston.

The young ladies of the vicinity, spent a highly enjoyable afternoon on Wednesday, when they were entertained by the Misses Hartley at a "quilting bee."

Miss B. Murdoch of No. 2 School, spent Saturday and Sunday in Edina, and on Monday attended the funeral of her cousin, the late Miss Florence Murdoch at Mt. Maple.

OBITUARY.

—:o:—

Death has again visited the vicinity of Ogdensburg and removed from their midst a devoted mother and loving wife in the person of Mrs. R. Horner, whose death occurred Thursday morning May 23rd. Mrs. Horner has been subject to heart trouble for a number years, but only recently was seized with a bad cold, which confined her to the house for the past few weeks. Her death is the cause of much deep sorrow in the community as she was a woman loved and respected by all who knew her. She leaves a loving husband, and three children.

BIRTH.

O'BRIEN.—At Chatboro, on Friday, May 3rd, 1907, a son to Mr. & Mrs. J. A. O'Brien.

DEATH.

HORNER.—At Ogdensburg, Thursday, May 23rd, Kate L. H., beloved wife of Ralph Horner, aged 37.

WARNING.—Having come to the knowledge of the Agricultural Buildings Co'y, that their property is being broken into and damaged, any person found trespassing thereon will be prosecuted according to law.

By order of the
AGRICULTURAL BLDG'S. CO'Y.

TO RENT.—A semi-detached house on Bethany St., containing 6 rooms.

Apply to JNO. HOPE, Lachute.

The Very Best

That is what you will get from us. We only keep the choicest of meats and fish in season. When in want of the makings of a good dinner just ring up Phone No. 49.

Bethany St.

J. H. LACASSE.

SAVE MONEY ON NEW BICYCLES



SEND FOR FREE CATOLOGUE of Bicycles and Sundries.

FULL SIZE MEN'S OR LADIES' BICYCLES FOR $30.00.

Second hand Bicycles from $5.00 and up. Repairing and Nickeling a Specialty.

Sole Agents for Province of Quebec of following Bicycles: CRESCENTS, RAMBLERS, SPECIALS.

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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 & Surgeon,
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College.

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office over Wm. Doig's store, opposite Post Office.
Absent on Monday only.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, D.D.S. L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

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

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Notes discounted and Loans made. Only First-Class Insurance Companies represented.

CHARLES CALDER,
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
LACHUTE.
A neat cottage for sale, situate on West side of Princess Avenue, opposite the Lachute Paper Mills, at a reasonable price and easy terms.
Money to loan on good security at reasonable interest. Fire Insurance placed with the most reliable companies and at low rates. Losses promptly settled.

LAKEFIELD.

—:o:—

The farmers of this vicinity are busy sowing now.

Our cheese factory has opened once more under the care of Mr. Livingstone.

Quite a number of the young people have joined the choir in the English Church.

Mrs. A. A. Sutton was the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. Armstrong on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Moore of St. Andrews, visited some of their friends here on Sunday.

Miss L. MacDonald has gone to Montreal again for the summer.

Mr. Josh. MacDonald of Lachute, was in these parts on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

There will be no service in the Methodist Church next Sabbath as the pastor will be absent attending the Conference.

Mr. Jas. Armstrong has left on a trip to Ottawa and surrounding places.

We are pleased to see Mr. R. Evans able to drive the mail again.

Seigniory of Argenteuil.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. Chas. Calder, of Lachute, has this day been appointed Local Agent of the above named Seigniory.

The office of Mr. Calder will be at Lachute where payments of rents, interest etc., must be made. For the convenience of censitaires, Mr. Calder will be at St. Andrews on dates of which he will give notice, where payments may also be made.

MACINTOSH & HYDE,
Attorneys of the Heirs of the late Charles Christopher Johnson, Seignior of Argenteuil.
Montreal, 15th, May, 1907

Property For Sale At A Bargain.

A brick tenement dwelling (formerly owned and occupied by the late Jas. Fish as the Lachute Mills' Post Office,) situate in the West Ward next to the old Grist Mill. It is in good locality and is one of the best business stands in that ward. As the owner resides in Montreal, he will sell at a sacrifice if purchaser can be obtained immediately.

Terms easy.

Call or write for full particulars to the undersigned,

CHAS. CALDER,
Insurance Agent, Lachute.
Phone 10.

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. Benomme, 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.

SAVE MONEY

By Buying at DOIG'S

All of your Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Granite & Agate ware, Kitchen Utensils. Earthenware such as Churns, Butter and Cream Crocks, Bean Pots, Molasses Jugs and Jars. Everything new and Up-to-date. Some special bargains in Silk Blouses, Prints and Summer Dress Goods . . . . . .

Government Inspected Clover and Timothy Seed on hand that will be sold close. Fully guaranteed.
Highest prices paid for butter, eggs & maple syrup.

W. Doig
Opposite the Post Office.

ATTENTION !

Our store offers some choice snaps in fancy goods, etc. There is no need to go to Lachute or any place else. Just stop right at our store and it will save you money.

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 Spring Goods.

Stock Now Complete In all Lines

Special values in Gents, Youths' and Boys' ready-made clothing, underwear, shirts, collars, ties, Felt hats, caps, Boots, Rubbers, Etc., Etc.

J. R. McOUAT

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IF YOU WANT!
WHAT YOU WANT!
WHEN YOU WANT IT!

In Photographs, call at HOLLAND'S GALLERY. We are showing the latest styles and finish.

Do you want a BROMIDE ENLARGEMENT of yourself or one of the family—nicely framed and mounted?

This work is a specialty with us. See our latest samples. Family and Sporting Groups, Children's Portraits.

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ELITE PHOTO STUDIO
(Opposite the Post Office.) Box 26, LACHUTE,
W. S. HOLLAND, PROP. E. M. FINN, Mgr.

: : GEOFFROY BEDARD : :

Tailor and Gent's Outfitter,
MAIN ST., - LACHUTE.

If you want to be rigged out complete, just call on me and you will find perfect satisfaction, as we handle all you need in style, and we can certainly give you the fit and finish.

Our prices are at all times in keeping with the goods, and of the very best value that can be procured in town. Call and see our splendid assortment of goods.

$10,000 STOCK $10,000

Great Slaughtering Sale for
CASH ONLY

Commencing on Monday next, March 11th we will sell our entire stock at cost and

Below Cost.

The stock comprises a well-assorted line of dry-goods, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hats, caps, furs, crockery, hardware, also a large stock of latest tweeds. All our groceries are fresh goods and will be sold at cost, as will a very large stock of sheeting and roofing paper.

Everything must be sold as I am giving up store.

H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Some of the lines we can save money for you on

Dress Goods, Carpets — Prints and Linoleums & Floor Oil Cloths, 1, 2, 3 & 4 yds. wide. — Ginghams, Rugs,

Ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys.

We are sole agents for the celebrated Geo. A. Slater "Invictus" Boots and Shoes. Once tried you will have no other.

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

New Goods

We have opened up our New 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.

FURNITURE REQUISITES.

Furniture Requisites of every description may be had by investigating our beautiful large showrooms. Our prices are correspondingly low but the quality of our . . . goods is high . . .

When you are building don't forget that we can supply you with sashes, doors, . . . windows, etc. . . .

Lachute Furniture Factory
O. B. LAFLEUR, Prop.

JOHN BULL IS CHANGED

THE ENGLISHMAN AS HE WAS AND AS HE IS TO-DAY.

Physical and Mental Qualities Have Altered in the Last Forty Years.

Who is John Bull? What is he? Where can we see him? Does he really exist? In other words, is there still a type of man so clearly marked by distinctive characteristics that whosoever meets him, in whatever corner of the globe, will immediately cry out, "That is an Englishman?" The answer must be carefully pondered, writes George W. E. Russell in the New York Sun.

In the first place, we are no longer, as Ruskin used to say that we were, "Undegenerate in race—a race mingled of the best northern blood." Within the last forty years abundant tributaries of foreign blood—French, German, Jewish, American, Australian—have flowed into the main life current of the nation.

Even so thoroughgoing an Englishman as I am who pen these pages am not of purely English blood. There is no need to retrace the pedigrees of the Russells and the Seymours—their blood was English enough; but one of my grandfathers was a Welshman and one of my grandmothers came from the Highlands; so that I am compounded of English and non-English blood in the proportion of two to one. And whenever the Celtic element is introduced it modifies even visibly the phlegmatic temperament which used to characterize John Bull.

Then again, as to his external characteristics, the type has changed out of all recognition. John Bull, according to the traditional portraits, was short, stout, rather unwieldy, and, in spite of curly hair, tending to be bald.

He had a shaved upper lip and short whiskers; and he wore, at all times and places, a tailcoat and topboots. Where, except at a farmers' ordinary in some very remote county, can such an apparition be seen to-day?

THE AVERAGE ENGLISHMAN

is quite as often tall as short; he is no fatter or more unwieldy than his neighbors. His hair is oftener straight than curly; he loses it no sooner than men of other races; he generally shaves his cheeks, and per contra very often lets his mustache grow.

Yes, the portrait of John Bull certainly requires redrawing.

When the external characteristics are completely changed, do the internal characteristics remain what they were? In some respects, yes.

Burke professed his reliance on "the ancient and inbred integrity and piety, good nature and good humor of the English people," and those qualities are still the bedrock of national character. In spite of all that is said—and often justly—about the rigidity of established churches and the narrowness of dissent, England is the most religious country in Europe.

I am old enough to remember the astonishment of the French newspapers when, at the crisis of the present King's dangerous illness of 1871, the English people betook themselves like one man to prayer. Here was an eminently practical, prosaic and businesslike people who still believed that God hears prayer and that it is worth while to spend time and energy in earnest supplication for temporal boons. And the phenomenon which then caused so much astonishment is quite visible to-day.

But, while this characteristic of essential religiousness remains the same, it certainly has gathered 'round it of late years some less admirable incidents. The old John Bull was obstinate, pig headed, narrow minded; but he was not hypocritical—or rather, his was

AN INVERTED HYPOCRISY.

He was ashamed of seeming as good as he really was and was apt to keep his spiritual experiences to himself.

Quite different is the aspect which he presents to a critical world to-day. Here is an American appreciation of him: "The Briton is the modern Pharisee, who has looted the world and for a pretence makes long prayers. He never ceases to boast that he whipped France at Waterloo and Trafalgar and bested the whole Continent at the Game of Grab."

Ex oribus parvulorum. A not dissimilar judgment was recently passed by an English schoolboy: "Africa is a British colony. I will tell you how England makes her colonies. First she gets a missionary; when the missionary has found a beautiful and fertile tract of country he gets the people around him, and says, 'Let us pray.' When all the eyes are shut, up goes the Union Jack." To what a pass have we come when John Bull's grandchildren thus satirize his methods!

In the sphere of character, as apart from religion, is John Bull what he used to be? It is a point of literary honor not to quote Froissart, even under the guise of "The Old Chronicler," but Froissart must have had some reason for saying that Englishmen took their pleasures sadly.

To-day John Bull is as gay as his neighbors. The gallery of a theatre at a good farce, the streets of London in the night of a popular victory, the covert side in the midlands, the hillside at Epsome, the beach at Margate, the ring, a big football match, the members' enclosure at Lord's—all these places of resort, and dozens like them, show the Englishman taking his pleasure with the keenest zest and the most exuberant cheerfulness.

Then, as I said before, the traditional John Bull was phlegmatic, slow to move, but terribly persistent when once he had been aroused. To-day he is wildly, almost hysterically, excitable. A public holiday, a contested election, a religious revival, will stir John Bull to a passionate enthusiasm. But the zeal is effervescent, and the reaction profound.

ANOTHER CHARACTERISTIC

of the traditional John Bull was his serene contentment with things as they are. He was, as Sydney Smith said, "delighted with every existing institution, and almost every existing circumstance." Such a one was Byron's typical John Bull:

He liked our taxes, when they're not too many;
He liked a sea coal fire when not too dear;
He liked a beefsteak, too, as well as any—
Had no objection to a pot of beer.

Fifty years later Whyte-Melville, another social critic who saw life from the top, said of his typical Englishman: "He shaved scrupulously, drank port wine and believed in the Times." To-day an Englishman may be—I don't say he is—as hairy as Esau; his doctor tells him that port is "poison" to him and he remembers Pigott.

He travels—which his forefathers never did—and comes back with unnational preferences for German stoves or Indian wood fires, thinks a skinny chicken and thin moselle the true diet and is more than half inclined to prefer bureaucracy to self-government.

John Bull honestly despises all foreigners. Lord Palmerston was never more typically and representatively British than when he called Germany "that country of damned professors."

We were reared from our cradles in the creed that "foreigners don't wash," and that statement seemed to hold the key of all international perplexities. We believed absolutely that no foreigner could ride, drive or shoot, and in spite of a good deal of experience to the contrary we half believed that foreigners could not fight.

Even darker suspicions of his European neighbors haunted the unregenerate mind of John Bull. Foreigners were conspirators. Foreigners were debauchees. Foreigners were eitlier

IDOLATERS OR ATHEISTS.

I have heard that when my great-uncle, Lord William Russell, was murdered by his Swiss valet, Courvoisier, it was for many years impossible for a foreign servant to get a place in London. Every one behaved like the odious Englishwoman in Thackeray who shrieked at the Swiss nursery maid: "Don't murder the helpless children; 'Courvoisier, vous savez;'"

To the same effect Mr. Dombey's servant, Towlinson, who had been discarded in favor of a foreign courier, "remarked that he never knew of any good that ever came of foreigners; and, being charged by the ladies with prejudice, said, look at Bonaparte, who was at the head of 'em, and see what he was always up to! which the housemaid said was very true."

A greatly increased acquaintance with the world outside England has modified these insular prejudices of the traditional John Bull. We have been forced to admit that foreigners can fight and colonials ride. We have learned to behave ourselves with comparative decency in foreign churches. America no longer has occasion to complain of that "condescension" on the part of English people which once stirred her indignation. It is chiefly in reference to Ireland that John Bull still vaunts himself with offensive superiority.

A quarter of a century ago Matthew Arnold points out that one of the chief reasons for the eternal misunderstanding between Ireland and England was the fact that the English were represented in Ireland chiefly by people like Murdstone and Quinion in "David Copperfield," and by the products of Salem House and Mr. Creakle.

"The Irish people," he said, "are capable of feeling thoroughly the attraction of the power of manners," but they do not feel it in the case of those who compose the English garrison. "The genuine, unmitigated Murdstone is the common middle-class Englishman, who was come forth from Salem House, and Mr. Creakle. He is seen in full force, of course, in the Protestant North; but throughout Ireland he is a prominent figure of the English garrison. Him the Irish see, see him only too much and too often; and he represents to them the promise of English civilization."

Twenty-five years have passed and, as far as the relations with Ireland are concerned, John Bull remains the same graceful figure that Matthew Arnold knew so well. In the play which depicts his dealings with "his other island," Mr. Bernard Shaw has fixed him for all time.

THEFT SUPERSTITIONS.

Cures Effected and Good Fortune Gained, According to Traditions.

That superstition is a very common incentive to theft is the belief of Dr. Hellwig of Berlin. For instance, it is a settled belief among the women of Posen that a wound can be surely healed by stealing a piece of body linen belonging to a woman, burning it and rubbing the wound with the ashes.

In Transylvania the remedy prescribed for swelling of the glands of the neck is to steal a piece of bacon and bind a slice of it over the swelling. This is a sovereign remedy for warts in Schleswig and Styria.

Stolen bread is a cure for many ills. It is the famous appetizer in Russia and is so regarded also in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The conviction is on record of a man in England for stealing turnips to rub on the limbs of his crippled son. He was perfectly able to pay for the turnips, but then the charm would not have operated.

In Styria people wear pieces of copper money suspended about their necks or copper rings on their fingers to avert erysipelas. The security is rendered tenfold if the object be stolen.

Theft is also considered a great help in producing good crops or the generous multiplication of flocks and herds. To save a failing crop of flax one must steal a little to mix with it when it is ripe.

To prevent swarming bees from leaving the premises the wool of a black sheep must be stolen and kept on hand. On the other hand, to drive cockroaches out of a house the sure plan is to steal a brakeshoe from a neighbor's wagon and keep it red hot on the stove.

When a girl desires to see in a dream her future husband she must steal a pair of trousers on St. Andrew's day. She must hide half a crust of bread in one of the pockets while she buries the other fragment; then she places the trousers under her pillow and goes to bed fasting.

The ring stolen from the hand of a dead man is a general protection from evil. Any one who steals an article on Christmas night, New Year's night, or Twelfth night without detection can keep on stealing for a year with impunity.

The Danes consider that for one fisherman to steal another's landing net is equivalent to stealing his luck. The belief that stolen money is lucky money prevails almost all over Europe.

In Alsace well-to-do people will actually steal money to play the lottery, simply because they believe it is sure to win. The Magyars go to the farmyards of their most successful neighbors on New Year's night and carry off a barrowful of the earth, which they spread over their own, beating down each spadeful with seven slaps of the spade. The belief is that by doing so they transfer a good part of the neighbor's luck to themselves for the succeeding year.

THE GREAT PAGE ESTATE

LARGE PROPERTY NEAR LONDON MAY ESCHEAT TO CROWN.

Sixty Square Miles, Including Third of Middlesex and Several London Suburbs.

A romance of property, unique in the history of land ownership, and one in whose issue the whole nation is interested, underlies the announcement that the Attorney-General of Great Britain has decided to declare the Page estate escheat to the Crown, and that a Select Committee of the House of Commons is to be at once appointed to ascertain how, by whom, and during what period the nation has been deprived of the proceeds of the property.

This decision means that property worth millions of money in and near London is at stake.

THE PAGE ESTATE.

is an area of some sixty square miles, including a third of the country of Middlesex, whole suburbs of London, and sections of rural Hertfordshire. Harrow is approximately its centre. Some of the finest residential districts in the west end and a suburban area which is certain to be enormously developed in the next few years, as well as rich agricultural districts towards the Bucks and Herts borders, are part of the enormously valuable Page estate.

The history of the estate begins with the suppression of the monasteries, including Kilburn Priory, by Henry VIII. A local legend, it is said, relates that the ejected nuns foretold that those who succeeded them in the property would reach the climax of ambition and then disappear. That, at any rate, is exactly what happened.

The Page family acquired the property from Henry VIII., and gradually through centuries enlarged it into its present vast dimensions. Then in 1829 the family died out. Five families of the Pages had owned land in various parts of the present estate, but in the end all fell into the hands of Henry Page. He died in 1829, and left no heirs. The estate passed into

THE HANDS OF TRUSTEES.

Under the old rules of feudal tenure, dating from the time when all land was held from the Crown, estates of inheritance for want of an heir revert to the Crown. Under this law of escheat still holding good, the Crown's right to ownership of the Page estate is now declared. As the revenue of the Crown lands now belong to the National Exchequer, this declaration means that the nation enters at least into legal ownership of the Page estate. Why the claim has lain so long on abeyance will no doubt appear during the Select Committee's inquiry.

In the interval of nearly eighty years since the death of the last of the Pages it is not surprising that the question of titles to various parts of the estate has become exceedingly complicated. Portions of the estate have been constantly sold, and in several cases the title of the vendors has been challenged—in one case, at least, successfully. Stanmore Grange, which is on the north of the estate, being withdrawn from sale after its auction had been announced.

The far-away confiscation of a nuns' priory in the days of the Reformation, is thus still vexing holders of property in the district. For instance, the Rev. John Clifford and the Westbourne Park trustees, who recently acquired a plot of land—at full value—for the extension of their chapel, now learn with amazement that it is

PART OF THE PAGE ESTATE.

In other cases, however, parties to the sale have been well aware of the difficulty of title, and it has been taken into consideration of the price.

Five main lines of railway—the Midland, London & Northwestern, Metropolitan, Great Central, and Great Western—run through the Page estate, and two of these, the London & Northwestern and the Metropolitan, have paid large sums into court, owing to their distrust of the title acquired. In 1843 the former company lodged £500,000, and many years later the latter paid £400,000.

The last occasion on which ancient Crown rights were enforced in the case of a great estate was thirty years ago, when, after a tremendous legal battle, Epping Forest was secured for the public.

The cost of a modern battleship is $7,500,000; a 58-ton gun costs $50,000, and each shot which such a gun fires costs $350.

Ex-Queen Margherita of Italy possesses a lace handkerchief which took the artists several years to make, and which is valued at $30,000.

As an express train was going through a station one of the passengers leaned too far out of the window, overbalanced, and fell out. He fortunately landed on a sand-heap, so that he did himself no great injury; but, with torn clothes and not a few bruises, said to a porter who was standing by:—"What shall I do?" "You're all right, mister," said the porter. "Your ticket allows you to break your journey."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

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

The people of London have £4,500,000 invested in tramways.

The Lord Mayor of Sheffield says the accumulation of money is "a foolish habit."

A strong movement is on foot in London to establish a National Dickens library.

London has about 34,000 miles of streets—twice the combined length of Paris streets.

More than 1,200 British tradesmen are this year entitled to use the Royal Arms over their shop fronts.

The Bishop of London says that, considering their temptations, barmaids are a wonderfully respectable class.

A Holborn, London, firm advertised for a woman typist, offering a salary of 15s. a week. They received 397 replies.

Mr. F. A. Newdegate, ex-M.P., has announced his intention of erecting a monument to George Eliot near her birthplace.

An endless chain which has been shipped from Cradley Heath, Staffordshire, to Leicester, is 2½ miles long and weighs 25 tons.

A London man claims to have solved the problem of propelling and steering large vessels under water, and is urging the Admiralty to test his invention.

A return issued on the 7th inst. shows that the number of Parliamentary electors for the United Kingdom this year is 7,446,636, against 7,264,608 last year.

Sir R. Henn Collins has been appointed a Lord of Appeal, in succession to the late Lord Davey, and Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy has been appointed Master of the Rolls.

A granddaughter of John Bright has refused to pay income tax on the ground that "a Parliament in which no women are represented has no right to levy taxes upon women without their consent."

The total consumption of spirits in the United Kingdom during the past year amounted to 39,302,480 proof gallons, as compared with 39,369,766 gallons in the previous year—a decrease of 67,286 gallons.

The Cunard Company have announced that hereafter the steamers Carmania, Caronia, Lucania and Campania will each carry a string orchestra for the entertainment of first and second cabin passengers.

While digging at the back of his church the Rev. W. M. Bellamy, rector of St. Giles, Colchester, discovered a vault 10 feet deep filled with skulls and bones and the remains of ancient coffins.

All the Boards of Guardians throughout England are to be requested by the Leigh Board to terminate the appointment of their public vaccinators, as a protest against the delay of the Local Government Board in issuing an order reducing the excessive vaccination fees.

Used many years as a coal depot, the ruin of Canterbury Castle has been acquired for the city for £1,200.

THE DYING EXECUTED.

Horrible Tale of Savagery in a Roumanian Village.

A terrible act of savagery is reported to have occurred in the village of Viashu, in the district of Mehedintz, during the recent Roumanian revolts. This village has a small population of about 10 families, who are all fairly well-to-do. During the time of agitation the inhabitants were quiet, but one day a band of recruits returning with a few peasants from a fair created a disturbance, and finished up by setting fire to three maize granaries belonging to a farmer named Vintilescu. Three days later a platoon of infantry arrived in the village, and, seeing the burnt granaries, asked the farmer if there was any agitation among the peasants. The farmer replied that there was no agitation, but that the peasants of the village had set fire to the granaries, and he presented to the officer in command a list of men who, he alleged, had been the ringleaders. The officer then went from house to house and invited the peasants to come to the administrative office, as he wished to communicate to them the new Government's intentions, as well as to thank them for the order preserved in the village.

Some twenty or twenty-five peasants went. Seventeen of these men, among them an old man of eighty named Ion Constantinescu, who had been in his younger days Professor, Judge, Councillor and Mayor, was thereupon charged with having set fire to the granaries. They were condemned to death, ranged in a row, and shot dead then and there by the troops. The officer who commanded, not being satisfied that all were dead, afterwards fired a bullet into the head of every one. The next day eight more peasants were shot in a pit at the other end of the village. Another was brought out of the hospital in a dying condition, being denounced by the farmer Vintilescu as a rioter, and shot dead by the soldiers.

A son of the old man Constantinescu, an engineer of the local railways, whose brother was killed at the same time as his aged father, has arrived at Bucharest to claim justice. The affair has caused a painful sensation in the capital.

Miranda: "We are not going to have much of a wedding. Jack and I want to have everything as simple as possible." Myrtilla: "Yes, dear, you will have. You'll have each other, won't you?"

She sank upon a lounge and crouched there, immovable, with dark eyes staring before her into an unseen future. The old resignation, the gentle patience, was all gone from her. Gone, too, was the soft girlishness that had

A very poetical young man, wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak to her a few moments, wanted to know "if he could roll the wheel of conversation around the axletree of her understanding for a moment." The poor girl fainted.

A SOUTH AFRICAN PLAGUE

MYRIADS OF LOCUSTS THAT PUT A STOP TO BUSINESS.

Johannesburg Residents Fought in Vain Against the Millions of Invaders.

Shortly after midday on a recent Friday the dark cloud which had been seen away beyond the mines on the south of Johannesburg drew nearer, covering the entire skyline, writes a Johannesburg correspondent of the London Daily Mail. "The usual storm," was the general comment, for the Rand this summer has had more than an ordinary supply of afternoon thunderstorms. And a storm it was. But it was a storm of locusts—and one which even the eldest Rand pioneer searched his memory in vain to parellel.

Hardly had the detached spies of the advance guard fallen in the streets than the town experienced the dim religious light of a London fog. The term "darkened the sky" was literally true. The sun was hidden by an enormous, almost solid, mass of flying brown locusts—the most destructive kind. They passed in millions—billions—myriads. Upward as far as the eye could see,

LOCUSTS SHUT OUT THE BLUE SKY.

Eastward to Germiston, westward toward Krugersdorp, the swarm seemed numberless, limitless. The whole world appeared to be filled with locusts.

They descended like flakes of snow. Millions crawled and jumped in the streets, millions ravaged the gardens of the suburbs. But those which fell formed an infinitesimal section of the main body passing overhead. They were as a handful of sand taken from the seashore.

In Commissioner street they formed a carpet inches thick, mangled by vehicles, cut up by cycles and motor cars. Women fought them vigorously, parasol in one hand, the other clutching frantically at their skirts. Men beat down the invaders with books and papers and sticks. The most active dogs soon gave up the struggle in despair and slunk away to quiet corners. The telephone service was interrupted by the weight of the insects clinging to the wires. The houses had a living roof of crawling locusts.

On the Reef trains were brought to a standstill. The locusts crushed on the rails made them so slippery the wheels would not grip, and all the sand available was useless. Down Hospital Hill three tramway cars ran away for the same reason. So thick was the swarm on the Berea that the chauffeur of a large motor car drove into a post and was overturned and had to be

REMOVED TO A HOSPITAL.

In the suburbs gardens were eaten bare and the unfortunate owners fought in vain with sticks and tennis racquets against the millions of invaders. The great tailing dumps, the "Alps of the Rand," were no longer white as snow. They were all brown—brown with a covering of locusts. In town they penetrated everywhere. Tea rooms and bars, houses and offices, all contained locusts. It was useless to close doors and windows. They crawled in by pipes and chimneys, crept through crevices or ventilators or arrived in the clothing of visitors. Johannesburg was flooded—with locusts.

The main army crossed the town in four or five hours and disappeared in the north, but millions which fell by the way are still with us. As I write I have twice had to get up and destroy stragglers, rustling about under newspapers or attempting to jump into the inkpot. On the roof outside there are thousands upon thousands; ten stalwarts are knocking their heads vainly at the window, and in the street below the crushed bodies are as the sand on the shore, and the Kaffirs are tired of eating them. At night the smell of decomposing locusts pervades the town.

But the inconvenience and damage in the town are nothing contrasted with the ruin brought upon the farmers. South Africa is indeed

A LAND OF PLAGUES.

Disease kills the stock, locusts eat the crops. Last year it was estimated that the insects did damage to the extent of $500,000 on Transvaal farms alone. In the Crocodile River valley, near Pretoria, the damage was set down at $35,000, and many individual farmers estimated their loss at $2,500. This year the locust plague appears to be worse than ever, and reports from all over South Africa tells the same story.

It is curious how small are the data available regarding locusts in South Africa. These invasions seem to come in cycles, but why they come and whence, and the conditions under which they breed, are largely matters of controversy.

Moffat, the missionary, recorded a tremendous invasion about Kuruman in 1826, which he said had been unparalleled for twenty years and had not been equalled since (he wrote in 1840). In Natal there was no locust trouble between 1851 and 1893, but in the latter year the scourge was awful. One swarm took ten days to cross the farm of the Hon. Joseph Baynes, and another took twenty-one days flying over.

QUITE UNUSUAL.

She: "She is always talking about her pies. Did you ever see anything unusual in them?"

He: "Yes. I saw a boot button in one once."

PUZZLED.

Ethel: "So you want to break the engagement? Well, that is easy enough—just send back the ring."

Glodys: "Easy enough! Why, I can't for the life of me remember which of these rings is his."

HABITS WILL TELL.

"I thought Shadsby's funeral was at 3 o'clock."

"It was, but did you ever know him to be on time?"

The Farm

SPRING CARE OF COWS.

The cow should have extra good attention, for largely upon her condition when she leaves the stable will depend her condition during the season. If she is poor when she goes to pasture, her work will be poor the year through.

Give plenty of feed, and if she is dry, which she ought to be at least six weeks before calving, feed a good ration of corn meal and wheat bran once a day; also give plenty of timothy or clover hay and fresh water twice a day. Discontinue the use of corn meal three or four weeks before she comes fresh, as it is likely to keep up the heat of the body and cause her to be feverish as the critical time approaches. Wheat bran is cooling and will keep the bowels loose; consequently the ration should be continued.

Give the cow three quarts of bran mixed warm immediately after the calf is born, but do not allow her to have cold water for two days. All the warm water necessary can be given, but not more than a pailful at a time.

Drinking too heartily of cold water soon after the calf was born has been responsible for the death of many cows. Light feeds should be given for two or three days, but no corn meal or other heavy grain should be included in the ration.

TEST EVERY DAY.

The only absolutely accurate way to tell the yearly records is to weigh and test the milk every day. Cows vary a great deal from one milking to another. It has been shown that while feed does not permanently affect the contents of butter fat in milk, it will influence it for a few milkings. Excitement or irritation have also been found to greatly influence the amount of butter fat in the milk. Allowing a dog to chase a cow for a quarter of a mile has been found to decrease the amount of butter fat in the milk fully 30 per cent.

If there has been a radical change of feed, or the cow has been excited just before the test is made, the estimates which follow will be inaccurate.

For testing, morning milk should be used in preference to the evening, as the cows have been quiet through the night and there is a better opportunity to get a normal flow of milk. Under no circumstances should weighing and testing be done less than twice each week. If tests are made less frequently than this a great deal of the record will be based on guesswork and will be entirely unreliable.

THE HARDY AYRSHIRES.

This unquestionably represents one of the best breeds for the production of milk, butter or cheese, and for the improvement of the farmer's herd.

Ayrshires are, perhaps, more hardy and less dainty feeders than most other breeds, and deep and reliable milkers. They certainly hold some of the highest records for butter production in this country. Their greatest fault is short teats, but many of the leading breeders have practically eliminated that from their herds, and where it still exists it will have lost its claim to notice with the more general use of milking machines which can manipulate the short teats quite as well as the long.

BRISTLES.

Turn the breeding sows out as early as possible for exercise on the ground.

A sow that has proven herself to be a good breeder, should not be fattened and sold so long as her reproductive powers are maintained.

The man who breeds his sows to farrow at from fourteen to sixteen months of age, is on safer ground than the man who will not wait for this maturity, and breeds them from six to eight months of age.

Never select for the head of your pen a male that is never very hearty, but is always mincing and never seems to care whether he eats or not. Such a hog has not much vitality.

Light hogs for bacon are in good and increasing demand. They make good meat, and are more healthy than the excessively fat ones often seems on the market.

In selecting pigs to keep for breeders, pick the sow with the largest body.

The boar should have a long body with a broad back, wide and deep across the hips.

As soon as the grass starts the pigs should be put in the pasture. Hogs like pasture short and fresh grown.

If the grass gets tough and woody there will be a waste. See that every pig's pasture is supplied with fresh, pure water.

Keep the pigs growing, as the most profit is in the first one hundred pounds weight.

Whole oats scattered on a platform is one of the best feeds for pigs. Put this platform in an enclosure so the sows can not get to it.

Keep it clean. The pigs eat the kernels and reject the hulls. Sweep these off before putting on fresh oats.

A big well-bred pig in the hands of a poor feeder will soon be in a sorry plight. Not a bit of profit in him.

Care and feed of the pig from birth to maturity are the secret of success and profit.

WOULD IMPROVE.

Jennie: "That story they're telling about Kitty isn't worth repeating."

Minnie: "It's young yet. Give it time."

WISE GIRL.

"I would like you to meet a young friend of mine, the most absolutely honest young man I ever knew."

"I have no time; I wish to meet young men with a future."

TORTURING RHEUMATISM.

Suffered for Five Years — Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Agonizing pains, sometimes in one part of the body, sometimes in another, more often in the back or joints—that's rheumatism. Do not delay in finding a cure. Each day makes the disease worse —increases the torture. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands. They cured Mr. Hroace Plante, of Sorel, Que. of a most aggravated case of rheumatism. What they did for Mr. Plante they can do for you. He says: "I was seized with rheumatism. I walked as if my boots were filled with pebbles. The pains, starting in my feet, spread to all parts of the body; my back and joints became affected. For upwards of five years I suffered the greatest agony. Often I was confined to bed, hardly able to move. Nothing seemed to help me. I despaired of ever being well again. By good chance Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention and I decided to try them. I got six boxes—before they were gone I felt a great improvement. I continued the treatment and my health gradually came back till now I do not feel the least pain—I am totally cured. It was a surprise to my friends to see me on the street again well and strong after five years of torture. They wanted to know what brought about the change. I told them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I took no other medicine once I began their use. Rheumatic sufferers give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial; they will surely do for you what they did for me."

It is in the blood — poor blood—that such troubles as rheumatism, indigestion, dizziness, heart palpitation, anaemia, weakness and a host of other diseases find their root. It is the blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act on. They make it pure, rich, red and health-giving. That is why they cure all the common ailments of everyday life. Sold by druggists or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CONSCIOUS IN COFFIN.

Old Man Makes Noise Before Being Buried Alive.

An old farmer named Chaudru was buried alive lately at the Village of Sarlot, in the Londes, France.

He fell ill a fortnight ago, and afterward lapsed into a state of coma, which was mistaken for death. When the coffin was lowered into the grave the bystanders heard raps and moans coming from within.

They ran to tell the Mayor, and when he arrived, half an hour later, the lid of the coffin was wrenched open. The man was dead, but the changed and agonized expression on his face showed that he had regained consciousness after he was placed in the coffin.

A similar incident occurred recently at Loex, in Savoy. Jean Godard, a man of 76, fell into a swoon, and remained unconscious so long that he was believed to be dead. His neighbors wrapped him in a shroud, and placed lighted candles at the foot and head of the bed, while the women recited prayers for his soul.

Suddenly the man sat up and looked around him in astonishment. The women screamed and fled from the cottage, thinking they had seen a ghost. Ultimately some peasants were found bold enough to venture into the cottage, where they soon assured themselves that the old man was really living.

PEEVISH AND CROSS.

Peevish, cross babies are sick babies —the well baby is always happy. Perhaps there may be nothing to indicate just what is the matter, but you may depend upon it there is something troubling the little one or he would not be cross. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will remove the cause and make baby happy. They are a certain cure for the minor ills of babyhood. Thousands of mothers keep them continually in the house to guard against the sudden illness of baby. A Tablet now and again will keep the little one well. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N. S., says: "I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby 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. The Tablets, I think, are indispensable to mothers of young children." Sold by druggists or by mail at 24 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHEW!

"Well," said he, anxious to make up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in this parcel?"

"Not very," replied his wife, indifferently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in the world."

"Ah! I suppose it's those new collars you said you needed."

NATURE'S ALARM SYSTEM.

Agent—"I am introducing a new patent burglar alarm—"

Homer—"Don't need it. We have a baby in the house."

Father—"Young Upperton is going to propose for your hand soon." Daughter—"How do you know?" Father—"I hear he has been making inquiries as to my financial standing."



NEW YORK POLICE SYSTEM

MOST STARTLING DISCLOSURES ARE HERE MADE.

The Force Is Characterized as a Semi-Criminal and Semi-Secret Organization.

Revelations of a most sensational kind have been made regarding the methods of the New York police force by an article which appeared in a recent issue of Collier's Weekly. The assumed need of the department is that of a rigid honesty, whereas its members mutually connive at crime, and by shutting a prudent eye to glaring acts of lawlessness and crime they succeed in netting a tidy blackmail sum in addition to the salary paid them to expose such crimes. The average salary of a detective ranges from $2,000 to $3,000. Many of the New York detectives sport diamonds worth $500 to $1,000. Captains, on a yearly salary of $2,000, own in the wives' names (convenient conjugal relationship) houses worth $14,000 to $20,000 or $30,000. These facts have been ascertained by Police Commissioner Bingham, who has no "rose tinted illusions" respecting the integrity of the force.

COMMISSIONER'S HANDS TIED.

The casual reader may observe, "Why not remove the men?" The answer is that though often convicted on irrefutable charges, their criminal "blackmail nettings" enable them to employ lawyers of the calibre of Elihu Root, and succeed in so tangling up court records as to give openings for successful appeal.

Commissioner Bingham is at present fighting in New York to introduce a bill, which, by giving him power to reduce or appoint at will his inspectors and official detectives, will enable him to thoroughly eradicate the "System Evil," which is really a power—an unscrupulous crime-business partnership between leading officials of the Police Department and a loosely-organized Board of Trade.

THE SYSTEM'S INDUSTRIES.

Such commodities as gambling, prostitution, and illegal liquor selling form the system's most profitable traffic, and robbing and blackmail form important side lines by which the lesser officers profit. In close conjunction with the police and Board of Trade there is a strong political element, formerly presided over by big Tim Sullivan, a United States Congressman.

When feasible the Police Commissioner is bribed. General Bingham was actually interviewed by a plausible individual who offered him $10,000 monthly to buy his silence as to the existence of two notorious, large gambling houses. On his prompt refusal a leading high official of his was next approached with a bribe of $1,000 weekly if he would shake hands with a notorious crook.

GAMBLERS UNDER PROTECTION.

Gambling is the inspectors' main graft. No pool room exists without the knowledge and connivance of the police. This connivance is handsomely paid for. Raids are made on the gambling houses by inspectors, but only under extreme compulsion. When the commissioner demands an explanation of the existence of a big gambling house of an inspector, the latter, under permission of a big Congressman, makes a "police bluff," but takes no active measures in immediately arresting the offender. As a further protection against him the proprietor, going on the Supreme Court, gets an injunction restraining police interference. The usual howl is then raised in the papers by indignant correspondents about police oppression and their culpable remissness in neglecting to attend to such matters as the protection of life and property for such a trivial affair as a raid on a gambling house.

PUBLIC WELFARE ENDANGERED.

The criminal partnership of the police with one kind of lawlessness entails that life and property will be imperilled owing to lawlessness of all kinds claiming similar immunity from punishment. The inspector's statement that the Supreme Court injunctions "tie his hands" is a lie. If he bids a gambling saloon "close up," despite Supreme Court injunctions and "Congress pull" that pool room must close up. The inspectors are too fond of their pockets to cut off one of the most profitable sources of their "extra" income, and as that depends on the further existence of these pool rooms the gambling houses still continue. But this is by no means the worst feature of the evil. Any honest attempt by members of the force to expose the nefarious schemes of their colleagues are spied upon by a "secret service system," stealthy and implacable as the Russian secret police, and in some cases dangerous witnesses against their villainy have been attacked, dangerously wounded and sometimes killed on the excellent principle that "dead men tell no tales."

EASY MARKS FLEECED.

The following incident is characteristic in illustrating the versatility of police force crooks. An official appointed to the Detective Bureau formed an alliance with a house detective of a Broadway hotel and two mulatto women. The private detective sizing up such guests as appeared wealthy and wished to see the town would set the women on his track to rob him. On his notifying the house detective and making a complaint, the latter informed him that he knew the very man to handle his case. The private detective then would make a supposed investigation, and tell the victim that he could not afford to have his name mixed up with nigger women. This would "head off" the holler, and the confederate quartette would then divide the loot. In the plain-clothes force the detectives stoop to any blackguardly conduct. They have been known to accept gold watches from Tenderloin prostitutes who had robbed men.

HOW NOVICES BECOME CROOKS.

The new patrolman's promotion, nay self-promotion, depends entirely on his "making good" with the methods of the system. At any time he must be ready to commit perjury for a brother officer. Fines are of little or no effect since officials thus mulcted can easily supply the deficit by levying a little extra blackmail. The terror inspired by the system's dreaded methods of dealing with recalcitrants is far more real than the mere formal discipline of the Department.

"Do at Rome as Rome does," is an axiom acted upon pretty well over the world, and seeing their superiors on the high road to big, if dishonestly acquired bank balances, the new members have every incentive to go and do likewise. That these superiors have the guile of the serpent and a tongue on which "butter wouldn't melt" is evidenced by the fact that Theodore Roosevelt, when head of the department, chose as his confidential adviser Adam Cross, twice dismissed on charges and returned on technicalities.

IF BILL GOES THROUGH.

If Bingham's police bill gets through it will be the practical salvation of New York, whose police service is, from the very top of the tree, rotted through and through by corrupt official maladministration. It will mean that the inspector will be subject to discipline of the Detective Bureau, an agency whereby inefficiency or dishonesty can be punished by summary reduction, and promotion and reward will depend solely on personal merit, and finally that the department will be brought to a logical system of police work with the uniformed force, devoted to the prevention of crime, the detective force to its detection, the heads of the organization free to grapple with vice problems, and the nefarious system of graft reduced to a minimum. This is General Bingham's bill, unreservedly supported by every New York newspaper, but in danger of being defeated by the immense corruption fund now being used by the system.

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—safest regulator for baby. Prevents colic and vomiting—gives healthful rest —cures diarrhoea without the harmful effects of medicines containing opium or other injurious drugs. 25c.—at drug-stores.

Cures Diarrhoea National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Montreal. 42

A MAGISTRATE INVESTIGATES ZAM-BUK

SAYS IS A WONDERFUL HEALER AND DOES MORE THAN IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

Probably no household remedy in existence has won such glowing tributes from people in high places as has Zam-Buk. Mr. Roger F. Perry, Justice of the Peace for British Columbia, recently tested this famous balm, and this is what he says of it:

"The Pavilion,
"Goldfields, B. C.

To the Zam-Buk Co.

"Gentlemen,—After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years standing, which no doctor had been able to do any good for.

"I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in their home. It truly does even more than you claim for it. For my own part I would not now be without it in the house. Yours very truly,

(Signed) "Roger F. Perry,
"Justice of the Peace for B. C.'

Zam-Buk differs from ordinary salves and embrocations, for while these mostly contain animal oils and fat Zam-BUk is purely herbal. It closes and heals cuts, festering sores, ulcers, eruptions, boils, eczema, chafing sores, etc. In the household it is the handiest possible remedy for burns, scalds, children's injuries. It instantly cleanses any wound to which it is applied; prevents festering, inflammation or blood poison. It cures piles, varicose ulcers, and fistula. All druggists and stores sell at 50 cents a box, or from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50.

THE APPLE CURE.

Specific for Rheumatism and Gout — Prices Run up in London.

For some time past fruiterers, first in the City, then in the West End, London, have been puzzled for an explanation of the phenomenal demand upon them for apples of any variety.

Now, it has begun to dawn on them that hundreds of people are undergoing the "apple cure" for rheumatism and rheumatic gout.

The craze originated on the Stock Exchange some weeks ago, when a popular "jobber," who had worn his arm in a sling for some time, announced to a select circle that after eating an apple the last thing before retiring every night for a period of two weeks the painful "twinges" had completely left him.

The news of the cure spread like wildfire and nocturnal apple-munchers can probably now be counted in their thousands.

The only drawback to the extended popularity of the cure among the humbler classes is that apples are rather expensive at present. Some of the large shops are asking as much as threepence apiece for them.

The eating of apples in the morning, as a general health-promoting habit, has, of course, been indulged in for centuries, but the devotees of the new cure declare that in order to vanquish rheumatic pains the apple must be eaten just before the light is put out in the bedroom at night.

The theory is that, while the digestive organs are practically dormant, the uric acid in the body is attracted to the apple, which gradually but completely absorbs the poison. Persons with very weak digestions are, however, advised not to try the "apple cure."

Saves A Lot of Bother

The starch that needn't be cooked..that won't stick..that gives a brilliant gloss with almost no iron-effort..isn't that the starch you ought to have them use on your clothes? Buy it by name.. your dealer sells it.

201 **Celluloid Starch**

ENGLISH JOKE.

Humane Officer—"My man, do you feed your horse with punctuality?"

Cabby—"Oh, no, sir! I mostly feed him on oats and hay!"

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Nature will have her compensations. Our overworked bodies and nerves require recuperation and rest. The longer the delay the greater the price. Before too late try the tonic influence of the Mineral Salt Springs. The "St. Catharines Well" for nervous troubles, rheumatism and allied diseases, appeals to those desiring relief and absolute convalescence. Write to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto, for illustrated descriptive matter.

Judge (in breach-of-promise case) — "You say you must have been temporarily insane when you proposed to the plaintiff. Can you prove it?" Defendant—"I can, your honor, if you will cause the plaintiff to remove her veil so that the jury can see her face."

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, 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.

"Ah, Dick, my lad," remarked a man who was noted for an objectionable habit of sponging on his acquaintances, "father's upstairs, eh? Hope I haven't disturbed him at his dinner?" "Oh, no," replied Dick candidly," we were just going to start when father saw you from the window and told mother not to have dinner till you had gone!"

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.

Jeweller—"And would you like to put the lady's name on the ring, sir?" Cautious Young Man—"Er—well—I think you might just put 'To my beloved.'"

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

Magistrate—"What! Do you mean to say your husband struck you, and he that physical wreck?" Mrs. Maloney—"Yes, yer honor; but he's only been a physical wreck since he struck me."

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch in human or animals cure din 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

Ethel—"You say she is an entertaining talker?" Caustique—"Oh, my, yes; she can entertain herself for hours at a time."

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.

Mrs. Prentice—"How do you always manage to have such delicious beef?" Mrs. Blinthyre—"I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him." Mrs. Prentice—"You mean that you give him all your trade?" Mrs. Blinthyre—"No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."

It Retains Old and Makes New Friends —Time was when Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

Visitor—"How long are you in for, my poor man?" Prisoner—"Dunno, ma'am." Visitor—"How can that be?" Prisoner—"It's a life sentence."

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Simkins: "Old Skinner is considered pretty well to do, isn't he?" Timkins: "Yes. Also pretty hard to do."

LEGACY LED TO SUICIDE.

London Woman Takes Her Own Life for a Trivial Matter.

Legacies have been having ill effects in London of late. As a sort of sequel to the story which was recently reported of an aristocratic young Englishman who was left a fortune of $110,000 and exchanged it all for experience, there comes to light another pathetically interesting case. It is that of Mrs. Annie Hearn, a poor woman of South London who with her husband had been left the free use of a small room and who was so worried by government demands for an inheritance tax of $60, that she finally ended her life by taking ammonia.

The story was told by Michael Hearn, the woman's husband, at the coroner's inquest, and the man's simple tale is a severe indictment against British officialdom for its pettiness in pressing the poor and half-starved couple for the succession duty. Michael Hearn himself was so weak and ill when he entered the witness box that he could not stand. He told the court that he had been out of work for three months, and all that he and his wife had to live on was two shillings and sixpence (62 cents) a week. This, he said, had been given them by a Roman Catholic priest.

He said the owner of the house in which they lived had died recently, leaving a will by which he and his wife were to be allowed to live in the small room they occupied rent free. While they were struggling along on the verge of starvation, the government tax collectors were pressing them for the $60 succession duty on the legacy. The wife was fearfully worried by the government demands and feared less the officials should take away the one little room they had to call their own and turn them into the street. Completely to blacken their sky, the heir to the house was also trying to obtain possession of the room occupied by the starving couple.

The other day, after weeks of worry and approaching starvation, the woman set herself free from the hounding tax collector by drinking some liniment containing ammonia. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity caused by worry and semi-starvation accelerated greatly by worry."

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.

Fond Mother—"How do you like your new governess, Johnny?" Johnny—"Oh, I like her ever so much." "I am so glad my little boy has a nice teacher at last." "Oh, she's awfully nice! She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not, so long as father pays her her salary."

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.

"What do you think is the best size for a man?" drawled the lazy swell, who was talking to his physician. "Exercise!" sternly replied the doctor.

Lots of people are unable to appreciate a rose until they accidentally get into close communion with the thorn.

FOR SALE.

7,000 acres raw land, north Indian Head, Garden of Canadian West, $10 acre, $5 acre down, balance to suit.
J. O. HAIGHT, Moose Jaw, Sask., Box 1100.

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of ours in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 158
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

Better Underwear

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

Guaranteed Against Shrinkage

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

CREAM OF THE WEST FLOUR

A pure, hard Manitoba flour for bakers and others demanding strength, color and uniformity.

STRONG & WHITE

AT YOUR GROCERS

DEALERS EVERYWHERE SUPPLIED WITH FLOUR AND FEED. WRITE US. WE ALSO MAKE "QUEEN CITY," A BLENDED FLOUR THAT HAS GAINED GREAT FAVOR AS A GENERAL HOUSEHOLD "ALL PURPOSES" FLOUR.

THE CAMPBELL MILLING CO TORONTO JUNCTION ONT

FOR SALE.

300 LIGHT DYNAMO

In good running order. Bargain for cash.

S. FRANK WILSON,
73 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO.

Do You Want a Home

in the prosperous West? If so, write us for particulars of lands for sale in the Selkirk District, within 20 to 40 miles of the city of Winnipeg. Lowest transportation charges and best ready market in the West. First-class soil. No other locality offers as good opportunities for increase in values.
THE SELKIRK LAND & INVESTMENT CO., Limited, Selkirk, Manitoba.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence
Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes

Twin Screw Iron SS. "Campana," with electric lights, electric bells and all modern comforts.

SAILS FROM MONTREAL ON MONDAYS at 1 p.m., 3rd and 17th June, 1st, 15th and 29th July, 5th and 26th August, 9th and 23rd September, and fortnightly thereafter for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Gaspe, Mal Bay, Perce, Cape Cove, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BERMUDA

Summer Excursions, $35, by the new Twin Screw SS. "Bermudian", 5,500 tons. Sailing 8th and 19th June, 3rd, 17th and 31st July, 14th and 28th August, 4th, 14th and 25th September, 5th and 26th October, 9th, 16th and 27th November. Temperature cooled by sea breezes seldom rises above 80 degrees.
The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.
ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.
A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents, 29 Broadway, New York.

4% On Your Savings

Compounded Quarterly

Send for booklet

"BANKING BY MAIL"

It explains how our Savings Department is no further from you than your nearest mail box.

Capital and Reserve
$2,900,000

THE UNION TRUST CO. LIMITED

Temple Building, - Toronto

"PAGE FENCES WEAR BEST"

Made of High Carbon Wire,—we'll prove it to you. COILED—not crimped. This makes it still stronger in service. It stays taut. Painted WHITE over heavy galvanizing—rust proof. Experienced dealers to erect it. Leads all in sales —as in merit. Get illustrated booklet and 1907 prices before buying.
THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, LIMITED, Walkerville, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Winnipeg

Go to "B RRY'S"

A full and complete stock now on hand for Spring in BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS, for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and children. All grades, heavy and light are now on hand.

New Spring SUITS & HATS in the latest designs and styles for Men and Boys. Something to suit everybody. A large assortment in 2 and 3 piece suits for little boys.

Come and see my Spring Overcoats, very up-to-date. Very best values at lowest prices. To see them is to buy.

WM. BERRY
Main St. · Lachute.

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 quarterly.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA
Lachute Branch J R Parris, Manager.

Who is Your Tailor?

We have a large and well assorted stock of tweeds that will make you up the nobbiest suit imaginable. We also have Mr. J. C. Paquin, an expert tailor, and a graduate of the A. D. RUSSELL & CO'S. School of New York, who holds a high class diploma. He guarantees a perfect fit. Give us a trial.

Wall Papers!

We have one of the finest and most complete stocks in town. It will just tickle your fancy to see the magnificent designs, patterns and colors, and at such low prices. Now is the time to choose them.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,
St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

VICTORIA FOUNDRY

Castings in Brass and Iron
Mill Supplies
STEAM FITTINGS
General Machinery & Mill Repairs

STOVES, PUMPS, Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

The most complete line of Hardware between Ottawa and Montreal.

T. McCUAT & SON, Lachute Mills.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED":

(The Finest and Fastest Train in Canada) Leave Montreal 9.00 a.m. daily, arrive at Toronto 4.20 p.m., Hamilton 5.20 p.m., Niagara Falls 6.55 p.m., Buffalo 8.25 p.m., London 7.47 p.m., Detroit 9.50 p.m., Chicago 7.45 a.m. Elegant Cafe service and Pullman Car on this train.

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

(Three Hours Each Way.)

Lv. Montreal	8.30 a.m.	3.40 p.m.	7.30 p.m.
Lv. Ottawa	8.30 "	3.30 "	*5.00 "

Parlor Cars on day trains. Buffet Service on 5.00 p.m. train from Ottawa.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK.

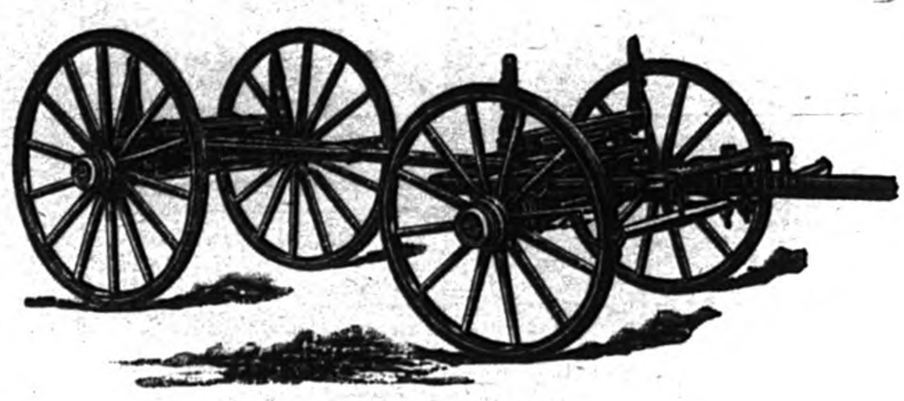
Lv. Montreal	8.45 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	7.40 p.m
Ar. New York	8 p.m.	10.00 p.m.	7.18 a.m

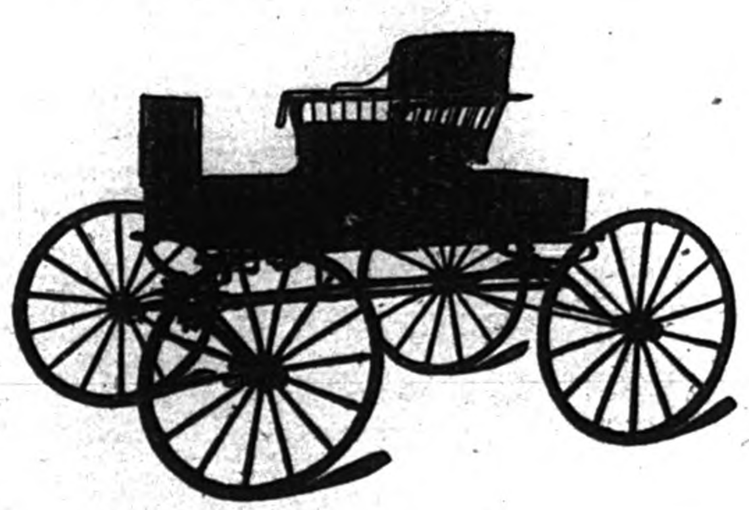
Parlor Cars on day trains.

Pullman Sleeping Car on night train.

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

JUST RECEIVED - 3 CAR LOADS
Of Buggies and the Celebrated Chatham . . . . and Adam Wagons . . . .







Now is the time to make your purchase of a good buggy or wagon. The prices and terms are like the rigs, light and easy.

Don't forget that we are head-qarters for implements of every description

H. A. BLAIR
Lachute, P.Q.

To Builders.

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

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

J. W. Cottingham

Don't Forget

That your carriages and wagons need painting and that I am the one that can do the work for you in an up-to-date manner.

Our shop is now fitted up for doing kinds of wood turning etc.

We make a specialty of Bicycle epairs and do all kinds of sign painting. All work promptly executed.

A. C. Bradford.
Opposite the Skating Rink.

Lachute Bakery.

J. W. Charrett, Prop.

Having bought out the baking business of Mr. Jno. Hope I shall be pleased to supply his many customers and any others with bread, buns, rolls . . and cakes of all kinds . .

I solicit a trial, and guarantee to give the people a first-class article.

J. W. Charrett, Lachute.

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

ROUGE RIVER IMPROVEMENT CO'Y.

Schedule of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber passing by all or any of the Co's works for season 1907, viz.

The Improvements are divided into 15 sections and one-fifteenth of the amount of Tolls have been apportioned to each section to facilitate the collection of same as follows

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, square or waney board per thous. cubic ft 20cts.

Oak, Elm, or other hardwood, square or flatted or waney board, per thousand cubic ft. 30cts.

Saw logs 17 ft and under in length per thous. ft. board measure 1½cts.

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, round or flatted, over 17 ft. and under 30 ft. long per thous. ft bd. measure 1½

Red or White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, and Hemlock, round or flatted, 30 ft. and upwards in length per thous. ft. bd. measure 2 cents

Sawn Lumber per thous. ft. bd. measure 4cts.

Staves, per thous. ft. bd measure 20cts.

Cords of wood, shingle butts and other lumber per cord of 128 cubic ft. 1½cts.

Spars per piece 4cts.

Masts per piece 6½cts.

Railway ties, other than cedar in 8ft., or 16 ft. lengths per length of 8ft. 1-18cts.

Cedar round or flatted 8ft. long & under per piece 1-24cts.

Cedar round or flatted over 8ft. and under 17ft. long per piece 1-12cts.

Cedar round or flatted 17ft. and under 25 ft. long per piece 1-8cts.

Cedar round or flatted 25 ft. and under 35 ft. long per piece 2-9cts.

Cedar round or flatted 35 ft. and upwards in length per piece ½cts.

Rouge River Improvement Co.
pr Thomas Kenny, Sec. Treas
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

ROUGE BOOM CO'Y.

Schedule of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber and logs passing through the Co's Booms for season 1907.

On each saw log seventeen ft. and under in length 1ct.

On each piece of round or flatted timber over 17 ft. in length 5 cts.

On each piece of square or waney timber 10cts.

On each piece of 4 ft. wood ½cts.

On each railway tie pr. length of 8ft ½ct

The above charges cover not only the tolls for the use of the boom but also the cost of gapping as the Boom Co. does the gapping itself.

Rouge Boom Co.
pr. Thomas Kenny, Sec-Treas.
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

Don't Worry

Over the loss of furniture because it is is broken or needs re-upholstering, just bring it along and let me fix it for you.

If you have any kind of rig to be repaired or painted that will give you satisfaction let me do it for you.

Sign Painting a Specialty.

I have accepted the agency for the CANADA CARRIAGE COMPANY so if you want a fine easy riding buggy, just call on

DAN. JOSS,
In front of the Old Academy, Main St.

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

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of Chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 6th day of May, 1907, incorporating O. B. Lafleur, manufacturer, Henri Lafleur, carpenter, Ernest Lafleur, carpenter, P. Auguste Lafleur, book-keeper, Jos. Lafleur, carpenter, and Louis Lafleur, merchant, all of the town of Lachute, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes, viz:—To manufacture and sell sash and doors, mouldings, dressed lumber, furniture of all kinds, house and bridge contractor, buy and sell all kinds of lumber, and have agencies to buy, sell and contract throughout the Dominion. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere, by the name "O. B. Lafleur & Fils" (Limited) with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into five hundred shares of one hundred dollars, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the Town of Lachute, in the Province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 7th day of May, 1907.

R. W. SCOTT,
Secretary of State.

YOUNG MOSCOW.

Young Moscow was foaled May 12th, 1903, is a good black, small star in face, stands 16½ hands high, weighs 1450 lbs., is Canadian bred, he is very compactly and powerfully built, has superior style and action, has taken 1st prize wherever shown.

TERMS: To insure a foal $6.00. Two mares from same owner $11.00. Payable 1st of March 1908. Single service $3.00. Mares tried and not duly returned, and all mares disposed of before foaling will be considered with foal and charged accordingly. All mares at owner's risk.

JOS. LACASSE, Prop.
Brownsburg.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

W. J. LISTER, Lakefield,
Tuesday, May 28th, 1907.

The following effects:—1 mare, 4 milch cows, 3 two year old heifers, 1 two year old bull, 1 yearling heifer, 6 sheep, 6 lambs, 1 mowing machine, 1 horse rake, 1 waggon (almost new,) rack sleigh, set bob-sleds and wood rack, plow (new,) set steel harrows, 1 horse fork, set double harness, set of light harness, 1 buggy, 1 tumbril cart, hay cart, one stone boat, whiffletrees and chains, two factory cans, 2 cooley cans, 1 grindstone, 1 cross-cut-saw, axes, shovels, hay forks, 3 ft. double stove, 2 ft. single stove, 1 range (Home Comfort), chairs, tables and kitchen utensils, and other articles unmentioned.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS:— $5. and under cash, over that amount, 9 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

TO LET,—For 1st May, a new house containing large parlor, dining room, office, kitchen, five bed rooms, bath-room. All modern conveniences. Apply to

JOHN HOPE, Lachute.

DALESVILLE.

Mr. John Dixon was in Grenville this week.

Mr. & Mrs. J. Campbell and family have been visiting his parents.

Miss Chambers, spent the week end with her parents in St. Philippe.

Miss Jennie McGibbon has been visiting her parents for the past week.

Mrs. Geo. Murdock and young daughter are visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Aggie Morrow has closed her school in Dunany and has returned home.

Miss Maud Seale, of Louisa, spent Saturday here, calling upon her many friends.

Messrs. Gain and Boyd passed through here en route for Carlin's Corner, on Saturday last.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murdoch sr., extend their sympathy to them in their late bereavement.

Like unwelcome visitors, the flurries of snow, we had on Monday last, met with little enthusiasm by the farmers, in this vicinity as crops, are already backward on account of the long continued cold.

Miss Hildreth, who has been the guest of Lottie Murdock has returned to Lachute and will spend a few days visiting friends there before returning to her home in Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 227
District of Terrebonne

Dame Mathilde Laframboise, of the Parish of Ste. Scholastique, District of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action, in separation as to property against her husband Louis Legare, Sr., carter, of the same place.

Ste. Scholastique, 4th May, 1907.

ETHIER & LALANE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

SUPERIOR COURT

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 214
District of Terrebonne

DAME AZILDA JETTE, of the parish of St. Jerome, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband GILBERT LABONTE, laborer of the same place.

St. Scholastique, April 12th, 1907.

PREVOST, RINFRET & MARCHAND,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Any one having my milk cans in his possession without my authority, will be prosecuted according to law.

D. W. SNEALL, Milk Dealer.
Montreal.

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

XXX ACHUTE, FRIDAY MAY 31, 1907. NO. 20

Removal Notice

We take this opportunity of reminding our many friends, and the public generally, that we have removed into our new premises across the street. Here you will find anything you need in tinware, agateware and enamelware. Anything you don't see, ask for and we will make it for you on short notice.

Repairing a specialty. All work neatly executed.

Call to see our goods and get our quotations before buying elsewhere.

W. S. McBRIDE,

Wilson & Deacon

Successors to R. McArthur,

Tinsmiths, Roofers and Furnace Fitters.

When in need of Milk Cans, Milk Pails, Strainer Pails and all dairy supplies, give us a call.

We make all the requisites for Cheese Factories, from dipper to vats, all of the best material and workmanship and on shortest notice possible.

N. B.—Full lines of tin and agateware always on hand.

Wilson & Deacon.

A Large Shipment,—Of Screen Doors and windows direct from the factory. Call and see if these lines are not the nobbiest and best for the money that has ever been offered to the buying public

T. McOUAT & SON.

Don't you want to exchange a horse, cow, or lamb, etc., for a nice express, wagon, buggy or cart? If you do, just call on

A. LAVIGNE, Foundry St.

Gardening,—For profit as well as pleasure may be yours, if you will only use our Poultry fence to keep out your own and your neighbors hens. We have it in 3, 4, and 6 feet high, by roll or by yard, also the Far Famed Ellwood and American fence and garden gates. T. McOUAT & SON.

We have secured the services of Zotique Rochon, so now if you want your horse well and properly shod, just bring them along to A. LAVIGNE, Foundry St. Lachute, P.Q.

CRESWELL'S

ICE CREAM PARLOR

C. O. H. CRESWELL

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Donald Beers, of Montreal, spent Friday last in town.

Mrs. Ewing, of Quebec, is visiting Mrs. Painter for a few days.

Miss Ida Murray was the guest of Miss Verda Joss for the 24th.

Mrs W. Law, of Plattsburg, N.Y., is visiting her many friends in town.

The Misses McLeod, of Montreal, were guests of Miss Clunie this week.

Mr. Cohen, of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. J. Morell over Sunday.

Miss Ethel Mackie is visiting Mrs Strong, of Cambria, for a few days.

Miss Daisy Kennedy, of Montreal, was the guest of her mother over the 24th.

Mrs. Robt. Carpenter, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. S. Carpenter this week.

Mrs. Ward, of Montreal, is spending a short visit with her parents in town.

Mr. & Mrs. T. Watson, of Montreal, were guests of Miss Miller the fore part of this week.

Miss Emily Mackie, of Montreal, was the guest of her mother over the holidays.

Mr. & Mrs. Alex. Forbes, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Forbes over the 24th.

Mr. Eugene Jousse returned on Tuesday from a pleasant visit with friends in Ottawa.

Miss Gertrude Walker returned on Monday from a pleasant visit with friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. McNiece, of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. Riddle the early part of this week.

Mrs. Hamilton, of Montreal, was the guest of her sister Mrs. James McFaul this week.

Miss McDougall and Miss Ruby Hampton spent the holidays with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gall and daughter, of Westmount, were guests of Mrs. Hugh Gall this week.

The Misses E. Gordon & F. Hutchins were guests of Mrs. E. Woods of Montreal on the 24th.

Mr. Leonard Morrison, of Montreal, spent Sunday in town, the guest of his sister Mrs. J. McGibbon.

The Misses McConnell entertained at afternoon tea on Wednesday, in honor of Mrs. Watson and Mrs. A. Gall.

Mrs. Fish, accompanied by Master E. Saunders, and Mrs. D. Barley, returned from a pleasant visit with friends in the city.

Miss Clunie was the hostess at an "At Home" on Thursday afternoon, in honor of Mrs Watson and Mrs. A. Gall.

Mrs Wm Scott, of Ottawa, accompanied by her two children spent the Empire holidays in town, the guest of her mother Mrs Mackie.

Mrs. W. S. Holland, Mr. Ivan Holland & Mr. Frank Finn, of Montreal, spent the week end in town as the guests of Mrs Geo Holland at Ivan Bower Cottage.

Owing to the absence of the Rev. Ernest Thomas at the Methodist Conference at Gananoque this week, there will be no service in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening next.

We regret to announce the serious illness of Mr. Jas McFaul, sr His many friends will be sorry to learn that grave fears are entertained of his recovery.

We understand that Mr. A. Bernique is making application at the next meeting of Council on Wednesday, June 5th, for license to open a new hotel in the West End of the town It is likely that the granting of another license will be met with a vigorous protest by the temperance people

The Canadian Northern Quebec Railway are running an ice butter car service, leaving Hawkesbury at 4 p.m., and Lachute at 4.50 p.m., and is billed to arrive in Montreal at 7.30 a.m., on Wednesday Cheese should be shipped same day to ensure quick delivery.

Mr. J. B. Richer, has re-purchased the Windsor Hotel from Mr Chevrier, and has been busily engaged during the past few weeks in having it throughly rennovated and made into an up-to-date modern hotel, where the travelling public will, at all times, be able to secure the best accommodation obtainable.

Messrs. G. and J. Hay have just sold to Dr. Watson, of Howick, their imported Clydesdale Stallion "Dalmore." He was bred by the Earl of Roseberry, K.G., Dalmeny Park, Edinburg, Scotland, and is one of the finest horses that ever crossed the ocean. The farmers of Howick should congratulate themselves on having such an animal in their district and show their appreciation of Dr. Watson's enterprise.

The Town Hall held an unusually large audience on Friday last, when the Hiawatha Male Quartette, of Ottawa, presented a fine programme. Rarely has Lachute enjoyed such an evening of first-class music. Precise, yet easy in all their work, the members of the Quartette made an excellent impression on the start. The patriotic element reminding us of Victoria Day was well represented. Mr. Chas. A. Cooke, Mr. Burrill, Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Gibson all rendered solos which were well received. But it was in their team work that the visitors showed their strength. A complete absence of anything suggesting carelessness, a quick perception of the most effective rendering and a delicate modulation, combined to give quite a dramatic effect to some of their numbers. The close of "The Lost Chord" was nobly done and evoked enthusiasm from all. The quartettes were without accompaniment and the soloists were well supported by Mr. Percy Hewitt at the piano.

CUSHING.

—:o:—

Miss Bertha Dunn of Montreal spent a day this week the guest of her aunt Mrs. E. Whelehan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. King have also taken possession of their residence here for the summer.

Mrs. Cleland and family are installed for the summer in their comfortable new house on the Front road.

Miss Tilly Marshall and the Misses Marguerite and Hazel Duclos were guests at "Highland Home" for a few days this week.

Mr. Geo. Bryerton of Carillon who has been absent for the past five years in Seattle, Wash., was the guest of Mr. E. Whelehan on Thursday.

The Montrealers who spent the 24th, and accompanying holidays in this vicinity were Messrs. A. Walford, Fraser Watson, S. Hartley, Dr. Oliver and Miss Beatrice Heaseley, who were guests at Mr. H. Hartley's, and Mr. Perkins, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Dewar.

Empire Day was duly celebrated at No 2. school by an entertainment consisting of patriotic songs, recitations etc., rendered in excellent style by the children and enjoyed by quite a large gathering of their parents and friends.

On the evening of the 24th, the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Walford (who have recently arrived to take up their residence) here assembled the number of about 30 and treated them to a surprise-party. A very pleasant evening was spent with games, etc., and before the party dispersed Rev. Mr. Brown in a short speech voiced the sentiments of all present by giving Mr. and Mrs. Walford a hearty welcome to our midst



THE NOBBIEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST

That is not what we say, but what the people are saying after dealing with us.

A BARGAIN in Men's Soft Front Shirts, Regular 75c. shirts for 50c.

We also have in stock a complete range of the celebrated Fit-Rite clothing, all high class goods, and at very low prices consistent with quality. Come in and see them before buying your summer suits.

Carpenter Bros.

THE ONE PRICED STORE.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THE NAME

Bedard

When you are in need of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Sideboards, and everything in the line of household furniture.

Our stock of boots and shoes is also very complete in all lines. Send for our prices and catalogue before placing your order.

J. A. BEDARD & SON

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE

"THE ELITE."

Complete assortment of new summer goods now in stock.
Long Silk Gloves in Black and White.
Summer Blouses in Silk, Muslin and Lawn.
Patent B. & I. bias filled Corsets.
Summer Underwear, Hosiery and Whitewear.
Grand assortment of Souvenir Goods.
China, Glass and Novelties suitable for Wedding Presents.
Full line of best Soaps, Perfume and Sundries, for Ladies and Children.
Millinery of every description.

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.**

DO YOU WANT



A Shave, Massage or a Shampoo, and finish with a good Imported or Domestic Cigar. The only place in town to get this is at Omer Paquette's, where you be assured that everything is of the best.

P.S.—Up-to date perfumes & toilet articles always kept in great varieties.

Omer Paquette,

Barber and Tobacconist, **Main St. Lachute.**

A Loveless Marriage;

OR

A MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was as she had said, four o'clock. Hilary St. John, as he reached the gates of Vereker Court, heard the hour chimed from the clock in the old ivied tower that overlooked the gardens.

Instinctively he glanced in its direction, and from it to the open patch of ground that spread all round it. It could be distinctly seen from that part of the avenue on which he now stood, and the tall, late hollyhocks and glowing dahlias made a brilliant bit of color against the grey stonework of the ancient building. A light breeze was stirring, and the stately hollyhocks swayed to and fro, the dahlias bent their heads. There was a pretty air of life and feeling about them.

Something else was moving too. A slender figure dressed in white. It went languidly, as one wearied, pausing often, as though oppressed by cruel thought. He abandoned all idea of calling formally at the hall door, and went straight to the lower garden, as it was called.

He was quite close to her before she heard his step on the soft, shaven sward and when she did hear him, and looked up, he was almost sorry that he had come.

She was looking very ill, but she grew positively ghastly as her eyes met his. There was a tiny piece of black plaster on her right temple, and a nasty, discolored bruised look all around it.

She stood for a moment, and then began to tremble visibly. Her eyes fell before his, she seemed filled with a stinging shame. He could not fail to see that she would gladly have blotted herself out of her sight, that she shrank from him, that his presence was in some way a horror to her, and as he watched her he told himself that he had never been really miserable until now.

"Who told you I was here?" she said, her voice sounding harsh and strained.

"No one. I saw you through the trees down there. If I had known——" He paused. "Of course I can go away again," he said.

He turned abruptly away, but she put out an imploring hand.

"Oh! not like that!" she cried. "But—I had told myself I could never see you again. I had given the servants orders to admit no one; I meant to go away—anywhere——"

"But why—why?"

"Don't do that. Don't try to ignore it," said she. "When I think—when I remember yesterday."

"But," said he again, "what have I done that you should banish me from your presence because of yesterday's cruel work? I can readily understand that all things helping you to recal it must be hateful to you; but do not, I implore you, harden your heart against me. The gross wrong you suffered at that man's hands is not to be lightly forgotten, but——"

"That! Do you believe I think of that?" interrupted she. "Oh, no—no! It seems to me that I have forgotten all about that. It is you—what I said to you——" She turned abruptly away, as if unable to endure the thought that he was looking at her.

"What morbid folly!" exclaimed he, angrily. "What did you say. If you did, I have forgotten it."

"You have not," said she mournfully. "Nor have I. Oh! that I could!" She looked away from him and then back again, and finally burst out with deep agitation: "Believe, believe that I was mad yesterday. My head—he had hurt it here," nervously touching the wounded temple, "and I scarcely knew what I said or did. Oh! surely excuses should be made for me!"

She looked at him pitifully, and he took her hand between both his own and pressed it eagerly.

"If I could only convince you," he said, "that there was nothing, nothing at all. Why will you disquiet yourself going over it again?"

"If you will let me speak, it will be a relief, I think. I know I said to you things that—Oh! how it hurts me to remember!" She pressed the hand he was not holding to her breast. "But, indeed, I was distracted. Never was there a woman so crushed, so overwhelmed. I cannot bear to think of it all, and yet—I fancy—if I were once to say it to you, I should not endure such torture. I,"—here she braced herself as if for a supreme effort: "I asked you to marry me, if Francis died!"

She turned aside and covered her face.

"Well, what of it? What was there in that?" said he, trying to speak lightly. "You know it is the one desire of my life to marry you, to rescue you from all this misery that seems to have engulfed you. Otherwise you would not have said it. Come, forget it. Cast these foolish thoughts behind you."

"Alas!" she said. "What happy thoughts have I to replace them? And besides, they will not be cast aside. It is one thing more I owe him," her cheek flushing—"that he has made me lower myself in your eyes."

"That he has not! Whatever crimes are his, you cannot lay that to his charge."

"Well—there is still something," continued she, with a heavy sigh, and yet with a faint touch of comfort in her tone. "I said I wished—him—dead. That I longed for his death. Will you try to believe I did not mean that?" She shuddered. "No—no," she said. "I do not long for it."

"I know it. If I might advise you," said he, gravely, "I should beg you to go in and lie down, and rest yourself. You have not yet recovered from yesterday's unhappy excitement. If you will only——"

"Hush!" she lifted her finger and stood motionless, as if listening. Her face paled again until the bruise upon the white forehead showed almost black. Her eyes dilated. "He is coming!" she breathed quickly, painfully. It was horrible to see any one human thing so much in dread of another.

St. John lifted his head, hardly believing, so still was the air around; but presently he saw that her instinct, sharpened by that fear she could not overcome or conceal, was truer than his. Vereker turned the corner and came towards them, with the slouching, lurching gait that had grown peculiar to him.

"Fine evening," he said, addressing St. John.

"Very," said St. John. He affected to be busy with a cigar he had taken from his pocket, so as to avoid shaking hands with the contemptible brute before him. He knew his voice was unsteady, that it was with difficulty he restrained himself from catching him by the throat and shaking the very life out of him, so he confined himself to a word. Vereker, who knew very well what the strong interest in the cigar meant, and the altered tone, half closed his eyes and looked from St. John to his wife, and back again with a slow insolent smile.

"Come up to see Mrs. Vereker?" he went on.

"Yes," curtly.

"Ah! She has been hurting herself, you see," pointing deliberately to the mark on Cecil's forehead. "She must be careful, you see! I'm always warning her, but she won't take advice. I shouldn't wonder if she came by something even nastier if she refuses to listen to reason—a husband's reason."

There was something abominably malignant, something that looked like brutal amusement, in the eyes he fixed on her.

St. John threw up his head and looked the other full in the face. His eyes were blazing. Vereker, who had as usual been drinking, laughed coarsely. St. John made a step forward, and at the same instant so did Mrs. Vereker. She got between the two men and raised her hand as if to warn her husband back. He laughed again, louder this time—and lightly, but with a dangerous swiftness, threw her hand aside.

"Don't be frightened," he said, with an odious sneer. "I shan't hurt him. I shan't spoil his beauty. It doesn't belong to me; I only guard and cherish, and punish what is my own. Mark that well!" cried he, his hateful suavity dropped, and a savagery hardly to be described taking its place. "Get to the house, woman!"

Cecil, as if too frightened, too shocked, to know what to do, stood still.

"Go!" roared he, shaking his fist at her. "Do you dare to defy me, publicly? What! Do you think your lover can protect you? Go! I say, whilst you have still a rag of character left you, in which to delude Society. Go! or I'll——"

"Leave us!" said St. John, sharply, catching her arm and shaking her slightly, to wake her from the torpor into which she had fallen. Her nerves were no longer under her control. She was crushed, broken, half insensible.

St. John's voice, however, happily roused her, his touch woke her to a fuller life; and, with the painful start of one waking from a hideous dream, she brushed past her husband and ran towards the house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was the first time St. John had heard him openly brutal to her, and a sense of disgust almost choked him. Vereker stood looking after his wife until she had disappeared, a curious smile upon his face. Then he turned to St. John, who had turned and was walking abruptly away without bidding the other the courtesy of a good-bye.

"What! going!" said Vereker, following him. He seemed amused. "Don't let me drive you away," he said; "you came to see Mrs. Vereker—pray follow her to the house and finish your visit. What! you won't? Really going?"

"Yes," said St. John. They had entered the shrubberies now, and were in a rather unfrequented part of them. St. John could barely bring himself to answer, and was conscious only of a longing that the fellow would leave him before his last remnant of self-control was gone. He was pale and rigid with the effort to subdue himself. He knew if he once let himself go nothing could come of it but scandal, in which her name would infallibly be mixed up, and that was to be avoided at all risks.

There was, too, the knowledge that a struggle between him and Vereker would be an unfair one. Strong and powerful as that big, burly brute looked to the uncritical eye, St. John knew that he was so demoralized by drink that there was no real strength in him, and that if he, St. John, once had him by the throat he could shake him as a terrier might a rat, and afterwards crush the life out of him. Why the devil couldn't the fellow leave him alone instead of following him here? Surely some demon was goading him onwards to his undoing.

St. John walked steadily forward, taking no notice of his companion, smoking his cigar, with a fierceness that gave some slight relief to his temper.

"I must congratulate you," said Vereker with an evil smile, "on the taming of that charming shrew of mine. I bid her go into the house and she practically refuses; you bid her go, and heigh presto, she is off like a shot. She obeys you admirably. You should give me a wrinkle, my dear fellow. To me, her husband, she is anything but subservient; to you—pray what are you to her?"

It would be impossible to describe the insolent vileness of his manner and his meaning.

"A friend!" said St. John in a dangerously quiet tone. "As I should be to anyone whom I saw ill-treated by a cur." He removed his cigar from between his lips and leisurely knocked the ash off it.

"Meaning me!" returned Vereker, with an unpleasant laugh. "Now do you know to me it seems that there are two curs in this case, both fighting for a useless bone. It is a pity we should be at cross-purposes. You can take her, my good St. John, and welcome. I don't want her!"

"You scoundrel! you villain!" cried St John violently. He felt at the moment mad with grief and rage. He caught Vereker by the throat, swaying him backwards and forwards with a mighty strength of a fierce joy, and at last flung him from him with all his force.

The man fell with a dull thud upon the grass, and lay there motionless. St. John stood a moment looking down at him with a bitter hatred and contempt, and then turned on his heel and strode away into the now gathering twilight. He went quickly, not daring to trust himself any longer with that recumbent figure.

He walked swiftly, eagerly, and by degrees grew calmer—even a little ashamed of himself. Beyond doubt he had thirsted for that blackguard's blood, had been perilously near stamping the vile life out of him as he lay at his feet. He took off his hat as he went through the cool woods, and let the wind play upon his forehead. He felt entirely and deeply thankful that he had done no more than strike him to the earth. He hoped Cecil would hear nothing of it, and rather believed she would not, as there was no one to tell her except Vereker, and he would probably be the last to do it.

But how much more of this was there to be gone through? How often would he be moved thus to righteous wrath? Would the time ever come when his savage longing to end that villain's power to insult and harm that poor child would prove too strong for him, and he should stand out before the world as a common murderer?

He drew his breath sharply, and his brow grew damp. It was a terrible picture, and what added to its horror was the feeling that it might prove true. To-day's experience had taught him that he could not altogether trust himself.

Well—he would wait awhile. Perhaps he had given him a lesson—perhaps—why many things might happen. If the worst came to the worst, he would ask her once again to give herself to him, and if she again refused, he would go abroad—for ever.

And then he told himself, as a sharp pang shot through his heart, that he could never leave her—could never abandon her. She had called him friend; he would not desert her in her sore need. He would stay, however things turned out, and face all responsibilities for her sake.

* * * *

Meantime, Vereker lay prone upon the sward, as quiet as if he was dead. He was not so much as insensible, however. His eyes were open, and he gazed oddly at the sky above him, now growing grey as the October evening began to close in. It was pleasant enough lying there, he thought, on the soft grass, with his heavy limbs at rest, and his dull, burning head close to the cool earth. He felt lazy, enervated, unwilling to stir, and perhaps that blow of St John's had taken something out of him.

Ah! well, he could revenge it on her. For this one blow of her cursed lover's she should have a score. It was really almost a luxury to lie here, staring at the calm heavens, and dreaming out delicious plans of vengeance to be lowered on the head of one fragile, powerless woman.

He stirred lightly, and laughed aloud in a soft, devilish fashion, as he thought o' all this. He must take care that St. John heard of each bruise on the skin of his fair lady, otherwise his joy could not be complete. St. John was evidently very far gone, and, by a judicious treatment of him and her, there was no doubt but he could lead him on to such an assault as would place the gallant Romeo within his power. He knew how the law would look at it, how the injured husband would stand out white and blameless. Oddly enough, it never for one moment occurred to him that his wife would leave him, and gladly accept St. John's protection. Dulled as his brain was, perverted as was his nature, some instinct told him he was safe in trusting her to keep her innocence at all hazards, and that an unhappy passion for St. John was all that could be laid to her charge.

Well, he would get the better of that cool, respectable young man yet. He would sweep him out of his path. He had had many an enemy; but who had overcome him? He would baffle St. John, as he had baffled that poor devil, Black Sandy, who——

A slight noise near him. A little, little noise! A vague creeping sound! Slowly, slowly, with an awful prescience of coming evil, he turned his head, to see a dark, crouching figure steal through the laurels near him, to find a relentless swarthy face bent over his prostrate form.

(To be Continued.)

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DODGING A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

Indian Official's Game of Hide and Seek With a Big Beast.

S. M. Fraser, Chief Commissioner of Coorg and resident of Mysore, met with an adventure in Coorg near the Canara border during his recent tour.

Mr. Fraser, accompanied by Mr. Harris, Assistant Commissioner; Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Haller, were riding along a narrow zigzag path through an almost impenetrable jungle when, says the London Standard, he heard an elephant moving parallel with them. Mr. McCarthy rode to the next bend to see if the coast was clear. At the moment Mr. McCarthy turned the bend a tusker came out on the path above him, and without a moment's hesitation gave the usual squeal and charged.

Shouting "Ride!" Mr. McCarthy galloped down the path, and, with this flying start, passed Mr. Fraser, who had not got up much pace, not fully realizing the danger. The rest of the party disappeared around the next bend. Mr. Fraser turned into an opening in the jungle only to find it a trap of impenetrable growth on all sides. The rogue elephant was within a few yards of the horse's tail.

Without an instant's hesitation, throwing an arm around a tree while passing, he let the horse gallop from under him, fell to the ground on all fours, flung himself to one side clear of the charging elephant's path, and then springing to his feet took refuge behind a larger tree some paces away.

No sooner did the elephant miss his man than he pulled up, turned around and proceeded slowly to hunt for him. Mr. Fraser in the meantime moved silently around the tree, keeping it between himself and the elephant. Fortunately after some minutes the elephat moved off and disappeared. Mr. Fraser emerged from his place of concealment, not damaged in any way. The whole party was unarmed.

STEEL PAVEMENT IN PARIS.

It is Expected to Give a Good Surface for Horses and to be Very Durable.

Paris is experimenting with the latest thing in pavement. They call it steel pavement, but it is really a concrete pavement reinforced with a steel framework. The trial section of it has been laid on the Rue Saint-Martin, in front of the Conservatoire of Arts and Industries.

The metal part of the pavement is a plate of perforated steel with strong bolts of steel running through it between the perforations. Each section has some resemblance to a steel harrow, only the prongs project equally on each side and they are square and blunt.

The plates are arranged close together on a bed of rough concrete such as is used for wood block pavement. Then a specially prepared cement is shovelled upon them in a soft condition and rammed down until it makes a solid mass, with the steel frame just levelled off evenly with the upper tips of the prongs.

The steel prongs are so close together that the shoe of every horse and every wheel of any width must rest in part on them and in part on the cement. It is expected in this way to secure a highly durable, but distinctly uneven surface, one on which horses will have sure footing in all weathers and on which they can secure the necessary purchase to pull heavy loads.

It will be superior to asphalt in ultimate economy and to wood, both in the better footing that it affords to horses and in the fact that it will not admit of dangerous ruts developing. The sample laid cost $5.40 a square metre, a little more than a square yard, but when the work is done on a large scale, it is believed the price can be cut to about $4.50. The life of such a pavement without serious repairs is estimated at ten years as a minimum.

JACK'S EXPLANATION.

With many a hitch of his trousers and pulls at his forelock in respectful salute to Justice, Jack Collins, able seaman, was navigated up to the court-room railing by a policeman on a charge of cruelty to animals.

"He had a paving-stone tied to the tail of the horse he was riding, your worship," said the officer who had arrested him.

"What was that for?" sternly asked the magistrate.

"Well, Admiral, that wasn't no cruelty to animals, as this officers says, at all," blurted out Jack. "I hired that bony craft outside for a short cruise ashore. Soon after getting under way I found the bloomin' old packet wouldn't steer a little bit. She was all down by the head and tacked about the street when the wind was fair astern. Try as I would I couldn't get steady steerage way on her, and as she drifted to windward just as often as she did to leeward. Then, thinks I, she's too light by the stern, as her heels were constantly liftin' and racing just for all the world like our propellers on the ship when she tosses on a big sea. 'She wants more weight aft,' says an old sipmate of mine that I met, and then I just got him to help me to come to anchor while I shipped a little ballast aft. That's all, your worship. All shipshape and above-board, and no reason in the world why this blue and brass-bound corvette here should have overhauled me at all."

"Dismissed," said the justice, after Jack had agreed to jettison the ballast and take the "craft" home in "tow," which meant lead the ancient steed back to the stable.

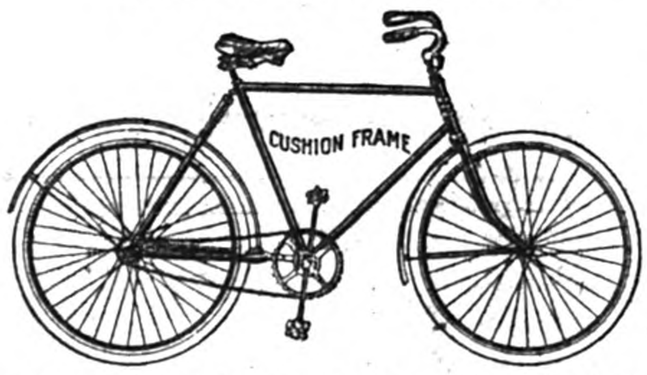
Memory is the price one has to pay in this world for the mistakes he makes.



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The Farm

INTENSIVE POTATO PLANTING.

If the land to be planted is weedy and contains witch grass, preparation commence the summer before the crop is planted, by plowing in July or August and frequently harrowing to germinate and destroy weed seed and bring the witch grass roots to the surface, where exposure to the sun and air will soon kill them, writes Mr. Fred E. Dairs.

This should be followed by such plowing and harrowing as may be necessary to fine and mellow the soil to a good depth before planting the seed in the spring. Ground so prepared will give us an assurance of the best returns for the expense and labor necessary to grow a good crop. If we have a clover sod, then the time of plowing does not count so much, or perhaps a coat of barn manure applied in the fall may do as well. But do not make so excessive an application of manure as many do, as it will be likely to cause rot. Clover or manure should enable us to reduce the expense of commercial fertilizers at least one-half and then to further increase the yield 50 to 100 bushels per acre.

If you wish to raise the largest possible crop of potatoes, 500 bushels or more per acre, you must get as many perfect hills to reach full maturity as possible. I advise rows 2½ feet apart and seed pieces to be dropped 12 to 13 inches apart in the drills, using good-sized seed cut one to three eyes, and don't forget, if planting by hand, you must bend your back and actually place the seed pieces so they will stay put.

In raising 500 bushels per acre, make the rows 3 feet apart; place the seed pieces 18 to 20 inches apart in the drills and don't take quite so much pains in cutting seed and spacing in the drills as for the larger yields. All the other work needs to be done about the same, except, perhaps, you could do with a little less fertilizer..

The above methods will produce about the results noted in a good season, if the results of my experience and observation are correct. In using commercial fertilizers wholly, one ton of the best is not usually too much, one-half to be used in the drill with the planter, or before seed is dropped, if planting by hand, and in either case it should be thoroughly mixed with the soil. The remaining half, if applied for the benefit of the potato crop wholly, is best done by distributing evenly along the drills over the covered seed any time before the plants are up; or it may be done at time of hoeing or hilling.

If the plants are just breaking through, the fertilizer can be applied and immediately covered with a little loose soil, and it will do no harm. If they have attained considerable size it must be carefully brushed off the plants with a brush broom or in some similar manner.

Another method which might aid some farmer, and especially in a wet, backward season, when it is at times quite impossible to fit the land for machinery, is to drill fertilizer and seed of good size (possibly small whole potatoes) in every third furrow when plowing, and follow by harrowing about once a week until plants are 5 or 6 inches high, and then go on with the usual cultivation. I have secured yields of 300 bushels per acre by this method on buckwheat stubble land with the use of only 800 po potato fertilizer, followed with a dressing of nitrate of soda and po at first hoeing or hilling.

The first cultivation of the cro properly planted, for the purpos keeping down weeds and stirring soil, can be given with light harrow drag made by lapping inch boards plank, or a bush harrow, is some good. In my own work I use a har from time of planting until plants 5 or 6 inches high and finish wi horse hoe and weeder. Do not be af to work the crop as long as a horse go between the rows without inju the tops. Of course, care must be t not to disturb the roots of the pl after they have set.

I have in my own work, by follow the best methods here described, b able to secure yields of 500 bushels over per acre on commercial fertili alone. Those of the best grade a 4 per cent. nitrogen and 10 per c potash. I remember on one piece, men called attention to the fact that t were getting a bushel of potatoes market in six paces of a single row. my figures are correct, this would over 800 bushels per acre in ordin field culture. But this piece had the vantage of a coat of barn manure fall previous to planting.

SEEDING CLOVER AND TIMOTHY

I seed principally with oats, sometim with wheat, says Mr. L. B. Rice. M of the land is clay loam to heavy c interspersed with sand and muck. I plowing is the rule, but my sand land so full of June grass that it gets start of me if fall plowed.

I plow as early as possible and s immediately after. I give thorough c tivation with disk and fine-tooth h row, and then sow my grass seed, t pounds timothy, two pounds clover, a pinch of alsike, say, one-quarter of pint, and put on 200 pounds of go fertilizer per acre. If grass seed is so immediately after the harrow, it w need no covering, but if a rain has fal the ground should be stirred with light weeder, if you have one; if n use a fine brush.

More failures come from covering deeply than from any other cause, l less it be poor soil or poor preparati of ground. Remember, the rule is th all seed should be covered four times thickness. Another caution, do not s your oats too thick. If the ground shaded too much the young plants w sunburn when the oats are cut.

I have the most rouble with my m land, especially that which is wet spring and fall. Plowing can only done in summer. Where it is possi to plow early enough to sow buckwhe I use that to rot the sod. To accompli this the buckwheat shades the grou and keeps it damp. Seeding takes w with buckwheat, but is killed by fr after cutting the grain. It is better put the harrow on the stubble as so as possible and then sow to timot with one quart of clover and a shovf of alsike, just a handful. Then go ov again with grass seed early in t spring as the frost is coming out.

If I wait to seed with oats in t spring I cannot get a team on t ground. One year I put the team on b fore the frost was all out, on March Cold weather followed for two week but I got a fair stand of oats and a f seeding of grass, but it was not sati factory.

MUTUAL BENEFIT.

Rich Man: "My son, your educati has cost me a great deal of money!" Youth: "I know it, dad, but think wh a lot you've learned, too!"

NOTES AND COMMENTS

One of the greatest factors in the advancement of civilization to-day is the reality of the journalistic press. Mankind is brought into closer touch with its fellows than ever before through the generosity of the press, which is maintained through the gigantic efforts of the brightest minds of the age. The presage of the common individual is provided by the opportunity the press affords him to become informed. The press is not only an organ of useful information, but it is an opportunity for personal expression, the exchange of which tends to develop and elevate humanity at large. It it were not possible for the individual citizen to voice his sentiments in regard to the government, of which he is a part, that government would grow despotic; and the individual who keeps to himself the treasures he finds through study or analysis of things presented to his view will become fanatical and prejudiced. It is necessary that we mingle our ideas, sharing them as we share other things. The greatest advancement history can record can only be derived from co-operative brain work, and journalism as it stands today is the greatest factor of such a co-operation.

Dig half a hundred miles into the earth and what will you find? The Hon. R. J. Strutt, F. R. S., has gathered rocks from all the world over, granites from Cornwall and Rhodesia, basalt from Greenland, the Victoria Falls, and Ireland, syenite from Norway, leucite from Mount Vesuvius, and has estimated as a result of prolonged investigations that not more than one-thirtieth of the total volume of the earth is composed of rocks, which are to be found on the surface. As a result of his deductions he estimates that the depth of the earth's crust is approximately forty-five miles. This deduction coincides to a certain degree with the calculations of Prof. Milne, the earthquake expert, who has been investigating to the same end by the observation of earthquake tremors and their speeds. Prof. Milne coincides that at a depth of thirty miles below the earth's surface exist rocks whose physical properties are similar to those found on the exterior. Mr. Strutt computes the international heat of the globe to be about 1,50° centigrade at about forty-five miles below the surface. Such a heat indicates the melting point of iron, but it is considerably below the melting point of platinum, which Dr. Harker fixed at 1,710° centigrade.

What do the birds feast upon at their dinner parties and balls? A remarkable work has been in progress for the last seventeen years under the direction of Prof. Beal of the biological survey at Washington. It is no other than an accurate determination of the harm or benefit accruing to man from the various wild birds which share the land. During this period the professor and his assistant have microscopically examined the contents of the stomachs of 60,-60° birds to see exactly what they had swallowed. It must be remembered that thousands of tiny insects and grubs had to be recognized by such infinitesimal things as their hair or scales, for, naturally, they were not found whole in the stomachs of the captors. By inconceivably laborious tabulation and examination of the results it at length became possible to say just how much good or harm or just what proportion of both is wrought by all the kinds of birds found upon a farm or plantation. Those which do good—and there are many of them—by feeding upon harmful insects or, contrariwise, by devouring the parasites which worry the beneficial insects, may be left unmolested or even actively encouraged by the farmer. The man behind the gun is robbed of his last excuse for indiscriminate slaughter of the feathered folk.

CHINA'S SORROW.

A great sorrow overshadows China, and has overshadowed it for centuries. Its name is the Hwang-ho. This is a mighty river which is for ever rising, despite the frantic efforts of engineers to keep it back. To prevent it from overflowing, the river is embanked and restrained for a time, but in the end it triumphs. The sediment it bears along with it must of necessity be deposited somewhere, and the embankments coerce it into depositing itself along the river's bed. Thus, the Hwang-ho is always steadily mounting higher. If, in the gigantic earthworks, hundreds of miles long, there is the slightest weakness, the result is fatal to the lives of thousands. A tiny crack grows into a leak, the leak into a rent, the rent into a great breach, and then the enormous body of water dashes down upon the teeming plain below. This is of frequent occurrence, and it is easy to understand how the Hwang-ho is China's sorrow.

LOSING TIME.

Cholmondely: "You and your sister are twins, are you not?"

Marjoribanks: "We were when we were children. Now, however, she is five years younger than I."

Nothing short of a full-grown earthquake could jolt a political grafter loose from his job.

A Bond Street Romance.

I.

It was one of those bitter afternoons when town folk could almost wish that it would rain, or snow, or hail, or thunder—anything rather than pierce their marrows with this keen, dry wind. There was frost in the air, and overhead the sky was leaden. The pavements were frigid and cruel—far more cruel, in their gritty cleanness, than when they are streaming with mud.

Already the lights glittered in the windows of the Regent Street shops — for there is nothing which the West End salesman dreads so much as the least suspicion of gloom. At the door of a bonbon emporium a man and woman stood, chatting; a distinguished pair, every inch of whose attire, from their immaculate foot-gear to their respective silk hat and Parisian toque, indicated wealth and luxury.

"Isn't it deliciously cold?" Lady Erlynne was murmuring, as she pressed her doll-like pink-and-white cheeks against her costly muff. "I do love the cold."

Captain Westerham laughed. It struck him that one might reasonably enough "love" the cold, when one could afford to wear five-hundred-guinea fur cloaks; but he refrained from voicing his thoughts.

"If you really like the cold," he suggested, "let me take you home walking instead of in the brougham."

"A good idea," she said. "It is just the bracing weather for a walk." She spoke as though the half-mile or so's distance to her Belgravia mansion was a serious athletic undertaking.

Dick Westerham told the chauffeur of Lady Erlynne's electric brougham that he need wait no longer, and the vehicle glided away. He then deprived Lady Erlynne of a small parcel which she was carrying—an expensive box of chocolates—and the handsome couple moved off on their stroll homeward.

A handsome couple they made, indeed. Westerham, tall, well set up, an intensely manly man; Lady Erlynne, slim, exquisitely made, perfectly gowned, a type of our hot-house aristocracy. Westerham had to bend his head to listen to her chatter; and, in some strange way, this bend added curiously to his dignity.

At Bond Street the crossing was crowded with carriages and omnibuses, and they had perforce to stop a moment before attempting to reach the opposite side. As they did so, a thin, shabbily dressed figure which had been sheltering in a corner of a neighboring building suddenly pushed its way forward. It was a poor flower-girl.

"Will you buy a bunch of violets, sir?" she pleaded, in a timid, refined voice.

Dick Westerham swung round and compassionately surveyed his questioner. For an instant he merely noted that she was miserably clad; that her tattered shawl was wrapped round her by the icy wind, and that the trembling hand which held up the bunch of violets was almost as blue with the cold as the flowers themselves. Then he saw her face, and gave a start of incredulous astonishment.

He opened his lips to speak; but Lady Erlynne's gloved fingers were laid on his arm.

"Come along, Dick," she was saying. "We can get across now." Sure enough a policeman was detaining the traffic, and the roadway was clear.

"I want to buy some violets," Dick protested stammeringly.

Lady Erlynne threw an indifferent glance at the flower-girl.

"Buy violets in the street?" she said, with an unfeigned sneer. "What are you dreaming of, Dick? I couldn't touch any flowers bought from a—from a pauper person." And before Dick could argue further, his companion had begun daintily to pick her way across the thoroughfare.

Westerham hesitated a moment, and seemed tempted to pause and speak to the girl, who had shrunk into her corner again, as though repelled by her rich sister's ill-concealed contempt. But Lady Erlynne was already half-way across the street, and it would be the height of unpardonably bad manners to linger behind. Dick came to a quick decision, and sprang after her.

They reached the opposite pavement together, and the traffic, loosened by the policeman's nod, flowed in again. But even as it did so there was a sudden shout and the trample of drawn-up hoofs. An accident had occurred. someone had been run over.

Westerham stared back, but Lady Erlynne dragged him on.

"Do come, Dick!" she cried. "Something dreadful has happened, I know; but I'm not going to stop and see. Why should one look at horrors? There might be blood—ugh! I can't endure the sight of blood."

Dick had to yield, albeit with disagreeable consciousness that he would have given almost anything to make sure that the victim of the accident was not—

Absurd! How could it be? And yet—He felt uncomfortable.

Five minutes later he stood at the door of Lady Erlynne's house, and—to her supreme astonishment—declined to enter and take tea.

"Oh, but you must, Dick," she bubbled. "I do so want to talk, and show you something I bought. Goodness——" she broke off with a cry of dismay. "My bangle!"—she was gazing at her wrist—"my diamond bangle gone! I must have lost it—dropped it! Oh, why did I walk home instead of driving? Dick, Dick, what am I to do? I shall die of grief if I lose that diamond bangle."

"I'll go and make inquiries," Dick offered vaguely.

"Yes, Dick, you'll find it for me, won't you?" she cried, clutching at his aid.

"I'll try," he promised.

"And if you find it"—her eyes turned up to his—"if you find it, Dick, there'll be a reward, you know! Perhaps I'll reward you by saying—by saying 'Yes' to that question which you wanted to start and ask me a week ago." She put her hands on his breast coaxingly, and gazed up at him in her most fascinating manner. "I couldn't be hard on the man who got me back my bangle, you see!" she hinted.

"I'll make inquiries," he repeated. His tone was cold and formal.

But Lady Erlynne, her mind full of the lost bracelet, did not notice his lack of proper lover-like eagerness.

"Handsome Dick!" she was thinking, "he's madly in love with me. He'll do anything to get my bangle back—even to buying me a new one. I suppose he's off to Scotland Yard first, to give information there. How convenient it is"—she sighed—"to have a man look after one's affairs!"

Strangely enough, however, Dick Westerham's steps were not directed towards Scotland Yard at all, but towards the Bond Street crossing.

II.

"I know what you've come for."

The strangely refined voice of the flower-girl rose faintly but distinctly from the pillow of the bed in the hospital ward.

"I've come because I recognized you," Dick Westerham responded gently, bending over the bed. "I recognized the little Dora I used to know before I went out to South Africa; the little Dora I used to meet at the vicarage, and learned to love."

The girl's eyes opened wide.

"It's Dick!" she gasped. "It's really dear old Dick! Too good to be true, I thought when I saw you in Bond Street; but I dared hardly hope——"

"I, too, was not sure," he said, "so I came back to ask the constable at the crossing. There, I heard it really was you who had been knocked down by the cab, and I hastened straight on here. I wanted to stop at the time, but I couldn't very well leave"—he hesitated in embarrassment—"leave the lady I was walking with."

"Yes, Lady Erlynne. Of course you couldn't leave her."

"You know her name?"

"I guessed at once that it was she. I read the newspapers at a free library sometimes, and in the society column I had seen your name coupled with hers——"

"There's no truth in that!" he broke in. "Not now. I must confess I thought—fool that I was—that I cared for her. Dora, it was only a passing fancy. I have never cared for anyone but you, my little sweetheart—never forgotten you. I've tried to find out where you vanished to, when the vicar died and left you penniless, while I was at the war. And this afternoon, the instant I saw your face, it all came back to me—and—— But tell me, are you badly hurt?"

"No, no; only shaken. And didn't Lady Erlynne discover her loss? That wasn't why you came?"

"What do you mean?"

Dora's hand stole under her pillow, and then came forth again, clasping something. "I managed to conceal it when they brought me here." She opened her hand, revealing the diamond bangle.

"I saw it fall," she explained falteringly. "I made a dash into the street to pick it up. Can you guess why?" A blush suffused her cheeks. "Because it flashed across my mind that if I picked it up before anyone else, it would give me an excuse to speak to her, and I should then be able to understand what sort of a woman—what sort of a woman you were going to marry, Dick. We women judge each other quickly, you know. I know a good woman when I see one, and I wanted to find out what your future wife——"

"Hush, hush!" he whispered, for her voice was wavering. "That silly episode is dead and buried. Believe me, Dora, it meant nothing, even before I met you again. But now that I have met you again, I'm going to claim that promise you made to me before I went away."

Dora was smiling now, a wan, happy smile.

"And you'll take back the diamond bangle to Lady Erlynne?" she said, handing it to him.

"I'll send it, not take it," he answered drily.

Outside the hospital the fierce north wind still howled shrilly; but Dora the flower-girl knew that she need fear it no longer.

* * * *

When Lady Erlynne opened the registered package which had come by the morning post, she gave a cry of delight. Her diamond bangle fell forth from its bed of cotton-wool, and sparkled in the light.

"Dick has found it for me already," she murmured. "How clever of him. And I imagine this is a note to say that he's going to call this afternoon and receive his reward. It's rather a nuisance, but he's a dear, good soul, and will adore me; and I dare say I shall be more comfy with a nice strong male creature to look after me——"

She unfolded the note, and commenced to peruse it. Her eyebrows rose. This is what she read:

"Dear Lady Erlynne,—I am glad to be able to return your bracelet to you herewith, congratulating you on having regained such a beautiful object so promptly. You will be interested to hear, by the by, that I am engaged to be married, and that the wedding is fixed for an early date next month. My fiancee and I have decided not to issue any invitations, as the affair is to be quite quiet.—Yours faithfully,

"Richard Westerham."

Lady Erlynne furiously tore the letter to shreds. It was not till next day that the frown had disappeared from her brow. "Anyway, he found my jewel for me," was the sole remark with which she was able to comfort herself.

But Dick had found the jewel for himself, too!—London Answers.

HER PROBABLE FATE.

Mrs. Housefly: "Now, my daughter, you are equipped for the summer. Beware of the young men."

Miss Housefly (coyly): "Ah, yes; I'll try to. I suppose it will be my fate to get mashed on some old bald head."

Some men would never have done anything in this world if a woman had not forced them to.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some of the World's Prominent People.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, brother of the Queen of Spain, is rapidly making a name for himself amongst his illustrious relations as a singer of comic songs. He has a good voice, possesses the true Battenberg gift for music, and withal has an irresistibly droll way with him. It was this handsome young man who when at school, having appealed to his grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, for some pocket money, and being justly rebuked for extravagance, replied later that his dear grandmamma would be pleased to learn his immediate needs had been satisfied, as he had sold her autograph for thirty shillings!

When Lord Wolseley—who was then famous as Sir Garnet—was in Natal some years ago, he called together a meeting of all the great chiefs, and sent a special invitation to the Zulu monarch to be present. Instead of complying with this request, Cetewayo caused a bag of wheat to be despatched to Sir Garnet Wolseley, accompanied with a notification that the Zulu warriors were as numerous as grains of wheat. Sir Garnet, equal to the occasion, caused the corn to be ground, and in that form returned it to the King, with a message to the effect that if he (Cetewayo) did not take care, he (Sir Garnet) would have him pounded like the wheat. This clever rejoinder had a terrifying effect upon the allegory-loving King of the Zulus.

Prince Ferdinand, the "ruler" of Bulgaria, is in the unique position of being unable to find a wife. High and low has he searched for a Princess to share his little throne, but without success. He has sought the hands of numerous ladies, Austrian archduchesses, Russian grand duchesses, and princesses of the Fatherland, but without avail. Last summer at Marienbad he had the courage to sound King Edward as to any possibility of his suit being favored by Princess Victoria of England, only to receive from His Majesty the intimation that his daughter did not, at present at all events, intend to marry. His want of success in finding a wife is attributed to some inexplicable and amazing antipathy which he arouses in the fair sex. His first wife died in 1899.

The Rev. R. Moseley, preaching at the Guards' Chapel recently, told a pathetic story of the late Queen. A young soldier was lying near death in one of the hospitals, and Queen Victoria visited him. The man had been in a hot fight, where bullets were flying in a terrible fashion, and he got badly hit and fell. Although suffering great pain, he managed to drag himself twenty yards and rested behind a sangar. As he lay there he saw a comrade fall, as he had done. The brave boy, with the greatest pain and difficulty, dragged himself to where his stricken comrade lay and brought him back to the shelter. As the great Queen was told the story she put her hand on the arm of the soldier, and said, "Thank you, my dear son, for all you have done for me."

For few men has exile been made quite so pleasant as for Don Carlos, the Pretender to the throne of Spain. Many of his years of exile have been spent in his palace in Venice, where the great wealth which his wife, Princess Maria de Rohan, brought him, has surrounded him with luxury and pomp which are almost kingly. In Venice the tall, stately figure of the Pretender is a familiar sight, either walking with an escort of his favorite dogs or taking his ease in his gondola. But the Prince is a restless man, and rarely stays long in one place. One day he is in Paris, another in Russia; and, in fact, the whole of Europe is his home, until the time when he draws in earnest the sword which his wife gave him, and which bears the inscription, "Draw me not without right, nor sheathe me without honor."

Few men living have had a career more romantic than Mr. James J. Hill, the American railway magnate, who now announces his intention to retire from active work. Born in Ontario nearly seventy years ago, the future President of the Great Northern Railroad was carrying wood and freight on his back from the wharf at St. Paul, Minnesota, to the Mississippi steamboats for two dollars a day before, after a few struggling years as clerk and coal merchant, he commenced in a modest way, his amazing career as a railway constructor, which has made him rich beyond the dreams of avarice. To-day the ex-porter is worth more millions than he can count on the fingers of both hands; his collections of pictures and gems are among the finest in the world; and from his million-dollar house at St. Paul he can look down on the old wharf where he once toiled so hard, and on the roof of the little hotel in which his wife, in those poor and strenuous days, filled the humble role of maid-of-all-work.

Cardinal Merry del Val, the Pope's Secretary of State, has played a prominent role in the recent crisis of the Church in France. The Cardinal is said to be an indefatigable worker, a frugal liver, a man of strong likes and dislikes, with a hot temper that is often in evidence, but always under control. Tall and slim of figure, graceful of motion, he shows the highest type of the Andalusian in every feature. As a youth he was very fond of pranks. When the Cardinal goes on his rounds he drives in a vehicle, sombre and heavy, drawn by two black stallions with flowing manes. He is the first Cardinal to indulge in golf, a game which he plays twice weekly over a private course in the grounds of the Villa Doria-Pamphili. His leisure time is spent at the Papal summer palace of Castel Gandolfo, which the Italian Government has connected with the Vatican by telephone for the greater convenience of the Cardinal. He is an advocate of all modern labor-saving improvements, and has introduced telephones, elevators, electric lights, and typewriters into the Vatican.

DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

Mr. Fiddle: "How did it happen that you were arrested for stealing?"

McNabb: "It was the doctor's fault. He told me to take iron, and I took a stove."

"He is a very influential man." "Oh, I don't know." "Show me anything in this town that he can't do." "I'd like to see him make the baby stop crying."

WE WERE OVERLOOKED

EXASPERATING INSTANCES OF DISCARDED WEALTH.

Ten Thousand English Sovereigns Thrown Into the Nile—Great Loss to Art.

Somewhere beneath the ever-shifting sands of the Nile lie two stout wooden cases, each containing ten thousand English sovereigns. No less an individual than Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, when a plain lieutenant-colonel, was concerned in burying beyond all hope of resurrection so much treasure.

Just after the fall of Khartoum, in 1885, when the troops were evacuating hendy, on the Nile, vast stores of provisions, and general impedimenta of an army, were, for lack of transport, and to prevent them falling into the hands of the Mahdi, ordered to be destroyed. To Kitchener fell the duty of carrying out these instructions, and accordingly he had the cases carried out to the middle of the river and dropped overboard.

STREETS FLOODED WITH BEER.

Eleven thousand barrels of good beer were recently turned into the New York sewers by the orders of a Mrs. Schmidt, who had just taken over Messrs. Stein's big brewery in that city. Rather than give a fresh bond to the Government for $75,000 (the old one having expired), and to save a threatened tax of $3,000 if the beer remained in her cellars, this eccentric lady decided to turn her beer down the drains. This was accordingly done, and as the contents of the great casks flooded the cellars and pavements faster than it could run away underground, the huge crowd which had gathered to witness the waste of so much good liquor evinced their emotion and disapproval by deep groans.

Dr. Tobias Borthwick may or may not have been sane when he directed that the whole of his collection of priceless ancient jewlery, tapestry and modern gems should be sunk off the coast of Anglesey. He asserted that hardly an item in the catalogue had not been the cause of

ONE CRIME OR ANOTHER,

and for the sake of mankind at large it would be better if the whole lot were immediately done away with. Two expensive lawsuits followed this eccentric will, for which, in the end, the couris decided, and the old man's wishes were carried out in the presence of the executors from the deck of a yacht a mile out at sea, one of the most deplorable losses to art ever recorded.

Similarly, when Mr. Joseph Rickaby, the inventor of the Nonpariel spinning jenny died, the reading of the will of one of the richest men in the North of England proved the forerunner of another great wealth-wasting episode. In accordance with Mr. Rickaby's explicit instructions, his heirs destroyed machinery and plant to the value of £50,000. For many years the big inventor's income had exceeded £150,000 annually, and the whole of this vast sum he gave away during his lifetime. Besides his doomed plant, he left behind only £10,-.00 for his two nephews, on condition that they carried out the strict letter of his will. Even the dead man's "Inventors' Gallery" was destroyed, and in due course the executors reduced the whole of the inventor's beloved works to scrap-iron!

£5,000 ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

Under a shed at Port Natal, during the late Boer War, exposed to all weathers for many months, lay a small iron bandbox. It was always in the way. Unwary "Tommies" detailed for fatigue duty on the wharf fell over the obstacle in the dim light and cursed vigorously, and passed by, rubbing their corns. One day, along came an important member of the embarkation staff. He promptly measured his length over the iron-bound box, and, exasperated beyond measure, ordered a couple of soldiers attending him to "chuck the thing into the dock." They were about to obey, when prudence made the high officer give another order. He had the case carried into his office and opened. It contained £50,000 in gold coin! Strange to say the bullion had never been missed by the authorities.

HORSES WORKED TO DEATH.

Rebuilding of San Francisco Kills Thousands of Them.

The horse is having his day in San Francisco even though the day must inevitably close with his death. The cry of the California metropolis to-day is not for sympathy, not for money, but for horses, horses—and more horses! Into the foundations of the new city is

PRINCE RUPERT'S CAREER

THE MODEL OF ALL ADVENTUROUS YOUTHS.

Sketch of the Man After Whom the New British Columbia City Was Named.

Prince Rupert of Bavaria was the nephew of Charles I. of England. At 16 he was already famous as a soldier and a student. His reckless bravery in battle, his charm of manner and his skill as a leader, won for him a world-wide reputation in continental wars. In 1642, when the war between Charles and Parliament broke out, Rupert, who was only 22, hurried to England, and offered his services to his uncle. Charles made him a general of cavalry, and he at once turned the full force of his courage and bewilderingly rapid military tactics on the Roundheads. With his cavalry he was here, there and everywhere, striking lightning blows where they were least expected, hurling back an advancing Parliamentary army by day and pursuing its retreating regiments by night. Tireless, relentless, dazzlingly reckless, this 22-year-old youth became the scourge and dread of the whole Parliamentary host. He would fight or pursue for 24 hours on a stretch, without weariness or even prudence, giving the foe no chance to recover from the first attack. And victory followed him almost everywhere.

PLOTS OF ENEMIES.

Honors were showered upon him by the king. When only 24 he was made Duke of Cumberland and President of Wales. At the great battle of Marston Moor he drove Parliament's Scotch regiments before him like chaff, and was only checked by the Ironsides themselves. Often he seemed hemmed in by a superior force, but always fought his way out to safety. In 1643, when he saw that the king's cause was hopeless, he wisely advised Charles to make a compromise with Parliament. But Rupert's enemies at court persuaded the king to disegard the young hero's counsel (and thus to throw away the unlucky monarch's chance of restoration). These enemies, envious of Rupert's fame, then took new steps to ruin him. He was sent to hold the town of Bristol. It was attacked by a large Parliamentary army, and after a heroic defence of three weeks, Rupert was forced to evacuate the place. Urged by the young man's enemies, the king wrote to Rupert from Oxford, depriving him of his rank and office, dismissing him from the army, and ordering him to look for a living somewhere across the sea.

AS A SEAMAN.

Furious at this insult, Rupert mounted his fleetest horse, and started at full speed for Oxford. An army of the enemy lay encamped between him and his destination. He fought his way through and rushed into Charles' presence, where he angrily rebuked his uncle's justice, and demanded a trial and a passport out of the country. A military council triumphantly acquitted him and the king once more became reconciled to the bravest of his generals. But soon after Rupert was captured by the Roundheads and sent to France. There he won high favor under the French king, who made him a marshal. He took command of an English fleet, and harried the British coast, crippling trade, looting parliamentary cities, and destroying Parliamentary shipping. He was cornered by a powerful fleet in a Portuguese harbor, but fought his way out and continued to duplicate at sea the fame he had won on land. Returning to Paris, he devoted himself to science, improving a gunpowder, and, it is said, inventing the process of mezzotint engraving.

In 1660 he went back to England, and soon after he helped defeat a Dutch fleet which menaced that country. At the age of 50 he was known as the best tennis player in Great Britain, and in sports, in court and in war held preeminent sway over all competitors. The model of all adventurous youths, Rupert continued his meteoric career, until 1682, when he died at the age of 63, leaving a name for brilliancy and daring achievement that has perhaps never been surpassed.

SEDITION AT LAHORE.

Chief Court Sustains Conviction of Newspaper Men.

The chief court at Lahore, India, last week upheld the conviction and sentences in the Junjabi sedition case, but changed the imprisonment from rigorous to simple. The Chief Judge remarked that he would have been pleased to reduce the sentence had the prisoners expressed contrition.

As the prisoners were being conveyed from the court to the jail a riotous crowd pelted the carriage. They pelted the police in charge with mud, and garlanded the convicts. The mob afterwards passed in procession along the Mall, assaulting every isolated European en route, until they were dispersed by the police.

The proprietor of The Punjabi newspaper was on February 15th sentenced to 2 years' imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 1,000, and the editor to six months' imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 200, for exciting hatred against the Government and the European community. The accused had published in their paper a statement that a European officer had struck a Mohammedan policeman because the latter refused to carry to camp the carcase of a wild pig speared by the former; that the Government had hushed the matter up after a nominal inquiry, and that the murderer had escaped, "as European murderers of natives usually escape in this country, where the much-vaunted British justice is a delusion." The Government Prosecutor showed conclusively that the allegations of The Punjabi were wholly fictitious, and that the Mohammedan policeman in question met with his death by being thrown and dragged by a restive horse. On March 7th the divisional Judge on appeal upheld the conviction, but reduced the sentence on the proprietor from two years' imprisonment to six months.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1907.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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The WATCHMAN,

LACHUTE. - - QUE

A RAKE OFF.

A startling disclosure was made at the trial of a criminal action for libel against Oliver Asselin, Editor of Le Nationaliste of Montreal, brought at the instance of Hon. G. Prevost, Minister of Lands, in the Quebec government. The disclosures made under oath are highly sensational and may result in another political upheaval in this Province. The alleged libelous article, of which Mr. Prevost complained, charged that he was administering the Department of Mines corruptly. The Minister swore out a warrant against Mr. Asselin and it was boldly predicted that the Editor be turned down for his alleged malicious and brazen attempt to so severely criticize an honourable Minister of His Majesty's Government in the Province of Quebec. The trial was in progress in Quebec last week. On Thursday the defence offered as a witness one Baron Lepine of Belgium, the representative of a Belgian syndicate that had negotiations with the Quebec government for the purchase of 500,000 acres of land for mining and colonization purposes. The Baron testified that as soon as he began negotiations he was told that there were usages in Canada to which his Belgian friends were not accustomed.

"I was told," said he, "that all companies receiving large grants of concessions are supposed to reserve a certain sum for election funds."

"Who told you this?" the Baron was asked by Laflamme, counsel for the plaintiff.

"The minister, Hon. Mr. Turgeon."

"Was the amount to be paid discussed?"

"Why, the minister had fixed the amount."

"You mean Mr. Turgeon."

"Yes, sir."

"Who was to pay this sum?"

"The buyers of the grant syndicate."

"How much were you to pay?"

"Well, the land was fixed first at 70 cents, and we were advised to make a reserve of 30 cents. Obalisk's report later changed matters, and other conditions were fixed."

"But," persisted Laflamme, "the land was to cost the syndicate how much?"

"One dollar an acre."

"And of this how much was to be reserved?"

"Thirty cents."

"And the province was to get?"

"Seventy cents an acre."

"That was for 500,000?"

"Yes."

"Making how much for the province?"

"$350.000."

"And how much for the fund?"

"$150.000."

Witness told of going to Belgium and explaining matters to his principals. He said to them:

"If you want to do business with the Quebec government the only way is to contribute to the election fund."

"Did you give them to understand how much they should contribute?"

"Yes, I told them thirty cents an acre was the amount they were expected to pay."

"And they agreed to pay what was asked?"

"Yes, but they wanted to have the land explored before closing with the government."

The carnival of graft among Liberal Governments and their supporters is finding ventilation in the courts of the Dominion. It was only the other day that Mayor MacIlreith of Halifax, brought suit against the Halifax Herald for connecting him with what the Herald had charged was a deliberate steal in connection with an Intercolonial land purchase in that city. Mr. MacIlreith claimed $20,000. The jury found a verdict for the Herald. In the course of the trial it was proved that Mr. B. F. Pearson got away with no less than $14,500 of the people's money as a rake off on the purchase of a piece of land which was assessed for $18,000 and sold to the Government for $45,000.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

AN IMPORTANT PROPOSITION.

We are pleased to give space to the letter of Mr. Norval conveying the generous offer of $200 towards the repair and maintenance of Lachute Cemetery. A fair measure of the state of civilization in any community is its reverence and respect for its honored dead, and there can be no doubt that Lachute, measured by this standard, cannot lay claim to any exalted position. We are informed that some years ago this matter was agitated with a result that some improvement was made by means of individual subscription. No doubt sufficient funds were not raised to continue these repairs from year to year, but it does seem that this is a grand opportunity to make a fresh start and provide for a permanent fund towards this worthy object. The newer and more modern part of the cemetery is in a fairly decent condition, but what is known as the old cemetery in which the bones of many of the pioneers of this locality rest, is certainly in a most disreputable condition. This is no doubt largely due to the fact that many of these old families have become extinct or their descendants have removed to foreign parts, thus leaving no one to care for the various lots. Nevertheless, we would invite the attention of those who interested themselves some years ago in this matter as well as all others possessed of any public spirit to the kind offer of this benevolent lady. In order to take some definite step, we ask all those interested to attend a public meeting in Raitt's Hall on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock for the purpose of discussing the matter in question.

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

Mrs. N. Dixon and daughter returned from Toronto on Tuesday evening.

The Hon. W. A. Weir, Mrs. Weir and Miss Weir returned to Montreal on Friday night.

Mr. J. W. Parr formed a fishing party for the holiday, driving back to Harrington, returning on Saturday with 154 speckled beauties.

A large buck was found floating in the River last week. There was some discussion as to who it belonged to. Bob Probst claimed it was the one he shot last Fall with "silver bullets" even identifying some marks which he claimed were made by shots out of his rifle. It will be remembered that last Fall, Bob claimed to have hit a deer several times and was positive he killed it, but could not locate it. This recent discovery somewhat helps him out.

On Saturday next there will be a Football game between the Brownsburg team and the Quarrymen, also a Baseball game between the Brownsburg team and a picked nine. The admission will be small and a large attendance is anticipated. It is the intention of the new Association to provide if possible, weekly contests weather permitting and the Committee having these events in charge are certainly to be plaude on the enterprise shewn.

A rather good and at the same time bad luck story is told of three Lachute sports who undertook to give their better halves a day's sport at Reardon's Lake, fishing for the speckled beauties. On arriving at the camping ground, the atmosphere being somewhat chilly, these sports undertook to build a fire in the woods. This they certainly did with a vengeance Not being satisfied with an ordinary fire, set the whole bush ablaze. In fact, matters got so serious and the fire spread so rapidly that considerable danger was anticipated, help was procured and men hired to extinguish the conflagration which took two days to accomplish, and worst of all no fish. The sports with their consorts returned home sadder and wiser, fully convinced "there is no place like home."

The Dominion Cartridge Company Athletic Association had a gala day on Victoria Day the event being the formal opening of the grounds of the Association. The weather was ideal, the attendance being far beyond expectations and everything combined to make the day an eventful one in the history of local sport. The Committee having the arrangements in hand, brought the celebrated "Opal" Baseball team from Montreal, and the "Crescent" Football team from Lachute. There was also a shooting match at 100 yards for a prize of $5.00, also a 22 Short rifle competition for a Gun Metal watch. Dancing was also the order of things and a most enjoyable day was spent by the large number who attended.

The Hon. W. A. Weir accompanied by his wife and Miss Weir graced the occasion with their presence. Mr. Weir previous to the Baseball match, addressed the players and others, congratulating the employees of the D.C. Co on having formed such a creditable organization and hoped that they would shew their appreciation by all working together and giving the Committee that support that would make the Association a huge success, not forgetting that it was formed for the common good of all. Mr. Weir also referred to the generosity shewn by the Company in providing, or rather placing at the disposal of the employees such a splendid ground and providing such excellent accomadation in the way of buildings etc. Very few firms shewed such interest in their employees welfare and felt confident that the enterprise of the Company would be fully appreciated.

The Baseball game started at 2.30 p.m. the first ball being pitched by Mr. Weir and proved to be a "strike." Mr. Weir then retired from the box and the game proceeded. Possibly had Mr. Weir consented to pitch the whole game the result might have been different as unfortunately the Brownsburg team proved the losers by a score of 10 to 5. It is some years since the local team has been defeated on its own ground, or for that matter when away from home, but there is no getting behind the fact that the locals put up a very poor article of ball, which can only be accounted for by lack of practice, coupled with over-confidence. On the other hand, the visiting team put up a snappy game of ball and completely had the Brownsburg team at their mercy. However, the visitors invited the locals to a return game at some near date and it is to be hoped that the boys will get together and get down to business. The Association with a view of giving them the necessary practice, propose holding baseball games with other Departments of the Factory as often as possible on Saturday afternoons.

Regarding the Football game which followed closely after the Baseball game, the Brownsburg team somewhat helped out the day by winning from the Crescents. As a mere match the contest was exciting and particularly interesting, both sides shewing particularly good form. In the first half the Crescents with the wind at their backs, managed to get the only score, and kept the locals pretty busy. In the second half, however the locals managed to score four goals to their opponents nothing, making the score at the finish 4 to 1 in favor of Brownsburg.

Several of the players on both sides distinguished themselves, particularly Rodgers of the locals, and Spence of the Crescents. The chief object of the forwards of both sides seemed to be to get rid of the ball at first opportunity. The locals, however, made frequent attacks but lacked method, [illegible] again [illegible] far too much inclination to be selfish with the ball. Individual play is all right in its place but very few games are won when these tactics are adopted. Then again, another fault in the play of the locals is the absolute indifference to the positions individually played, frequent opportunities for scoring were lost on account of a player not being in his position. Then again, very little, if any, attempt is made to play a combination game, which is a scientific part of Football. In the second half, this was particularly noticeable, the only thing which won the game for the locals being condition. Had the Crescents been able to stand the pace, there might have been a different tale to tell. The Brownsburg boys have a hard game on Saturday next, when they meet the strong team of the Quarrymen, and it is hoped some attention will be paid to the few deficiences mentioned above

The Shooting match was won by Mr. W. R. Wilson with a score of 22 out of a possible 25 There was keen rivalry in this match, the strong wind blowing at right angles making it extremely difficult for accurate shooting.

The small arms competition for the Gun metal watch which was won by Mr. R. D. Hepenstal with 6 bulls.

Dancing started at 2 p.m. and continued until late in the evening.

The results of the day both from a financial and sporting one was particularly encouraging and a nice sum realized. It is the intention to make several improvements on the grounds A new Club house has already been erected and other similiar improvements are anticipated.

ST. PHILIPPE.

—:o:—

Mrs. Archie Graham and children are spending this week in Lachute.

Mis Hodgson spent Victoria Day holidays in Hudson.

Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Richardson and Mr. McLeod of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Wm. Davidson on Thursday.

Miss Cass spent last Wednesday in Hawkesbury.

Miss B. McMeekin of Chatboro, was a guest of Mrs. Jas. Patton last Thursday.

The Methodist Ladies Aid will meet for their June meeting at Mrs. Frank Fuller's on Thursday, June 6th.

The St. Mungo's Ladies Aid met at the home of Mrs Robt. Davidson on May 21st. A good meeting was held, there being over two dozen ladies present.

Don't forget to attend the Bickmore with views from McGill University on River & Gulf of St. Lawrence. in St. Mungo's Church, Cushing, on Friday evening, May 31st.

Those who attended the "Empire Day" entertainment of School No. 6, were well repaid for the effort. Rev. Mr. Fraser acted as chairman and a number of parents and other friends attended. A well prepared patriotic and otherwise programme was rendered by pupils. Mr. Fraser gave a very instructive address, and Master Reuben Chambers played on his violin many patriotic selections. Miss Hodgson was presented by her pupils with a nice remembrance.

MOUNT MAPLE.

—:o:—

Another loved one has been removed from our midst by the hand of death and has left a vacant place in the hearts and homes of her parents which can never be filled. Florence Murdock, while visiting her sister Mrs. Adams in Montreal, was stricken down with erysipelas and removed to the hospital about three weeks prior to her death, and was recovering favorably when blood-poison set in, which terminated fatally on Friday night, 17th inst.

Florence was a general favorite with those intimately acquainted with her, owing to a quiet retiring disposition, and much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family who feel the blow more keenly, as they were entirely seperated from her during her illness, by the infectious nature of the disease. The remains were brought home on Saturday evening the funeral taking place on Monday afternoon, which was largely attended, services being conducted by the Rev. Mr. McDonald of Dalesville, the family were all present but one sister Mrs. J. Woods of Neepewa, Man. The deceased became a member of the Dalesville Baptist Church eight years ago, and her loved ones have the bright assurance that she is now united with the Church above.

CALUMET.

—:o:—

The races on the Perley driving park track here on the 24th were good, and considering the cool weather there was a good attendance. The races are exciting and were won as follows:

Green race, M. Lessard 1st, W. Morrow 2nd, Chas. Steel 3rd, H. Belair 4th, Time 3.30.

2.40 Class,—L. Champagne 1st, Jos. Longpre 2nd, Wm. Wade 3rd. Time 2.45½

2.25 Class,—J. Owens 1st, Henry Labelle 2nd, Byers Little 3rd. Time 2.38½.

The track is in splendid condition and good sport can be looked forward to for Dominion Day as the management promise a good racing and sporting programme as well as other attractions.

Mr. T. Grimner, S. Boyd and R. Garland from Pt.-aux-Trembles, Miss L. McPhee, of Montreal, Mr. A. McPhee of Cowansville, M. McIntyre and G. H. Joss, of Lachute.

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A Nice Neat Suit

And a Well Shaped Suit

Makes a man not only look good but feel good. We are prepared to give you the quality of cloth of the best, and guarantee you a perfect fit. We are also able to supply you with everything you need in Gent's Furnishings. Our prices are right, so give us a call.

D. LAPOINTE,

Main St. Lachute.

J. D. CAMPBELL & Co's Ad.

ALWAYS NO HAND

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

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

A choice assortment of FRESH GROCERIES

OUR PRICES, LIKE OUR GOODS, ARE ALWAYS RIGHT

Main Street, - Lachute.

DUNANY.

Those from this vicinity who attended the annual 24th of May Ball, given by the L.O.L. of Shrewsbury, report a very pleasant time.

We are sorry to hear of the severe illness of Mrs. W. J. Gain, and hope to hear of her speedy recovery.

Mr. Robert Burns of Lakefield, has charge of the Dunany cheese factory at present.

Wm. Conlin and Master Leslie visited at Mr. T. Conlin's in Louisa on Saturday evening.

At Oxbow, Sask., on Wednesday, May 15th, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. H. Burmeister, Clarence E. Conlin, Dunany, to Flora A. Donaldson, daughter of Mr. Chas. Donaldson of Millbridge, Ont.

BIRTH.

BRYCE,—At North River, on Wednesday, May 22nd, 1907, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bryce.

DEATH.

MURDOCK,—At the Alexandra Hospital Montreal, on Friday, May 17th, 1907, Florence aged 27 years and 1 day, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murdock of Brownsburg.

WILSON,—At Lachute, on Wednesday, May 29th, 1907, Anne McFarlane, widow of the late Jas. Wilson, in her 83rd, year.

FARM FOR SALE.

Meadow Brook the finest Stock farm in the County comprising Two Hundred acres 1st range of Chatham, and fronting on the Ottawa River. Apply to D. M. DEWAR, Cushing, P.O. Que.

Legal and Commercial.

J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Over Bamford's Block,
Main St., Lachute.

G. E. BAMPTON, K.C.,
ADVOCATE.
Office; Main Street, East Ward.
Lachute, P.Q. P. O. Box 248.

L. L. LEGAULT B. C. L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

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STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, P.Q.

J. E. VALOIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Money to loan on security.
Office . BETHANY STREET.

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

DR. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours;—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. HUGH. B. FRASER, B.A
Physician & Surgeon,
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College,

DR. A. W. STACKHOUSE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office over Wm. Doig's store, opposite Post Office.
Absent on Monday only.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, D.D.S. L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in Lachute every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P.O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in French and English.

G. J. WALKER,
INSURANCE & FINANCIAL AGENT.
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Notes discounted and Loans made. Only First-Class Insurance Companies represented.

CHARLES CALDER,
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
LACHUTE.

A neat cottage for sale, situate on West side of Princess Avenue, opposite the Lachute Paper Mills, at a reasonable price and easy terms.

Money to loan on good security at reasonable interest. Fire Insurance placed with the most reliable companies and at low rates. Losses promptly settled.

LAKEFIELD.

—:o:—

The recent rain has greatly improved the newly-sown crop.

Messrs. Willie A. and Walter Rogers of Montreal, spent Sunday with their parents.

Mrs. Wm. and Mr. Jack Clifford, of Shrewsbury, visited friends here on Sunday.

The Misses Eva and Vera Poyser, were guests of Miss Hilda Armstrong on Saturday last.

Mr. Norman Rogers of Lachute, was among the week end visitors here.

A large number of people attended the sale at Mr. W. J. Lister's on Tuesday.

Quite a number of the young folks from here attended the dance given in Shrewsbury Hall, on Victoria evening, while others thought it more profitable to go fishing.

BEECH RIDGE.

—:o:—

Mr. G. Hamilton has returned from Rawdon, where he has been spending a pleasant holiday.

Farmers are through seeding but growth has been somewhat backward, owing to the bad weather.

Mr. A. D. Morrin of Montreal, spent the holiday with his parents here.

We are pleased to know that one of our young men is about to take up his permanent residence among us. We wish him every success in his calling.

Mr. Franklin Stanley spent Sunday here the guest of Mrs. G. Catton.

Mr. Tom Turner, spent 24th in Montreal. Glad to know that he has returned safely.

Mr. George Cleland has purchased a new buggy. We hope that he may enjoy it to the best advantage.

Rev. Mr. Mitchell of Lachute, made his pastoral calls in this vicinity, accompanied by Mr. Simon McKimmie.

We are pleased to know that we are to have a "Daily Mail" in our settlement, commencing, June 1st.

Mr. Jas. Catton has been ill-disposed for a few days with a cold.

The "Star" has its weekly course to make still and its owner considers it a good substitute for the bicycle which he finds rather fatiguing.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In re PIERRE MARINIER,
Hotel-Keeper of Ste. Agathe, Que.

The undersigned will sell by auction on

TUESDAY, the 11th of June, 1907.

the following immovables :—

1o. At ten o'clock a.m. at the Church door of Ste. Agathe,

A lot of land situated in the said Village, known and designated on the official plan and book of reference for the said Parish, under number sixty-five, (65) of the fourth range of the Canton of Beresford, with buildings thereon erected.

2o. At three o'clock p.m., at the Church door at l Annonciation,

An emplacement in the said Village, known and designated as part of lot number forty-seven (47) of the south west range of the Riviere Rouge, Canton Marchand, vacant.

A'so another lot of land, known under number forty-eight (48) of the south-west range of the Riviere Rouge, Canton Marchand, with house and dependancies thereon erected, less the emplacements sold, from said lot, as per deed to this end; the annual and perpetual rents, and the Capital thereof to wit; that of;

$6.00 constituted on capital of by Jos. Paquet.	$100.00	due
$6.66 constituted on capital of by Eug. Danis.	111 00	due
$4.48 constituted on capital of by Horace Chartier.	68.00	due
$1.25 constituted on capital of by Noe Montreuil.	11.50	due
$3.50 constituted on capital of by Dasithe Boileau.	56.33	due
$6.00 constituted on capital of by Damase Charbonneau.	100.00	due
$6.00 constituted on capital of by Horace Chartier.	100.00	due
$6.00 constituted on capital of by Rod Veuillet per.	100.00	due
$6.00 constituted on capital of Jos. Groulx.	100.00	due
$6 00 constituted on capital of by Jos. Groulx.	100.00	due
$6.00 constituted on capital of by Jos. Ouellet	100.00	due
$3.00 constituted on capital of by P. Morissette.	50.00	due
$3.00 constituted on capital of by Jos. Ouellet fils.	50.00	due
4. Bills receivable	$301.00	
5. Furniture & Rolling stock, about	150.00	

For further particulars apply to
ALEXANDRE DESMARTEAU, Curator,
No. 60 Notre Dame St. East,
Montreal.

SAVE MONEY

By Buying at DOIG'S

All of your Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Granite & Agate ware, Kitchen Utensils. Earthenware, such as Churns, Butter and Cream Crocks, Bean Pots, Molasses Jugs and Jars. Everything new and Up-to-date. Some special bargains in Silk Blouses, Prints and Summer Dress Goods . . . . . .

Government Inspected Clover and Timothy Seed on hand that will be sold close. Fully guaranteed.
Highest prices paid for butter, eggs & maple syrup.

W. Doig
Opposite the Post Office.

Just what you like

Isn't it enjoyable, when out with a friend, to be able to slip into a nice little parlor and regale yourself with a delicious dish of ice cream or a cool drink of Lemon Sour, Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale, Cream Soda, Kola, etc., and all kinds of fruits in season. Hardie's is the place.

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.

Hardie & Co.
Baker and General Merchants, Brownsburg, P.Q.

New Spring Goods.

Stock Now Complete In all Lines

Special values in Gents, Youths' and Boys' ready-made clothing, underwear, shirts, collars, ties, Felt hats, caps, Boots, Rubbers, Etc., Etc.

J. R. McOUAT

PHOTOGRAPHS!

IF YOU WANT!
WHAT YOU WANT!
WHEN YOU WANT IT!

In Photographs, call at HOLLAND'S GALLERY. We are showing the latest styles and finish.

Do you want a BROMIDE ENLARGEMENT of yourself or one of the family—nicely framed and mounted?

This work is a specialty with us. See our latest samples, Family and Sporting Groups, Children's Portraits.

Bring The BABY.

ELITE PHOTO STUDIO
(Opposite the Post Office.) Box 26, LACHUTE,
W. S. HOLLAND, Prop. E. M. FINN, Mgr.

GEOFFROY BEDARD

Tailor and Gent's Outfitter,
MAIN ST. LACHUTE

If you want to be rigged out complete, just call on me and you will find perfect satisfaction, as we handle all you need in style, and we can certainly give you the fit and finish.

Our prices are at all times in keeping with the goods, and of the very best value that can be procured in town. Call and see our splendid assortment of goods.

$10,000 STOCK $10,000

Great Slaughtering Sale for CASH ONLY

Commencing on Monday next, March 11th we will sell our entire stock at cost and

Below Cost.

The stock comprises a well-assorted line of dry-goods, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hats, caps, furs, crockery, hardware, also a large stock of latest tweeds. All our groceries are fresh goods and will be sold at cost, as will a very large stock of sheeting and roofing paper.

Everything must be sold as I am giving up store.

H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe.

McFAUL BROS. ADVT.

Some of the lines we can save money for you on

Dress Goods, Prints Ginghams.
Carpets and Rugs,
Linoleums & Floor Oil Cloths, 1, 2, 3 & 4 yds. wide.

Ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys.

We are sole agents for the celebrated Geo. A. Slater "Invictus" Boots and Shoes. Once tried you will have no other.

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

New Goods

We have opened up our New 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.

FURNITURE REQUISITES.

Furniture Requisites of every description may be had by investigating our beautiful large showrooms. Our prices are correspondingly low but the quality of our . . . goods is high . . .

When you are building don't forget that we can supply you with sashes, doors, . . . windows, etc. . . .

Lachute Furniture Factory

O. B. LAFLEUR, Proprietor.

CURRENT TOPICS.

New Norwegian liquor laws are successful. The Sondag system gives power to municipalities to grant all the retail spirit licenses which they deem necessary to a company which would bind itself to carry on the traffic in the interests of the community, with a fixed annual return of not more than 5 per cent. on its paid-up capital. In establishing the system the question of compensation does not appear to have presented much difficulty. The allotments of the profits are as follows: To the state, 65 per cent.; to the municipality, in lieu of larger license duties, now abolished, 15 per cent.; and to objects of public utility operating as counter attractions to the public houses in towns, 10 per cent.; and in the surrounding districts, 10 per cent. The profits of the trade under these restrictions have contributed $7,000,000 for objects of public interest since the foundation of the system. During the last eight years the proportion accruing to the state has been increased and set apart till 1910 to form the nucleus of an old-age pension fund, which now amounts to $2,300,000. The most remarkable fact in the history of Norway sobriety is that the consumption of alcohol per inhabitant has decreased about 45 per cent. in the last fifty years. The decrease has been most marked since the establishment of the Sondag system. The aims and principles of the Sondag system are these: The elimination of private profit and securing the monopoly value for the public; insuring highest quality of liquors sold; the reduction of the number of licenses; the easy enforcement of the law; the destruction of the power of the spirit trade; and the furtherance of all progressive measures of reform.

War is waning by a process of substitution. Forces so dynamic and vigorous are awaking that war seems cumbersome and mechanical in comparison. It is not merely the desire for conscience at rest, for a sense of justice no longer outraged, that would pull us into new paths where there would be no more war nor preparations for war. Prof. James of Harvard argues that there are still more strenuous forces at work reaching down to impulses and experiences as primitive and profound as are those of struggle itself. We are even now discovering moral substitutes for the war virtues in our struggles toward a higher social order. The newer heroism manifests itself in a universal determination to abolish poverty and disease, a manifestation so widespread that it may justly be called international. The newer humanitarianism offers emotional stimuli as well as moral codes; and the time is coming when each nation, quite as a natural process, will substitute virile good-will for the spirit of warfare. We do not yet realize what it may do for us in the way of courage and endurance. We continue to defend war on the ground that it stirs the noble blood and the higher imagination of the nation and thus frees it from moral stagnation and the bonds of commercialism. We do not see that this is to borrow virtues from a former age and to fail to utilize our own. We must be willing to surrender ourselves to the ideals of the humble, which the religious teachers unite in declaring to be the foundation of a sincere moral life.

THE BEST OF MEDIUMS.

You may talk about your posters and your ads upon the fence,
But they ain't the kind of mediums that appeal to common sense;
You may talk about your dodgers and your circulars and such,
But I calculate they don't assist an advertiser much;
And especially in the winter, when the snow is on the ground,
I wonder where your posters and your dodgers can be found?
But within the cosy homestead when the parlor stove's aglow,
The newspaper is read aloud to everyone we know.

The farmer sees the painted sign upon the barn and grins;
Two dollars yearly for the space he usually wins.
And the same is true of nearly all his neighbors and his friends;
But they take the local paper and they read it every week,
And in its welcome columns all their information seek.
And you may be quite certain that the ads therein displayed
Are always read with interest and are sure to make some trade.

It stands to reason, anyhow, that what a fellow buys,
He's going to read, and get his money's worth if he is wise.
The father, mother, uncle, aunt, the daughter and the son
Are going to read the newspaper and so is every one.
So it also stands to reason that a local merchant's ad
Will there attract attention, be it either good or bad.
And the newspapers as a medium leads all other kinds with ease,
For there is where the multitude the advertisement sees.

Mrs. Goldington: "I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. You have not known her a week." The Wily Suitor: "True, Madam; but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you." He got the girl.

SHOT FOR SINGING A SONG

TUNES THAT ARE INSULTING TO SOME FOLKS.

Many Instances Where Their Singing Has Led to Rioting and Murder.

A song sung by a gramophone was the cause of a man's losing his life at the little Buckinghamshire hamlet of Penn, England, at Christmas. A slate club was being shared out in the village public-house, and the instrument in question ground out, among other songs, one having for its refrain the words, "Jack, Jack, when you come back, remember those you leave behind you."

The tune, for some reason or other, aroused the ire of a man named Channer, and he started quarrelling with a companion nemed Cooper. Words led to blows, a stand-up fight followed, and Cooper died forty-eight hours afterwards from the injuries he received.

During the racial riots at Atlanta a few months ago a negro started to sing the first verse of "John Brown's Body." He was instantly fired at by all the whites within hearing, and fell riddled with bullets. To us this seems a brutal and unprovoked murder. And so, in a sense, it was. But it must be remembered that that particular air is hated by all the Southerners, and rouses them to

UNCONTROLLABLE FURY.

"Marching through Georgia" is a song especially disliked by the inhabitants of the State of Georgia, of which Atlanta is the capital, for one line of the refrain runs, "As we go marching through Georgia"; and many citizens can well remember the days when the Northern armies ravaged their homes with fire and sword to those very words, sung to that identical tune.

For a precisely similar reason the Austrian National Anthem is abhorred by the Hungarians. Lord Charles Beresford discovered this somewhat unexpectedly during a recent visit of the Mediterranean Fleet to Fiume. He sent a band ashore to play in the evening. The performance was loudly cheered until the tune in question was struck up, when the applause suddenly turned to a perfect hurricane of groans, hisses, and execrations. Next morning the chief paper of the town, the Fiume Hirlap, published a manifesto and an apology, in which it was explained that "the hissings were not meant for the band, but for the hideous and hated notes of the

ACCURSED AUSTRIAN ANTHEM,

to which no Hungarian can listen without clenching his fists and giving vent to his indignation."

Again, a man might as well play monkey-tricks with a hornet's nest as sing "The Wearing of the Green" in an Orange quarter of Belfast; while conversely, an individual desirous of getting his skull cracked could scarcely hit upon a likelier method of achieving his purpose than by striking up "Boyne Water" at an Irish Nationalist meeting.

Years ago, when King Louise Philippe was living in exile in England, the band of the 14th Regiment played on the terrace at Windsor while that monarch was on a visit to Queen Victoria. As was their custom, they introduced into the programme their regimental march, and none was more surprised than their bandmaster when Louis showed evident signs of a grave displeasure, while certain members of his suite, forgetful of even the ordinary rules of courtesy observed between the guest and host, rose as if to depart. The explanation came later, when it was discovered that the air of the march in question was identical with that of the

FAMOUS REVOLUTIONARY SONG,

"Ca Ira," to the accompaniment of which, shouted by thousands of angry throats, the unhappy King had only a short while previously been driven from Paris and his throne.

Even to this day the tune is hated by the French loyalists, as is also the "Carmagnole," while many ultra-enthusiasts amongst them cannot even listen to the well-known strains of the "Marseillaise" without expressing forcible disapproval. The "Watch on the Rhine" is tabooed in Alsace and Lorraine by mutual consent, because of the disturbances it invariably gives rise to between the rougher elements of both the French and the German populations. In Warsaw, the other day, a man was shot by Terrorists for singing the Russian National Anthem.

PAINTING THE LILY.

German Floriists Produce Strange Effects by the Use of Aniline Dye.

Fashion in flowers has taken a freak turn in Germany of late and there is great demand in certain circles for blooms of hues not found in nature.

The flowers are cut with extra long stalks a few hours before they reach full maturity. Then the stalks are put in water in which aniline dyes have been dissolved. White carnations, lilies and pansies are the easiest to dye and give the most natural results.

As the stalk sucks up the water the aniline pigment is carried through all the fine vessels of the blossom and deposited in its cells, so that after a few hours its color is completely established. Sometimes strange and even beautiful effects are secured by stopping the coloring process before it is complete. The white petals will then be delicately veined with green or red—these being the colors most successfully used.

Since the discovery that the flowers are simply dyed there is a great outcry among floriculturists, who pronounce the process an outrageous fraud on nature, both inartistic and vulgar. This does not prevent the demand for the dyed flowers from spreading.

The smaller a man is, the more exasperating he is to his fellow mortals.

Singleton: "What's the matter, old man? You seem to have trouble on your mind." Wedderly: "My wife told me to order something in town, and I'll be hanged if I can remember whether it was a seice or a tea set."

CHILDREN GET DIVORCED

BOYS AND GIRLS WHO SOON TIRE OF MATRIMONY.

Instances Where Very Young Children Have Been Married and Divorced.

One of the worst features in American life is still the ease with which divorce can be obtained after marriage. If marriage were less easy of accomplishment, probably divorce would be more difficult, but under present conditions it is just as easy for a child of thirteen or fourteen to get married in the States as if is for a grown woman in any other country. As a result of these child marriages it is not surprising to find that there are numerous divorcees who are still in the school-room.

One of the most recent and interesting instances of this state of affairs is the case of little Hope Brown, of Memphis, who, though only just over fourteen, and still at school, is suing for divorce. According to affidavits, the child was married on the Memphis side of the Mississippi River Bridge and lived with her husband one week, the gentleman she married being a Mr. Leslie Hopkins, who

BOARDED WITH HER MOTHER.

Hopkins was very much struck by the child's beauty, and asked her to marry him last September. The enterprising young man—he is only twenty-three—secured a license, and then invited little Miss Hope to accompany him to Crittenden County, where Justice J. J. Hogue married them. Then Mrs. Hopkins returned home and never said anything about her marriage. A week later Hopkins took his bride to the house of his father, where they remained for a week, when the young wife went back to her mother. Since that time she has had no further communication with her husband, and on telling the facts to her mother divorce proceedings were at once instituted. The child has now returned to school, and while she is following her studies the papers claiming absolute divorce have been filed.

Two years ago a young gentleman of the name of Henry White, a boy of fifteen, fell in love with a girl of seven years his senior, and they were married. The boy was at school at the time, and when the news became public his father and mother were so enraged that they had the bride arrested on a charge of kidnapping. The charge failed, however, and finally divorce proceedings were commenced.

After several weeks' delay the case came on and Mr. White was once more a free man.

HE RETURNED TO SCHOOL,

where he is at the present moment—another example of a boy who has already gone through the doubtful pleasures of marriage and divorce while still under the age of sixteen.

An interesting case of a child marriage and divorce comes from the State of New Jersey, where a pretty child of fifteen, the daughter of a well-to-do provision dealer, eloped with an assistant in her father's store, a good-looking young man of twenty-three or four. This young man, whose name was stated to be Perrin, was declared to be of excellent character, his only indiscretion being that he fell in love with his master's daughter.

The child seems to have returned his affection, but her father and mother laughed at her, never dreaming there was anything serious in the attachment. But one morning they awoke to the fact that the lovers had been "busy,' for their daughter had flown, leaving behind a note saying that she could not live without "Albert," and had therefore run away with him to be married.

The father did his best to trace the elopers, but nothing was heard of the runaways for a fortnight. Then the child returned to her parents and explained that she had been married to Perrin in Plainfields, but that she did not much care for the life, and if her father could obtain a divorce she would be very agreeable to fall in with the suggestion. The father thereupon took steps to have the marriage annulled, but did not succeed, and had to fall back upon

THE PETITION FOR DIVORCE.

which was subsequently granted.

The child has been given back her old name, and is now living in a boarding-school about ten miles outside Jersey City. The young man has stated that he still loves the girl, and when she reaches a competent age he hopes to make her his wife again.

One other interesting instance may be mentioned. This was a case in which two children—the girl but sixteen and the boy a year older—had run away from school and succeeded in getting a magistrate to marry them. In such a matter the parents of both bride and bridegroom were almost powerless, as neither the girl nor the boy could be accused of kidnapping, though had the girl been a year older she might have been proceeded against on this charge.

An annulment of the marriage was demanded, but refused, for the reason that nothing had been done contrary to the law. Then the youthful couple were asked to consent to a petition for divorce, and as each was without money, and had therefore found married life decidedly difficult, they at last consented and the divorce was obtained.

SOME TEMPERATURE.

The Quaker's habit of calm sometimes deceives onlookers as to his real feelings. There was an occasion on which Mrs. Abigail Gray's peaceful countenance aroused resentment in the heart of her niece, one of "the world's people."

"I don't see how you could sit there, Aunt Abigail, and hear that man talk and never look as if you cared," she said, tearfully, referring to a late interview with an unprincipled shopkeeper. "There I was boiling, and not even so much as one of your cap ruffles stirred."

"If thee could have seen far enough below the cap ruffles," replied Mrs. Gray, sedately, "thee would have seen that I was boiling, also, but without steam, my child."

COUNTESS WEDS FIDDLER

SEEMED ONLY TO LIVE WHEN HEARING HIM PLAY.

Jilted Noble Fiance, and Now Living in a One-storey Cottage in Town of Oldenburg.

The recent runaway marriage of the Countess Vilma Featitics with the gypsy violinist, Rudolf Nyari, has created a sensation among the aristocracy of Bavaria, Austria and Hungary. Se is just 24 years of age, and belongs to one of the first Hungarian families. Her father is Count Paul Festitics, and her uncle is Count Tassilo, an immensely wealthy magnate, through whose wife, formerly Lady Mary Hamilton, the Countess is also connected with the English aristocracy. The Countess was engaged to marry Count Spreti when she eloped. The Countess and her gypsy husband are now living in a little, one-storey, three-roomed cottage in a back street in a provincial town of Oldenburg. A recent caller describes how a door leading direct from the kitchen was opened for him. A forbidding looking elderly gypsy woman, who proved to be Nyari's mother greeted him. Her face relaxed somewhat as the object of his visit was explained, and she said, proudly: "My sons have all made good marriages. They are just giving a concert in an inner room." The visitor found two fair-haired, beautiful young women and two remarkably handsome, swarthy young men, all in evening dress, sitting by the lamp-lit table in a small room, the rest of which was occupied by beds, while in a corner a little gypsy girl in a red dress was playing with a kitten. The taller girl was the Countess. She has pleasant, unaffected manners and soft, dreamy eyes. The men were Rudolf and his young brother, Josef. The other girl was Josef's wife.

THE COUNTESS' LOVE STORY.

The Countess, in an ingenuous, impetuous manner, readily told her story. She said: "I was living with my mother in Munich at the beginning of last year when I first saw Rudi. He was giving a concert in a coffee house to which my fiance, Count Spreti, took us one evening. I was fascinated at once, and after I had been to the coffee house several times we were introduced by a society lady, for Rudi's playing had made him famous, and he had been asked to many of the best houses in the city. I soon felt that I could love no one but him. I only seemed to live when hearing him play. I asked Count Spreti to release me from my engagement, but he refused, and my parents sided against me. In May, when Rudi's season was over, he and his band had to return to Oldenburg. I was miserable, but we corresponded, and as he asked me in his letters to come and marry him if I loved him enough to be the wife of a wandering gypsy fiddler, I joined him here. My father followed me immediately and discovered my hiding-place and took me back to Munich. He said I must marry Count Spreti or he would have me locked up in a convent or a lunatic asylum. We only come of age here at 24, so I had to pretend to obey. I was shut up in a boarding-school at Munich and carefully guarded until the day last month which had been fixed for my wedding. Lots of presents arrived and everything had been arranged, but a week before the wedding my 24th birthday arrived, and then I left everything, ran away and came to stay with Rudi's parents here till we could be married. I wrote to Count Spetl and told him how sorry I was, for he had always been very kind, but I could love him no longer. All my relatives were dreadfully angry, especially my uncle Tassilo and my aunt, Mary, but they could not do anything, though my father sent a lawyer to try to bribe Rudi not to marry me."

COMING TO AMERICA.

At this point the Countess turned towards her husband with a smile, and he replied with a loving kiss. Then she continued: "We were married at the registry as soon as possible, I settled a house in Budapest, which I owned in my own right, and other property on my husband. I shall not stay in this cottage very long. Rudi is going to play at Budapest, where he has been promised $50 a night. Then we will go to New York. My only desire is to follow him around the world and hear him play.

"But I am quite happy here. I never knew a real home, for father and I were separated. I spent most of my life at a boarding school. Here I help with the house work, and my sister-in-law Kathy, and I are old friends, for curiously enough, we were at school together in Munich once, and now we are together again. We talk French to each other as in the old days. She has her romance, too."

Kathy, Josef's wife, belonged to a prosperous family and was married to a professor at Munich. She eloped with Josef a year ago. Since then her husband has secured a divorce and she has been married to Josef. A third brother ran away with a German Baroness, and is now giving concerts in America.

ALARMING SYMPTOMS.

Puddler had been feeling a little bit out of sorts—he was not quite sure whether it was the heart or a pork pie he had courageously tackled, or a combination of both. Anyway, he began to feel a burning sensation in his side, and he remembered what a doctor had once said to him about such a sensation being a symptom of fever.

"My dear," he said to his wife, in an agitated tone, when he had got home, "I fear I am going to be ill with a dreadful fever. I have a fearful burning sensation in my left side. Get me to bed and send for a doctor. Good gracious, it's awful!"

And he sank down upon a chair quite overcome.

Then a startling discovery was made. His pipe dropped out of his pocket on to the floor. He had forgotten to knock the burning ashes out, and it had burnt a hole through his clothes and scorched his skin.

GREAT IMPOSTOR DEAD

LIFE STORY OF A GREAT FRAUD, LEO TAXIL.

Author of the Famous "Anti-Christ" Hoax, Is Called to Answer For His Sins.

The end of one of the most consummate impostors of modern times is announced in the following brief telegram received recently from a Paris (France) correspondent:—

"The Patrie publishes the news of the death of the anti-clerical pamphleteer Leo Taxil."

Taxil's real name was Gabriel Jogand-Pages, and he was born at Marseilles fifty-two years ago. Educated by the Jesuits, he found himself in prison when a mere youth on a charge about which there has always been some obscurity. He came out filled with a virulent hatred against his old instructors, and flung himself whole-heartedly into an anti-clerical propaganda. From his headquarters in the Latin quarter of Paris he poured forth a constant stream of pamphlets with sensational titles, filled with bitter and scandalous abuse of everything Christian.

CREATED SENSATION.

In 1885 Taxil created a sensation throughout France by suddenly making his peace with the church and publicly expressing repentance for his lurid past. The convert was welcomed with open arms. Mgr. Richard, now Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, gave him his benediction, and Leo XIII. sent him the absolution of the Holy See.

Now commenced a fresh series of vehement pamphlets, this time directed against atheists and Freemasons.

French orthodoxy rejoiced in this truculent champion and his resounding blows for the faith. But Taxil had something in reserve. Early in the nineties he produced an impression among the faithful by a series of revelations connecting Freemasonry with Satan-worship, which was known to be carried on secretly in Paris.

FRANCE WAS SHOCKED.

Pious France was shocked. Then Taxil played another card. He announced his most startling discovery of all. The destined mother of anti-Christ had come upon earth and was deep in the counsels of Freemasons. She was known as Diana Vaughan; she was the high priestess of the Luciferians; he had seen her himself!

Taxil now sprang his last and most disconcerting surprise upon these good people. He flung off the mask, renounced the church with a torrent of insulting abuse, declared that his conversion was a hoax, and announced that all his revelations about the connection of Freemasonry with devil-worship were inventions. As for Diana Vaughan, she had no more solid existence than Mrs. Harris.

CHILD SUICIDES IN GERMANY.

Number so Great That Causes are Being Studied — Cities Not to Blame.

Suicide among school children has become so frequent in Germany that the authorities are devoting serious attention to the causes of it. In Prussia alone there were 1,152 cases between 1882 and 1905, or something like three a month. The yearly number has been even greater in the last two years, it is said. A general discussion of the subject took place lately in Berlin at a meeting of the Society of School Sanitation.

Of the number given above, 812 cases were of children attending the lower grade of schools and 342 the higher, but in spite of this the tendency to suicide appears to increase with age, as the number of children over 15 years who kill themselves was about four times as great as the number below that age. The boys also were four times as numerous as the girls.

In a great majority of cases the suicidal act was committed at home or near home and not at school or after leaving school. The causes, too, even when school matters were connected with them, usually had their strongest elements in the home.

In more than a third of the cases fear of punishment, dread of examinations or shame at failure to pass examinations was the prime cause. But in many of these cases, perhaps a majority of them, it was the attitude of the parents, actual or expected, that led directly to the deed.

The lack of correspondence between the actual powers of many children and the results exacted from them by a rigid school system often form the basis of trouble. But the thing that renders it acute is the assumption of irreflective parents that the child must be able to do what the school exacts of it—what other children do.

"He can if he will," was described by one of the speakers as a suicide provoking dictum, as common as it is foolish, since it ignores the fact that human beings are so often deficient in the power to win.

Ten per cent. of the children's suicides were caused by insanity or nervous excitation in a pathological degree. Some of these cases were traceable to hereditary conditions, including alcoholism in the parents.

The remaining cases were almost without exception due to domestic causes, ranging from poverty to shame at the misconduct of relations, especially parents. The influence of morbid books was distinctly traceable.

No grounds could be found for the theory that the conditions of modern city life led to suicide among children. The proportion of cases was fully as large in places of the smallest size as in crowded centres of population.

"I'm afraid that boy of mine will kill himself by overwork." "Overwork! I didn't know he ever worked." "Oh, I refer to mental and not physical work. He overworks his brain trying to find excuses for not doing anything he doesn't care about."

RAZORLESS SHAVE NO

EXCITED LONDON BARBERS THE EXHIBITION.

Looked on Dazed by Sight of Whi Being Rubbed Off With a Post Card.

Scores of excited barbers forced way into a room at the Cannon S Hotel, London, England, the other noon to witness an exhibition of r less shaving. They were stirred tense excitement by seeing a deft o tor remove a stubby three days' gr with the edge of a match-box.

The razorless shaving exhibition really a press-view, organized to how by covering a beard of any a growth with a paste made from "Razorless Shaving Powder" it was sible to remove such a beard wit blunt edge of a paper-knife or articles. The paste, it was expla makes the beard brittle, in which tion it can easily be bro n off.

LIKE CONDEMNED PERSONS

At 3.10 o'clock the six persons shaved mounted the little platform walked to their chairs with the gl depressed air of condemned person ing to their execution. There wer men wearing neckerchiefs, who, w week's growth on their chins, ha parently been recruited from the s there were also a fair-moustached clerk, two British workmen, and a ly, middle-aged man with bushy whiskers, who looked the picture highly-respectable butler.

With solemn face, the victims their heads back, and had white tucked under their chins. "Cheer cried voices in the crowd, but not smiled. The operator, who had mixing his paste in what looked salad bowl, now came forward and ered the men. His composition see creamy paste of the consistency of tar, with a pungent smell, faint sembling that of heliotrope.

SIDE-WHISKERS STAY.

Anguished disappointment swe crowd when it was seen that the side-whiskers of the portly butler w be untouched. "Be a man," h urged, but all in vain.

The lathered men lay back f minutes, having their photographs and listening to banter, and the operator with a bone paper-knife to scrape the paste off the first The bristles came off with the The man got up from the chair shaven, and the barbers in the gat were aghast.

SHAVED WITH THESE.

Then came the turn of the othe They were shaved with the foll articles:

The back of a lady's comb.
A postcard.
A wooden salad-spoon.
A shoe-horn.
A match-box.

When the remnants of the pas been washed off, the faces we from the slightest suspicion of a True, the process seemed rather l and elaborate; true, one of th mentioned that his face smarted But the results were indisputab

TOOK OFF ONE SIDE ONL

But now came the great test. with a full beard mounted the pl A sudden hush fell on the gat The operator, shaving brush in advanced towards him. Lavish was administered, but to the one the face only. The audience c they had the jubilant anticipatio one-sided beard. They were not pointed. The paste was allowed main on for ten minutes, and t operator scraped it off, and th with it. The victim a little late up with a full beard on one side face and smooth, clear skin on th

The barbers in the gathering ined the smooth cheek, and th daring touched it with their and then, sadder and wiser me stole silently away.

ENGLISH DOCTOR'S INCOM

Average Is Low—Much Hard W Many Unpaid Bills.

Sir John R. Robinson has rel story of a beautiful vase in the a doctor. It was given to him by ful young lady, who came one said she had a secret. She wa to be married, and married to man she loved; but, unfort when a foolish girl, she had flir a young cousin and had tatto name, "Johnny," on the calf of The doctor asked if the bride name was Tommy, as, if so, ther be less trouble in making an al His name was quite differen Chambers's Journal, so the tatto were redone with milk, although scar remained.

Dr. Caesar Hawkins, when in c with Robert Lee, who had kick of orange peel from the pavemen roadway, replaced it, with the "What are you thinking about this a joke, or was he in earnest

We are told that doctors in End of London will visit and medicine for a shilling, others vice and medicine at a dispen sixpence. Contract work is eve paid. It seems that tens of thou families in Great Britain, by the system which prevails in workl or manufacturing districts, recei cal attendance and advice fo pence a week. Medicine and are even provided.

A gray-haired, worn looking tioner, clever, and only thirty-f said that he could retire had been paid by former and pr tients. Every doctor has to thin deal about his fees, his expens great. Very rarely does a med become rich. Lawson Tait sets average income of medical men land at 200 pounds a year. No research work done in hospita for, and very little of the ha Doctors appear to be debarred quette from suing patients for

CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA.

Made Well and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Doctors Had Failed.

Mr. H. W. Awalt is one of the leading merchants of Hemford, N. S., A few years ago he was a great sufferer from that most excruciating trouble sciatica. He says: "At the time I was afflicted I was living at Baker Settlement. The attack was so severe that I had been off work for some time. The cords of my leg were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I was in misery both day and night. Every moment caused me such pain as only those who have been tortured with sciatica can know. I was treated by several doctors, but they did not help me a bit. In fact I almost began to feel that my condition was helpless, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention. I got a half dozen boxes. I had used about the entire quantity before I found any benefit. But I was encouraged and got a second half dozen boxes and before these were all gone every vestige of the trouble had disappeared. Not only this, but I was improved in health in every way, as it will be readily understood that the long siege of pain I had suffered had left me badly run down. I can't speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can't recommend them too strongly to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure sciatica simply because they make the rich, red blood that soothes and strengthens the jangled aching nerves. That is why they cure such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. That is why they cure all ailments due to poor watery blood. That is why they make weary, despondent, broken-down men and women bright, active and strong. But only the genuine pills can do this, and they have the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Wilyliams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

VICTIM OF RUSSIAN TYRANNY.

Tragedy of a Young Woman Held Without Trial.

The suicide in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Petersburg, of a young woman named Dorofieff, who had been imprisoned there for nearly six months without trial, has caused as painful an impression as that of the girl Vietrova, who committed suicide in the same place about eight or ten years ago by pouring over herself the oil of the lamp with which her cell was provided and setting herself on fire. Dorofieff strangled herself by tying her hair round her neck, fastening the end of the plait to the foot of the bed and then leaning back till death released her.

She was a young married woman, barely 22 years of age, who came to St. Petersburg with her husband in the spring of last year. The two lived a quiet, simple life, and attracted little notice from their neighbors, until shortly after a revolutionary outrage, when they disappeared. The police made a descent upon their apartment and left a few men in permanent ambush. When, two days later, the husband returned alone, he had hardly entered the hall when they rushed out with loaded revolvers and arrested him. Two days later he was executed in accordance with the verdict of a field court-martial.

The following day the woman Dorofieff was arrested. She was immediately incarcerated in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and since then, according to the newspaper accounts, she was kept in complete ignorance as to the fate of her husband, the jailors not being allowed to reply to any of her questions. The news of her husband's death, it is said, was conveyed to her on the eve of her suicide.

She had been dead for several hours before it was discovered that she had put an end to her life. She was buried secretly at night time in the Preobajensky Cemetery, where are the graves of many of those who fell during the shooting on Red Sunday. Who she was and who her husband remains a mystery. Those who knew her during her stay in St. Petersburg describe her as an exceptionally beautiful and attractive woman of superior intelligence and education.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the home has a feeling of security that her child's health is safe. These Tablets cure such ailments as colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and simple fevers. They break up colds, destroy worms, make teething painless and give the child healthy natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Mrs. Robert Watson, Combermere, Ont., says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets just the medicine needed to keep children healthy.' Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN ENGLISH GIRL'S PLUCK.

Saved Herself From a Would-be Robber in Paris.

Miss Nellie McCarthy, an English girl of nineteen, who had gone to Paris to take a situation as a governess, had an exciting adventure with a would-be robber in the Rue Rambuteau.

She lost her way among the Paris streets, and asked a woman named Bassett to direct her to her hotel in the Rue St. Honore. The woman offered to show her the way, and led her instead to her own apartments.

The woman induced her to enter, and then locked the door and demanded Miss McCarthy's jewels and money. The English girl answered by producing a revolver and shooting the woman in the shoulder.

The police were called by the neighbors and explanations at the police station led to the release of Miss McCarthy. The woman Bassett is in the hospital and will be charged with attempted robbery.

PHYSICIANS ARE NEEDED

PLEA FOR MEDICAL MAN IN THE MACKENZIE RIVER VALLEY.

Hundreds of Miles of That District Are Without a Single Doctor.

Mr. E. Stewart, recently Dominion Commissioner of Forestry, writes regarding a matter of importance to all Canadians.

It has occurred to me that I was perhaps neglecting a duty in not calling public attention to the sad condition of the sick and afflicted in the Mackenzie River country. The distance by the ordinary travelled route between Athabasca Landing (which is itself about one hundred miles north of Edmonton) and Fort McPherson, near the Arctic Sea, is 1,854 miles, and over that whole distance the inhabitants—Indians, half-breeds and whites—are without a single physician.

Of missionaries there are many, and the good people of Canada send liberal support to maintain them, but surely, as the eloquent apostle of the Labrador says, it is poor comfort to the suffering and dying to be told that we love them and that the Lord is good when we fail to do anything to relieve their physical distress.

NO SURGEONS THERE.

My attention was forcibly called to the condition of these people in this respect during my visit to that country last summer. Only two days after leaving Athabasca Landing in a steamer our cook took sick with what was apparently appendicitis. It was soon evident that his case was serious, and it was extremely distressing to see him growing worse day by day, while of the fifty or more on the boat no one could do anything to save his life. After about a week of intense suffering he expired, and now fills a lonely grave on the bank of the Athabaska River, far from his former home in England. There are many in the country who are afflicted with certain ailments that would yield readily to simple surgical operations. In such cases there are only two alternatives; either to endure the affliction or make a long journey of perhaps a thousand or fifteen hundred miles to Edmonton, which is not only expensive, but if the journey is from the far north, where there is only one or two boats in the year, it will necessitate an absence from home of about twelve months.

Just before we left Edmonton we heard of such a case. The wife of an employe of the Hudsons' Bay Company at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, nearly 1,200 miles from Edmonton, came out to the latter place on the return of the steamer in 1905 in order to undergo some simple operation for her eyes, which, I believe was quite successful, and only necessitated her stay in the hospital for a week or two, but as she could not get back to her home that season she arranged to stay in Edmonton and return the following year by the boat. Unfortunately a week before we left Edmonton she took suddenly ill and expired, and instead of our having her as a companion on our journey we were compelled to be the bearers of the saddest of all messages to her husband, who came aboard, as soon as the steamer touched the bank, expecting to meet his dear one after a long year's absence. It is unnecessary to say that this incident was most distressing, but it is not singular, for this annual steamer brings similar messages every trip.

ANOTHER CASE.

I shall only mention one other instance: Some time in April of last year I received a letter from a trader of my acquaintanee, whose post was at the Arctic River, on the lower Mackenzie, beyond the Arctic circle. This letter was written on Christmas Day, fully four months before it reached me at Ottawa. It described life in that far northern region most graphically, and the general tone was cheerful, and reflected the life of a man greatly interested in the strange surroundings of his new home. I knew a reply would not reach him sooner than I expected to myself, and I looked forward with pleasure to the surprise that I would give him when I should present myself in person to answer his communication. On reaching Great Slave Lake I was informed that I would find my friend at Fort Good Hope on our way down. This post is about three hundred miles this side of the Arctic Red River. So when our steamer, the Wrigley, reached Good Hope I looked eagerly among the crowd of Indians, half-breeds and a few whites, everyone down to see the arrival of the first steamer, if not the only one of the year; but to my surprise my friend could not be seen. I soon had his quarters on the bank of the river pointed out, and in a few minutes more had found him in a small log hut in a dying condition. He had a few months before contracted a severe cold, which failed to yield to any remedies that were available. I learned on my return that he died the day after I visited him.

A GRENFELL NEEDED.

These are but a few of the distressing cases I met with on my journey. Here is a field for another Grenfell of vaster extent than that afforded on the coast of Labrador, and I cannot but believe that if our people realized the condition of the scattered settlements, extending over two thousand miles from Edmonton to the polar sea, with regard to medical aid they would respond as willingly to provide one or two hospitals as they now do to the support of the missions in that region. It is true that the missionaries are generally supplied with a few drugs, and some of them have a limited knowledge of medicine, but I do not know of one capable of performing a serious surgical operation, and provided he were, the conditions of the homes of these people would certainly not be favorable to convalescence.

Will not some one undertake the work of establishing a small hospital, say, at Fort Simpson? This would be a central point on the river, and would, I am sure, be soon patronized by many who have been afflicted for years, and who otherwise could never receive the treatment that their cases require.

Makes Ironing Easier—

This cold-water starch gets ironing-day over quicker, with less wear on the ironer's muscles and far less on the starched pieces. Gives a beautiful gloss. Needn't be boiled..yet cannot stick. It's a starch you'll like.

Try It

Celluloid Starch

KAISER URGES SIMPLE LIFE.

Sends His Opinion on Subject to Army Officers.

The Emperor of Germany has a decided desire to promote temperance and simple living among officers of the army and navy, as recently manifested by an imperial note circulated among the regiments. The note, which emanates from the emperor direct, states that during a midday meal which the kaiser attended at one of the regimental messes he was extremely annoyed to see the luxuriousness and profuseness displayed in regard to table delicacies, including French champagne.

In his note the emperor expresses a desire tantamount to a command that when he is present at any regimental meal the menu should be restricted to soup, fish, vegetables, toast, cheese and butter. Beverages should consist of simple red or white table wines or a claret glass of German champagne might be handed round on occasions as an accompaniment while "braten" is being served. Liqueurs after meals are tabooed, also all other beverages.

These restrictions, together with the emperor's endeavors to suppress all expensive sports in the army, such as polo, show his keen desire to bring the German officers' mental and physical qualities to the highest standard possible.

SORE ACHING FEET

SOOTHED BY ZAM-BUK.

Men, women and girls engaged in stores, who have to be on their feet all day, often suffer agonies from chafing sores, soft corns, horny patches, etc. In other cases long standing and walking leads to bad leg, varicose veins and ulcers. Zam-Buk takes the pain out of chafed sores, prevents suppuration and poison from stocking-dye, and generally heals.

Mrs. K. Watkins, of 26 Forgue Avenue, Montreal, says: "My boy had a sore on his heel which was rubbed by his stocking until it became a very bad wound. Zam-Buk took the soreness out almost instantly, and healed the wound up wonderfully."

Zam-Buk is equally good for cuts, bruises, eczema, scalp sores, itch, barber's rash, blood poison and all skin injuries and diseases. All stores and druggists sell at 50c a box.

"Father, I am not sure whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth." "Choose the teeth, my boy, everyone has thirty-two of them, but only two ears."

It will do no harm to remember that the man in front never has any kick about the dustiness of the road.

"Didn't you find it hard to choose a name for the baby?" "Not at all. He has only one wealthy uncle, you see."

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

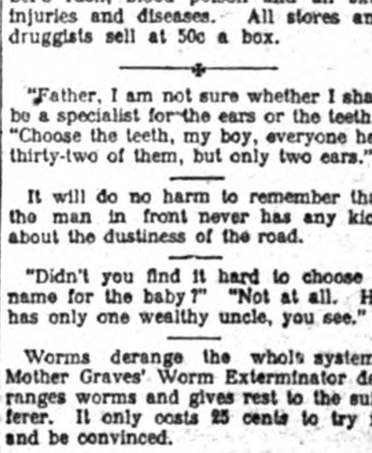
RIGHT.

"Gittin' a grouch," said Uncle Josh this morning, "is th' easiest thing in th' hull 'tarnal world! It's th' gittin' red uv th' blamed thing thet pinches, b'jinks!"

MEANINGLESS WORD.

"I'll sue the scoundrel!" exclaimed Algy in a terrible rage. "He calls me a blithering idiot!"

"I wouldn't pay any attention to it," counselled Percy. "'Blithering' doesn't really mean anything, you know."



FIFTEEN HUNDRED BUYS GOOD WILL and stock in trade of old established moving van business; horses, vans in first-class condition; spot cash; owner wishes to retire; investigate.—John J. Biggs, London, Ont.

YOUNG MEN WANTED—FOR FIREmen and brakemen; experience unnecessary; over 500 positions open at the present time; high wages; rapid promotion to engineers and conductors; $75 to $200 per month; instructions by mail at your home without interruption with present occupation; we assist each student in securing a position; don't delay; write to-day for free catalogue, instructions and application blank. National Railway Training School, Inc., 1432 K., Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.

ISSUE NO. 29—07.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



MR. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes:

I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past.

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain.

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Pe-ru-na For Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. **I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time.**

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin.

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time.

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance.

Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens.

VERY INJURIOUS.

"What is there about betting at horse races that is so bad for the health?" said young Mrs. Torkins.

"I never heard of anything," answered the visitor.

"Didn't you? Every time Charlie makes a bet he comes home and says there is something wrong with his system."

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.

A company of settlers, in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity, and happiness are always found."

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. Sold by all druggists.

An artist is a man who puts his dreams into such shape that the rest of the world can realize how beautiful they are.

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

"Has young Dudleigh any occupation?" asked the dear girl's mother. "Indeed he has," replied the dear girl. "He's raising a moustache."

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.

A fool can rattle a wise man quicker than another wise man can.

Alice: "I'll let you kiss me if you won't tell anybody." Willie: "I promise not to tell it, but I won't promise not to repeat it."

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.

Women, as a rule, have poor heads for figures. That may be why it is almost impossible for one to figure her age correctly.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incident(a) to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

The way some men live they evidently forget that they cannot hire an attorney to represent them on the Judgment Day.

A TRIUMPHAL TOUR.

Visit of South Lancashire's Band to Calais and Lille.

If the band of the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment had been a company of victorious soldiers it could not have had a more triumphant welcome than it had on its recent trip from Calais to Lille, France, where it was to play at a charity concert.

In the black hours of night Calais citizens stormed the gangway to the mail-boat, and a Lille committee, in evening dress, welcomed Colonel Adam and his sixty-one khaki-clad bandsmen. To the accompaniment of songs they marched to supper in the Grand Hotel at 2 a.m., and were astir again in full dress at 6. The municipal band escorted them to the Town Hall for the Mayoral welcome before the station was reached.

At the rampart at Lille the artillery fired a salute of twenty-one guns; for a mile out the railways was lined with a flag-waving crowd, and as the train entered the station five massed military bands struck up "God Save the King." The Lancashires gave three tremendous cheers for the French, and then began a triumphal march through crowded and beflagged streets. Thousands of holiday-attired people cheered again and again. At the City Hall the Mayor offered champagne, and reminded his hearers that red coats and red trousers had not fraternized since the Crimea. Then to the Prefecture, another welcome, and more champagne. Then to the official residence of the General Commanding the district, who drank to the "noble British army."

A bevy of ladies invaded the General's saloons to chat with the British officers. After serenading them the band was taken off in flag-bedecked tramway cars to lunch, and at 4 o'clock twelve thousand people—everybody in the district is more or less of a musical critic—assembled in the Hippodrome to applaud enthusiastically, so well did the Lancashire play, notwithstanding their fatigue. The President of the committee went up on the platform and kissed blushing Bandmaster Harris on both cheeks, before handing him a great gold laurel leaf.

The General Commanding and all the officers of rank were present in uniform at night at the banquet in Hotel de l'Europe.

FACETIOUS.

Time tries to age a woman fair,
But she destroys the trace;
For Time she doesn't seem to care—
But at him makes a face.

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

In 1850 the fastest steamer afloat was the Asia. She could do 11 knots, and held the record until the Persia was launched in 1856.

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."

The first organs built in the eleventh century had keys five inches in width, which had to be struck with the fist.

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.

CREAM OF THE WEST FLOUR

A pure, hard Manitoba flour for bakers and others demanding strength, color and uniformity.

STRONG & WHITE

AT YOUR GROCERS

DEALERS EVERYWHERE SUPPLIED WITH FLOUR AND FEED. WRITE US.

WE ALSO MAKE "QUEEN CITY" A BLENDED FLOUR THAT HAS GAINED GREAT FAVOR AS A GENERAL HOUSEHOLD "ALL PURPOSES" FLOUR.

THE CAMPBELL MILLING CO. TORONTO JUNCTION ONT.

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 168, Montreal

CANADIAN PACIFIC IRRIGATED FARMS IN SUNNY ALBERTA

Before deciding where to locate in the West, let us tell you about these lands. The best wheat fields, the richest grazing land, are in this province.

Write us for full information about crops, climate and special railroad rates.

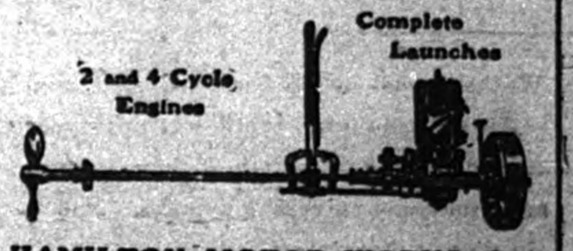
Local representative wanted in each county.

Telfer & Osgood

Eastern Selling Agents,

208 CORISTINE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

MADE IN CANADA



HAMILTON MOTOR WORKS, Ltd.

HAMILTON, ONT.

4%

On Your Savings

Compounded Quarterly

Send for booklet

"BANKING BY MAIL"

It explains how our Savings Department is no further from you than your nearest mail box.

Capital and Reserve

$2,900,000

THE UNION TRUST Co., LIMITED

Temple Building, - Toronto

Go to "BERRY'S"

A full and complete stock now on hand for Spring in BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS, for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and children. All grades, heavy and light are now on hand.

New Spring SUITS & HATS in the latest designs and styles for Men and Boys. Sometoing to suit everybody. A large assortment in 2 and 3 piece suits for little boys.

Come and see my Spring Overcoats, very up-to-date. Very best values at lowest prices. To see them is to buy.

WM. BERRY

Main St. • Lachute.

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 quarterly.

No delay in withdrawing deposits.

The BANK of OTTAWA

Lachute Branch J. R Parris, Manager.

Who is Your Tailor?

We have a large and well assorted stock of tweeds that will make you up the nobbiest suit imaginable. We also have Mr. J. C. Paquin, an expert tailor, and a graduate of the A. D. RUDE & CO'S. School of New York, who holds a high class diploma. He guarantees a perfect fit. Give us a trial.

Wall Papers!

We have one of the finest and most complete stocks in town. It will just tickle your fancy to see the magnificent designs, patterns and colors, and at such low prices. Now is the time to choose them.

J. N. A. CARRIERE,

St. Philippe d'Argenteuil.

ORIA FOUNDRY

Castings in Brass and Iron

ral Machinery & Mill Supplies

STEAM FITTINGS

PUMPS,

helf and Heavy Hardware.

upply complete line of Hardware & Mill Supplies

n Ottawa and Montreal.

MJAT & SON, Lachute Mills.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED".

(The Finest and Fastest Train in Canada) Leave Montreal 9.00 a.m. daily, arrive at Toronto 4.20 p.m., Hamilton 5.20 p.m., Niagara Falls 6.55 p.m., Buffalo 8.25 p.m., London 7.47 p.m., Detroit 9.50,p.m., Chicago 7.45 a.m. Elegant Cafe service and Pullman Car on this train.

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

(Three Hours Each Way.)

Lv. Montreal 8.30 a.m. 3.40 p.m. 7.30 p.m.
Lv. Ottawa 8.30 " 3.30 " 5.00 "
Parlor Cars on day trains.

Buffet Service on 5.00 p.m. train from Ottawa.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK.

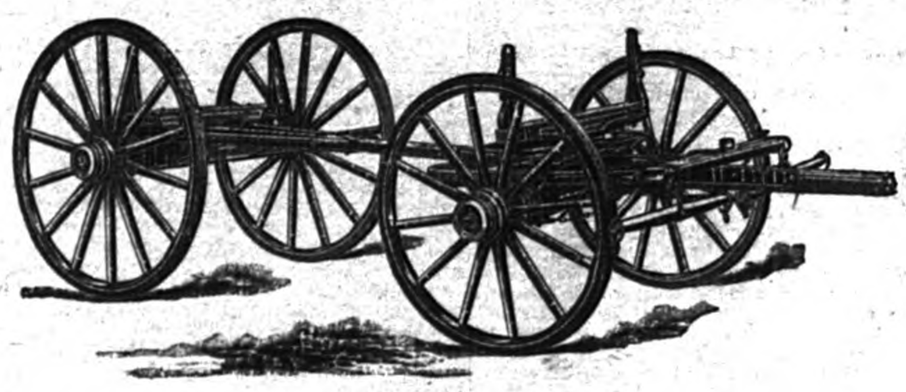
Lv. Montreal 8.45 a.m. 11.10 a.m. 7.40 p.m
Ar. New York 8 p.m. 10.00 p.m. 7.18 a.m
Parlor Cars on day trains.

Pullman Sleeping Car on night train.

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED".

JUST RECEIVED - 3 CAR LOADS

Of Buggies and the Celebrated Chatham . . . and Adam Wagons . . .





Now is the time to make your purchase of a good buggy or wagon. The prices and terms are like the rigs, light and easy.

Don't forget that we are head-qarters for implements of every description

H. A. BLAIR

Lachute, 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

Don't Forget

That your carriages and wagons need painting and that I am the one that can do the work for you in an up-to-date manner.

Our shop is now fitted up for doing kinds of wood turning etc.

We make a specialty of Bicycle epairs and do all kinds of sign painting. All work promptly executed.

A. C. Bradford

Opposite the Skating Rink.

Lachute Bakery.

J. W. Charrett, Prop.

Having bought out the baking business of Mr. Jno. Hope I shall be pleased to supply his many customers and any others with bread, buns, rolls . . and cakes of all kinds . .

I solicit a trial, and guarantee to give the people a first-class article.

ROUGE RIVER IMPROVEMENT CO'Y.

Febedu'e of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber passing by all or any of the Co's works for season 1907, viz.

The Improvements are divided into 15 sections and one-fifteenth of the amount of Tolls have been aprortioned to each section to facilitate the collection of same as follows:

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, square or waney board per thous. cubic ft 20cts.

Oak, Elm, or other hardwood, square or flatted or waney board, per thousand cubic ft. 30cts.

Saw logs 17 ft and under in length per thous. ft. board measure 1½cts.

Red and White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, Hemlock, round or flatted, over 17 ft. and under 30 ft. long per thous. ft bd. measure 1½

Red or White Pine, Tamarac, Spruce, and Hemlock, round or flatted, 30 ft. and upwards in length per thous. ft, bd. measure 2 cents

Sawn Lumber per thous. ft. bd. measure 4cts.

Staves, per thous. ft. bd measure 20cts.

Cords of wood, shingle butts and other lumber per cord of 128 cubic ft. 1½cts.

Spars per piece 4cts.

Masts per piece 6½cts.

Railway ties, other than cedar in 8ft., or 16 ft. lengths per length of 8ft. 1-12cts.

Cedar round or flatted 8ft. long & under per piece 1-24cts.

Cedar round or flatted over 8ft. and under 17ft. long per piece 1-12cts.

Cedar round or flatted 17ft. and under 25 ft. long per piece 1-8cts.

Cedar round or flatted 25 ft. and under 35 ft. long per piece 2-9cts.

Cedar round or flatted 35 ft. and upwards in length per piece ½cts.

Rouge River Improvement Co.
pr Thomas Kenny, Sec. Treas
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

ROUGE BOOM CO'Y.

Schedule of Tolls to be collected upon the different kinds of timber and logs passing through the Co's Booms for season 1907.

On each saw log seventeen ft. and under in length 1ct.

On each piece of round or flatted timber over 17 ft. in length 5 cts.

On each piece of square or waney timber 10cts.

On each piece of 4 ft. wood ½cts.

On each railway tie pr. length of 8ft 1½ct

The above charges cover not only the tolls for the use of the boom but also the cost of gapping as the Boom Co. does the gapping itself.

Rouge Boom Co.
pr. Thomas Kenny, Sec-Treas.
Calumet, Que., March 28th, 1907.

Don't Worry

Over the loss of furniture because it is is broken or needs re-upholstering, just bring it along and let me fix it for you.

If you have any kind of rig to be repaired or painted that will give you satisfaction let me do it for you.

Sign Painting a Specialty.

I have accepted the agency for the CANADA CARRIAGE COMPANY so if you want a fine easy riding buggy, just call on

DAN. JOSS,

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of Chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 6th day of May, 1907, incorporating O. B. Lafleur, manufacturer, Henri Lafleur, carpenter, Ernest Lafleur, carpenter, P. Auguste Lafleur, book-keeper, Jos. Lafleur, carpenter, and Louis Lafleur, merchant, all of the town of Lachute, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes, viz:—To manufacture and sell sash and doors, mouldings, dressed lumber, furniture of all kinds, house and bridge contractor, buy and sell all kinds of lumber, and have agencies to buy, sell and contract throughout the Dominion. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere, by the name "O. B. Lafleur & Fils" (Limited) with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into five hundred shares of one hundred dollars, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the Town of Lachute, in the Province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 7th day of May, 1907.

R. W. SCOTT,
Secretary of State.

Seigniory of Argenteuil.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. Chas. Calder, of Lachute, has this day been appointed Local Agent of the above named Seigniory.

The office of Mr. Calder will be at Lachute where payments of rents, interest etc., must be made. For the convenience of censitaires, Mr. Calder will be at St. Andrews on dates of which he will give notice, where payments may also be made.

MACINTOSH & HYDE,
Attorneys of the Heirs of the late Charles Christopher Johnson,
Seignior of Argenteuil.
Montreal, 15th, May, 1907

Property For Sale At A Bargain.

A brick tenement dwelling (formerly owned and occupied by the late Jas. Fish as the Lachute Mills Post Office,) situate in the West Ward next to the old Grist Mill. It is in good locality and is one of the best business stands in that ward. As the owner resides in Montreal, he will sell at a sacrifice if purchaser can be obtained immediately.

Terms easy.

Seignior of Argenteuil.

CARILLON.

Messrs. Halsey, Proctor and McLeod were guests at the former's home for the greater part of last week.

Mrs. Thos. Fagan arrived home on Monday last, having spent the past week in Niagara Falls, where she was the guest of her son, Mr. A. P. Fagan.

Mr. P. Flanagan spent the latter part of last week with friends in this vicinity.

Miss M. Lefebvre spent Saturday and Sunday in Montreal.

Mr. M. J. O'Brien paid a flying visit to friends in this vicinity on Friday last.

Miss Anna Walsh of Montreal, spent Victoria Day at "Evergreen Cottage."

Miss Jennie Sittlington spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents.

Among the summer boarders already arrived in our small town are Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and little son, the Misses Bartlett, and Miss Grace of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Girard were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. Girard on Victoria Day.

Victoria Day caused the usual amount of stir in our small town, the chief attraction, naturally, being the landing of the Str. "Duchess" at which throngs of people gathered to meet their many friends who had come up just for the trip.

YOUNG MOSCOW.

Young Moscow was foaled May 12th, 1903, is a good black, small star in face, stands 16¼ hands high, weighs 1450 lbs., is Canadian bred, he is very compactly and powerfully built, has superior style and action, has taken 1st prize wherever shown.

TERMS: To insure a foal $6.00. Two mares from same owner $11.00. Payable 1st of March 1908. Single service $3.00. Mares tried and not duly returned, and all mares disposed of before foaling will be considered with foal and charged accordingly. All mares at owner's risk.

JOS. LACASSE, Prop.
Brownsburg.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 227
District of Terrebonne

Dame Mathilde Laframboise, of the Parish of Ste. Scholastique, District of Terrebonne, duly authorized, has, this day, instituted an action, in separation as to property against her husband Louis Legare, Sr., carter, of the same place.

Ste. Scholastique, 4th May, 1907.

ETHIER & LALANE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned, GILBERT MARTIN Real Estate Agent, residing at Montreal, give notice that by an Act of Curatorship homologated at the Superior Court for the District of Terrebonne, on the seventeenth instant, I have been appointed Curator to the vacant estate of the late Dame Herminie Lefebvre, in her lifetime, of Sainte-Therese de Blainville, wife of Louis Beau-

Province of Quebec } No. 227
District of Terrebonne